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MAGAZINE

THE WEST AGAINST ITSELF

BERNARD DEVOTO

IN HARPER'S for August 1934, I called the West "the plundered province." The phrase has proved so useful to Western writers and orators that it has superseded various phrases which through generations of Western resentment designated the same thing. We must realize that it does designate a thing; that, whatever the phrases, there is a reality behind them. Economically the West has always been a province of the East and it has always been plundered.

The first wealth produced in the West was furs, mainly beaver furs. It made a good many Easterners rich. Partnerships and corporations sent technical specialists—trappers and Indian traders—into the West to bring out the furs. No producer ever got rich; few were ever even solvent. The wealth they produced—from the West's natural resources—went east into other hands and stayed there. The absentee owners acted on a simple principle: get the money out. And theirs was an economy of liquidation. They cleaned up and by 1840 they had cleaned the West

out. A century later, beaver has not yet come back.

In the early 1840's emigrants began to go west. They leapfrogged over the plains and mountains, which were settled much later, in order to get to Oregon west of the Cascade Mountains and California west of the Sierra. Their settlements were the first permanent local interests in the West and (with Mormon Utah) for decades the only ones. The emigrants expected to stay in the West and expected their descendants to go on living off the country. They made farms and set up local systems of production, trade, export of surpluses, and even manufacture. The interests of these people, the permanent inhabitants, have always been in conflict with the interests of transients, of those who were liquidating the West's resources. Their interests have not been in conflict with those of the East, in fact have been worth more to the East than all other Western sources of wealth put together—so long as the East has been able to control and exploit them, that is from the begin-

This is the second of two articles on the West today by Mr. DeVoto, who, born and brought up in the West, spent last summer revisiting it. He also amplifies his argument in this month's "Easy Chair."

ning up to now. The East has always held a mortgage on the permanent West, channeling its wealth eastward, maintaining it in a debtor status, and confining its economic function to that of a mercantilist province.

THE development of the mineral West began in 1849. Mining is the type-example of Western exploitation. Almost invariably the first phase was a "rush"; those who participated were practically all Easterners whose sole desire was to wash out of Western soil as much wealth as they could and take it home. Few made a stake. Of those who did practically everyone carried out his original intention and transferred Western wealth to the East. The next and permanent phase was hard-rock mining or mining by placer or dredge on so large a scale that the same necessity held: large outlays of capital were required and the only capital that existed was Eastern. So the mines came into Eastern absentee ownership and control. They have always channeled Western wealth out of the West; the West's minerals have made the East richer. (The occasional Westerner who fought his way into the system—called a "nabob" in his era—became a part of that system, which is to say an enemy of the West.)

Mining is liquidation. You clean out the deposit, exhaust the lode, and move on. Hundreds of ghost towns in the West, and hundreds of more pathetic towns where a little human life lingers on after economic death, signalize this inexorable fact. You clean up and get out—and you don't give a damn, especially if you are a stockholder in the East. All mining exhausts the deposit. But if it is placer mining, hydraulic mining, or dredging, it also kills the land. Nothing will come of that land again till this geological epoch has run out.

In witness of what I said last month about the West's split personality, consider this: that in the West no rights, privileges, or usurpations are so vociferously defended by the West—against itself—as the miner's. The miner's right to exploit transcends all other rights whatsoever. Even the national government is

unable to effect enough control over mineral rights to harmonize them with conflicting or even merely different rights.

OIL and natural gas follow the pattern of the mines. Because their development is comparatively recent the national government is able to exercise some control over them in the common good, by using the lease system instead of the patents which it must issue to miners. But just because that development is recent, Eastern capital has been able to monopolize oil and gas even more completely than ever it monopolized mining. The wells, pipelines, and refineries belong to Eastern corporations. They pump Western wealth into Eastern treasuries. It is possible for a Western independent to make a mineral discovery, finance it, and maintain his local control in defiance of the absentee system; it has happened occasionally in the past and it happens occasionally now. But the wildcatter in oil, the independent, has no chance at all except to submit to the system. He may find oil without its assistance; in fact the system hopes he will. But he cannot refine or transport or sell oil except to the system, on the system's terms.

Western psychology prevents him from desiring to do anything else. Last summer I talked with the manager of a small, locally owned refinery which, with much good luck but mostly because the necessities of war had set up exactly the right conditions, had cleared its debts, secured contracts which seemed to guarantee it permanent independence, and built up an impressive surplus and reserve. It was a minute item of fulfillment of the West's great dream, the dream of economic liberation, of local ownership and control. And what had been done with that surplus and that reserve? They had been invested in Standard Oil of New Jersey. The West does not want to be liberated from the system of exploitation that it has always violently resented. It only wants to buy into it, cumulative preference stock if possible.

SO WE come to the business which created the West's most powerful illusion about itself and, though this is not immediately

apparent, has done more damage to the West than any other. The cattle business. Now there was stock raising along the Pacific Coast before there was agriculture there, even before there were American settlements. But the cattle business of the West as such has been conducted east of the Cascades and Sierra and mostly east of the Rockies, and it began when cattle were brought to the open range—first to the Dakotas, Wyoming, and Montana, then elsewhere. Its great era lasted from about 1870 to the terminal winter of 1886-87, which changed its conditions forever. Changed them, I repeat, forever. But the practices, values, and delusions developed in that era, the Cattle Kingdom of romance, dominate the cattle business today.

The cattlemen came from Elsewhere into the empty West. They were always arrogant and always deluded. They thought themselves free men, the freest men who ever lived, but even more than other Westerners they were peons of their Eastern bankers and of the railroads which the bankers owned and the exchanges and stockyards and packing plants which the bankers established to control their business. With the self-deception that runs like a leitmotif through Western business, they wholeheartedly supported their masters against the West and today support the East against the West. They thought of themselves as Westerners and they did live in the West, but they were the enemies of everyone else who lived there. They kept sheepmen, their natural and eventual allies, out of the West wherever and as long as they could, slaughtering herds and frequently herdsmen. They did their utmost to keep the nester—the farmer, the actual settler, the man who could create local and permanent wealth—out of the West and to terrorize or bankrupt him where he could not be kept out. And the big cattlemen squeezed out the little ones wherever possible, grabbing the water rights, foreclosing small holdings, frequently hiring gunmen to murder them. And, being Western individualists and therefore gifted with illusion, the little cattlemen have always fought the big ones' battles, have adopted and supported their policies to their own disadvantage and to the great hurt of the West.

TWO FACTS about the cattle business have priority over all the rest. First, the Cattle Kingdom never did own more than a minute fraction of one per cent of the range it grazed: it was national domain, it belonged to the people of the United States. They do not own the range now: mostly it belongs to you and me, and since the fees they pay for using public land are much smaller than those they pay for using private land, those fees are in effect one of a number of subsidies we pay them. But they always acted as if they owned the public range and act so now; they convinced themselves that it belonged to them and now believe it does; and they are trying to take title to it. Second, the cattle business does not have to be conducted as liquidation but throughout history its management has always tended to conduct it on that basis.

You have seen the Missouri River at Kansas City, an opaque stream half-saturated with silt. A great part of that silt gets into it from the Yellowstone River, above whose mouth the Missouri is comparatively clear. The Yellowstone is fed by many streams, of which those from the south carry the most silt, the Tongue, the Rosebud, especially Powder River, and most especially the Big Horn. Above the mouth of the Big Horn the Yellowstone is comparatively clear. These plains rivers are depressing and rather sinister to look at, and they always have been helping to carry the mountains to the sea. But one reads with amazement descriptions of them written before the Civil War. They were comparatively clear streams, streams whose gradual, geological erosion of the land had not been accelerated—as it was when the cattle business came to Wyoming and Montana. The Cattle Kingdom overgrazed the range so drastically—fed so many more cattle than the range could support without damage—that the processes of nature were disrupted. Since those high and far-off days the range has never been capable of supporting anything like the number of cattle it could have supported if the cattle barons had not maimed it. It never will be capable of supporting a proper number again during the geological epoch in which civilization exists.

That should be, though it mostly isn't, important to the citizens of Wyoming, whose heritage the West's romantic business in part destroyed. It is directly important to everyone who lives in the lower Missouri Valley or the lower Mississippi Valley, and only a little less directly important to everyone who pays taxes for flood control, relief, or the rehabilitation of depressed areas. For when you watch the Missouri sliding greasily past Kansas City you are watching those gallant horsemen out of Owen Wister shovel Wyoming into the Gulf of Mexico. It is even more important that their heirs hope to shovel most of the remaining West into its rivers.

THERE remains lumbering. It perpetrated greater frauds against the people of the United States than any other Western business—and that is a superlative of cosmic size. It was a business of total liquidation: when a tree is cut, a century or two centuries may be required to grow another one and perhaps another one cannot be grown at all. Also it killed the land. A logged-out forest does not take so much geological time to come back as a place where a gold dredge has worked but during the generations of men it is even more evil. The effects of denuding a forest extend as far as fire may go and beyond that as far as any of the streams on the watershed it belongs to may be used for human purposes or are capable of affecting life, property, or society.

Lumbering, however, shows several deviations from the Western pattern. First, though the greater part of the timber came into Eastern ownership, with the consequent disregard of Western interests and the usual transfer of wealth out of the West, nevertheless an important fraction of it came into the hands of Westerners. Second, the national government got on the job in time to protect vast areas of forest from liquidation—and to protect the heart of the West from geological extinction. Third, a good many of the big operators got the idea in time and it is mainly they who are now trying to maintain privately owned Western forests as a permanent source of wealth,

whereas the drive to liquidate all forests comes most vociferously from small operators, who have neither the capital nor the timber reserves for long-term operation. But with lumbering as with the cattle business we see revealed the psychic split that impels the West to join its enemies against itself.

These then, with power and irrigation which we may skip for the moment, are the businesses founded on the West's natural resources. While these businesses were developing, the rest of the West's economic structure, the parts which are like similar businesses everywhere, was also developing. There came to be in the West agriculture, transportation, wholesale and retail distribution, all the multifarious activities necessary to society. As I have already said, they are in sum much more important to the East than the basic businesses it owns—so long as it can control them in its own interest.

II

WE LACK space to describe the system by which the East maintains the West as an economic fief. It has been described many times and several recent books discuss it in relation to the current Western hope of breaking it up. Mr. A. G. Mezerik's *The Revolt of the South and West* is sound but in some contexts emotional rather than factual and commits the fallacy of assuming that the modern Far West can have the same relation to the South that the Midwest had before the Civil War. Mr. Wendell Berge's *Economic Freedom for the West* is more analytical and much more realistic. Mr. Ladd Haystead's *If the Prospect Pleases* is less comprehensive than either but Mr. Haystead deals with the Western psychology that imperils the Western hope, as Mr. Mezerik and Mr. Berge do not.

The bases of the system are simple. In a startling analogy to eighteenth century mercantilism, the East has imposed economic colonialism on the West. The West is, for the East, a source of raw materials for manufacture and a market for manufactured goods. Like the colonies before the Revolution the West is denied industry. Natural evolution concentrated

industry and financial power in the East but the same evolution gave all other sections but the West a sizable amount of both. By the time the development of the West began it was possible to control the evolutionary process—to finance the West in such a way that the growth of locally owned industry became all but impossible.

The control of capital is, of course, the basic process. There is an amazing spread of interest rates between the East and the West. For such purely individual financing as real estate loans the West pays from two to three times as high a rate as the East. For the ordinary conduct of business it pays exactly what the East cares to charge and always enough to constitute a handicap in competition. But also as Western business becomes large enough to compete the Eastern financial network can either dictate to it absolutely or destroy it. This at the simplest level. Above it is the interconnected structure of finance: the monopolies, cartels, inter-industry agreements, control of transportation, the many other instruments of power.

TAKE freight rates. They are devised so that the East pays lightly for the transport of Western raw materials but the West pays heavily for the transport of Eastern manufactured goods—and is prevented from manufacturing its own goods. The cowpoke on a ranch fifty miles from Sheridan, Wyoming, does not wear boots made at Sheridan. He wears boots made of leather from hides shipped from Sheridan to Massachusetts, processed and manufactured there, and then shipped back to Sheridan. The business man of an Oregon town does not buy a desk made where the lumber is made, but in Grand Rapids whither the lumber is shipped and whence the desk is returned to his home town, paying two freight charges where he should pay none at all. The wheat rancher in Washington or Montana has to buy agricultural machinery made not in rational proximity either to his ranch or to Western deposits of iron and coal but in Illinois, Ohio, or Pennsylvania—and is mentioned here because he pays not only that tax to Eastern control of business but another one, the tariff that protects the manufacturer but

builds no wall round the wheatgrower. Finally, the business man who erects an office building in Denver or the county commissioners who build a bridge in northern Utah may indeed use steel produced within a hundred miles of the operation—but they pay on it, for the maintenance of the system, a tax assessed by the “basing point” principle that makes a satisfactory substitute for the outlawed “Pittsburgh plus.”

The West is permitted to engage in preliminary operations that reduce the bulk of raw material so that the East can save freight costs in transporting them to the mills where the finishing operations are performed. It is not permitted to perform those finishing operations, to manufacture finished materials into consumers’ goods, or to engage in the basic heavy industries which would give it the power to blow the whole system wide open. So far as the West is industrialized, it has a low-level industry. But there are necessarily loopholes in the system: kinds of industry which cannot be prevented from developing in the West. Such loopholes do not disturb the Eastern masters. Control of credit enables them to buy them out or dictate the terms on which they may be operated. Or they manipulate patent rights or trade agreements to the same end. Or they establish a branch plant of their own which cuts the throat of the Western-owned plant. Or they merely mention these possibilities and the Western industrialist, a fiery secessionist in his oratory, joins the system.

The result is an economy altogether bound to the industrial system of the East even where it is not in fact owned and managed by that system. That is to say, the West is systematically looted and has always been bankrupt.

THERE has never been a time when the West did not furiously resent all this nor a time when some elements in the West were not trying to do something about it. All the furious agitations that have boiled out of the West and terrified Eastern *rentiers* (but have seldom caused the actual engineers of plunder to turn a hair) have had the sole purpose of securing for the West some fractional control over its

economic future. None of them have ever succeeded except when they could perform an ancillary service to the absentee system—like the permanently inflated price of silver, as outrageous a robbery of the American people as any ever devised by the steering committee of a patent pool. At most they have got the West an occasional tip amounting to a nickel or a dime, tossed back out of the millions drained eastward. There was never a chance that they could accomplish more. That is, there was never a chance till recent years. But now there is.

The New Deal began it. New Deal measures slowed the liquidation of resources and substituted measures of permanent yield. They operated to rehabilitate depleted resources, halt and repair erosion, rebuild soil, and restore areas of social decay. They eased credit, opened small gaps in the master system, and created much local prosperity. Such things improved the economic system and more important measures widened its base. Rural electrification dented the power monopoly which I have not touched on here but which is a basic tool of the system. A great expansion of reclamation projects increased agricultural wealth and, what is more important, made a start toward the production of surplus electric power. Finally, with such enterprises as the Central Valley Project and the stupendous, integrated plans for the development of the Columbia River basin and the Missouri Valley, the New Deal laid the groundwork for a fundamental attack on the system.

The West greeted these measures characteristically: demanding more and more of them, demanding further government help in taking advantage of them, furiously denouncing the government for paternalism, and trying to avoid all regulation. But the measures began to make possible what had not been possible before. They would provide electric power so cheaply and in such quantity that great industrial development must follow in the West. The Western economic structure must be revolutionized and reintegrated—which would imply tremendous changes in the national economic structure. And for the first time the West had a chance to seize

control over its own economic destiny.

The war came and the process begun by the New Deal was telescoped and accelerated. Factories of many kinds sprang up everywhere. (Except in Montana, the private fief of Anaconda Copper and Montana Power, which succeeded in preventing any serious threat to their control of labor and production.) Mr. Berge has shown how, even in the stress of war, the absentee Eastern masters were able to direct much of this development in the old pattern, to restrain it to plants that performed only preliminary or intermediate processes. But not altogether. The West got airplane plants, shipyards, plants that manufactured such complex things as tanks and landing craft, heavy machinery, packing plants, innumerable processing plants. At Fontana in California and Geneva in Utah it got basic and partly integrated steel production. The war also produced something else the West had never had, a large body of skilled industrial labor. Also, by building landing fields and modern airports everywhere it made at least a fissure in the monopoly of transport and took out of transport much of the handicap of time which the West has always had to carry. Finally, it exhausted the new surplus of electric power and so hastened the already contemplated production of more power.

IN SHORT, the West now has an industrial plant and the conditions for its use are favorable—and certain to become more favorable. That is the fact on which the reinvigorated dream of economic liberation rests. The plant is too heavily concentrated along the Columbia, Puget Sound, the Willamette Valley, and the Pacific Coast—more so than it would have been if the development had been more gradual—but it does extend through most of the West. And with the production of, for instance, ingots and rolled steel and aluminum, heavy industrial goods, and many kinds of finished consumers' goods, and with the certainty that the production of power will increase, the terms are changed forever. The West can at last develop a high-level economy with all that that implies: stability, prosperity, rising standard of living, successful com-

petition with other sections, a full participating share in an expanding national economy.

Realization that the dream can be fulfilled has made the West all but drunk. It is, I said last month, looking forward to the future with hope and confidence. I cannot list here the sectional and interstate associations and committees engaged in implementing the dream, the plans they are working out, the measures they are preparing, or any other specific details that have been born of a strange wedlock—the dynamics of boom which any trigger whatever has always been able to release in the West and the unique opportunity which the last few years have brought about. Enough that the West understands the opportunity, understands the possibilities of success and of failure that are inherent in it, and is taking every conceivable measure to avert failure and insure success.

With a conspicuous exception. The West seems unaware of one possibility of failure, the one that is inherent in its historic psychology.

III

SOME doubts will occur to anyone. Thus if the upheaval should merely transfer financial power from Wall Street to Wall Street's California branch office, the basic system would be changed no more than it was years ago by the entrance of Chicago finance into the Western exploitation that had previously been monopolized by New York and Boston. A coastal dictatorship would merely be substituted for a trans-Mississippi one. Certain assurances will also occur to anyone and of these the principal one is that the Northwest has a better chance of pulling it off than the West as a whole. Its natural resources are more compactly concentrated and have been less impaired. The Northwest is a more self-contained unit with fewer internal frictions and the Columbia system is more uniform and manageable than the Missouri system or any other focus of future development. Most important of all, the Northwest seems to have got the idea that sustained use of natural resources—which is to say simply, the future—is

incompatible with the liquidation of those resources in the present.

I have described a basic split in the Western psyche. Whether the great dream will fail or be fulfilled depends on how that split works out. Western individualism, I said last month, has always been in part a belief that I stand to make more money from letting my neighbor down than from co-operating with him. Westerners have always tended to hold themselves cheap and to hold one another cheaper. Western resentment of its Eastern enslavement has always tended to be less a dislike of the enslavement than a belief that it could be made to pay.

The oil refinery that invested its surplus in Standard Oil was hardly warring on absentee control and the same thing is to be seen throughout the West. The Wolfville Chamber of Commerce which is campaigning almost rabidly for local investment, local manufactures locally owned, integration of the local commercial system—all surcharged with violence about Wall Street, "foreign" corporations, the freight rates, and the East as such—that Chamber of Commerce is also campaigning by advertisement and paid agents to bring Eastern corporations to Wolfville. At the moment when its rhapsody of insurrection is loudest its agents are spreading out their charts on the desks of Eastern industrial managers. Look, we've got this cheap power at Wolfville and a labor surplus, too. The unions are feeble in Wolfville and in fact throughout the state—it's not Paterson, it's not Akron, it's a setup. We'll give you a site free and build your spur. Now as for tax abatement, just what do you need? Just what additional advantages do you need, that is, over the locally owned businesses of Wolfville we are trying to build up in order to break the stranglehold of the East?

THE symptoms of the division in the Western mind show more clearly in the Western press, the newspapers, and the specialty journals of mining, lumbering, cattle and sheep growing, engineering. It is, to begin with, an astonishingly reactionary press. The Western radical who occasionally scares the East usually turns out

to be advocating on his native plains something a couple of decades earlier than Mark Hanna. An average Democratic newspaper in the West would seem in, say, the advanced liberalism of the Pennsylvania state machine, to be expressing a point of view much too backward for Boies Penrose. A typical Republican editorial page in the West is written out of the economic and social assumptions of avalanche capitalism just after the Civil War. The point is that these conceptions, assumptions, and values are improperly labeled when they are called Democratic or Republican. They are Western.

One image of the West that the East accepts is that of the West not as economic peon but as pensioner of the East, as beggar. The West with its hat held out beseeching the expenditure on its behalf of federal money which must be raised from Eastern corporation and income taxes. Considering how much of that income is plundered from the West, the image is both comic and profoundly ironical. But there are ways in which it is also true. You can hardly find an editorial page in the West that is not demanding as Western right, as compensation for the West, and as assistance toward Western liberation, the expenditure of more federal funds. More government money for public health, hospitals, inspection, treatment; for schools; for service by the Bureau of Mines to the mining industry; for the improvement of Western agriculture, the replenishment of soils, the instruction of farmers; for the instruction and protection of cattle and sheep growers, the improvement of stock and range, quarantine, research; for fire protection in the logging business; for drainage; for reseeding and reforestation of private lands; for roads; for weather service; and always for dams, canals, and the whole program of reclamation.

But at the same time: hands off. The West has been corrupted, its press believes all but unanimously, by a system of paternalism which is collectivist at base and hardly bothers to disguise its intention of delivering the United States over to communism. The second column of the editorial page is sure to be a ringing demand for the government to get out of

business, to stop impeding initiative, to break the shackles of regulation with which it has fettered enterprise, to abjure its philosophy of suppressing liberty, and to stop giving money to people who will only fill the bathtub with coal. The editorial is certain to have a few lines about bureaucrats in desk chairs, impractical theorists, probably professors and certainly long-haired, who are destroying the West by interfering with the men who know how. Also it is certain to be horrified by the schools, which the bureaucrats are using to corrupt our young people with Russian propaganda.

An editorial typical of scores I read this summer begins, "Next to getting over our complex that we have to appease labor and give it more money every Monday A.M., our next task is to go over to the schoolhouse." It denounces a handful of revolutionary notions, including the dreadful one that "the people should own the water power and the forests," and goes on to suggest measures, of which the first is, "we would call in the principal, or the president of the university, and quiz him on why do his teachers recommend socialism. And if his answer was dubious we would get a pinch hitter to take his place."

IT SHAKES down to a platform: get out and give us more money. Much of the dream of economic liberation is dependent upon continuous, continually increasing federal subsidies—subsidies which it also insists shall be made without safeguard or regulation. This is interesting as economic fantasy but it is more interesting because it reveals that the Western mind is interfusing its dream of freedom with the economic cannibalism of the post-Civil-War Stone Age. It is still more interesting as it reveals the West's attitude toward the federal intervention which alone was powerful enough to save Western natural resources from total control and quick liquidation by the absentee Eastern ownership.

For that preservation the West is grateful to the government. But there was and still is a fundamental defect: federal intervention has also preserved those resources from locally owned liquidation by the West itself. So, at the very moment when the West is blueprinting an economy

which must be based on the sustained, permanent use of its natural resources, it is also conducting an assault on those resources with the simple objective of liquidating them. The dissociation of intelligence could go no farther but there it is—and there is the West yesterday, today, and forever. It is the Western mind stripped to the basic split. The West as its own worst enemy. The West committing suicide.

IV

THE National Parks are composed of lands that were once part of the public domain (plus a few minute areas that had previously passed out of it). Exceedingly small in total area, they are permanently reserved and dedicated to their present uses: the preservation of wilderness areas, the protection of supreme scenic beauties, and the pleasure and recreation of the American people. By the terms of the original dedication and by policy so far kept inviolate they are to be maintained as they are, they are not to be commercially exploited at all. But they contain timber, grazing land, water, and minerals. And that, in the West's eyes, is what is wrong with them.

The Olympic National Park contains a virgin stand of Sitka spruce, which yields a wood that is essential for airplanes. During the war a violent agitation was conducted by logging interests (unobtrusively backed by other interests with an eye on natural resources) to open these forests to logging. It presented itself as patriotism and skillfully assimilated itself to the emotions of wartime. There was more than enough Sitka spruce in privately owned and national forests to take care of the end in view but no matter: victory depended on our opening the Olympic National Park to logging. The persistence and power of that agitation and its accompanying propaganda (some of it conducted in the public schools, which are supposed to be poisoned with collectivism) would be unbelievable to anyone who had not looked into them.

The Park Service, backed by conservation associations and by Eastern lumbering interests which have seen the light, was

able to hold fast—the Olympic Park was not logged. But immediately the war ended the same interests, augmented by a good many others, began an even more violent campaign of agitation, commercial pressure, and political pressure. We must now house the veterans and clearly we could not do so unless we opened all the national parks to logging.

That onslaught has been held in check and it will not win this time. But it will be repeated many times and the West intends it to win.

THIS campaign had nothing to do with Sitka spruce, winning the war, or housing veterans. Its purpose was to make a breach in the national parks policy with the aid of war emotions and to create a precedent. Once that precedent should be set, the rest would follow. Lumber companies could log the parks. Cattle and sheep associations could graze them. Mining companies could get at their mineral deposits. Power companies could build dams in them, water companies could use their lakes and rivers. Each of those objectives has been repeatedly attempted in the past and the sun never sets on the West's efforts to achieve them. Success would mean not only the destruction of the national parks but, as we shall see, far worse.

The parks are trivial in extent, though the destruction of their forests, many of which have critical locations, would have a disproportionately destructive effect on the watersheds—the watersheds which must be preserved if the West is to continue to exist as a society. They are trivial—the main objectives of the Western assault on the natural resources are the remnants of the national domain, the Taylor Act grazing lands, and the national forests.

I have heard this assault called a conspiracy but it is in no way secret or even surreptitious; it is open and enthusiastically supported by many Westerners, by many Western newspapers, and by almost all the Western specialty press. Openly engaged in it are parts of the lumber industry (though other important parts of that industry are opposing it), some water users (though water users would be

its first victims), the national associations of cattle and sheep growers and an overwhelming majority of the state and local associations as such and of their members individually, large parts of the mining industry, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce (some of whose local chambers are in opposition), and those Western members of Congress who represent these interests. Obscure but blandly co-operative in the background are Eastern interests perennially hostile to the West and concerned here because they greatly desire to halt and reduce government regulation and to open further Western wealth to liquidation—notably the power companies.

RIGHT now the stockmen and wool-growers are carrying the ball. We must confine ourselves to them and their principal objectives—remembering that the organized assault aims at many other objectives which would benefit other groups. Their limited objectives are:

(1) Conversion of the privilege which cattlemen and sheepmen now have of grazing their stock on Taylor Act and Forest Service lands—a privilege which is now subject to regulation and adjustment and for which they pay less than it is worth—into a vested right guaranteed them and subject to only such regulation as they may impose upon themselves.

(2) Distribution of all the Taylor Act grazing lands, which is to say practically all the public domain that still exists, to the individual states, as a preliminary to disposing of them by private sale. (At an insignificant price. At an inflammatory meeting of committees of the American National Livestock Association and the National Woolgrowers Association in Salt Lake City in August 1946, the price most commonly suggested was ten cents an acre.)

(3) Reclassification of lands in the national forests and removal from the jurisdiction of the Forest Service of all lands that can be classified as primarily valuable for grazing, so that these lands may be transferred to the states and eventually sold. Immediately in contemplation is the removal of all government regulation of grazing in about 27,000,000 acres of forest lands and their distribution

to the states—and to stockmen and wool-growers as soon thereafter as possible.

These tracts compose the Minidoka and Caribou Forests in Idaho, all the forests in Nevada, most of the forest land in the southern half of Utah, and some ten or twelve million acres in Arizona and New Mexico. But that is just a start: a further objective is to wrest from Forest Service control all lands in all forests that can be grazed. And beyond that is the intention ultimately to confine the Forest Service to the rehabilitation of land which lumbermen and stockmen have made unproductive, under compulsion to return it to private ownership as soon as it has been made productive again. The ultimate objective, that is, is to liquidate all public ownership of grazing land and forest land in the United States. And the wording of the resolution in which the U. S. Chamber of Commerce came to the support of the program *excepted no government land whatever*. That certainly represents the desire of most of the leaders of the assault.

THE immediate objectives make this attempt one of the biggest land grabs in American history. The ultimate objectives make it incomparably the biggest. The plan is to get rid of public lands altogether, turning them over to the States, which can be coerced as the federal government cannot be, and eventually to private ownership.

This is your land we are talking about.

The attack has already carried important outposts. Regulation of the use of Taylor Act lands, the vast public range outside the national forests, was vested in the Grazing Service. That service has been so systematically reduced in staff and appropriations that some cattlemen and sheepmen are now grazing the public range just about as they see fit. Violation of the Taylor Act is widespread, flagrant, systematic, and frequently recommended to their members as policy by various local cattle and sheep associations. The Grazing Service was organized to assist grazers and to protect the public interest. When it took the latter purpose seriously it was emasculated by Western members of Congress, and for this emasculation Senator Patrick A. McCarran of Nevada has been willing

to take credit in speeches to cattle and sheep associations and in newspaper interviews. But Senator McCarran is by no means so extreme as the majority of the big stockmen whose interests he serves so brilliantly in Washington. His more limited purpose is to get the public lands away from those he calls "the swivel-chair oligarchy," that is federal officials who cannot be coerced, and into the hands of the states, that is officials who can be coerced. His model is his own state government, a small oligarchy dominated by stockmen. At the Salt Lake City meeting I have mentioned he warned the associations that demands for private ownership were premature and might embarrass his efforts, and he is understood to have been furious when, after he had left, the combined committees declared for ultimate private ownership of all public lands.

SENATOR MCCARRAN has been the ablest representative of cattle and sheep interests in Washington, against the West and the people of the United States. But from time to time he has had the help of more than half the Western delegation in Congress—most surprisingly of Senator Hatch—and especially of Congressman Barrett and Senator Robertson of Wyoming. (New Mexico and Wyoming are the only states whose delegates to the Salt Lake City meeting were unanimous for the program.) Let us look at some of the measures they have proposed.

Senator McCarran has fathered a number of bills aimed at small or large objectives of the program. The one in point, however, is the "McCarran grazing bill" (S 33 in the last Congress) which has now been defeated four times but will certainly be reintroduced in the next Congress. This measure would give present owners of grazing permits in the national forests fee simple in those permits, on the theory that if you have leased an apartment from me (at half price or less) you have become its owner. The purpose was to convert a privilege (and one that is subject to regulation) into a vested right, to confine the use of grazing rights in the national forests to the present holders of permits or those who might buy them from the pres-

ent holders, and to deny the Forest Service the greater part of its present power to regulate the use of grazing lands.

The Barrett Bill of last session (HR 7638) provided for the sale of disconnected tracts of unorganized Taylor Act grazing land, up to four sections per tract and to the total of over 11,000,000 acres. Priority in purchase was to be granted to present lessees of those tracts. Its purpose was to let present users of public grazing lands, who pay less than a fair rental, buy that land at less than it is worth—and to get public grazing land out of public regulation and control.

BUT the most revealing bill was last session's S 1945, introduced by Senator Robertson. The Senator is, it should be noted, the owner of one of the largest and finest sheep and cattle ranches in Wyoming. He holds a grazing permit in his own name in the Shoshone National Forest for 2,400 sheep, has a financial interest in an association that grazes 1,200 sheep there, and acts in various ways as agent for individuals and associations that graze nearly 8,000 more sheep in the same forest. His bill is a sweetheart.

The Robertson Bill would transfer to thirteen Western states all unappropriated and unreserved lands, *including the minerals in them*; all oil and mineral reserves; all minerals, coal, oil, and gas and all rights related to them in the public lands; and all homestead lands that have been forfeited to the United States. It would empower the states to dispose of these lands as they might see fit—that is, to sell them—except that coal, oil, and gas lands must be leased, not sold, and the federal government would retain power to pro-rate production.

The guts of the bill, however, are the provisions which set up in each state a commission ordered to re-examine every kind of reservation of public land—national forests, national parks and monuments, Carey Act (irrigation district) withdrawals, wildlife reserves, *reclamation reserves*, power sites, and certain less important ones. The commission's duty would be to determine whether parts of the national forests in its state are more valuable for grazing and agriculture

(practically no Forest Service land can be farmed at all) than for timber production, and if it should decide that any were, to certify them for transfer to the state—that is, the commission is intended to get forest grazing land into private ownership. The commission's duty in regard to other reservations is to do the same in regard to grazing and agricultural land—and also to determine whether the original purposes of the reserve can be achieved by state ownership or "individual enterprise," and whether the reserves may not have lost their importance or perhaps do not justify national administration.

THE Robertson Bill is both transparent and carnivorous. It would liquidate the public lands and end our sixty years of conservation of the national resources. And this single bill would achieve all the main objectives of the whole program of the Western despoilers at one step, except that purely timber lands in the forests would still be protected and would have to be attacked by other means. In some respects it goes beyond anything that had been publicly advocated by the despoilers. Nowhere else, for instance, has it been proposed to turn public power sites or reclamation reserves over to private hands. But it expresses the program.

The public lands are first to be transferred to the states on the fully justified assumption that if there should be a state government not wholly compliant to the desires of stockgrowers, it could be pressured into compliance. The intention is to free them of all regulation except such as stockgrowers might impose upon themselves. Nothing in history suggests that the states are adequate to protect their own resources, or even want to, or to suggest that cattlemen and sheepmen are capable of regulating themselves even for their own benefit, still less the public's. And the regulations immediately to be got rid of are those by which the government has been trying to prevent overgrazing of the public range. Cattlemen and sheepmen, I repeat, want to shovel most of the West into its rivers.

From the states the public lands are to be transferred to private ownership. Present holders of permits are to be con-

stituted a prior and privileged caste, to the exclusion of others except on such terms as they may dictate. They are to be permitted to buy the lands—the public lands, the West's lands, your lands—at a fraction of what they are worth. And the larger intention is to liquidate all the publicly-held resources of the West.

EVERYONE knows that the timber of the United States is being cut faster than replacements are being grown, that the best efforts of the government and of those private operators who realize that other generations will follow ours have not so far sufficed to balance the growth of saw timber with logging. Everyone knows that regulation of grazing is the only hope of preserving the range. Open the public reserves of timber, the national forests, to private operation without government restriction and not only the Western but the national resources would rapidly disintegrate. (And presently the government, on behalf of our society as a whole, would have to wipe out private property in forests altogether.) Turn the public range over to private ownership, or even private management, and within a generation the range would be exhausted beyond hope of repair.

But that is, by a good deal, the least of it. Most of the fundamental watersheds of the West lie within the boundaries of the Taylor Act lands, the national forests, and the National Parks. And overgrazing the range and liquidating the forests destroys the watersheds. In many places in the West today property in land, irrigating systems, and crops is steadily deteriorating because the best efforts of the government to repair damage to watersheds—damage caused by overgrazing the ranges and overcutting the forests—has not been enough.

Stream beds choke with silt and floods spread over the rich fields on the slopes and in the bottoms, always impairing and sometimes destroying them. Dams and canals and reservoirs silt up, decline in efficiency, have to be repaired at great expense, cannot be fully restored. Fields gully, soil blows away. Flash floods kill productive land, kill livestock, kill human beings, sometimes kill communities.

LESS than a month before the joint committees met in Salt Lake City this summer, a hundred and twenty-five miles away in the little town of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, the annual parade was forming for the celebration of July 24, the greatest Mormon feast day. That parade never got started. A heavy summer storm struck in the hills and gulches above town and what marched down Mt. Pleasant's main street was not a series of decorated floats but a mud flow that, in a town of twenty-five hundred people, did half a million dollars' worth of damage in ten minutes. The range above town had been overgrazed and the storm waters which would have been retained by healthy land could not be retained by the sick, exhausted land. They rushed down over Mt. Pleasant, bringing gravel, stones, and boulders with them, depositing several feet of mud, damaging many buildings and much of the town's real estate, leaving much of the grazing land above town ruined and much more damaged and dangerous.

This destruction had been predictable—and predicted; in a small way it had happened before. The government had been working for many years to restore that range but had not been able to begin the infinitely slow process soon enough. It knew and had repeatedly said that such a catastrophe might happen just as and where it did happen.

The same thing has happened repeatedly in Utah, in some places more destructively, in others less so. It has happened and goes on happening throughout the West wherever the grazing land of watersheds has been exhausted or their forests overcut. Mud flows and flash floods are dramatic but only occasional, whereas the steady deterioration of the watersheds and the slow destruction of their wealth go on all the time. Overgrazing and overcutting—and fire, the hazard of which is greatly increased by heavy cutting—are responsible. The program which is planned to liquidate the range and forests would destroy the Western watersheds. Which is to say that it would destroy the natural resources of the West, and with them so many rivers, towns, cities, farms, ranches, mines, and power sites that a great part of the West would be obliterated. It would

return much of the West, most of the habitable interior West, to the processes of geology. It would make Western life as we now know it, and therefore American life as we now know it, impossible.

THERE you have it. A few groups of Western interests, so small numerically as to constitute a minute fraction of the West, are hellbent on destroying the West. They are stronger than they would otherwise be because they are skillfully manipulating in their support sentiments that have always been powerful in the West—the home rule which means basically that we want federal help without federal regulation, the “individualism” that has always made the small Western operator a handy tool of the big one, and the wild myth that stockgrowing constitutes an aristocracy in which all Westerners somehow share. They have managed to line up behind them many Western interests that would perish by their success. And they count on the inevitable postwar reaction against government regulation to put their program over.

To a historian it has the beauty of any historical continuity. It is the Western psychology working within the pattern which its own nature has set. It is the forever-recurrent lust to liquidate the West that is so large a part of Western history. The West has always been a society living under threat of destruction by natural cataclysm and here it is, bright against the sky, inviting such a cataclysm.

But if it has this mad beauty it also has an almost cosmic irony, in that the great dream of the West, adult economic development and local ownership and control, has been made possible by the developments of our age at exactly the same time. That dream envisions the establishment of an economy on the natural resources of the West, developed and integrated to produce a steady, sustained, permanent yield. While the West moves to build that kind of economy, a part of the West is simultaneously moving to destroy the natural resources forever. That paradox is absolutely true to the Western mind and spirit. But the future of the West hinges on whether it can defend itself against itself.

THE SAINT

A STORY BY V. S. PRITCHETT

WHEN I was seventeen years old I lost my religious faith. It had been unsteady for some time and then, very suddenly, it went as the result of an incident in a punt on the river outside the town where we lived. My uncle, with whom I was obliged to stay for long periods of my life, had started a small furniture-making business in the town. He was always in difficulties about money, but he was convinced that in some way God would help him. And this happened. An investor arrived who belonged to a sect called the Church of the Last Purification, of Toronto, Canada. Could we imagine, this man asked, a good and omnipotent God allowing his children to be short of money? We had to admit we could not imagine this. The man paid some capital into my uncle's business and we were converted. Our family were the first Purifiers—as they were called—in the town. Soon a congregation of fifty or more were meeting every Sunday in a room at the Corn Exchange.

At once we found ourselves isolated and hated people. Everyone made jokes about us. We had to stand together because we were sometimes dragged into the courts. What the unconverted could not forgive in us was first, that we believed in successful prayer and secondly, that our revelation came from Toronto. The success of our prayers had a simple foundation. We regarded it as "Error"—our name for Evil—to believe the evidence of our senses, and if

we had influenza or consumption, or had lost our money, or were unemployed, we denied the reality of these things, saying that since God could not have made them they therefore did not exist. It was exhilarating to look at our congregation and to know that what the vulgar would call miracles were performed among us, almost as a matter of routine, every day. Not very big miracles, perhaps; but up in London and out in Toronto, we knew that deafness and blindness, cancer and insanity, the great scourges, were constantly vanishing before the prayers of the more advanced Purifiers.

"What!" said my schoolmaster, an Irishman with eyes like broken glass and a sniff of irritability in the bristles of his nose. "What! Do you have the impudence to tell me that if you fell off the top floor of this building and smashed your head in, you would say you hadn't fallen and were not injured?"

I was a small boy and very afraid of everybody, but not when it was a question of my religion. I was used to the kind of conundrum the Irishman had set. It was useless to argue, though our religion had already developed an interesting casuistry.

"I would say so," I replied with coldness and some vanity. "And my head would not be smashed."

"You would not say so," answered the Irishman. "You would not say so." His eyes sparkled with pure pleasure. "You'd be dead."

In successive issues there will be two other stories by Mr. Pritchett, a distinguished British author whose work is comparatively little known in this country.

The boys laughed, but they looked at me with admiration.

THEN, I do not know how or why, I began to see a difficulty. Without warning and as if I had gone into my bedroom at night and had found a gross ape seated in my bed and thereafter following me about with his grunts and his fleas and a look, relentless and ancient, scored on his brown face, I was faced with the problem which prowls at the center of all religious faith. I was faced by the difficulty of the origin of evil. Evil was an illusion, we were taught. But even illusions have an origin. The Purifiers denied this.

I consulted my uncle. Trade was bad at the time and this made his faith abrupt. He frowned as I spoke.

"When did you brush your coat last?" he said. "You're getting slovenly about your appearance. If you spent more time studying books"—that is to say, the Purification literature—"and less with your hands in your pockets and playing about with boats on the river, you wouldn't be letting Error in."

All dogmas have their jargon; my uncle as a business man loved the trade terms of the Purification. "Don't let Error in," was a favorite one. The whole point about the Purification, he said, was that it was scientific and therefore exact; in consequence it was sheer weakness to admit discussion. Indeed, betrayal. He unpinned his pince-nez, stirred his tea and indicated I must submit or change the subject. Preferably the latter. I saw, to my alarm, that my arguments had defeated my uncle.

"You don't mean to say you don't believe that what our Lord said was true?" my aunt asked nervously, following me out of the room. "Your uncle does, dear."

I could not answer. I went out of the house and down the main street to the river where the punts were stuck like insects in the summery flash of the reach. Life was a dream, I thought; no, a nightmare, for the ape was beside me.

I WAS still in this state, half sulking and half exalted, when Mr. Hubert Timberlake came to the town. He was one of the important people from the headquarters

of our Church and he had come to give an address on the Purification at the Corn Exchange. Posters announcing this were everywhere. Mr. Timberlake was to spend Sunday afternoon with us. It was unbelievable that a man so eminent would actually sit in our dining room, use our knives and forks, and eat our food. Every imperfection in our home and our characters would jump out at him. The Truth had been revealed to man with scientific accuracy—an accuracy we could all test by experiment—and the future course of human development on earth was laid down, finally. And here in Mr. Timberlake was a man who had not merely performed many miracles—even, it was said with proper reserve, having twice raised the dead—but who had actually been to Toronto, our headquarters, where this great revelation had first been given.

"This is my nephew," my uncle said, introducing me. "He lives with us. He thinks he thinks, Mr. Timberlake, but I tell him he only thinks he does. Ha, ha." My uncle was a humorous man when he was with the great. "He's always on the river," my uncle continued. "I tell him he's got water on the brain. I've been telling Mr. Timberlake about you, my boy."

A hand as soft as the best quality chamois leather took mine. I saw a wide upright man in a double-breasted navy blue suit. He had a pink square head with very small ears and one of those torpid, enameled smiles which were said by our enemies to be too common in our sect.

"Why, isn't that just fine!" said Mr. Timberlake who, owing to his contacts with Toronto, spoke with an American accent. "What say we tell your uncle it's funny he thinks he's funny."

The eyes of Mr. Timberlake were direct and colorless. He had the look of a retired merchant captain who had become decontaminated from the sea and had reformed and made money. His defense of me had made me his at once. My doubts vanished. Whatever Mr. Timberlake believed must be true and as I listened to him at lunch, I thought there could be no finer life than his.

"I expect Mr. Timberlake's tired after his address," said my aunt.

"Tired?" exclaimed my uncle, brilliant with indignation. "How can Mr. Timberlake be tired? Don't let Error in!"

For in our faith the merely inconvenient was just as illusory as a great catastrophe would have been, if you wished to be strict, and Mr. Timberlake's presence made us very strict.

I noticed then that, after their broad smiles, Mr. Timberlake's lips had the habit of setting into a long, depressed, sarcastic curve.

"I guess," he drawled, "I guess the Al-mighty must have been tired sometimes, for it says He re-laxed on the seventh day. Say, do you know what I'd like to do this afternoon?" he said turning to me. "While your uncle and aunt are sleeping off this meal let's you and me go on the river and get water on the brain. I'll show you how to punt."

Mr. Timberlake, I saw to my disappointment, was out to show he understood the young. I saw he was planning a "quiet talk" with me about my problems.

"There are too many people on the river on Sundays," said my uncle uneasily.

"Oh, I like a crowd," said Mr. Timberlake, giving my uncle a tough look. "This is the day of rest, you know." He had had my uncle gobbling up every bit of gossip from the sacred city of Toronto all the morning.

My uncle and aunt were incredulous that a man like Mr. Timberlake should go out among the blazers and gramophones of the river on a Sunday afternoon. In any other member of our Church they would have thought this sinful.

"Waal, what say?" said Mr. Timberlake. I could only murmur.

"That's fixed," said Mr. Timberlake. And on came the smile as simple, vivid and unanswerable as the smile on an advertisement. "Isn't that just fine!"

Mr. Timberlake went upstairs to wash his hands. My uncle was deeply offended and shocked, but he could say nothing. He unpinched his glasses.

"A very wonderful man," he said. "So human," he apologized.

"My boy," my uncle said. "This is going to be an experience for you. Hubert Timberlake was making a thousand a year in the insurance business ten years ago.

Then he heard of the Purification. He threw everything up, just like that. He gave up his job and took up the work. It was a struggle, he told me so himself this morning. 'Many's the time,' he said to me this morning, 'when I wondered where my next meal was coming from.' But the way was shown. He came down from Worcester to London and in two years he was making fifteen hundred a year out of his practice."

To heal the sick by prayer according to the tenets of the Church of the Last Purification was Mr. Timberlake's profession.

My uncle lowered his eyes. With his glasses off the lids were small and uneasy. He lowered his voice too.

"I have told him about your little trouble," my uncle said quietly with emotion. I was burned with shame. My uncle looked up and stuck out his chin confidently.

"He just smiled," my uncle said. "That's all."

I PUT on white flannels and soon I was walking down to the river with Mr. Timberlake. I felt that I was going with him under false pretenses; for he would begin explaining to me the origin of evil and I would have to pretend politely that he was converting me when, already, at the first sight of him, I had believed. A stone bridge, whose two arches were like an owl's pair of eyes gazing up the reach, was close to the landing-stage. I thought what a pity it was the flanneled men and the sunburned girls there did not know I was getting a ticket for *the* Mr. Timberlake who had been speaking in the town that very morning. I looked round for him and when I saw him I was a little startled. He was standing at the edge of the water looking at it with an expression of empty incomprehension. Among the white crowds his air of brisk efficiency had dulled. He looked middle-aged, out of place and insignificant. But the smile switched on when he saw me.

"Ready?" he called. "Fine!"

I had the feeling that inside him there must be a gramophone record going round and round, stopping at that word.

He stepped into the punt and took charge.

"Now I just want you to paddle us over to the far bank," he said, "and then I'll show you how to punt."

Everything Mr. Timberlake said still seemed unreal to me. The fact that he was sitting in a punt, of all commonplace material things, was incredible. That he should propose to pole us up the river was terrifying. Suppose he fell into the river? At once I checked the thought. A leader of our Church under the direct guidance of God could not possibly fall into a river.

The stream is wide and deep in this reach, but on the southern bank there is a manageable depth and a hard bottom. Over the clay banks the willows hang, making their basket-work print of sun and shadow on the water, while under the gliding boats lie cloudy, chloride caverns. The hoop-like branches of the trees bend down until their tips touch the water like fingers making musical sounds. Ahead in midstream, on a day sunny as this one was, there is a path of strong light which is hard to look at unless you half close your eyes and down this path on the crowded Sundays go the launches with their parasols and their pennants; and also the rowing boats with their beetle-leg oars, which seem to dig the sunlight out of the water as they rise. Upstream one goes, on and on between the gardens and then between fields kept for grazing. On the afternoon when Mr. Timberlake and I went out to settle the question of the origin of evil, the meadows were packed densely with buttercups.

"Now," said Mr. Timberlake decisively when I had paddled to the other side. "Now I'll take her." He got over the seat into the well at the stern.

"I'll just get you clear of the trees," I said.

"Give me the pole," said Mr. Timberlake, standing up on the little platform and making a squeak with his boots as he did so. "Thank you, sir. I haven't done this for eighteen years but I can tell you, brother, in those days I was considered some poler."

He looked around and let the pole slide down through his hands. Then he gave the first difficult push. The punt rocked pleasantly and we moved forward. I sat facing him, paddle in hand, to check any inward drift of the punt.

"How's that, you guys?" said Mr. Timberlake looking round at our eddies and drawing in the pole. The delightful water swished down it.

"Fine," I said. Deferentially, I had caught the word.

He went on to his second and his third strokes, taking too much water on his sleeve, perhaps, and uncertain in his steering, which I corrected, but he was doing well.

"It comes back to me," he said. "How am I doing?"

"Just keep her out from the trees," I said.

"The trees?" he said.

"The willows," I said.

"I'll do it now," he said. "How's that? Not quite enough? Well, how's this?"

"Another one," I said. "The current runs strong this side."

"What? More trees?" he said. He was getting hot.

"We can shoot out past them," I said. "I'll ease us over with the paddle."

Mr. Timberlake did not like this suggestion.

"No, don't do that. I can manage it," he said. I did not want to offend one of the leaders of our Church, so I put the paddle down; but I felt I ought to have taken him farther along away from the irritation of the trees.

"Of course," I said, "we could go under them. It might be nice."

"I think," said Mr. Timberlake, "that would be a very good idea."

He lunged hard on the pole and took us toward the next archway of willow branches.

"We may have to duck a bit, that's all," I said.

"Oh, I can push the branches up," said Mr. Timberlake.

"It is better to duck," I said.

WE WERE gliding now quickly towards the arch, in fact I was already under it.

"I think I should duck," I said. "Just bend down for this one."

"What makes the trees lean over the water like this?" asked Mr. Timberlake. "Weeping willows—I'll give you a thought there. How Error likes to make us dwell on sorrow. Why not call them *laughing* wil-

lows?" discoursed Mr. Timberlake as the branch passed over my head.

"Duck," I said.

"Where? I don't see them," said Mr. Timberlake turning round.

"No, your head," I said. "The branch!"

"Oh, the branch. This one?" said Mr. Timberlake finding a branch just against his chest, and he put out a hand to lift it. It is not easy to lift a willow branch and Mr. Timberlake was surprised. He stepped back as it gently and firmly leaned against him. He leaned back and pushed from his feet. And he pushed too far. The boat went on. I saw Mr. Timberlake's boots leave the stern as he took an unthoughtful step backwards. He made a last minute grasp at a stronger and higher branch, and then there he hung a yard above the water, round as a blue damson that is ripe and ready, waiting only for a touch to make it fall. Too late with the paddle and shot ahead by the force of his thrust, I could not save him.

For a full minute I did not believe what I saw; indeed our religion taught us never to believe what we saw. Unbelieving, I could not move. I gaped. The impossible had happened. Only a miracle, I found myself saying, could save him.

What was most striking was the silence of Mr. Timberlake as he hung from the tree. I was lost between gazing at him and trying to get the punt out of the small branches of the tree. By the time I had got the punt out there were several yards of water between us and the soles of his boots were very near the water as the branch bent under his weight. Boats were passing at the time but no one seemed to notice us. I was glad about this. This was a private agony. A double chin had appeared on the face of Mr. Timberlake and his head was squeezed between his shoulders and his hanging arms. I saw him blink and look up at the sky. His eyelids were pale like a chicken's. He was tidy and dignified as he hung there, the hat was not displaced and the top button of his coat was done up. He had a blue silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. So unperturbed and genteel he seemed that as the tips of his shoes came nearer and nearer to the water, I became alarmed. He could perform what are called miracles. He would be thinking at

this moment that only in an erroneous and illusory sense was he hanging from the branch of the tree over six feet of water. He was probably praying one of the closely reasoned prayers of our faith which were more like conversations with Euclid than appeals to God. The calm of his face suggested this. Was he, I asked myself, within sight of the main road, the town recreation ground and the landing-stage crowded with people, was he about to re-enact a well-known miracle? I hoped that he was not. I prayed that he was not. I prayed with all my will that Mr. Timberlake would not walk upon the water. It was my prayer and not his that was answered.

I saw the shoes dip, the water rise above his ankles and up his socks. He tried to move his grip now to a yet higher branch—he did not succeed—and in making this effort his coat and waistcoat rose and parted from his trousers. One seam of shirt with its pant-loops and brace-tabs broke like a crack across the middle of Mr. Timberlake. It was like a fatal flaw in a statue, an earthquake crack which made the monumental mortal. The last Greeks must have felt as I felt then, when they saw a crack across the middle of some statue of Apollo. It was at this moment I realized that the final revelation about man and society on earth had come to nobody and that Mr. Timberlake knew nothing at all about the origin of evil.

ALL THIS takes long to describe, but it happened in a few seconds as I paddled towards him. I was too late to get his feet on the boat and the only thing to do was to let him sink until his hands were nearer the level of the punt and then to get him to change handholds. Then I would paddle him ashore. I did this. Amputated by the water, first a torso, then a bust, then a mere head and shoulders, Mr. Timberlake, I noticed, looked sad and lonely as he sank. He was a declining dogma. As the water lapped his collar—for he hesitated to let go of the branch to hold the punt—I saw a small triangle of deprecation and pathos between his nose and the corners of his mouth. The head resting on the platter of water had the sneer of calamity on it, such

as one sees in the pictures of a beheaded saint.

"Hold on to the punt, Mr. Timberlake," I said urgently. "Hold on to the punt."

He did so.

"Push from behind," he directed in a dry businesslike voice. They were his first words. I obeyed him. Carefully I paddled him towards the bank. He turned and, with a splash, climbed ashore. There he stood, raising his arms and looking at the water running down his swollen suit and making a puddle at his feet.

"Say," said Mr. Timberlake coldly, "we let some Error in that time."

How much he must have hated our family.

"I am sorry, Mr. Timberlake," I said. "I am most awfully sorry. I should have paddled. It was my fault. I'll get you home at once. Let me wring out your coat and waistcoat. You'll catch your death. . . ."

I stopped. I had nearly blasphemed. I had nearly suggested that Mr. Timberlake had fallen into the water and that to a man of his age this might be dangerous.

Mr. Timberlake corrected me. His voice was impersonal, addressing the laws of human existence, rather than myself.

"If God made water it would be ridiculous to suggest He made it capable of harming his creatures. Wouldn't it?"

"Yes," I murmured hypocritically.

"O.K.," said Mr. Timberlake. "Let's go."

"I'll soon get you across," I said.

"No," he said. "I mean let's go on. We're not going to let a little thing like this spoil a beautiful afternoon. Where were we going? You spoke of a pretty landing-place farther on. Let's go there."

"But I must take you home. You can't sit there soaked to the skin. It will spoil your clothes."

"Now, now," said Mr. Timberlake. "Do as I say. Go on."

There was nothing to be done with him. I held the punt into the bank and he stepped in. He sat like a bursting and sodden bolster in front of me while I paddled. We had lost the pole, of course.

For a long time I could hardly look at Mr. Timberlake. He was taking the line that nothing had happened and this put me at a disadvantage. I knew something

considerable had happened. That glaze, which so many of the members of our sect had on their faces and persons, their minds and manners, had been washed off. There was no gleam for me from Mr. Timberlake.

"What's the house over there?" he asked. He was making conversation. I had steered into the middle of the river to get him into the strong sun. I saw steam rise from him.

I took courage and studied him. He was a man, I realized, in poor physical condition, unexercised and sedentary. Now the gleam had left him one saw the veined, empurpled skin of the stoutish man with a poor heart.

Yes, there was something flaccid, passive and slack about Mr. Timberlake. Bunched in swollen clothes, he refused to take them off. It occurred to me, as he looked with boredom at the water, the passing boats and the country, that he had not been in the country before. That it was something he had agreed to do but wanted to get over quickly. He was totally uninterested. By his questions—What is that church? Are there any fish in this river? Is that a wireless or a gramophone?—I understood that Mr. Timberlake was formally acknowledging a world he did not live in. It was too interesting, too eventful a world. His spirit, inert and preoccupied, was elsewhere in an eventless and immaterial habitation. He was a dull man, duller than any man I have ever known; but his dullness was a sort of earthly deposit left by a being whose diluted mind was far away in the effervescence of metaphysical matters. There was a slightly pettish look on his face as (to himself, of course) he declared he was not wet and that he would not have a heart attack or catch pneumonia.

MR. TIMBERLAKE spoke little. Sometimes he squeezed water out of his sleeve. He shivered a little. He watched his steam. I had planned when we set out to go up as far as the lock, but now the thought of another two miles of this responsibility was too much. I pretended I wanted to go only as far as the bend which we were approaching, where one of the richest buttercup meadows was. I

mentioned this to him. He turned and looked with boredom at the field. Slowly we came to the bank.

We tied up the punt and we landed.

"Fine," said Mr. Timberlake. He stood at the edge of the meadow just as he had stood at the landing-stage—lost, stupefied, uncomprehending.

"Nice to stretch our legs," I said. I led the way into the deep flowers. So dense were the buttercups there was hardly any green. Presently I sat down. Mr. Timberlake looked at me and sat down also. Then I turned to him with a last try at persuasion. Respectability, I was sure, was his trouble.

"No one will see us," I said. "This is out of sight of the river. Take off your coat and trousers and wring them out."

Mr. Timberlake replied firmly:

"I am satisfied to remain as I am."

"What is this flower?" he asked to change the subject.

"Buttercup," I said.

"Of course," he replied.

I could do nothing with him. I lay down full length in the sun; and, observing this and thinking to please me, Mr. Timberlake did the same. He must have supposed that this was what I had come out in the boat to do. It was only human. He had come out with me, I saw, to show me that he was only human.

But as we lay there I saw the steam still rising. I had had enough.

"A bit hot," I said, getting up.

He got up at once.

"Do you want to sit in the shade?" he asked politely.

"No," I said. "Would you like to?"

"No," he said. "I was thinking of you."

"Let's go back," I said. We both stood up and I let him pass in front of me. When I looked at him again I stopped dead. Mr. Timberlake was no longer a man in a navy blue suit. He was blue no longer. He was transfigured. He was yellow. He was covered with buttercup pollen, a fine yellow paste of it made by the damp, from head to foot.

"Your suit," I said.

He looked at it. He raised his thin eyebrows a little, but he did not smile or make any comment.

The man is a saint, I thought. As

saintly as any of those gold-leaf figures in the churches of Sicily. Golden he sat in the punt; golden he sat for the next hour as I paddled him down the river. Golden and bored. Golden as we landed at the town and as we walked up the street back to my uncle's house. There he refused to change his clothes or to sit by a fire. He kept an eye on the time for his train back to London. By no word did he acknowledge the disasters or the beauties of the world. If they were printed upon him, they were printed upon a husk.

SIXTEEN years have passed since I dropped Mr. Timberlake in the river and since the sight of his pant loops destroyed my faith. I have not seen him since and to-day I heard that he was dead. He was fifty-seven. His mother, a very old lady with whom he had lived all his life, went into his bedroom when he was getting ready for church and found him lying on the floor in his shirt-sleeves. A stiff collar with the tie half inserted was in one hand. Five minutes before, she told the doctor, she had been speaking to him.

The doctor who looked at the heavy body lying on the single bed saw a middle-aged man, wide rather than stout and with an extraordinarily box-like, thick-jawed face. He had got fat, my uncle told me, in later years. The heavy liver-colored cheeks were like the chaps of a hound. Heart disease, it was plain, was the cause of the death of Mr. Timberlake. In death the face was lax, even coarse and degenerate. It was a miracle, the doctor said, that he had lived as long. Any time during the last twenty years the smallest shock might have killed him.

I thought of our afternoon on the river. I thought of him hanging from the tree. I thought of him, indifferent and golden in the meadow. I understood why he had made for himself a protective, sedentary blandness, an automatic smile, a collection of phrases. He kept them on like the coat after his ducking. And I understood why—though I had feared it all the time we were on the river—I understood why he did not talk to me about the origin of evil. He was honest. The ape was with us. The ape that merely followed me was already inside Mr. Timberlake eating out his heart.

MESSAGE TO THE EIGHTIETH CONGRESS

ELMER DAVIS

WITHIN a few days the Eightieth Congress will convene—the first Republican Congress in sixteen years, and a Republican Congress which will have to deal with a Democratic President, controlling the executive branch. Nine of the fifteen Presidents since the Civil War have in the course of their administrations had to get along with a House of Representatives of the opposite party; only two (Hayes and Wilson) had to deal with a formally hostile Senate but others (Cleveland, Taft, Hoover) found the Senate frequently against them due to defections in their own party from administration policies. In all but one of these cases the result was the virtual paralysis of government.

The exception, the Hayes administration, was exceptional in other respects; the validity of President Hayes's election was open to grave doubt and it might not have been accepted by the country if he had not promised to liquidate, on assuming office, the overshadowing problem of the time—the restoration of self-government in the Southern states. Taking office on that understanding, he gave about as near a non-partisan administration as is possible under our system. He was a good President; but the kind of good President who, even if he had wanted a renomination (which he did not), could not have got it.

That sole exception is not very encouraging for realization of the hopes of co-operation between the executive and legislative branches which were so widely expressed immediately after the election. Mr. Reece, chairman of the Republican National Committee, broadcast on election night an offer to the President of whole-hearted and effective co-operation, but added that “co-operation is a two-sided affair”; and he went on to hope that the Democrats still in office would “bow to the mandate of the people in favor of the Republican program.” More enthusiastic, if less authoritative, Republican evangelists carried the argument farther, maintaining that the President is a mere rubber stamp who must accept whatever legislation Congress sends up to him for signature. This doctrine, though occasionally advanced in periods of Congressional domination, is clearly unconstitutional; the Founding Fathers had seen enough of legislative sovereignty in some of the states, and deliberately made the President a part of the law-making process by giving him the veto, to be overridden only by two-thirds of each House. Hayes, in exactly such a situation as Truman now faces, had no hesitation in using the veto, and made his vetoes stick.

As I write, a week after election, the talk of co-operation resounds but the

After his wartime service as head of the Office of War Information, Elmer Davis has returned to broadcasting—and appears again in Harper's, to which he contributed often before the war.

prospect of co-operation is somewhat clouded. We shall probably get it in international affairs—the one field where the Seventy-ninth Congress did useful work; but on domestic issues, despite the Era of Good Feeling proclaimed on Armistice Day, human nature is likely to rear its scaly head. Which will encourage the inclination of the new Congress to devote its efforts to another activity, easier and more congenial than the hard work of legislation, and (with a predominantly friendly press) perhaps more profitable—investigation of the past fourteen years of Democratic administration, and especially the war administration. There is even talk of reopening the Pearl Harbor inquiry, which so disappointed its sponsors. (Charles II, returning to an England that had tired of the Commonwealth, had Cromwell's corpse dug up and the bones scattered. Perhaps some such symbolic gesture would compensate the people who so conspicuously failed to prove that President Roosevelt provoked a peaceful Japan and Germany into attacking us.)

IT is with no desire to deprecate these attractive pastimes that I venture to suggest another field in which the Eightieth Congress might usefully employ some of its surplus energy—a field not only non-partisan but non-controversial, in which it could count on as much executive co-operation as might be required. There are certain defects in our governmental machinery which once or twice in the past have caused considerable political and administrative embarrassment; and which on some future occasion, when there might be no time to repair them, could lead to a national calamity. These are the ambiguities and omissions in the constitutional and statutory provisions for the Presidential election and succession.

Last January Senators Green of Rhode Island and Smith of New Jersey—a Democrat and a Republican—introduced a resolution calling for study by a joint committee of both Houses of all matters pertaining to the election of a President and succession to the Presidency; and the drafting by the committee of any legislation, or constitutional amendments, that might be necessary to make the law on

these matters certain. It is very far from certain now; but Congress—though it did, to almost everybody's surprise, make considerable improvement in its own machinery through the Legislative Reorganization Act—never got around to doing anything about the Presidential problem. The new Congress, however, may be more inclined to look into these matters now that the whole position of the Presidency in our system has been brought into debate by the suggestion of Senator Fulbright and others, immediately after election, that Mr. Truman should resign; as would an English prime minister if his party had suffered such a sweeping defeat in a parliamentary election.

FORTUNATELY for the Republicans, the President spared them the cruel embarrassment of having to make up their minds in a hurry whom they wanted for chief of state, and incidentally chief of their party, eighteen months in advance of the nominating convention that would normally make that decision—a convention in which each of half a dozen aspirants may believe his chances will be better than they are now. The existing machinery of succession would make such a change easy—especially when, as now, there is no Vice-President who would have to be persuaded to resign before the succession would revert to an appointed Secretary of State; the idea that it should be made in a situation like the present is not new, and is superficially attractive. It would eliminate the deadlock which usually occurs when the President and Congress are of opposite parties; but it would shift the balance of our governmental system so as to alter its entire spirit. Substantially, it would institute by executive action that Congressional supremacy which the Founding Fathers rejected.

The Fulbright proposal did, however, inspire a good many citizens to do some thinking about not only the mechanisms but the spirit of the Constitution; and some curious misunderstandings came to light. Some people who rejected the idea of resignation thought nevertheless that the President, remaining in office, should in effect renounce the exercise of the powers of his office when Congress disagreed

with him. The Republicans would like that, for the President would then share the odium of any unpopular legislation which Congress might enact; but the Constitution knows nothing of responsibility without authority, and would not have given the President work to do if he had not been expected to do it. The *Washington Post* went even farther, proposing that he appoint a Republican cabinet and let its members run the administration in harmony with Congress. But this would reduce him to the status of a French president, with little to do but lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier every Armistice Day, and throw out the first ball at the opening game of the American League season. The executive power which the Constitution vests in him would be transferred to other men whom the Founding Fathers appear to have regarded as little more than head clerks—men of whom the most aggressive would soon make himself prime minister, and possessor of the executive power in fact.

All this argument at least cleared away some misconceptions about what the Constitution is, even though some people continue to think it ought to be something else. The doctrine of the separation of powers is open to much criticism, both theoretical and practical; the concentration of executive power and responsibility in one man has been rejected by most other successful democracies. Nevertheless the system the Founding Fathers erected has worked, on the whole, pretty well—too well, for too long, to be drastically altered on sudden impulse, or by one man's fiat; or at all, without the long and careful balancing of advantages against disadvantages which accompanies the slow process of constitutional amendment.

For the time Mr. Truman has settled this argument; we shall continue to have a President who will exercise his constitutional powers as he thinks the public interest requires. But until we repair the machinery a situation might arise in which we would not know who is President, or who is going to be; and in the present state of the world such uncertainty might be disastrous. The Eightieth Congress could do no more useful work than to make those repairs in time.

II

FOR sixty years past the succession to the Presidency has been established by a statute which at least guarantees that there will always be somebody to take over the job—except in one contingency, unimaginable till lately, which will presently be discussed. When there is no Vice-President the Secretary of State is next in line; after him the Secretary of the Treasury, and so on down through the entire cabinet, in the order of creation of the various departments. President Truman, however, objected to this in principle; he had been little more than two months in office when he sent a message to Congress pointing out that as cabinet officers are chosen by the President, "in effect it lies within my power to nominate the person who would be my immediate successor in the event of my own death or inability to act. I do not believe that in a democracy this power should rest with the Chief Executive. Insofar as possible, the office of the President should be filled by an elective officer."

Accordingly he proposed an amendment to the law which would make the speaker of the House first in order of succession; next the president pro tempore of the Senate; and only if neither of these officers should be available would the succession pass to the cabinet. The House promptly passed the bill, the Senate buried it. At the time it was suggested that senators were affronted by the preference of the speaker of the lower house over their presiding officer; but that was not the real reason. Senate leaders—though in June 1945 they could never have foreseen the calamity that befell the Democrats in November 1946—knew that often the opposition party had carried the House of Representatives midway in a Presidential term (a change in control of the Senate, of which only one-third is elected at a time, is far less common); and accordingly they saw in the President's proposal the possibility that the national administration might be shifted from one party to the other, without the people ever having voted for such a change.

Last November's election was of course a landslide; if the Presidency had then

been at stake there is no doubt that the Republicans would have won it. But sometimes control of the House changes in midterm on an accumulation of local issues and local resentments; a man who became speaker in consequence would have little claim to the Presidency unless he had earned it by going through the grind of a Presidential campaign. Furthermore, some speakers, owing their election to personal popularity or factional combinations in the House, have been men of little consequence in their party; whereas the men whom the President has chosen for the leading posts in his cabinet are much more likely to represent the principles and policies of the administration which the people voted in at the last preceding election.

That was not the case when Mr. Truman made his proposal; he still had the holdover Roosevelt cabinet and neither Mr. Stettinius, the Secretary of State, nor Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury, was anywhere near such a figure in national politics as Speaker Rayburn. When they were replaced by Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Vinson, most of the steam went out of the movement for a change in the succession. It has been suggested that the Republicans, now that they control both Houses, may resurrect that bill and pass it. But Joe Martin, the next speaker, is never likely to get nearer a Presidential nomination than the complimentary vote of Massachusetts on the first ballot; any move to put him in line for the White House would probably be violently opposed by the Congressional supporters of Dewey, Taft, Bricker, Warren, Stassen, and Vandenberg.

SO IT looks as if the succession not only will, but should, remain as at present—except in the contingency mentioned above. Last May Congressman Trimble of Arkansas introduced a resolution for a constitutional amendment to provide for the succession “when there is no President, Vice-President, or person provided by law able to act as President”; and incidentally to provide replacements “when a majority of the Senate and of the House of Representatives are unable to perform their duties.” The framers of the present

succession law would have been unable to imagine a situation in which President, Vice-President and cabinet (to say nothing of the majority of Congress) simultaneously ceased to exist; for us, unfortunately, it is all too easily imaginable. Mr. Trimble was trying to provide machinery for carrying on the government if Washington should be hit by an atomic bomb.

For if ever again atomic bombs are dropped in anything but a fireworks display, Washington is likely to be the first target. The United States would not begin an atomic war; and anyone who began it against us would probably pass up the attractions of Detroit or Pittsburgh as the primary objective, and start out by paralyzing the government. Mr. Trimble's resolution (which Congress ignored) would avert that paralysis by providing that the ranking surviving officers of the Army, Navy, and Air Force should meet and select a civilian as interim President. He would immediately call together the Governors of all the states, who would select from their number a President and Vice-President to finish out the term. Similarly the state legislatures would select from among their members any replacements needed in each state's Congressional delegation. The details are open to argument; but the contingency against which Mr. Trimble is trying to provide might occur, and it is only common sense to make arrangements in advance to meet it.

III

THE Presidential succession, however, is not the most debatable point which Senators Smith and Green proposed for the consideration of Congress. They would have it consider whether the Electoral College—a vermiform appendix, somebody called it as long as sixty years ago—is worth keeping up; the present system of election by majorities in the several states, rather than by an over-all national majority, could be retained without the electors if it were so desired. If the Electoral College is retained, should electors be bound by law to support the candidate of their party? Not since our present party system was established has any elector failed to do so; President Benjamin Harri-

son, writing after he left office, thought that anyone who did "would be an object of execration, and in time of high excitement might very well be lynched." Nevertheless a faction of Texas Democrats, representing no considerable proportion of the voters but a great deal of money, proposed in 1944 that the Democratic electors of their state (who were sure to win) should vote against the Democratic nominee; the friends of Roosevelt had to fight them through primaries, conventions, and courts before they could force them on to the ballot as a separate splinter party, and prevent them from defeating the intention of the voters. If we are to continue to use flesh-and-blood electors to record the electoral vote, we had better make some statutory provision to keep that from happening again.

OUR election procedure presents more serious problems than that. What happens if a Presidential nominee dies during the campaign? None ever has; but campaigning is a strain on any man past early middle age, as Presidential candidates usually are. In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt, running for a third term, was shot. Fortunately his wound was slight; if it had been fatal somebody would have had to pick a new candidate in a hurry. Presumably, if a candidate died soon after nomination, the national convention could be reconvened; if late in the campaign, the national committee would have to pick a substitute. This actually happened on a Vice-Presidential nomination; Mr. Sherman, the Republican candidate in 1912, died shortly before the election and the national committee replaced him with Nicholas Murray Butler. In that case it didn't matter, as the Republicans were badly defeated; and the committee had been empowered by the convention to fill vacancies, Mr. Sherman's health being known to be poor. Still, such a substitution might always offer dissident elements of a party an excuse to repudiate the ticket; it might be found advisable to give those important pieces of our political machinery, the national convention and the national committee, some legal status.

A much graver situation would arise if the successful candidate died after the

November election in which the electors are chosen, but before they had met. The Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution provides that if the President-elect shall have died before the beginning of his term, the Vice-President-elect shall become President. But no man is either President-elect or Vice-President-elect till the electors have voted; he is merely a citizen whom an extralegal assembly of other citizens—the national convention—has recommended for high office. Nor is the Vice-Presidential candidate normally the man whom his party would put in the White House, if it had to make a selection *de novo*. Presumably the national committee would pick another candidate—not without considerable argument between the supporters of various aspirants—and presumably party loyalty plus the desirability of controlling the White House would lead all electors individually chosen to support the selection.

But the larger states cannot clutter up their ballots or their voting machines with long lists of electoral candidates; in New York, for instance, you voted for unnamed "electors for Roosevelt and Truman." Those men were chosen to vote for Roosevelt for President and Truman for Vice-President; could they legally vote for anybody else? Might not an election decided by their vote for somebody else be held invalid by the courts—or at any rate be tied up in legal action till long after the new Presidential term begins? The situation has never arisen; the only Presidential candidate who ever died soon after election was, fortunately, a defeated candidate—Horace Greeley in 1872. It did not matter how his electors chose to scatter their purely complimentary votes among eminent Democrats; but it is worth noting that three of them held that they had been elected to vote for Horace Greeley and for no one else. So they did vote for him, even though he was dead. They might not have done so if their party had won; still, their scruples might well give a defeated and disgruntled aspirant a pretext for challenging the votes of "electors for John Doe and Richard Roe" if, John Doe being deceased, they voted for Joe Blotz instead and thus determined the choice of a President.

IV

ANOTHER point raised by the Green-Smith resolution is more delicate, and possibly even more dangerous. The Constitution prescribes that "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President." No President has ever resigned; none has ever been removed, though Andrew Johnson narrowly escaped it. Seven have died in office, and in each case the Vice-President succeeded not only to the powers and duties of the Presidency, but to the title, the prestige, the White House, and the salary. Constitutional theorists have long debated whether this was what the Founding Fathers intended; or whether, as the Englishman Herbert W. Horwill puts it, they regarded a Vice-President filling in as merely "a regent, or *chargé d'affaires*." For all practical purposes the question was settled by John Tyler, the first Vice-President who succeeded; he said he was President and nobody else cared enough about it to give him an argument.

But what constitutes the inability of a President to discharge the powers and duties of his office? Nobody knows, and nobody is authorized to decide. Twice in our history a President has in fact been disabled. President Garfield was shot on July 2, 1881, grew progressively weaker, and died on September 19. During that long interval his cabinet, according to Robert T. Lincoln, who was Secretary of War, occasionally wondered in a mild way whether this was what the Constitution called inability or not; but they never had a meeting, each man went ahead and ran his own department, and (Congress not being in session) "no subject arose on which the President alone could act." We are never likely to see a time again when the President of the United States could be out of action for two months and a half, and never would be missed. Even in that idyllic age people realized that a situation might arise in which we should need a President; the first message of Garfield's successor, President Arthur, recommended a study of the disability question to "the

early and thoughtful consideration of the Congress." That was sixty-five years ago, and nothing has been done about it.

Meanwhile a situation arose in which we did need a President, and had none. In September 1919 President Wilson collapsed in the midst of the bitter fight over the League of Nations; eventually he made a partial recovery, though he was never again the man he had been. Whether he could have won his League fight if he had kept his health no man can say; his breakdown ended his hopes, thus materially affecting world politics as well as American politics. It also delayed and hampered the conduct of the ordinary business of government; the Secretary of State, who called meetings of the cabinet to try to keep things going, was fired for so doing when Wilson got better. Some of the powers and duties of his office the President was never able to exercise again as he had done before; and for a time—just how long is disputed—he was unable to exercise any of them. But nobody had the authority to say so.

That he was disabled in fact was widely suspected, and suspected long after his total disability had ceased; Vice-President Marshall was under considerable pressure—not all of it springing from personal or partisan malice—to do something. But he said he would take over the Presidency only on mandamus from the Supreme Court; and since the Supreme Court issues no writs of mandamus, that stopped that. In the following winter four bills were introduced in Congress to authorize the determination of inability; two would have left it to the cabinet, the other two to the Supreme Court on request of one or both Houses of Congress. But nothing was ever done about them, which perhaps is just as well. To leave the decision to the cabinet might offer too much of a premium to personal ambition (how many of Lincoln's cabinet could have been trusted, in the early years?); to leave it to either Congress or the Supreme Court would upset the Constitutional balance.

WHAT the national interest obviously requires is to be safeguarded equally against the danger that a President permanently disabled might cling to his

office, in the confidence that some day he was going to get well; and against the possibility that his political opponents might seize the pretext of a passing illness to turn him out. Either danger would be greater in a time of high political tension; and unless an effort is made to find the answer now, when the issue does not arise, it might come up at some time when emotions run so high that no practicable solution could be found. Whoever is to make the decision must be glacially objective, superior not only to political influence but to personal emotion. Who would that be?

The Supreme Court? Aside from the constitutional objection, Supreme Court Justices are human; if President Roosevelt had happened to fall ill in the spring of 1937 and the Supreme Court had had the power to decide whether he was able to perform his official duties, the consciences of those venerable men would have been subjected to an excruciating strain. It may be said that inability is a question of fact, to be determined by medical opinion. What medical opinion? Doctors are human, too. The Republicans distrusted Dr. Grayson, Wilson's physician; the Democrats would have had no faith in any board of doctors selected by Senator Lodge.

In fact the disability of a President—particularly a strong President, one who is hated and loved as violently as Wilson—is much more than a medical question; it is also a juridical, a political, and an emotional question. In Garfield's case an objective determination might have been made without too much embarrassment, though it would have been unsafe to leave the decision to any group in which Roscoe Conkling had much influence; but with a man like Wilson detachment was virtually impossible. His enemies believed, and wanted to believe, that he was done for; his friends, that he would get well tomorrow morning.

In November 1881, when the Garfield case was still fresh in the public mind, the *North American Review* published studies of the question by a distinguished Senator, a distinguished Judge, a distinguished law professor, and General Ben Butler—who, however out of place in that company, was at any rate a good trial lawyer and an experienced practical politician. About

the only thing they agreed on was that it would be preposterous to leave it to the Supreme Court. Professor Theodore Dwight, reasoning from the way the British Parliament dealt with the intermittent insanity of George III, held that Congress "might institute some proper legal proceeding," and declare the President disabled on medical advice. But that is both constitutionally and politically objectionable; in the career of every strong President there are times when Congress would gladly turn him out, if it could avoid the odium and the cumbersome procedure of impeachment; let Congress pick the doctors and he might lose his office if he had a bad cold.

Judge Thomas Cooley, nevertheless, thought Congress should declare the inability; if they did so when the fact was in dispute "it would not be peacefully submitted to." But we ought to find, if possible, some method which could be safeguarded against partisan misuse at a less price than the risk of civil war. It is noteworthy that the two contributors to the discussion who had had long experience in politics, General Butler and Senator Lyman Trumbull, both thought the Vice-President would have to make the decision. Butler held, however, that he would have to be sure of the support of Congress first; Trumbull suggested that he might act on advice of the cabinet but only if the inability were beyond reasonable doubt; "a Vice-President who would assume those duties in a doubtful case would be treated as a usurper." But suppose some people—in Congress, in the executive departments, in the armed forces and in the general public—considered him a usurper while others did not. The chance might seem worth taking, to a Vice-President less loyal, less constitutional, and more ambitious than Tom Marshall.

BUT even if you decide who shall determine inability the issue entails further complications. A President may be disabled for a time, and then recover. What then becomes of the Vice-President who has been filling in? Professor Dwight, in his *North American Review* article, thought he would stay in, while the President for whom he had substituted would

retire to private life; "the law knows no method of canceling a devolution." Even as law that has been challenged. Senator Trumbull thought the language of the Constitution implies that a Vice-President can in no case become President; "the practice adopted [since Tyler's day] is not decisive as to the true construction of the Constitution even in case of death, and by no means settles it in case of inability." So far as succession to a deceased President is concerned, practice has certainly settled it by now; but for filling in for a disabled President there is no precedent.

When the Secretary of State is ill, or abroad on official business, the Undersecretary substitutes for him, and with full authority (except for any matters the Secretary may be handling personally in an international conference). But he is only Acting Secretary; he may for convenience sit at the Secretary's desk, but he turns back the desk, along with the powers and duties, to his chief on his return. So with the other executive departments; a procedure which would seem only sensible in the case of the Presidency.

Herbert Horwill, in the study cited above (*The Usages of the American Constitution*, a work of great subtlety) agrees that the Founding Fathers never thought of the Vice-President as anything but a regent; but thinks that the precedent set by John Tyler has virtually nullified the inability provision. "Usage has transformed the intended substitute into a successor"; a Vice-President filling in would assume the title, as if his chief were dead, and you can't have two Presidents at once. Hence no Vice-President would undertake to displace his superior; and what happens in a case of prolonged disability is in the hands of God.

ANY such question, if it arose in the present uncertainty of the law, would be likely to be settled (as it should be) on political considerations rather than by such legal hair-splittings as Professor Dwight brought up. But even so there will be room for trouble, until the law is made certain. President Roosevelt, during most of his administration, was hated by a large bloc of Democrats (as well as the Republicans) in Congress—Democrats who much

preferred Mr. Garner, when he was Vice-President. If Mr. Roosevelt had fallen ill, if the Vice-President, by understanding with him, had taken over his duties until his recovery, a majority of Congress might have insisted that Garner had become a genuine blown-in-the-glass President and that Roosevelt had lost his job. I do not imagine that Mr. Garner would have lent himself to any such enterprise; but the situation might recur, with a Vice-President who would be less scrupulous. We can't have two Presidents at once; but until the law is made certain we might easily have two men each of whom honestly regarded himself as President—and each of whom was supported by about half the country. This is a case in which the language of the Constitution could be clarified by statute; it would seem clearly preferable to define a Vice-President serving during his chief's inability as merely an Acting President; but any definition would be less dangerous than the present uncertainty.

V

THERE are some other respects in which the machinery could be improved, enabling us to get more value out of the energy (and the money) that is put into the operation of the government. I am not so visionary as to suppose that anything will be done about them, but there is no harm in putting them on record; and it would be too pessimistic to say that Americans would never put them into the Constitution, for Americans once did put them into a Constitution—the Constitution of the Confederate States of America.

This document was drawn by men most of whom had had long experience in the federal government, and saw some details in which its mechanisms could be altered for the better. Their constitution was described by an editorial in the *New York Herald* (written before the shooting started) as "the Constitution of the United States with various modifications, and some very important and most desirable improvements. . . . These reforms should be adopted by the United States, with or without a reunion of the seceded states, as soon as possible." But they never were adopted, and not merely because they were

tainted with a Confederate flavoring; indeed it must be observed that human nature so prevailed in the Confederate Congress that little use was made of them.

The most clearly desirable of these reforms permitted the President to veto individual items in appropriation bills, instead of having to take the whole bill as it stands or reject it all. Many state constitutions give such power to the governor; in Washington it would save the taxpayers a good many million dollars every year. But inasmuch as it would put an end to log-rolling on local pork-barrel items, it would so gravely embarrass so many members of every Congress that there is small hope of ever seeing it enacted. It was further required that each bill introduced into the Confederate Congress should deal with only one subject, to be clearly described in the title. But members simply ignored that and went on introducing hodgepodge bills, like their colleagues north of the Potomac.

FINALLY, the Confederate Constitution authorized the Congress to permit by statute the heads of the executive departments to sit in Congress, and participate in discussion of measures pertaining to their departments—like ministers in a parliamentary form of government. Jefferson Davis, in *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, called this “a wise and judicious provision which would have tended to obviate much delay and misunderstanding”; but Congress never got around to passing the law. Such an amendment in the procedure of the federal government has often been advocated; it was discussed even during the Civil War and has come up at various times since. That it would “obviate much misunderstanding” is evident—a result which would hardly be welcomed by those Congressmen who thrive on misunderstanding. To any cabinet officer or agency head who knew his job it would be a godsend; for when, as often happens, a Congressman rises on the floor and attacks a federal department in a speech full of distortions and downright lies, those lies could be refuted then and there. Under our present system they usually run through two or three editions of the evening papers before

the department head has had time to examine the attack and issue the correction; and the denial then commonly gets about an inch of newspaper space where the attack may have got a column.

Nevertheless this proposal, desirable as it may seem, has been effectively criticized by Harold Laski in *The American Presidency* as tending to upset the constitutional balance between the Executive and Congress. It would, he thinks, compel the President to select his cabinet from among men who had influence in Congress—that is, in most cases, ex-Congressmen; and these men, if they managed to retain that influence, would become so powerful that the President would not dare to remove them even if he no longer liked their performance in office. The one who proved most effective in dealing with Congress, thinks Mr. Laski, would in effect become prime minister; and that man—to carry Mr. Laski’s argument a little farther—would normally be the Secretary of the Treasury; since if every man were restricted to discussion of “measures pertaining to his department” other cabinet officers would have only a limited field for intervention in debate, while the Treasury is involved in everything. The British prime minister, after all, was in the beginning only the treasurer. To my mind Mr. Laski’s analysis is conclusive; let your cabinet officers sit and speak in Congress and you would presently have a cabinet responsible to Congress, not to the President, who would merely sit there in the White House and take the rap for the doings of men over whom he had no control.

It was not so prescribed by the Founding Fathers; and it implies no slavish adulation of those men or their work to suggest that we ought to think long and hard before we make such a fundamental alteration in their structure—an alteration contrary to our national habit and probably to our national interest. Advocates of parliamentary government for this country are apt to forget that it would require a very different sort of Congress than we usually get; and that our present sort of Congress—elected largely on local or personal issues—is quite possibly, with all its faults, the sort best suited to so extensive and diversified a nation.



TRAFFIC JAM

MYRON STEARNS

Pictorial Comment by Robert Osborn

DURING every hour of daylight, in this year 1947, tens of thousands—through the middle of the day hundreds of thousands—of patient, anxious, or exasperated motorists will be driving along busy city streets, losing time, money, and energy as they look, often vainly, for a place to park. Behind traffic lights millions of vehicles will be crowded bumper to bumper, motors running, going nowhere. Each weekend there will be caterpillar processions, miles long, of cars filled with recreation-bound families trying to get into, or out of, cities or popular amusement areas. For blocks together, in this city or that, trucks will be idling, hour after hour, waiting to unload. At point after point traffic will snarl up, with a raucous crescendo of impatient horns, because of double-parked cars, desperately clogging already congested business streets.

Not long ago, a few weeks after New York City announced a drastic no-parking regulation on thirty-odd crosstown streets to facilitate traffic movement, I drove from 37th Street and Park Avenue across town to the Lincoln Tunnel, a distance of possibly a mile. It took me twenty-five min-

utes. Walking, even with waiting for the lights, would have taken less than that. And with a horse and buggy, a hundred years ago, to go that far would have taken only seven minutes, or six. At one of the entrances to Central Park recently, a friend of mine was caught in a complete traffic block, and was unable to move for twenty-nine minutes. On a street in the Forties a lady cynically left her car in a traffic line while she shopped for a bag that had caught her eye in a window. After making the purchase she returned to her car: the line had not moved.

The total loss resulting from such genuinely shocking conditions is almost incalculable. It runs into no mere millions of dollars, but billions. A prewar Boston study showed that a number of congested streets were costing motorists \$18,000 a mile in wasted gasoline alone. Baltimore losses, from 1930 to 1940, because of traffic congestion, lack of easy parking facilities, and consequent changes in shoppers' habits, were estimated at \$55,000,000—representing a fifty per cent drop in downtown property values. (This takes no account of motorists' losses.) Similarly, in

Myron Stearns, an experienced free-lance writer, has long been a student of motor traffic problems. Last March he wrote for us "The Scandal of Our Traffic Courts."

the smaller city of Hartford, Connecticut, the same ten-year loss in property values, through decentralization resulting from traffic congestion, was estimated at \$18,000,000. Detroit put its 1940 traffic congestion cost at \$10,000,000, with an added ten million thrown in for accidents. In New York City prewar congestion costs were put at a million dollars a day.

For several years we've been able to ignore this increasingly severe headache. The importance of winning the war, together with our concentration on its dramatic currents of victory and loss, pushed everything else into the background. And because of gasoline and tire rationing, as well as a four-year stoppage in car production, congestion in most places was not, for a time, even as bad as what we'd already learned to tolerate. Automobile mileage, during the war years, dropped nearly forty per cent.

But now the traffic trouble holiday is over. Although we are still five million cars and trucks below our 1941 total of nearly 35,000,000, traffic has jumped to prewar levels. In some cities, and in some whole states, even the greatest mileage year of 1941 has already been surpassed. Cars are being used, in spite of their added age, twenty-five per cent more than ever before. In California automobile travel in 1946 ran ten billion miles above the 1941 record.

Congestion on main roads, as well as in cities, is becoming acute. The great Golden Gate Bridge, completed a decade ago, with four lanes for trucks and buses and six more for passenger cars, was thought to be adequate for twenty years; instead, it has attracted so much additional travel, with new areas opened up to make use of such a fine route, that it is already crowded with a full capacity load of 45,000 vehicles a day. Cars crawl painfully along New Jersey's great six-lane highway at the west end of the Holland Tunnel to New York: 102,000 of them each day, clogging it to bursting. Even on New York's West Side Express Highway, during rush hours, it

takes half an hour to cover a ten-minute distance.

This state of affairs has reached alarming proportions in every metropolitan area in the country. Since highway transportation, as we learned during the war, has become a basic element in our existence, it threatens the health of the whole nation's business and industrial life.

As one governor (not to be named lest he give his state a black eye among so many bleary ones) has said: "Every town and city in this state has become a bottleneck. Economic paralysis has begun to set in."

And the worst is still to come. Orders for more than twenty million new cars and trucks, to replace older models and augment the present thirty-million total, are already on dealers' books. As the assembly lines reach full capacity they are expected to roll off five million new units, possibly six, each year. Even conservative experts figure that traffic volume will nearly double in the next fifteen years.

San Francisco completed a four-floor, 1,700-car parking garage under Union Square, in front of the Saint Francis Hotel, in 1942, at a cost of \$1,500,000. What a relief when it was opened! But parking space in downtown parts of the city is again at a premium. The relief was short-lived.

Even long-range programs to relieve the situation are falling farther and farther behind. The Federal Highway Act of 1944 authorized an expenditure of a billion and a half dollars for main rural and city arteries, the money to be matched by the states during a three-year period. By last fall, with half the time gone, only 316 million had been approved for expenditure. The results of this delay will fall on motorists five years from now.

II

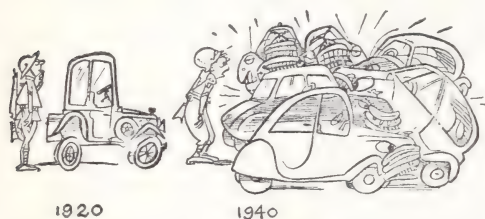
How did we get into such a mess in the first place? Wasn't it possible to look ahead at least a little more foresightedly than we seem to have done?

The gridiron pattern of most of our city streets, where the greatest congestion has developed, is in the first place about the worst possible design for getting anywhere



quickly. Cross traffic at intersections, conflicts between cars and pedestrians, turns, and sometimes parking maneuvers, all slow down or even interrupt altogether the movement of cars. Right angle intersections, with full traffic on both streets, cut the capacity of each street in half.

Against that initial handicap we made fairly satisfactory progress, as long as cars didn't come along too rapidly. But suddenly automobile production and automobile use jumped ahead with almost catastrophic rapidity. Between 1920 and 1940 the number of passenger cars, trucks, and buses *trebled*. And the *use* of cars doubled—so that in twenty years the volume of traffic increased *six-fold*. It was



too much. Between World War I and our entry into World War II automobile mileage increased a thousand per cent.

Miracles were worked in the development of country roads. "Just wait till we get outside the city!" was every motorist's cry. But on city streets, where travel is heaviest, improvement was slowest. You cannot change streets very much without tearing down a lot of stores or houses. The multiple traffic had to be crowded into the obsolete gridiron pattern.

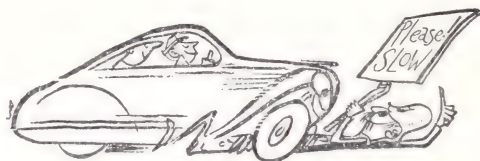
Improvement in country roads even made the city situations worse: more and more cars could come from greater and greater distances to reach them. The more important the city, and the easier it became to reach it, the worse became its downtown congestion. New York is easier to reach, and even to drive through without stopping, than any other great city in the world; but by the same token it is harder to drive about *in* than almost any other city in the world. Too many cars congregate in it.

Half of all motor mileage is on city streets. Four out of every five cars on country roads are either heading for a city, or coming from one. Home-to-office and

back, home-to-school, home-to-market, home-to-doctor or hospital or church, home to shopping-center, home-to-work trips account for about nine-tenths of passenger car use, and a tremendous proportion of those trips are over city streets. In most cities the volume of downtown traffic is six times as great as it is in the suburbs, with half as many cars merely passing through the downtown area as are stopped there. Secondary country roads account for four-fifths of all the more than three million miles of roads in the nation; but they carry only fourteen per cent of the total automobile mileage. During a day about 45 cars per mile, on an average, pass over them. Main city streets, on the other hand, average daily 5,400 vehicles per mile. They constitute only one per cent of the country's road mileage, but carry twenty per cent of the total traffic.

So you see. It is quite a problem.

TO MAKE it worse, many serious mistakes have been made. Everyone fondly imagines he could improve the traffic situation—just as almost everyone knows how to write. But it is not so easy. Each regulation or device has drawbacks as well as advantages; often in poorly planned measures the disadvantages overbalance the gains, with, frequently, entirely unforeseen results. One popular idea, for example, was to put deep gutters across residential streets, at intersections, to compel traffic to slow down. But instead of slowing it down, that particular device merely broke springs—at first—and then drove motorists to use other streets that were already congested. Similarly, there was at one time an epidemic of stone intersection posts with "keep to the right" signs on them. They caused innumerable accidents, and slowed traffic up instead of merely keeping it, as was intended, orderly. Many unwisely installed stop signs and unneeded traffic lights, instead of making traffic more safe, simply drove it to other streets, all over the place, creating



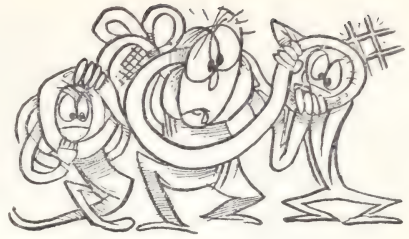
new hazards that were still more difficult to control and overcome.

A favorite mistake that is still extremely popular is to insist on bringing out-of-town traffic straight through the middle of the city. There it adds immeasurably to already existing congestion, and instead of bringing out-of-town trade to merchants merely drives local shoppers to more convenient spots in the suburbs.

Even fairly sound regulations have, in many instances, boomeranged because they were not understood or accepted, leading to one of the most serious traffic difficulties of all: conflict, instead of at least some degree of understanding and co-operation, between police and drivers. Years ago, when I was for a time Automobile Editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, I watched the beginnings of what became almost a pitched battle between motorists and officers of the law; it has since, I believe, been a very definite factor in many of California's traffic diseases, contributing to the fact that our second largest state, where more automobiles are licensed than even in New York, has one of the highest accident rates in the whole country. Even yet, I am told, filling station attendants warn drivers where motorcycle cops are patrolling, and tell them where they can "Step on 'er" without fear of arrest.

New York's parking ban on numerous crosstown streets, already referred to, is a sample of the ill-advised type of regulation that has helped bring car congestion to its present pestilential pass. Leading traffic authorities are agreed that, before such a parking ban can be issued with good results, other adequate parking facilities, within at least a reasonable distance, must be provided. And New York does not have them. Consequently, for a slight present improvement in speeding up or partially untangling traffic, New York authorities are paying altogether too great a price in more trouble ahead: in motorists' resentment and failure to observe regulations, greater congestion elsewhere, and even more abject failure of the city's already inadequate parking facilities.

As urban traffic conditions first began to get really bad, a few cities—notably Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Seattle—pioneered with experimental "traffic en-



gineers." It proved to be an unreservedly wise step. But the majority remained unconcerned, while, from coast to coast, the general traffic jam grew worse and worse.

III

SO HERE we are, slowly strangling in our traffic entanglements. Can nothing be done about it?

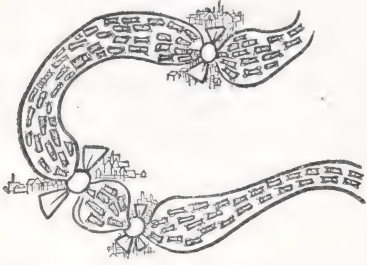
The answer falls into two parts.

First comes the long-distance planning. A lot of this has, fortunately, already been done. Before me, for instance, is a great de luxe report for the California legislature, prepared after months of painstaking research, wisely recommending the best possible steps to take to bring the state's rural and urban highways up to date. It calls for a trifling expenditure—with a number of minor projects costing ten or a hundred millions here and there not included—of 210 to 240 millions of dollars each year from 1950 to 1960. Say in round numbers between two and three billion dollars, which the state is to spread over a ten-year period.

Part of such planning includes expressways for cities, which can carry on each traffic lane as many vehicles per hour as an ordinary, wide city street. It usually includes also blueprints for union bus and truck terminals, and platforms for trucks set so far back that the big vehicles can get completely off the street before loading or unloading. In particular it calls for great expressway loops completely around all cities (two loops for cities big enough to warrant it) as well as wide crosstown routes, like the spokes of a wheel.

But while that is all very encouraging, as well as pretty and expensive, it is going to be years before it all comes true. And, unfortunately, even such a system will admittedly be unable to handle more than a fifth of each city's traffic. At one point or another each car or truck, except those

going right past the whole city, will have to leave its great super-highway and come down into the local streets, just as New York-bound cars have to leave the West Side Highway today, and descend into the mad mêlée below.



Relief from city traffic jams, then, and particularly any relief from the widespread and expensive traffic jams of today and the immediate future, cannot be expected from this large-scale planning of mammoth highways, expressways, trunk lines, and—newest word of all—freeways. Even big-scale city planning, such as a New York City scheme for a \$131,000,000 expenditure on which construction is to start—it is hoped—in 1948, is usually only for a few large-scale expressways and garages, all far ahead, with the bulk of the business area situation unaffected. Which brings us to the second part of our answer.

THE delays and snarls and clogs of city traffic today can at least be reduced, and in many cases to an amazing degree, by already-proven legal and physical controls.

But since, as we have seen, these various regulations or devices have in almost every instance drawbacks as well as advantages, they must first of all be carefully weighed and chosen, by experts who know what they are doing, equipped with the necessary authority and responsible for their decisions.

Well-meaning amateurs are no longer qualified to make the necessary decisions. The prob-



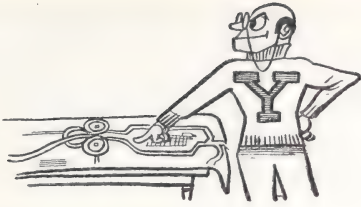
lems involved in smooth traffic flow and in traffic tangles are far too complicated. This fact underlies an astonishingly large share of our present troubles.

In spite of its more-than-a-million-dollars-a-day traffic losses in 1946, for example, New York has no trained traffic engineer in any position of authority. It seems incredible! The city has a Department of Health, and a Department of Sanitation, and a Department of Markets, and a Park Department with a nationally known Park Commissioner, and a Board of Education, and a Port Authority, and a Fire Department, and a fine Police Department—but no Traffic Board, or Traffic Authority, or City Traffic Engineer or Traffic Commissioner with cabinet status and only the Mayor and Board of Aldermen above him.

True, there is a traffic man in New York's Police Department. There is another in the Port Authority. Robert Moses, Park Commissioner, knows enough about the general subject to have made a \$100,000 long-range street-and-parks survey for Portland, Oregon. But they are none of them in charge of the city's traffic, which, as in many other cities, is where it is today in large measure because of uninformed, though well-meant, amateur bungling.

In contrast to this, Detroit, where traffic conditions have been improving steadily for more than six years, has a Traffic Authority under only the Mayor. Milwaukee, one of the safest cities in the country, has a Traffic Engineer responsible directly to the Mayor, again having the status of a cabinet position, equal to that of other top department administrators of the city government. Dallas, Texas, like Milwaukee a National Safety Contest winner, has a Traffic Engineering Bureau, responsible directly to the City Manager. In Chicago, where all parking in the Loop has been prohibited for years, while the municipal Grant Park parking lots are among the largest and best in the whole country, the city Traffic Engineer works under a Traffic Commission that again has cabinet status.

Obviously, these traffic engineers have to be professionals. The one permanent place in the country where such profes-



sional training can be secured is at New Haven, Connecticut, in the Yale Bureau for Highway Traffic. But shorter courses, a couple of weeks long, are given in various parts of the country, usually under the auspices of state universities with the support of the Automotive Safety Foundation, of Washington, D. C., or the National Conservation Bureau (an organization supported by insurance companies) of New York.

Even two weeks of study with experts shows a traffic man that before almost any step to relieve congestion can be taken, careful investigation is necessary. If only one car in twenty makes a left turn from Main Street onto Market, it may be that traffic can be speeded up by forbidding all left turns at that corner. Yet unless he first knows the facts the traffic engineer may cause the loss of more time than he saves. "Origin and destination" studies, that show where cars come from, where they are going, and what routes they take, have been found to be invaluable in solving many traffic problems. But to the well-meaning bungler who is still dabbling with traffic jams in most of our cities, they are so much Greek. Even New York City's planning ahead, referred to a little way back, has been done after the manner (as H. G. Wells once put it) "of God flying over chaos"—without any detailed appraisal of exact conditions.

STREET parking is one of the first problems confronting a traffic expert. It is at the bottom of a great proportion of urban traffic congestion. "It must be remembered," says one traffic report, "that parking is always a wasteful use of highway and street surfaces." But before parking in any area can be prohibited, careful studies are necessary to see what the results of the no-parking order will be.

In Baltimore, for instance, one big market is being remodeled, at a cost of

\$2,000,000, in such a way that parking space, mostly on the roof, will be provided for 800 cars. It looked as though other big parking structures would help materially in solving the city's traffic problems, just as they are now being planned for New York. But a 1946 survey showed that certain areas in downtown Baltimore had more parking places than were needed; more small, low-rate parking facilities in particular places were wanted, instead of great structures that would serve only a limited area.

"Why can't the city rent some of those big empty lots," a New York taxi driver asked me, "uptown on the West Side, right now, and run a special bus line from them, for parkers, to 34th Street, say, and Broadway?"

Although he did not know it, he was suggesting a parking solution that has been found practical in a number of cities: "fringe parking," it is called. Atlanta, Georgia, has a big municipal parking lot a mile and a half from the business center, with a "park-ride" service for thirty-five cents that includes both parking charges and round-trip fare. From Chicago's Grant Park area, along the lake shore, already referred to, special small city buses, with a five-cent fare, run into the Loop, making stops at all the principal shopping centers and stores. At Denver, Colorado, a shoppers' parking service has been started by two G.I.'s, with station wagon service direct to seven large downtown department stores. A returning shopper notifies the attendant at the store wagon stop, and he at once telephones the parking lot to get such-and-such a license number. The shopper leaves the station wagon to find her car ready for her. Hartford, Connecticut, is working on a 2,500-car, river-front parking plaza, with small, light weight trains, powered by electric battery motors, running continuously to the business section for parkers and bus travellers.

Yet in Cincinnati fringe parking, from two lots at diagonally opposite corners of the business area, was given up after a ninety-day trial because not enough people used it. Perhaps the preliminary studies were inadequate. Part of the trouble may have been that the connecting buses only



ran from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., or that they didn't run frequently enough, or that the trip downtown took too long, or that the whole plan was not given sufficient publicity.

Underground parking projects beneath city streets or parks as in San Francisco, are now either under way or completed in Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles.

Oakland, California, was one of the first cities in the country to meet the parking problem adequately. In 1929 a Downtown Merchants Parking Association was formed and leased five big parking lots, one of them in the center of the business district. Six lots are now operated by the Association, with 800-car capacity and a daily turnover of about 2,500 cars. Ottumwa, Iowa, with a population of 52,000, has turned an unsightly river-front lot, as the result of one man's initiative, into a fine 1,000-car parking area. A second level, doubling its capacity, can be put up as soon as it becomes necessary. On Minnesota Avenue, the main street of Kansas City, six new free parking lots have been opened, at a cost of \$240,000 for sites and \$150,000 for construction, on which 2,000 cars can be left daily. It's a bid, through providing easy parking and easing traffic congestion, to get back some of the trade that's been crossing the river to Kansas City, Missouri.

BUT parking is only the first conundrum. Where and how to create "through-ways," where traffic can be speeded up, is a second.

In Detroit, when Grant Mickle, now with the Automotive Safety Foundation, went in as head of the Traffic Engineering Bureau in 1940, a system of carefully selected streets totalling 117 miles were designated "through streets." Stop signs that had been distributed indiscriminately around the city wherever there had been sufficient complaint about dangerous intersections, were taken up and put along the new through-street system. The result of

the carefully prepared changes has been to speed up Detroit's vehicle movement considerably, with a fifty per cent accident reduction, in spite of a twenty-five per cent increase in the volume of the city's traffic. The lessening of congestion has been a godsend.

A third means of stepping traffic along and reducing jams is called "zoning." It puts different "speed zones" on different streets, or parts of streets, instead of holding to a flat rate all over the city, on slow streets as well as fast ones. In the Detroit changes, for instance, higher speeds were allowed on the protected "through streets" than were permitted elsewhere. This lured drivers to these streets and got them out of the way as quickly as possible, relieving congestion elsewhere.

After these first three problems—of which a satisfactory solution can usually be worked out in one way or another—have been duly considered, there are a host of lesser measures that can be taken.

Milwaukee has been made one of the safest cities in the country, with traffic flowing smoothly, through combining a lot of small, intelligent measures, particularly adapted to the areas and conditions to which they have been applied. Parking on the approach side of all important intersections has been prohibited. It speeds up traffic through reducing the delay on turns. No left turns whatever are allowed for many blocks on the main street. Clearly marked lanes or channels reduce confusion at all complicated intersections. Even well out in residential districts one-way streets have been indicated, with parking allowed on only one side. Where both street cars and buses operate on a main street, Wisconsin Avenue, street cars are permitted to load at intersections, while buses load at the middle of the block. Both motorists and pedestrians are "educated" by publicity campaigns concerning the need of, and reason for, any new regulation that



goes in; this permits the strict enforcement of rules.

In smaller cities, having two main one-way streets often speeds traffic a great deal, as a one-way street can carry double the load of a two-way street of equal width. Traffic flows through Lancaster, Pennsylvania, both east and west on one-way streets. Twenty-five miles farther along the transcontinental Lincoln Highway, at York, there is only a two-way main street for through, as well as local, traffic. It takes more than twice as much time to cover a given main-street distance in York as is required in Lancaster.

Frederick, Maryland, is typical of many still smaller cities all over the country: both local and through traffic along U. S. Route 15 have to push through a single, narrow two-way main street, with badly-timed traffic lights. The loss caused by such an unnecessary bottleneck, over a quarter of a century, is a disgrace.

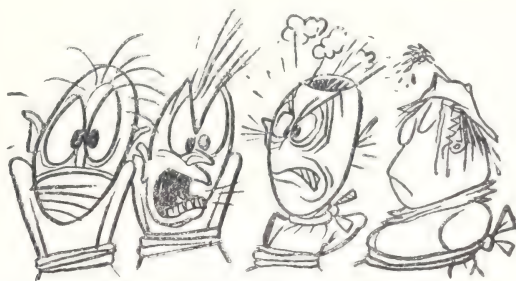
It used to take nearly three-quarters of an hour to drive through Baltimore on U. S. Route 40, or Route 1. Now it takes only about twenty minutes. Part of the saving has been through making a viaduct of Orleans Street, and other minutes have been saved since Traffic Engineer Wallace Braun made one-way streets out of Mulberry and Franklin. Alternate Route 40, which still uses two-way streets, will show you, if you try it, how much extra time the older method loses.

There are many lesser ways, too numer-

ous to describe in a single article, by which a trained traffic engineer can, after securing adequate data, help reduce the terrific present delays on all manner of city streets. Buses and street cars can use skip-stops during rush hours. Curbs can be cut back at intersections where many turns have to be made. Traffic lights can be "weighted" for the heaviest traffic, giving right-of-way automatically to the street that most needs it. Street signs can be made larger, and simpler, with fewer words. Night lighting can be improved. Often raised barriers put along the center line of a main artery, automatically cutting off left turns for certain blocks, will help traffic-flow materially. And so on. Incidentally, almost every move that relieves congestion also reduces accidents. It is an interesting thing that the causes of congestion, and the causes of accident, are usually identical.

There is, unfortunately, no single, simple formula that will materially lessen traffic jams. Far too many of our present traffic troubles have already sprung from attempts to oversimplify solutions. But wherever well-trained traffic men, with at least a reasonable amount of ingenuity and common sense, are given the necessary authority and asked to better conditions, improvements—after the necessary surveys have been made—will follow.

Think how much such a man could, almost overnight, improve the situation in, say, Frederick, Maryland, or New York, New York.



WATCH KOREA

HAROLD SUGG

IN THE months ahead Korea seems likely to replace Trieste as the number one international sore spot. Here American and Russian interests are grinding against each other in naked and dangerous friction—and the Korean people are squealing between the millstones. Their country is a sample of the world's political problem at its worst. Month by month Korea's troubles become both more unbearable and more difficult to remedy. Unless the two great powers settle their differences—and quickly—these troubles may well spread far beyond the Korean borders.

Today the country is cut neatly in two, geographically, economically, and politically. The dividing line is the thirty-eighth parallel. Within Korea the iron curtain has become an iron garrotte, for it is strangling the country. Only electricity crosses this border legally.

North of the barrier the Russians are hurriedly creating a Communist state, complete with political police, rule by "people's committees," countless pictures of Stalin, redistribution of land, and public demonstrations by order of the police.

To the south the American military command is belatedly trying to put together a representative democracy, relying on leaders of the moderate right and the moderate left. This makes good sense; it should have been United States policy from the very beginning of the occupation. Unfortunately it was not. In the early days, the Americans made a whole series

of administrative and political blunders—of which the worst was a temporary alliance with a small minority of extremely conservative Korean politicians. These mistakes almost destroyed the confidence of the Korean people in Americans, and are still hampering all of our efforts.

The American attempt to set up a stable, democratic political structure also is being hampered by the most flagrant kind of Communist interference. The evidence has become conclusive that Russia is not content just to organize northern Korea in her own way. With her long left arm, the Communist Party, she is reaching into the American zone and attempting to shake the very foundations of order—transportation, food supply, and the police force. Since propaganda and intrigue alone have failed to do the job, the Communists have turned to violence in their efforts to wreck the unity which the Americans—recovering from their first five months of aimless blundering—are now painfully trying to construct.

A typical example of Communist propaganda in southern Korea was the recent refusal of the Democratic People's Front, a Red-controlled coalition of political parties, to take part in the celebration of V-J Day by Americans and Korean citizens. Instead the front held its own demonstration to celebrate the theme that Russia had won the war in the Far East.

The most blatant instance of Communist intrigue was the large-scale coun-

Mr. Sugg served with the military government in Korea for six months. He is now a newspaperman in Virginia.

terfeiting of currency by fourteen Party members (now imprisoned) who ran their presses right in the Party headquarters. Their scheme to disrupt the currency—already dangerously inflated by the flood of paper money released by the departing Japanese—also included the smuggling of Bank of Chosen yen notes from north of The Line. To aggravate the country's economic troubles, the Communists have led a wave of strikes, beginning with a walkout of railway workers last August. In this dispute they demanded, in addition to a hundred per cent wage increase, "the same labor reforms" which they declared had been achieved in northern Korea—a naïve and revealing slogan.

The Communist technique of violence was illustrated by an attack last October on the official Korean police in and near Taegu, the capital of North Kyongsang province. It resulted in a five-day battle, in which fifty-nine policemen were killed, sixty seriously wounded, and one hundred missing. This outbreak was a carefully planned act of revolution, directed not at the U. S. Army—the Communists are not that foolhardy—but against the Koreans who are co-operating with our military government. Such incidents give emphasis to the year-long campaign of threats which has been waged against the non-Communist Koreans. Such intimidation is more effective than it might be in a Western country, because the Koreans—like all Orientals—have a great respect for force. The tradition has been ingrained by long experience with floods, drought, warlords, and the Japanese army. It is still being taught today by the Russian army, which used naked force to strip the industries of Manchuria and impose a one-party regime on northern Korea.

II

THE Communists in the American zone are a tiny group—hardly more than ten per cent of that small fraction of the people who take any part in politics. Yet they have come to wield considerable influence throughout southern Korea. There are three reasons for their disproportionate power.

First of all, the Soviet forces have

helped create a situation of disruption and misery, which is made to order for exploitation by the local Communists. This was easy, because the great bulk of the country's industrial products, coal, and fertilizer come from the northern zone; and the Russians have steadfastly refused to permit these goods to move south of the thirty-eighth parallel. The most important result of this embargo was the short rice harvest this fall. The southern farmers had no commercial fertilizer to replenish their paddies, exhausted by centuries of cultivation and starved for the last four years by the Japanese diversion of chemicals to wartime use.

As a consequence, the American zone is going hungry this winter—and to make matters worse the shrunken harvest must feed not only the normal population but also 1,200,000 refugees brought back from Japanese territory, plus 800,000 who have fled from the Russian zone. These refugees also intensify the housing shortage. A final touch of misery is the lack of heat for overcrowded homes, because no coal is moving down from the Russian-held mines. Cold, hungry, and ill-housed, the Koreans provide a ready audience for Communist propaganda.

A second reason for the heavy impact of this propaganda is that Communism has long held a powerful attraction for Korea. Eighty per cent of its people are sharecroppers or meagerly-paid laborers, who have been oppressed for generations by the Japanese and their native landlords. Moreover, they have built up close connections with the Soviet Union during the last twenty years, because thousands of Koreans fled to Siberia to escape from Japanese rule. There many of them received Communist training and opened up underground channels of communication with their friends back home. The result was that ever since 1923 the resistance to the Japanese has been kept alive by the Communists, although the earlier opposition had been led by Koreans with a Western orientation such as Dr. Syngman Rhee and Kim Koo who remained abroad after the abortive 1919 revolution.

The Communists got their greatest boost, however, from the blunders of the American Army.

WHEN our Army landed September 7, 1945, it had an awesome and unequaled prestige. Its influence had been built up in advance by its achievements in the Pacific and by the great respect which American missionaries had won through long years of patient work. These missionaries were the only Americans known to the average Korean, who respected them even if he did not belong to their missions. The American soldier came from the land of the missionaries. He was the "Onward Christian Soldier" of whom the missionaries sang. In the intoxicating first hours after our landing, the Koreans ran into the streets just to touch the clothing of American troops.

What followed was brutal. The first act of the liberators was to announce that the Japanese administration would be kept in office to carry out American occupation orders. This was MacArthur's instruction to Lieutenant General John R. Hodge, commander of the occupying forces, and its announcement startled even the State Department. A similar policy had been employed successfully in Japan and with debatable success in Germany; but it was totally unsuited for Korea. It did not take into account the basic fact of the occupation: Korea was not a conquered country.

Even if the policy could be forgiven, the manner of its announcement could not. Any cub reporter could have phrased the statement more acceptably. The misunderstanding became more hopeless still when General Hodge let slip his remark that the Koreans "are the same breed of cats as the Japanese"—an infuriating slander which the General has since done much to live down. Unfortunately it set the tone for the first months of the American occupation.

The State Department soon overruled MacArthur's instructions, and Hodge promised that Korean officials would replace the Japanese as soon as possible. Then the Army blundered again.

In the three weeks before our Army moved in, a considerable number of Korean leaders had tried to put together a native political organization in hopes that it would be able to take over in the administration of their liberated country.

This group was called the National Founding Preparatory Committee; it was set up in Seoul, the capital, with supporting committees in the provinces; it included representatives of both the left and right; its leader was Lyuh Woon Hyung, a missionary-educated Socialist.

Under Communist pressure, the Committee broke up. Some of the remnants, predominantly leftist though by no means entirely Communist, formed the so-called People's Republic, with Lyuh at the head. Similar split-ups followed in the provinces, where People's Committees were formed as the local bases of the People's Republic. The leaders of this organization approached General Hodge with a proposal that the People's Republic should serve as the government of Korea, through which the U. S. Army could carry out its mission.

General Hodge quite bluntly—all the Army's pronouncements at that time were quite blunt—informed them that he was the government of Korea, and that the People's Republic could exist only as a political party. This was hard to take, and the Republic entered into a public argument with the General that lasted for three months. Although it nominally expired a year ago, the organization still exists today in the local People's Committees; its national leadership has taken the form of the People's Front, a coalition of left-wing parties.

THE Army's decision not to recognize the Republic is defensible. It became a blunder only with the next move—the employment of Korean officials to replace the Japanese. Selection of these native officials was placed largely in the hands of a naval officer, Lieutenant Commander George Z. Williams of Los Angeles. The son of a former missionary, he came to the attention of the high command when it was discovered that he could speak Korean. That seemed enough, in those days, to qualify him as an authority on all matters Korean, and Williams was given almost unlimited freedom in setting up the system for choosing local officials.

Williams naturally turned to the Korean Christians. Within four months the entire national bureaucracy and nearly

all the provincial governments had been entrusted to members of the Korean Democratic Party. This was a small party of conservative landlords, hastily organized after the Japanese surrender; it also had the embarrassing support of a small percentage of Koreans who had cooperated too zealously with the Japanese.

The responsibility for this choice cannot, of course, be placed on Williams alone. General Hodge and most of his military government officers were predisposed to favor the "respectable citizen"—the well-dressed, elderly Korean who spoke a little English and who appeared to know what it was all about. Their worst mistake was not the decision to lean on the conservatives; it was the concurrent decision (never published but rigidly followed) not to employ *any* Korean with leftist views.

In this the American command was the victim of its own political innocence, its simple theory that anything radical must be Communist. The left parties, for example, all favored redistribution of farmland and nationalization of industry. To the Army, such a program looked like simon-pure Bolshevism. What these good soldiers could not, or would not, understand in the fall of 1945 was that Korea was different from America. In that country, where eighty per cent of the people are virtual serfs of an Oriental feudal system, a program of land distribution made sense. Because all the industry was Japanese owned—and about to be left ownerless—a program of nationalization made sense, too.

By the time the Americans had been in Korea five months they came to recognize these facts. The rightist party platforms, when they were eventually made up, incorporated these very principles—leaving in doubt only the method of accomplishing the goals and the question of sincerity in trying to reach them. But by that time the Americans had handed over the entire government, so far as its Korean bureaucracy was concerned, to one party—perhaps the smallest party in the country at the time it received control.

The unfortunate effect of such partiality was heightened by the favors accorded Dr. Rhee, the conservative and

venerated exile who had been out of touch with his country for many years. He came back, not as an official, but "at the invitation of the military government." He was soon followed by a fellow-exile, Kim Koo. These two promptly embarked on an anti-Russian campaign, sublimely oblivious to the fact that both geography and the joint occupation made anti-Soviet agitation unwise to the point of danger. They spurned all offers of compromise from the leftist parties and attached themselves like limpets to the military government.

The leftists—completely ignored in the making of appointments and left out of the limelight which beat upon the two returning heroes—reacted with shock, then rage, and finally with an understandable though sometimes senseless opposition to the military government. Many of them drew closer to the Communists. For example, Lyuh had offered to co-operate with Dr. Rhee; and when his offer was refused, he felt obliged to cement an alliance with the Communist Party. Huge leftist rallies, under Communist guidance, applauded glowing reports of the sweetness and light which the Russians were said to be bringing to North Korea. Leftist newspapers frequently engaged in hysterical outbursts of abuse against everything the military government attempted.

In short, the left soon became what the American command had originally assumed it was. Military government made it easy for the Communists to capture the left-wing organizations and to spread, to thousands of bitter, disillusioned Koreans, the allegedly good news from the Russian zone.

III

MUCH of this news looked good only when filtered through pink-tinted glasses; for the Soviet occupation forces made plenty of mistakes. The troops which marched into North Korea apparently were the scrapings of the Red Army reserve, unkempt and in nondescript uniforms. They began their occupation with two months of looting and lust.

Certainly this was not in accordance with official Soviet policy. It happened partly because the far eastern army units

were badly-disciplined leftovers, partly because the Russian soldier found that even oppressed Koreans had many things which he had never been able to enjoy. These goods were "liberated," promptly and unceremoniously. This looting declined as soon as the Soviet troops were brought under control or replaced by better divisions. After that resentment turned more against the People's Police, a native organization built up under Russian sponsorship.

The second curse of the Russian occupation was the Red Army's habit of living off the land. Each village was assigned its regular quota of food which it had to collect every week. At first this tribute was regarded as a just reward for the Soviet liberators. But as the months dragged by, while food got scarcer and the Red Army showed no signs of leaving, it became a major cause of discontent.

On the other hand, the Russians took direct political action of demonstrable popularity. Unlike the Americans, they immediately recognized the local organizations of the People's Republic and used them as the instrument for carrying out Soviet policy. Temporarily at least, this gave the Koreans the illusion that they were running their own government.

Moreover, the Russians promptly disposed of the hated Japanese police and of those Koreans who had collaborated too closely with the Japanese. All Koreans had, of course, been obliged to collaborate to some extent in order to survive; so that Russians adopted a simple rule—all wealthy Koreans were pro-Japanese and national traitors. This proposition may be pretty shaky on both moral and logical grounds, but it delighted some ninety per cent of the people. Since the Americans to the south had taken virtually no action against the small number of slavish collaborators, and since the American officers in Seoul showed open preference for the servile Japanese men and always-willing Japanese women awaiting shipment home, the Russian purge made effective propaganda.

FINALLY, the Soviet authorities sponsored a widely-advertised program of land distribution. All farmland, whether

Korean or Japanese owned, was divided into twelve-and-a-half-acre plots and parceled out free to the landless peasants. This was heralded as the crowning achievement of True Democracy and it created a powerful vested interest in the new regime; but the program had some features, which gradually became known in southern Korea, that may have dampened the initial enthusiasm.

For example, the allotments were handed out by the local People's Committees, which frequently measured a farmer's fitness to receive land by his political standing. A family's ability to bribe the committee also seemed, in some cases, to have a good deal to do with the kind of land it got. Since the farmer still had to turn in his quota of food to support the Russian army, he wasn't much better off than he had been under the Japanese. Ownership was not given to the individual peasant; the People's committees simply became the new landlords. The old landlords were permitted to go on farming; but not on their old land; they had to take allotments in new localities, in order to break up whatever "bourgeois" influence they might have had in their home communities.

At the same time the land was being divided up, the Russians handed over management of Japanese industries—which meant all industries—to Workers' Committees. This again was in sharp contrast with the American policy, which left the final disposition of industry up to a future Korean government, and gave temporary management certificates to whatever native business men could claim the necessary experience and capital.

The Christians had too much prestige in Korea for the Russians to move directly against them in the northern zone. But church buildings apparently were specifically singled out as billets for the Red Army. The People's Police appeared to be singularly lax in protecting the churches from looting or their ministers and elders from beatings. On March 1, anniversary of the 1919 revolution, the Christians were not enthusiastic about the People's Committee plans for celebrations in northern Korea. Police advice to fly the Red flag and display pictures of Stalin was followed

passively but with resentment. In many towns the Christians decided to hold separate services, not in opposition to the state celebration but concurrent with it. When inspired mobs attacked them, the People's Police offered no protection. There were instances of churches being burned and of ministers being paraded publicly in derision after the March 1 celebrations, which also were marked by student riots and food demonstrations.

THE Russian masters and their eager Korean protégés tightened their political control of the country in January, following the public outburst of anger against the Russo-American plan to place the country under a trusteeship. (Such demonstrations occurred in the Russian zone as well as the American, but the world was permitted to hear little about them.) At the beginning of the occupation, the Russians had accepted Cho Man Shik, a Presbyterian merchant known as the "Gandhi of Korea," as the head of the Executive People's Committee in Pyongyang, capital of the Russian zone. In January, Cho, who also was head of the conservative party in the north, was "in protective custody" and subject to daily newspaper and radio attacks for "inability to lead the party." General Kim Il Sung, youthful hero who had led a Korean Army with the Chinese Communists, replaced him as chairman. By April the pressure to produce a one-party state had made political opposition physically unsafe. After August 15, Cho Man Shik ceased to be denounced over the radio. Presumably he either is dead or has been removed from Korea, lest he become a rallying point for anti-Russian resistance.

In their dealings with the Americans, the Russians have followed an equally stern political pattern. Both of the great powers had agreed at the Moscow Conference to co-operate in setting up "a provisional Korean democratic government." When Red Army representatives met with a United States delegation to work out such a government, however, they refused to accept any plan which would not assure Communist control of the whole country. They insisted, for example, that no Korean parties or

individuals should participate in the provisional regime if they had demonstrated against the trusteeship proposals. The Soviet reasoning, apparently, was that anyone who had challenged the Moscow Conference decisions could not be really "democratic."

This peculiar logic would have shut out the overwhelming majority of the Korean people from their own government, because literally every organization had protested against the trusteeship scheme—except the Communists. (Even some of them got confused, apparently because they hadn't heard about the new party line in time, and appeared in the street carrying anti-trusteeship banners.)

The Russian stand in these negotiations started the decline of Communist prestige in Korea—a decline which still continues and which may eventually break the Communist grip over the more moderate leftist parties in the southern zone. Most Koreans are socialistic, but their nationalism is stronger than their socialism. Soviet behavior has convinced many of them that the Communists would simply lead the country from a Japanese prison to a Russian prison. Only terrorism, such as the Communists are now attempting, and widespread starvation might succeed in shaking the Korean determination to be truly independent—independent of both Russia and the United States.

IV

AS COMMUNIST influence has slipped downhill, American prestige has slowly begun to climb. Military government has finally disentangled itself from the importuning of Dr. Rhee and Kim Koo. The signing of an agreement last October between Lyuh, the outstanding left-wing leader, and Dr. Kim Kiu Sik, one of the more liberal members of the old government-in-exile (and incidentally a graduate of Randolph-Macon College), was a triumph in political unity. Furthermore, the American plan for election of a legislative body and an advisory council for southern Korea will afford a chance for review of many of the unhappy appointments made in the early days of the occupation. Most important of all, the

United States has made it clear—both through State Department declarations and actions of the American command—that it has no imperialistic aims.

American policy is now right and it is strong. Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson has announced that our troops will remain in Korea until United States aims—to which the Soviet Union also is nominally committed—are achieved. The danger now is that the United States may weaken its present stand. In particular, General Hodge must be given material assistance to offset the strangulation by the iron garrotte. If economy measures in the new Congress strip Hodge of the personnel and supplies he needs to administer the suffering country, the result certainly would be to encourage Russian efforts to gain control of all Korea. The rightness of our policy will influence the Koreans and all far eastern peoples. Its strength—if steadily maintained—is the thing which may eventually induce Russia to retreat from its present extreme position.

It is vital, therefore, for us to convince the Russians that their stubbornness will not succeed in forcing us out; and then to get down to negotiations with them for a *joint* evacuation at the earliest possible moment. Because the curse of the joint occupation is that the longer it lasts the worse it becomes. If the American and Russian armies were to pull out today, without establishing a strong provisional government, Korea would explode like a firecracker. But if the present deadlock continues for another year, the explosion would be still louder when the oppressed conservatives in the north and the dis-

satisfied leftists in the south finally got around to settling their differences. The worst ultimately would be a civil war between north and south, with each of the armies attacked by dissident elements within its own territory.

This catastrophe can be avoided if the United States and Russia will agree to set up a representative Korean government for the whole country, and then to pull out both occupation armies at the same time. Moreover, each of the great powers must pledge itself not to leave behind an arsenal which might support a civil war.

Such an agreement would, of course, mean abandoning the idea of an interim trusteeship. This now seems to be elementary common sense. On the basis of the evidence so far, the Koreans are more capable of governing themselves than the United States and Russia are capable of governing them as trustees. It took the liberators six months to arrange such a simple thing as the exchange of mail between the two zones. Sixteen months after the liberation and a year after the Moscow decision, the preliminary steps towards setting up a provisional government still had not been taken.

There is nothing in this record to indicate that the two great powers could ever conduct a joint trusteeship successfully. It would be better for Korea, then, and for relations between Russia and America, if the occupying nations would face up to this fact now and declare a trusteeship unnecessary. Once that decision is made, the way would be clear for negotiations to lift the iron barrier which is strangling their country and to give the Koreans a government of their own.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

SINCE some of the statements made about watershed denudation in my article elsewhere in this issue may seem extravagant, I explain that they are not in the least hypothetical. They are based on contemporary and historical facts that are not open to question. Inhabited lands have been made uninhabitable, cultures have been impaired, and civilizations have declined because of the very practices that now threaten the interior West.

If Noah's flood occurred in Mesopotamia, as some have believed, overgrazing and overcutting were responsible for it. For the ancient civilization of Mesopotamia developed on a narrow belt of irrigable land along the two great rivers and perished of the blight that threatens the West today. The forests were cut down to provide the towns with wood and the ranges were depleted by overgrazing. The land fell sick and began to die. It could no longer retain the water on which the civilization depended or maintain its own fertility. Irrigation systems silted up. Floods destroyed the fields. Mud flows spread across villages and towns. Hillsides gullied and the soil blew away. Year by year, herds and flocks grew smaller, the standard of living fell, population declined. The civilization had been wrung from the desert and to the desert it eventually consigned itself.

MORE striking because nearer to us is what happened to the great central plateau of Spain. From the earliest times it was known as good sheep and cattle country and the famous merino sheep were developed there. During the thir-

teenth century, the owners of migratory flocks organized associations strikingly like those of cattlemen and sheepmen in the West today and began to demand privileges at the expense of other interests in Spain. The master-association was chartered in 1273 as the Honrado Concejo de la Mesta. As in the American National Livestock Association and the National Woolgrowers Association, the bulk of the Mesta's members were small operators but leadership was exercised by the bigshots. "The association had annually elected officers, a disciplined organization, and regular dues. It hired lawyers to represent its interests at the royal court, at customs stations, and at strategic points on its north-south routes [of seasonal migration, following the grass]. It . . . claimed and gradually won exemption from the jurisdiction of local authorities and ordinary courts." (Garrett Mattingly.)

The Mesta was an effective pressure group and the repeated protests of agricultural Spain against the privileges granted it were quite unavailing. The crown found the Mesta a reliable source of tax revenue and such a source became indispensable as the imperial expansion moved across the Americas. So the crown granted it privileges and immunities—very much like those now sought by Western stockgrowers—that in turn helped to destroy the empire. It received "the right to pasture en route in all unfenced fields and in fallows, fenced or not" and the "right of pasture in all fields in which crops were not actually standing. Its herders had the habit of stripping young trees to supplement grazing and of burning off woodland in the fall so as to have

more spring pasture. Both these practices became legal."

As early as the time of Charles V this privileged class had done irrevocable damage. "The expanding economy increased the demand for foodstuffs and much increased their price, but agriculture was unable to expand." By the end of his reign, "agriculture was definitely declining throughout Castile," irrigation systems necessary in this semiarid land were growing ineffective, and agricultural land was deteriorating. Philip II clearly understood that the sheep had fundamentally impaired the national economy—and before the end of his reign the great flocks themselves were beginning to decrease. The inevitable had happened: overgrazing had cut down forage and the land would not support so many sheep. "Much former pasture no longer yielded grass. . . . By 1600 Mesta herds were down to less than two million head [a fifty per cent reduction in less than fifty years] and central Castile was becoming the desert which it has largely remained ever since."

Spanish agriculture has never recovered from the depression forced on it by that time and Dr. Julius Klein concludes that deforestation, attributable to the Mesta, was a principal cause. Dr. Mattingly calls the economic collapse of Spain in the seventeenth century "one of the most spectacular events in modern history" and holds the destructiveness of the Mesta's practices to have been a major factor in it. Ten per cent of the soil of Spain is classified today as worthless and thirty-five per cent more as poor.

In the words of L. Martin Echeverria, "destruction of timber and soil cover has turned much of Spain into a man-made desert." Destruction of timber and soil cover made the seat of Mesopotamian civilization a desert. They can make the modern West a desert. They will do so—within this century—if cattlemen, sheepmen, and logging interests have their way. If the watersheds now held by the government are turned over, even in part, to private control.

AS MY ARTICLE says, the process of destruction can be vividly seen in Utah. The situation there is the more poignant

in that no better farmers than the Mormon people ever lived—and that their virtues as a society have contributed to bring on the crisis which now confronts that society. The Mormon desire to hold the family together has tended to divide and subdivide the family lands, force them to support always increasing populations, and so graze beyond the safe limit, and so in the end impair the land and threaten its people.

The richest, most valuable, and most intensively cultivated land in Utah lies in a narrow belt at the western foot of the Wasatch Mountains in the valley of Great Salt Lake. Its location is typical of rich agricultural land throughout the intermountain West, which in general lies on the floors and along the lower slopes of valleys and is arable solely because it can be irrigated by diverting over it the water of streams that come down canyons in the mountainsides above the valleys. On the narrow belt of rich land in Great Salt Lake Valley the annual rainfall is about fifteen inches—that is, five less than the twenty inches that make it possible to farm without irrigation. Forty miles west of the Wasatch, the rainfall declines to between four and seven inches a year; that is, the land is absolute desert. But—and this is the master fact of agriculture not only here but throughout the interior West—on the mountain watersheds it averages between forty and fifty inches. Agriculture is possible only because that copious rainfall can be used for irrigation. Without it the arid West could have only a dry-farming and grazing society, with the low social level and absence of town and city life that such a society means. Maintenance of healthy watersheds is absolutely indispensable to the West.

The results of overgrazing the Wasatch watersheds began to be felt almost fifty years ago, when the population was only a fraction of what it is today. But both overgrazing and its effects are cumulative and the great damage has been done in the past thirty years, most spectacularly in the past twenty. The distance between Salt Lake City and Ogden, where the most valuable farmland is (mostly in Davis County), is about thirty-five miles. In the past twenty-five years fifteen Wa-

satch canyons in that thirty-five miles have poured disastrous floods over the farmland at their mouths. Most of the mountain area from which those floods came is now included in a national forest, and the Forest Service and the Soil Conservation Service as well as other government agencies (including the CCC) have long been trying to restore the land whose depletion was responsible for them. But the government got on the job too late to prevent the floods of the 1920's, 1930's, and 1940's—and others that are still to come, though they will grow fewer and less disastrous as the work of repair goes on. The sole cause of those floods was the denudation of the watersheds while they remained in private hands. Fire and cutting of timber had a part in that denudation but the most important cause was the destruction of plant cover by overgrazing.

SUCH a flood is one of the most appalling spectacles in nature, especially when it takes the form of a mud flow—the large-scale removal of saturated earth from the slopes and its deposition on the benches and valley floor, always in fields that had been richly productive and sometimes in the streets and yards of towns. In the course of a few minutes geological changes are produced that would require many thousands of years of natural processes. Any buildings that happen to be in the way are damaged, ruined, or destroyed. Fences, roads, railroads are obliterated. Boulders weighing up to two hundred tons or more are carried out on the plain. Gravel and worthless kinds of dirt are deposited on the fields, whose topsoil and mineral constituents are leached away. The land begins to die. Up on the mountain sides small gullies become deep chasms, whose edges will be undercut and further torn away by every succeeding rain. Canyon streams which were stabilized a geological epoch ago gouge new, unstable channels. The natural processes of erosion are intensified many thousand fold. Soil washes away, hillsides gully, the process of deterioration widens with every rain, the vicious cycle accelerates.

The economic effects are obvious. The range becomes less productive; it will feed fewer sheep and cattle; the exhaustion of

the best remaining portions is hastened. Stock owners sink into debt, go bankrupt, give up. The yield of farmland declines: ruined land will produce no crops at all, impaired land produces constantly smaller crops. Real estate values drop steadily; the cost of maintaining irrigation systems and the cost of fertilizing land rise even more sharply. The standard of living declines. People begin to move away and find their land unsalable. People who were intending to move in decide not to do so. Relief rolls increase. Communities begin to die.

A government scientist reports that in Davis County, Utah, during a single ten-year period, the damage done by such floods amounted to "about \$75 per acre for the entire watershed," an amount which when "apportioned to the denuded areas from which the flood waters come . . . aggregated approximately \$1,245 per watershed acre." These estimates apply to the places directly responsible in the area of immediate crisis. But I must repeat that in dollar value and in potential danger, the small areas of catastrophic floods are much less important than the steady degradation of watersheds as a whole. The process of deterioration goes on all the time: streams, irrigation systems, farmlands, ranges suffer a wasting fever which, if it is allowed to run its course, can end in only one way.

It is being allowed to run its course throughout the arid West, except for exceedingly minute areas, wherever cattle and sheep graze lands that are not subject to government regulation. The primary watersheds of the West are nearly all in government hands and are therefore subject to control, though a good many of them had been seriously impaired before the government took them over. The object of the open conspiracy that my article describes is to get rid of government control in the areas where it is now applied. To prevent the government from saving the watersheds. To shovel the West into its rivers. To make the interior West Mesopotamia or the plateau of Castile.

Why does this gigantic acceleration of erosion occur? "Of all the factors which influence run-off and erosion the plant and soil mantle are the most vital." (In Davis County the town of Centerville

acquired about half the watershed of a canyon directly east of town, restricted grazing on it, and succeeded in getting agreements from owners of the remaining half to restrict grazing on their lands to the safe amount. Every storm that produced disastrous floods in the neighboring canyons, one of them only about three miles away, passed safely and undestructively down Centerville Canyon.) Properly grazed, a range will maintain itself in excellent condition; proper grazing is healthy for it. But as soon as overgrazing begins, both forage and soil begin to deteriorate. Plants and grasses less capable of holding back run-off begin to take the place of the original cover; weeds succeed them; the cover thins generally; bare spots appear. Poor soil produces poor cover; poor cover produces poor soil. All the processes of erosion accelerate by the square. Every rain, every wind, every year increases the deterioration.

IF MEASURES are taken in time, the range can be brought back completely and usually at small expense. The more they are delayed, the more expensive restoration becomes, the longer it takes, the less complete it can be. Sometimes it is enough merely to close the range for a period. Sometimes engineering works that put an all but intolerable financial burden on landowners have to be undertaken. Sometimes, as on the Escalante watershed in southern Utah, communities have to be moved away. Sometimes only small success can be hoped for at best; sometimes the utmost that can be done is to protect the lower lands from further damage, leaving the upper ones permanently impaired.

The effects of watershed erosion may be felt hundreds or even thousands of miles from the areas where the damage is done. Children may drown near Kansas City this year because a cattle baron had too many steers along the Big Horn before 1890. A great river such as the Snake has

to be protected throughout its course and up to the sources of its smallest tributaries—farms, ranches, towns and cities in western Idaho, with all their water and power and irrigating systems, can be affected by what happens on the slopes of the Teton and Gros Ventre Mountains, and on all the hillsides from there on south and west.

The historian finds no convincing evidence that the cattle business was ever run intelligently enough to survive unassisted even in its great days, and is completely skeptical that it ever will be. Right now, with the sheep business co-operating, it is trying to make the cattle business impossible in the West within a generation. That, however, is not the greatest danger. For if the watersheds go, and they will go if cattlemen and sheepmen are allowed to get rid of government regulation of grazing, the West will go too—farms, ranches, towns, cities, irrigating systems, power plants, business in general. Much of the interior West will become uninhabitable, far more will be permanently depressed. The United States cannot afford to let that happen—you cannot afford to.

While you are thinking about it, remember also that one of the pressures now urging cattlemen to destroy the range comes from the fact that they have, by their own official figures, at least fifteen million more cattle to graze than they ever had before. Those are the cattle which they have withheld from sale for the greater part of four years—from sale to you and sometimes during the war from sale to the Army and Navy in which their sons were fighting. According to the Western press, action like this, when taken by a labor union, is a sitdown strike, inspired by Russia and encouraged by the New Deal. But when the sunburnt horseman does it, the Western press sees it as the protest of free men against interference with private enterprise by the bureaucrats and wildeyed theorists of Washington.

BARKER'S WILD OATS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

IN THE year 1904, when I was forty-eight years old, I was an unacted playwright in London, though certain big box office successes abroad, notably those of Agnes Sorma as Candida in Germany and Richard Mansfield in New York as The Devil's Disciple, had proved that my plays were both actable, and possibly highly lucrative. But the commercial theaters in London (and there were no others) would have nothing to do with them, regarding them as untheatrical and financially impossible. There were no murders, no adulteries, no sexual intrigues in them. The heroines were not like heroines: they were like women. Although the rule of the stage was that any speech longer than twenty words was too long, and that politics and religion must never be mentioned and their places taken by romance and fictitious police and divorce cases, my characters had to declaim long speeches on religion and politics in the Shakespearean or "ham" technique.

Besides, I could not offer my plays to the established managers because I was a noted professional critic, and, as such, would have been understood as inviting bribery.

I had, therefore, not only to publish my plays, but to make plays readable. A leading friendly publisher whom I approached had published the plays of a fashionable playwright, and had shown me the ledger account of the transaction, recording ab-

solutely no sales except in the little batches indicating amateur performances for which copies of the play had to be bought for rehearsal.

I substituted readable descriptions for technical stage directions, and showed how to make the volumes as attractive in appearance as novels. A young publisher, Grant Richards, rose to the occasion with pioneer pluck. His venture succeeded; and plays broke into the publishing market as Literature. And I, though unacted, made my mark as a playwright. My plays formed a unique reserve stock available for any management with sufficient flair to try the experiment of a Shavian theater.

Meanwhile, in looking about for an actor suitable for the part of the poet in "Candida" at a Stage Society performance, I had found my man in a very remarkable person named Harley Granville-Barker. He was at that time twenty-three years of age, and had been on the stage since he was fourteen. He had a strong strain of Italian blood in him, and looked as if he had stepped out of a picture by Benozzo Gozzoli. He had a wide literary culture and a fastidiously delicate taste in every branch of art. He could write in a difficult and too precious but exquisitely fine style. He was self-willed, restlessly industrious, sober, and quite sane. He had Shakespeare and Dickens at his finger ends. Altogether the most distinguished and incomparably the most

Our more mature readers may remember the days when Mr. Shaw was a young playwright of forty-eight. He is younger than this magazine by six years, and as spry in mind and pen as any of our contemporaries.

cultivated person whom circumstances had driven into the theater at that time.

I saw him play Hauptmann's "Friedensfest," and immediately jumped at him for the poet in "Candida." His performance of this part—a very difficult one to cast—was, humanly speaking, perfect.

Presently a gentleman with a fancy for playing Shakespearean parts, and money enough to gratify it without much regard to public support, took the Court Theater in Sloan Square, made famous by the acting of John Hare, Clayton, Cecil, Ellen Terry, and by the early comedy-farces of Pinero. He installed therein as his business manager the late J. E. Vedrenne, who, when his principal was not indulging in Shakespearean matinées, kept the theater going by letting it by night to amateurs. Granville-Barker was engaged for one of these revivals in the ordinary course of his professional routine. I have said that he was a self-willed Italianate young man with qualifications far beyond those which the theater could ordinarily attract. I need not describe the steps by which the Court Theater presently became virtually his theater, with Vedrenne in the manager's office. They began with matinées of "Candida," the expenses of which were guaranteed by a few friends; but the guarantee was not needed: the matinées paid their way. More matinées of my plays followed with Barker as the leading actor; and before long Vedrenne and Barker were in a position to take the theater over from the Shakespearean enthusiast as a full blown management; and I ceased to write plays for anybody who asked me, and became playwright in ordinary to this new enterprise.

But it is not enough to have a fascinating actor for your heroes: you must also have an interesting actress for your heroine. She dropped from Heaven on us in the person of Lillah McCarthy, who, having learned her business in the course of a tour round the world as the beautiful Mercia in "The Sign of The Cross" after playing Lady Macbeth at the age of sixteen like an immature Mrs. Siddons, burst in on me and demanded a Siddonian part. After one glance at her I handed her "Man and Superman," and told her she was to create Ann Whitefield in it.

WE WERE now complete. The Court experiment went through with flying colors. Barker, aiming at a National Repertory Theater, with a change of program every night, was determined to test our enterprise to destruction as motor tires are tested, to find out its utmost possibilities. I was equally reckless. Vedrenne, made prudent by a wife and family, was like a man trying to ride two runaway horses simultaneously. Barker worked furiously: he had not only to act, but to produce all the plays except mine, and to find and inspire all the artists whom he drew into the theater to carry out his idea. In the end he had to give up acting and devote himself entirely to producing, or, under all the pressure I could put on him, to writing plays. The Court was abandoned for larger and more central theaters, not always one at a time. The pace grew hotter and hotter; the prestige was immense; but the receipts barely kept us going and left no reserves with which to nurse new authors into new reputations.

At last we were in debt and had to put up the shutters. Having ruined Vedrenne in spite of his remonstrances we could not ask him to pay the debts; and we were bound to clear him without a stain on his character. Barker paid all he possessed; I paid the rest; and so the firm went down with its colors flying, leaving us with a proved certainty that no National Theater in London devoted to the art of the theater at its best can bear the burden of London rents and London rates. Freed from them it might pay its way under a director content to work hard for a modest salary. For the evidence read the book Barker wrote in collaboration with William Archer.

The combination, Lillah-Barker-Shaw, still remained, and was reinforced by Shakespeare. Barker reached the summit of his fame as a producer by restoring Shakespeare to the London stage, where he lingered only in the infamous mutilations of his works by the actor-managers and refreshment bar renters.

But this was done at the cost of an extravagance which could not be sustained. Without Vedrenne to plead for economy Barker was reckless. Lord Howard de Walden came nobly to the rescue

financially; and Barker gave him full value artistically, but made ducks and drakes of his heavily-taxed spare money.

II

QUITE early in this history, however, Lillah and Barker got married. I knew that this was all wrong; that there were no two people on earth less suited to one another; that in the long run their escapade could not stay put. But there was nothing to be done but make the best of it. Certainly, for the moment, it worked very well, and had every air of being a brilliant success. She was an admirable hostess; and her enjoyment of the open air and of traveling made her a most healthy companion for him. He, in spite of the vagabondage of his profession, was not in the least a Bohemian; and the dignity of marriage was quite right for him and good for him. The admirations and adorations the pair excited in the cultured sections of London society could be indulged and gratified in country houses where interesting and brilliant young married couples were welcome. And professionally they were necessary to one another just as I was necessary to them. It actually made for the stability of the combination that they were never really in love with one another, though they had a very good time together. The appalling levity with which actors and actresses marry is a phenomenon much older than Hollywood; and I had no excuse for being surprised and every reason for finding the arrangement a convenient one. Still, I was instinctively dismayed.

My misgivings were finally justified by a domestic catastrophe. When we had tested the possibility of a highbrow repertory theater in London to the insolvency and winding-up of the Vedrenne-Barker management, Barker, cleaned out financially, went to New York to consider an offer of the directorship of the new Millionaires' Theater there. Finding the building unsuitable he turned down the offer, and was presently overtaken by the 1914-18 Armageddon and came back to present himself to me in the guise of a cadet gunner, and later on (he being obviously wasted as a gunner), as an intelligence

officer in a Sam Browne belt. He looked the part to perfection.

In New York, however, the Italian volcano in him had erupted unexpectedly and amazingly. He fell madly in love—really madly in the Italian manner—and my first effective intimation was a demand that I should, before the end of the week, procure him a divorce, or a promise of one, from Lillah.

Not yet realizing that I was dealing with a lunatic, I naturally thought that Lillah was prepared for this, and that they had talked it out and agreed to it before she left America. As I had never believed in the permanence of their marriage, and thought that a divorce would restore the order of nature in their case and be a very good thing for both of them, I approached Lillah to arrange the divorce. I was at once violently undeceived. Lillah was as proud as ten thousand empresses. The unprepared proposal for a divorce struck her simply as an insult: a monstrous, incredible, unbearable, unpardonable, vulgar insult: something that might happen to common women but could never happen to her.

I had a difficult time of it; for I at once lost the confidence of both parties: of Lillah because instead of indignantly repudiating the proposed outrage and renouncing Barker as the infamous author of an unheard-of act of *lèse majesté*, I was acting as his go-between and treating the divorce as inevitable and desirable; of Barker, because my failure to obtain a decree nisi within twenty-four hours showed that I was Lillah's accomplice in the worst of crimes, that of delaying his instant remarriage. There were no broken hearts in the business; for this wonderful pair, who had careered together so picturesquely, and made such excellent and quite kindly use of the coincidence of their ages and gifts, had never really cared a rap for one another in the way of what Shakespeare called the marriage of true minds; so that now, in the storm raised by the insensate impatience of the one and the outraged pride of the other, there was no element of remorse or tenderness, and no point of contact at which they could be brought to reason. They had literally nothing to say to each other; but they had

a good deal to say to me, mostly to the effect that I was betraying them both.

And now it may be asked what business all this was of mine. Well, I had thrown them literally into one another's arms as John Tanner and Ann Whitefield; and I suppose it followed that I must extricate them. I succeeded at last; but I could have done it easily six months sooner if they had been able to escape for a moment from their condition of passionate unreasonableness; and I came out of the conflict much battered from both sides, Barker blaming me for the unnecessary delay, and Lillah for having extorted her consent by arguments that almost amounted to blackmail.

III

HAPPILY the very unreality in their marriage that made the tempest over its dissolution so merciless also cleared the sky very suddenly and completely when it was over. The ending was quite happy. In a prophetic moment in the struggle I had told Lillah that I foresaw her, not as Barker's leading lady to all eternity, but as a handsome chatelaine with a title and a distinguished "honest to God" husband, welcoming a crowd of the best people on the terrace of a beautiful country house. She took this as being in the worst possible taste, her imagination being just then full of a tragic and slaughterous Götterdämmerung of some kind as the end of Lillah. But it is exactly what has happened to her.

When these twain who worked with me in the glory of their youth settled down handsomely in the dignity of their maturity, I rejoiced in their happiness and leisure.

My part in the divorce had been complicated by the attitude of the lady who had enchanted Barker. This lady was not a private nobody. She was a personage of distinguished talent as a novelist and poetess. Unfortunately for me, she was an American, which meant then that the latest great authors for her were Henry James and Meredith; the final politicians Jefferson and Washington. Socialism was to her simple sedition, and Shaw a most undesirable acquaintance for her beloved. Nothing I could do could conciliate her to maintain our alliance. After their retire-

ment to Devon and then to Paris he became a highly respectable professor. Besides his *Prefaces to Shakespeare*, he wrote two more plays, and collaborated with his wife in translations from the Spanish. Virtually we never met again. Our old sympathy remained unaltered and unalterable; but he never dared to show it; and I could not intrude where I was not welcome. He had well earned a prosperous and happy retirement after his long service and leadership in the vanguard. I hope his widow has come to see that the wild oats he sowed with me have produced a better harvest than she foresaw, and that his original contributions to our dramatic literature are treasures to be preserved, not compromising documents to be destroyed.

IN WHAT has been written lately, too much has been said of him as a producer, too little as an actor, and much too little as an author. Producing kills acting: an actor's part dies if he is watching the others critically. You cannot conduct an orchestra and play the drums at the same concert. As long as I was producing and Barker acting all was well: he acted beautifully; and I took care to make the most of him. But I kept pressing for the enlistment of other authors, and urging Barker to write, which he did slowly, repeatedly protesting that as it was not his profession, and was mine, it was easy for me and very hard for him. Galsworthy, Masfield, Laurence Housman, and St. John Hankin (for the moment forgotten or neglected, but a master of serious comedy) came into our repertory, financed at first by revivals of my potboiler, Barker's "You Never Can Tell." His production of his own plays and Galsworthy's was exquisite: their styles were perfectly sympathetic, whereas his style and taste were as different from mine as Debussy's from Verdi's. With Shakespeare and with me he was not always at his happiest and best; but he was absolutely faithful to the plays and would not cut a line to please himself; and the plays pulled him through with the bits that suited him enchanting and the scenery and dressing perfect.

He adopted my technique of production, but was utterly inconsiderate in its

practice. I warned him again and again that the end of it would be a drastic Factory Act regulating the hours of rehearsals as strictly as the hours of weaving in a cotton mill. But he would not leave off until the unfortunate company had lost their last trains and busses and he had tired himself beyond human powers of maintaining the intense vigilance and freshness which first-rate production, or indeed any production, demands. I myself put a limit of such attention at three hours or less between breakfast and lunch, and absolutely refused to spend more time than that in the theater.

His only other fault was to suppress his actors when they pulled out all their stops

and declaimed as Shakespeare should be declaimed. They either underacted, or were afraid to act at all lest they should be accused of ranting or being "hams." I once asked a violinist of great experience as an orchestral leader, William Reed (Elgar's Billy Reed), whether he agreed with Wagner that the first duty of a conductor is to give the right time to the band. "No," said he; "the first duty of a conductor is to let the band play." I still want the Factory Act, and hold with Billy that the perfect producer lets his actors act, and is their helper at need and not their dictator. The hint is meant specially for producers who have begun as actors. They are the first instead of the last to forget it.

North Coast

HORTENSE FLEXNER

"Did I pass that way huge times ago?"—Whitman

GRANITE holds tide, the pine and seedling fir
 Spring by the million, all the hills are fast;
 There is no shuddering, rumor does not stir
 This shaggy salt-burned wilderness, nor cast
 A poisoned light on bunchberry and bay—
 Ten thousand years! The sun, of course the sun
 Is very hot and has a deadly ray,
 And man may finish what he has begun.

But he'll not loosen moorings made secure
 By seven-day carpentry, the rock strewn land;
 A buried outline heaves; the star shows pure
 And circle-clear in moss and gritty sand,
 Safe anchorage for a hope or prophet's words,
 Where swing the waves and cry the lonely birds.

THE BATTLE OF ATHENS, TENNESSEE

THEODORE H. WHITE

THE Sweetwater River, a pleasant mountain stream that falls into the basin of the Tennessee, cuts through McMinn County beneath a canopy of high tension wires. The people of McMinn County, like the taut, coppery wires, hum with subdued peaceful activity until they are disturbed; and then, like the wires, they snap in a shower of sparks and violence. It took several killings, ten years of extortion and thuggery, a world war and an official invasion by legal gunmen to bring on the violence of August 1, 1946, and the bloody siege of the Athens jail. But when it was over, democracy was firmly established and authority once again rested with the citizenry.

The people of McMinn County are God-fearing men and women. When the Robert E. Lee highway climbs out of the Shenandoah Valley, which can take its religion or leave it, into east Tennessee on the road to McMinn the highway is sprinkled with signboards telling the godless wayfarers that "Jesus is coming soon" or warning them "Prepare to Meet God." McMinn itself is relatively free of such shrieking witnesses to faith; McMinn's religion is Methodist and Baptist, quiet, bone-deep, and sober. On Saturday afternoon when farmers throng the town, preachers are allowed to call sinners to repentance in the shade of the courthouse

at the county seat. But most of McMinn meets God in the serenity of Sunday morning at the red brick or white board house of worship in peace and devotion. The church-goers have made liquor illegal, and Sunday movies are unlawful, too.

Next to religion, politics is the most important thing. But until 1946, religion absorbed so much of the spirit of right-thinking people that politics fell automatically to the bad. First, it was the Republicans. They had McMinn County for years and years. The Republicans would let a Democrat get elected now and then, but the sheriff was theirs and they held tight to the county trustee who disbursed funds and issued poll-tax certificates. Then, from 1936, when Paul Cantrell won the election and established an eastern outpost of the Crump machine, it was ten years of Democrats.

PAUL CANTRELL, state senator from the McMinn area and boss of the county, was a medium-sized, bespectacled man of sallow complexion, a big head, and little neck. Cantrell loved two things: money and power. He had a nervous, fidgety way about him; he rarely looked directly at a man when he talked to him; towards the end, an armed deputy accompanied Cantrell as guard when he strolled through Athens, the county seat. Pat

Mr. White is the joint author (with Annalee Jacoby) of the recent best seller, Thunder Out of China, from which we printed "Zero Hour in China" last September.

Mansfield, his sheriff, was a tall, handsome man from Georgia. Pat was kind to his family and gave money to his church. He might have been popular but many people resented the sour troop of plug-uglies he had recruited to be his deputy sheriffs. Pat did Cantrell's bidding.

The Cantrell forces were hard, well-connected people. Cantrell was allied with Burch Biggs in neighboring Polk County; the pair were tied tight to the Crump machine, and Crump ran all of Tennessee. They were so close to the Crump machine that George Woods, who represented McMinn in the state legislature, was speaker of the house in the legislature of the State of Tennessee.

THE MACHINE bossed the county with a rough hand. The sheriff had sixteen regular deputies and about twenty or thirty other men he would deputize in "emergencies." Three of the deputies had served penitentiary terms. One of them had been convicted of taking a little girl out and violating the age of consent. It wasn't rape, but then it wasn't good, either; and God-fearing people like those who farmed and worked in McMinn didn't like it. When the deputies arrested a man they often slugged him until he was sensible. Nobody talked back much in public because it wasn't safe. The deputies threatened to kill people they didn't like. They were brutal men, ready to beat, blackjack, or bully anyone. One GI who was home on leave during the war was shot and killed by a deputy at a public entertainment house near Athens; a sailor home on leave was killed at the other end of the county.

The gambling joints and bootleggers were all tied to the machine. They paid off the proper people and operated punchboards and slot machines, sold liquor, did as they pleased. As a matter of fact, if someone was in the pen the best way to get him out was to work through the small-time racketeers to get the machine to go easy.

The take from the bootleggers and gamblers wasn't the only source of revenue for the machine. The county was directed by fee-grabbers. A tourist comes riding down the highway; maybe he has a

bottle of beer. The deputies arrest him and take him to court. In the court is a little man, called "the informer," who says he is a lawyer. He advises the tourist to plead guilty, pay his fine, and go his way. Sixteen dollars and a nickel. No one will ever know how many people paid their sixteen dollars and a nickel, over and over again, to support the sheriff and his deputies. The sheriff was paid five thousand dollars a year and expenses, but he got seventy-five cents a day for every man in jail that had to be fed. When a drunk was arrested, he was put back on the street next day with a clear head and an empty stomach, but the charge to the county was two days' food at seventy-five cents each. In ten years, county expenses for the sheriff's office had run to over three hundred thousand dollars. McMinn has an audit committee working on the books now.

There was nothing that could be done about it, because you couldn't vote the machine out of office. The machine had taken the county from the Republicans by a famous vote-grab in 1936; some people still tell how the last ballot box from a normally Republican precinct was fixed to show just enough lead to carry the county.

From then on, no matter how people voted, the machine counted the votes. In the key districts when the polls closed the deputies took the ballot boxes to jail, or another safe place, and counted them without any opposition watchers present. Then they would announce the results and always the Cantrell men won. There was nothing that could be done about that either. Appeal to the courts was useless; the Republicans tried that but no suit-at-law was ever won by the opposition.

THINGS had been that way for a long time when the war came, taking thirty-five hundred boys from McMinn homes and flinging them across the face of the earth. Folks kept writing to their sons about affairs in McMinn County; sometimes the boys would visit on furlough and then write to their friends in camps all around the world. There were four years to think about McMinn County, and Ralph Duggan, who was a lieutenant in the Navy, says he thought a lot more

about McMinn County than he did about the Japs. Many were thinking as Ralph did—that if democracy was good enough to put on the Germans and Japs, it was good enough for McMinn County, too. It got to be a saying in Athens: “Wait till the GI boys come home.”

By spring of 1946, the GI boys were trickling back to McMinn from France and Germany and Italy and the Pacific. The people of McMinn say there is nothing but what some good doesn't come of it, and what happened afterwards in McMinn came from the war. The boys learned a lot about fighting and more about patriotism in the Army; when they came home they were ready to do something about democracy in Tennessee.

IN FEBRUARY they set to planning. They met secretly because the Cantrell forces had the guns, the blackjacks, and the law; and the deputies could make life hell for anyone they could catch. Once in the summer campaign, they seized one boy, locked him up, took his poll-tax receipt from him, and then, threatening his life, made him sign a statement that no such incident had ever taken place. There were five GI's and one civilian in on the first secret meetings. They decided that in the summer election for sheriff and county officials the GI's would put up a complete slate of their own. Mansfield, Cantrell's sheriff, was going out of office and Cantrell was running for sheriff himself.

The veterans sounded out general feeling and in May they called a mass meeting. To get into the GI meeting you had to show your discharge papers, or your membership card in the American Legion or VFW. The veterans picked a non-partisan slate: three Democrats, two Republicans. Knox Henry, a tall handsome boy who had been hurt in North Africa and ran a filling station, was the man for sheriff. He was Republican, but the county trustee was to be Frank Carmichael, a farmer and a Democrat. Carmichael had been a major in the war and was badly wounded at Saint Lô. The other candidates were GI boys, too, except Charlie Pickel who had been in the first World War and had returned with his wounds to be a carpenter. Jim Buttram, a

sturdy, solid chunk of combat infantryman, was to be campaign manager. Jim's family had a grocery store in Athens and Jim was new to politics.

With the slate chosen, the campaign picked up speed. Ralph Duggan, who had come back from the Navy to his law practice, was legal adviser and they pored over the Tennessee Code to see what the laws allowed them. The business men who feared the Cantrell forces contributed money secretly. They were afraid to give openly because the machine could raise the taxes, or arrest them, or generally make life hard. But eight thousand dollars came into the campaign fund and soon loudspeaker trucks were rolling over the hill roads, the *Daily Post-Athenian* was carrying campaign ads, and the local radio station was putting out fifteen minutes of talk a day. Up and down the pockets and roads went GI's calling meetings in evenings at schoolhouses or homes, begging, urging, pleading with everyone to get out and vote. It wasn't hard to pin scandal on the Cantrell forces; McMinn County had lived with the scandal for almost ten years. Nothing had been done about it for two reasons: first, the only alternative was the old Republicans; and second, it did no good to vote because the Cantrells always counted themselves to victory anyway. So over and over, like the beating of a drum in the darkness, the GI campaign chanted its theme: “Your vote will be counted as cast, your vote will be counted as cast.”

“Everybody knew we were trying to do the right thing,” said Jim Buttram. “We had twelve public meetings and we knew they were damned good. About three weeks before elections we knew we had won the votes and the hearts of the people of McMinn County. But the hardest thing to do was to build an organization to help us see we got a fair count on election day.”

The GI's asked the governor for help; but the governor was elected with Crump backing and was silent. They asked the Attorney General in Washington for help; he did nothing. They made contact with the FBI office in Knoxville; the FBI agent said he couldn't do anything unless Washington told him to, and Washington wasn't telling. The GI's were on their own.

II

ELECTION day dawned sweet and clear over McMinn County. McMinn numbers twelve voting precincts but the decisive vote is cast in two townships, Etowah and Athens. Etowah is some ten miles in the hills from the main highway, but Athens, the county seat, is dead center. Athens sprawls fragrant and green about the old white courthouse; the Robert E. Lee hotel sits on one side, Woolworth's and a movie house on another, stores and offices on the other two sides. One block up from the courthouse lies the red brick county jail. Maple trees and green lawn surround the courthouse; old people sun themselves on the benches, children romp on the grass, blue-denimed farmers stroll casually about buying supplies for home and land.

Election day saw Athens an armed camp. As the voters came to the polls, they found the Cantrell machine in ominous demonstration of force. Almost two hundred armed deputies strutted about, pistols and blackjacks dangling from their belts, badges gleaming. The deputies were strangers. Mansfield claims he asked the governor for National Guardsmen to help him, and the governor authorized him to get deputies where he could. The machine had turned up a sodden gang of plug-uglies, most of them from foreign counties, some from as far as Georgia. Fred Puett, the Chamber of Commerce secretary, said that they looked as though they were drugged; their eyes seemed as cold and arrogant and hard as those of a band of Nazis.

By the Tennessee Code of Law, each polling place must be staffed with watchers from both parties, and the GI's had chosen boys of the best families, with the best war records, to stand as their representatives at each place. As the polls opened in Etowah, one of the GI watchers asked to see the ballot box opened and demonstrated empty as required by law. "Hell, no," said one of the deputies; an argument sputtered, a highway patrolman was summoned and Evans, the GI poll watcher, was hauled off to jail.

At 9:30 trouble flickered in Athens; the machine charged Walter Ellis, a GI

watcher, with an unspecified federal offense, took him from his appointed place at the polls and put him in jail, too. At three in the afternoon Tom Gillespie, a colored man, appeared at the eleventh precinct complete with poll-tax receipt. "You can't vote here," said the machine watchers.

"He can too," contradicted the GI spokesman.

"Get him," yelled one of the deputies and someone slugged Gillespie. Gillespie broke for the door and ran down the street. As he ran, a deputy at the door drew his pistol and shot him in the back. Gillespie was taken to the hospital. Fifteen minutes later, Bob Hairell, another GI watcher at the twelfth precinct, was in trouble. The machine wanted to vote a nineteen-year-old girl; Hairell objected. One of the deputies settled the argument by pulling his blackjack and laying Hairell's head open. Hairell was off to the hospital. The *Daily Post-Athenian* sent a reporter to get the story on Hairell. He, too, was slugged and told not to ask questions.

AT FOUR, the polls closed. In the eleventh precinct, the two GI watchers, Charles Scott, Jr. and Ed Vestal, were thrust to one side as the machine prepared to count the vote. Through the plate glass door of the polling place, the people could see the two boys penned in their corner of the large room. By this time, Jim Buttram, the campaign manager, had decided that the vote of the eleventh precinct wasn't worth trading off against the lives of two of his men. Twelve armed deputies had cleared the sidewalk in front of the eleventh precinct polling place, but hundreds of people stood on the opposite side. They watched Jim and Mr. Scott, father of Charles Scott, cross the street to speak to Mansfield, the sheriff.

Mansfield was sitting in a red 1946 Dodge. There were six men in the car. Buttram offered to give him the precinct in return for the release of the watchers.

"Are you trying to tell me how to run this election?" asked Mansfield. "You go over and get them yourself if you want them."

"You wouldn't want me to get shot,

would you?" said Jim. A deputy sitting beside Mansfield lifted his thirty-eight from his lap and said: "Buttram, I ought to shoot you right now, you're the son-of-a-bitch who started the whole thing."

Mansfield knocked Moses' gun down and told him to shut up, he was doing the talking.

Mr. Scott leaned over and said: "If you won't let my boy out of there and anything happens to him, you'll have to pay for it."

Pat grabbed his gun, snarled "Let's settle this right now," and started to open the door of the car. Buttram slammed the door on him, and he and Scott hastily made their way back to the cover of the crowd.

A few minutes later Neal Ensminger, the editor of the local paper, strode over to the precinct door to see if he could get a tabulated count. As he asked one of the deputies a question, the two GI's in the polling place broke for safety. With his shoulder down, young Scott burst the door and pounded out, followed in a moment by Vestal. Bleeding, they ran across the street to the crowd as the deputies trained their guns on the boys. By this time women were screaming, children were crying, and the veterans—still unarmed—stood cursing and shouting from the opposing pavement. The deputies held their fire as the two boys slipped among the people.

It was five now, and following their practice the Cantrell forces removed the ballot boxes of the eleventh and twelfth precincts to the security of the jail for counting.

III

THE GI's had promised to get the vote counted as cast, and they gathered at their campaign headquarters around the corner to confer. As they stood in the street, two Mansfield deputies approached to break up the group. Otto Kennedy was watching from his tire store as the deputies walked up the street. With Otto was his brother Oley Kennedy, just out of the Navy, and his brother J. P. "Bull" Kennedy, just out of the Army.

"Pat Mansfield said he was going to give us a fair and square election," said Kennedy, "and then we saw those sons-of-

bitches from Georgia, walking around with their guns and badges, telling us to kiss their neck. They'd put our boys in jail, they were running all over us. I stepped up to the door. I saw them coming. I just couldn't take it. I said to my brother: 'Bull, let's get them.'"

As the deputies stepped into the crowd, the GI's closed about them. They hit hard and high and low. The guns were taken and distributed among the GI's. Three more deputies, then two more walked into the crowd. All were disarmed and the guns handed out. The deputies were loaded on cars, taken to the woods, stripped of their clothes, and left to walk their way out.

The GI's were still indecisive and the Kennedys became cautious. They had struck the first blow; they were vulnerable. Otto decided to go home, telling the veterans that if they decided to do anything the Kennedys were ready to come back; otherwise they were staying away. Dusk was settling and the vets talked. A city policeman walked by to say that Mansfield was coming with tommy-guns and tear gas. Then something happened.

FROM dusk to dawn, the story of the siege of Athens dissolves into anonymity. The people had voted the GI ticket, trusting the GI guarantee of a fair count. Five districts which had been fairly tabulated by evening had already given the GI's almost a three-to-one lead. But the ballot boxes of the eleventh and twelfth precincts were being counted in the jail. Tomorrow the Cantrell forces would have victory and no one would be safe. On the one hand, the Common Law says that every citizen has the right to prevent a crime or felony from taking place; on the other hand, to take the jail by storm against the lawfully deputized thugs seemed perilously close to insurrection. A very fine point of law is involved and Crump still runs Tennessee. Therefore, no man knows or tells who played precisely what role in Athens on the night of Thursday, August 1, 1946.

Down the highway from Athens is one of the armories of the National Guard. By eight o'clock rifles and machine guns were held by dozens of the veterans. It was a quiet movement. There was no raving or shouting. They collected at their

headquarters and gravely, under cover of darkness, walked the two blocks to the jail where the sheriffs had taken the ballot boxes. Behind the jail is a barbed wire enclosure. Facing it, across the street, is a low hill covered with vines and several houses and buildings. The deputies had made a mistake that the battle-wise GI's recognized immediately: they had concentrated forty or fifty of their number in jail and left no reserves in town. The GI's deployed in the darkness in a semicircle above the jail, on the hill behind the cover of vines, on rooftops. A veteran strode into the street and yelled at the silent jail a demand for the ballot boxes and the release of the GI prisoners.

A voice answered, "Are you the law?"

The GI yelled back, "There isn't any law in McMinn County."

A lone shot went off from within the jail. The man that answered from the hill answered with a tommy-gun.

There were several hundred veterans in the semicircle and hundreds of boys and civilians. Some had rifles, a few had tommy-guns, others had bird guns and hunting pieces. The fusillade rose and fell above the night, echoing into the suburbs and hills. Bullets spattered the Chamber of Commerce and the newspaper office a block away. A block down the road, a man standing on the corner of the courthouse square was nicked in the arm.

The local radio station had sent a reporter with a microphone to cover the action; up and down the county farmers tuned in to the running account. Some of them put their clothes on, got their guns, came to join in the shoot. Boys too young to cock a rifle came down to see the fun and remained to learn how to shoot in the night.

THE deputies were safe behind the thick brick wall of the jail, and the bullets of the GI's could do no more than cut out chunks of the wall. As the sporadic shooting dragged on hour after hour, the veterans realized with a sick feeling that night was wearing away and, with daylight, state patrolmen—perhaps even the National Guard—might be called in to reinforce the garrison of deputies. Defeat would mean that McMinn County would

never be safe again for any man who had taken part in the night's firing. It was go through with it, or get out of town.

At midnight a detachment went over to the county farm where a case of dynamite was located. During a lull, the veterans yelled that unless the ballot boxes and prisoners were released in twenty minutes they would blast the jail. An hour went by and the jail made no answer. Somebody fitted a cap to a stick of dynamite and tossed it into the street. A second stick followed. On the third throw, two sticks were tied together and thrown across to the sidewalk of the jail. The fourth throw of two sticks landed on the porch of the jail and tore it wide apart. Somebody had learned about demolition in the war; for the last try they decided to prepare a homemade satchel charge of the rest of the case and place it under the jail wall. But before the charge could be placed, the jail was yelling surrender. It was 3:30 in the morning.

"We're dying in here," came a call. "Don't use any more dynamite, we're giving up."

No one was dying. Four of the deputies were pretty badly hurt and required hospitalization; ten of the GI's were wounded in the day's action; but the war was over.

The vets ordered the deputies to march into the courtyard with their hands up, leaving their guns behind. As they marched out, the crowd gathered round, yelling, cursing, and booing. Someone in the crowd reached out with a razor and slashed at one of the deputies, laying his throat open. Duggan tried to stop the man; the man explained that the deputy had arrested him before, taken him to jail and kicked in four of his ribs. Duggan tried to reason with him, but he made another razor pass. Then Duggan slugged him into obedience and led the deputy off to the hospital. Behind them a file of deputies, guarded by GI's, paraded through the street to the courthouse and back so that the people might see and taunt their unthroned impotence.

By this time dawn was lighting the county and the radio station, broadcasting the victory, was bringing farmers in from all the hills to see what was happening.

The state capital had been alerted and the State Commissioner of Public Safety, Lynn Bomar, called up to locate a GI to negotiate. Ralph Duggan answered the phone and spoke to George Woods at the state capital. Woods, who was Election Commissioner of the county, promised—if given a safe conduct—to return to Athens on Monday and certify the election of the entire GI slate. Duggan announced the victory to the crowd at six in the morning and then went home.

VIOLENCE flickered on for several more hours. The GI's had had their fill, but the civilians and boys were carrying on. They smashed in windows of the deputies' automobiles, turned them over, burned cars indiscriminately. It was the GI's now who had to restrain the civilians and protect their prisoners. By ten o'clock, however, the fury had spent itself and the GI's were carefully escorting their prisoners out of town. At three, a giant mass meeting was held in the courthouse, men jamming the assembly hall, overflowing onto the steps and the lawn. The Reverend Bernie Hampton read the twenty-third psalm and asked the body of citizens what their will was. Someone suggested the appointment of a three-man committee to administer the county till things settled down. The three-man committee was elected immediately and from Friday to Monday it conducted the county's affairs on a volunteer basis.

It summoned the county court—the local legislative body—to a meeting on Monday morning. The county court declared vacant the offices held by machine contestants in the elections and declared the GI slate duly elected. Six of the twelve precincts' votes were thrown out entirely, for no fair count had been given there. When the GI's broke into jail they found that some of the tally sheets marked by the machine had been scored fifteen to one for the Cantrell forces. Where the GI's witnessed the count, the margin was three to one GI. Thus it was decided that only in those precincts where both parties had watched should the count be accepted. By Monday afternoon, Knox Henry was sheriff of McMinn County and the law was safe.

IV

MCMINN is quiet and peaceful again. The courthouse has been painted for the first time in years, and the big clock has been fixed so that it strikes the hours loud, clear, and free over the entire town. The jail has been repaired but it is curiously empty. Within a month Henry was running McMinn County with eight youthful GI deputies. Saturday night no longer filled the cells with fifty or sixty men waiting to be fined; by the end of the month, Saturday night found only three men in jail. The four city policemen had been fired and replaced by veterans. Pat Mansfield was back in Georgia, working as a fireman on a railway. Paul Cantrell was in Nashville and didn't want to come back.

The gambling joints have been closed down, the bootlegging ring has been smashed, fee-grabbing ended. There are no more slot machines or punchboards. Henry has pledged the new regime that the sheriff will live on his lawful salary.

The GI party, too, has been disbanded, but a Good Government League has succeeded it. The Good Government League has branches in fifteen different communities of the county and is the public whip. The county court still has a majority of old Cantrell men, but they don't come up for election till next summer. Meanwhile the Good Government League suggests various actions to it, and the court pays heed.

The first thing the county court was persuaded to do was to establish an audit committee. The Good Government League wants to see what resources are available for the two most pressing local problems: schools and roads. Schools are pretty bad in McMinn. Pay for teachers is so poor that all the best teachers are leaving. In some places in McMinn, teachers get eighty-five dollars a month for the eight months they work; that averages less than fifteen dollars a week, year-round, as take-home pay. Even a waitress at the hotel makes more than that. Highest pay is at the high school and that comes to only thirty dollars a week for a teacher with a master's degree. The Good Government League wants to divert money from

the sheriff's heavy budget to the education budget. When the schools and school buses are fixed, they want to do something about the roads. Maybe after that the League will move on to such long-range plans as a permanent county-manager system and a new structure of government.

The GI's like McMinn and they think they can keep it healthy. There will always be bootlegging unless the church people let the county make liquor legal. But now the government will be master of the bootleggers instead of the bootleggers masters of the government. The GI's say they

aren't interested in "issues"; they aren't interested in unions or poll-tax laws or running the country. This was a McMinn matter, strictly a battle to give McMinn fair and square elections and force Boss Crump back to Shelby County.

It is true, of course, that Crump still runs the rest of Tennessee and that Crump helped send back to Washington a man named Kenneth McKellar. And until November 1946, McKellar was president of the Senate of the United States of America, called the greatest deliberative body in the world.

"Due to the Truck Strike . . ."

RUSSELL LYNES

DUE TO THE TRUCK STRIKE WE ARE FORCED
TO CANCEL ALL FRIED FISH ORDERS

From the menu of Paddy's Clam House, New York.

*All fryable fish, we regret, decline
To violate the picket line.*

O, the Ipswich clam
Can come by tram
And the Maryland crab
By cab;
And only the flounder
Who's sort of a bounder
Will act like a filleted scab.

The Great Gulf shrimp
Can come by blimp
And the snail
By fourth-class mail;
But the organized fish
Will not grace your dish—
His sole is not for sale.

The octopus
Can come by bus,
The lowly skate
By freight;
But the frying oyster
Will stick to his cloister
While others negotiate.

Green turtle soup
Can come by sloop
And St. Lawrence pike
By bike;
The smelts, however,
Are far too clever
To fry while the teamsters strike.

*All fried fish orders await the date
The truckers determine to arbitrate,
Meanwhile all fryable fish decline
To cross a respectable picket line.*

THE HOPE CHEST

A Story

JEAN STAFFORD

MISS BELLAMY was old and cold and she lay quaking under an eider-down which her mother had given her when she was a girl of seventeen. It had been for her hope chest. Though damask table cloths and Irish linen tea-napkins, Florentine bureau runners and China silk blanket covers, point-lace doilies and hemstitched hand towels had gone into that long carved cherry chest (her father had brought it all the way from Sicily and presenting it to her, had said, "Nothing is too good for my Rhoda girl"), she had never married. The chest now stood at the foot of her bed; and the maid put the tea-napkins on her breakfast tray.

It was just before Belle knocked on her door in the gray dawn of winter with the tray that Miss Bellamy quaked so much, as if nothing on earth could ever warm her up again. This unkind light made her remember how old she was and how, in a few minutes when Belle came in, she would be cantankerous; no matter how hard she tried, she could never be pleasant to a servant, black or white, a failing for which her father had once rebuked her, declaring that she behaved like a parvenu. He had scolded her thus when he finally had to admit to himself the fact that she would never marry. There had not, in the history of Richmond society, been a greater fiasco than Rhoda Bellamy's debut. It had, indeed, been a miscarriage so sensational that she had forced her parents to move westward, like pioneers, into Tennessee

where her mother soon had died and where she and her father dwelt together in their angry disappointment. *Well, Papa, the laugh's on you. Here I am, thirty-five years old and in the eighteen years since I came out, I have had no beau but my dear Papa. No, I will not go to the opera. No, I do not want to join you in a glass of claret. I shall return to my bedroom and read Mrs. Gaskell, thanking you every time I turn a page for giving me so expensive a copy of Cranford.*

This was the Christmas morning of her eighty-second year and she steadfastly held her eyes closed, resisting the daylight. She had been like that as a child, she had loved sleep better than eating or playing. She was not sure whether she had had a dream just now or whether there was something she had meant to remember or to think about that was troubling her aged mind like a rat in a wall. At last, vexed and murmuring, she opened her eyes and what did she see hanging upon the wall (very probably staining the hand-blocked French paper with a design of pastoral sweethearts) but a scraggly Christmas wreath to which had been wired three pine-cones, one gilded, one silvered, one painted scarlet. At first she was half out of her mind with exasperation and she reached out her liver-spotted hand for her stick to rap tyrannically for Belle. How *dared* she desecrate this, of all rooms, which as any fool should know, was not to be changed in any way! But memory stayed her hand: it all came back.

YESTERDAY, when she was sitting on the lounge in the drawing room, making spills out of last year's Christmas wrappings and sipping hot milk, she heard a timid knocking at the door. She had no intention of answering it, although Belle had gone out to shop and the colored girl had gone home. But she said to herself, "Who is it? Who are they that they can't knock out loud like a Christian? If they want something, why don't they try the doorknob? They'll find it locked, but if they had any gumption, they'd try." She slowly made a spill.

It went on, this gentle, disheartened knocking. Was it a squirrel, she wondered, playing with a nut somewhere? *If there is a destructive squirrel in my house, I shall give Belle her walking papers at once.* She did not find the creatures cunning as some people did: they were as wicked as any other rodent and the tail, so greatly admired in some quarters, was by no means a disguise that could not be seen through: essentially they were rats. Perhaps it was not a squirrel but was a loose branch blowing in the wind: *I shall speak severely to Homer. If he calls himself my yard-man, he can attend to these details.* Perhaps it was a dog of the neighborhood, foolishly thumping his tail against the door. *People should keep their dogs at home, tied up if necessary. If they are not kept at home, they come rummaging in my refuse containers and defiling my lawn and littering the garden with things I do not like to know exist.* Aloud in the long drawing room, she said, knowing that she smiled cleverly in her lean lips and in her small eyes, "If you want to come in, knock loud enough so that I shall hear you. Call out your name, confound you. Do you think I receive just anyone?"

She slopped her milk and it made a row of buttons down the front of her challis guimpe. Outraged, she threw the spill she was making into the fire and then she hobbled to the door, saying under her breath, "Whoever you are, I will frighten the living daylights out of you. If you are an animal, I will beat you with my stick; if you are a human being, I will scare you out of ten years' growth. I will say the worst thing you have ever had said to you in your life."

In the winter she had a green baize door and a storm door sandwiching the regular

door to keep out any possible draft. She pulled open the green baize one and unlocked the wooden one with a long iron key and she opened it the merest bit, pushing it with the silver ferrule of her black-thorn stick. Through the glass of the storm door, she saw a child standing there in the snow, holding a spruce wreath in his hands. He had come across the lawn, making his own path, deliberately to spoil the looks of the clean, unmarked snow when he could *much more easily* have walked in Belle's footprints.

He opened the storm door without asking leave and he said, "Will you buy this?"

She prided herself on never having been tricked by anyone. She investigated first and bought afterward. She, Rhoda Bellamy, would be the last to be taken in by a child, and she did not, of course, answer his question. She pushed the door open a little farther and said, "Who are you? What is your name?"

His teeth, she saw, were short and crooked and a nasty yellow color. She supposed he came from one of those indigent families who clustered together, squalidly and odoriferously, on the banks of the Cumberland. He was not decently shy and he spoke up immediately: "My name is Ernest Leonard McCammon. Will you buy this wreath?"

The spinster said, "Well, Ernest Leonard, you may wipe your feet on my *Welcome* mat and step into the entry, but I am not promising to buy your wreath. We'll see about that later on."

(The sycamores before Miss Bellamy's windows creaked in the cold: *Where is my breakfast? Where is Belle? Why did I invite Ernest Leonard McCammon to cross my threshold in his snowy galoshes, puddling the Tabriz Father bought half price in Belgrade?* She creaked, too, like a tree, and a feather from the eiderdown walked on her ear like a summer fly.)

The child stood before her, small and ambitious, bundled to his ears in a blue plaid mackintosh which was patched with leather at the elbows. He wore blue jeans and in his mittenless hands, he carried now, besides the wreath, the purple stocking cap he had taken off before he came through the door. He bore a faint, un-

pleasant smell of mud. *I will eat you, little boy, because once upon a time I, too, had pink cheeks and a fair skin and clear eyes. And don't you deny it.*

ERNEST LEONARD MCCAMMON looked at the Adam hall chair, looked at the portrait of Mr. Bellamy, looked at the priceless Florentine coffer, looked at the luster pitchers in which stood cattails ten years old; she had had a man come out from Nashville one year to oil the books and at the same time, had had him shellac the cattails, although he protested a little, declaring that this was not in his line. No workman ever got anywhere protesting with her. She had simply said, "I don't know what you're talking about, sir. My father picked these cattails by the Jordan." This did not happen to be true as her father had been dead for twenty years and she had gathered them herself in her own meadow beside the local river.

The rag-tag-and-bobtail boy looked at her father's treasures as if he had seen such things every day of his life. *Do you know who I am, you smelly scrap? Does the name Bellamy mean anything to you, you wool-bound baggage? Did you ever hear of the Bellamy tobacco fortune?*

(How the wind was blowing! Where was Belle? Where was her breakfast? Where was her stick? Where was her wrapper? Why did no one come to wish her a merry Christmas?)

He said, "Miss Bellamy, will you buy my wreath?"

"What do you want for it, McCammon?"

"A quarter."

"A quarter! Twenty-five cents for a bit of evergreen you more than likely stole off one of my trees!"

His pink cheeks paled under her shrewd gaze and his blue eyes clouded. "I never stole 'um off your tree, Miss Bellamy. I went to the woods, I did, and I got 'um there off nobody's tree."

She said, not giving in, "Perhaps so, perhaps not. All the same, a quarter is too much."

"But I painted the pine-cones, Miss Bellamy! I had to buy the gold and the silver. Daddy gave me the red."

"And who is this Daddy?"

"The chimney-cleaner. We are the ones with the mule. Maybe you have seen our

house with the mule in the yard? My daddy's name is Robert John McCammon."

I will blow your brains out with the bellows Father brought from Dresden. I will lay your slender little body on Cousin Anne's andirons that came from the Trianon, and burn you up like a paper spill.

"Come, come, Ernest Leonard," she said, "I don't care what your daddy's middle name is and I have certainly not seen your mule. I will give you fifteen cents for your wreath."

"No, ma'am," he said. "If you don't buy it, some other lady will."

"Some other lady? What do you mean, McCammon?"

"Well, Mrs. Wagner would buy it or Mrs. Saunders or Mrs. Hugh Morris, I reckon. Anyways, somebody."

"I will give you fifteen cents for the wreath alone. You can take off the pine-cones."

"No ma'am. That would spoil it."

She fixed him with a severe aristocratic eye, determined now to resolve this impasse to her own liking and not to his. She said slowly, "If I decided to buy your wreath and paid you the absurd king's ransom of twenty-five cents, would you do a favor for me?"

"Yes, Miss Bellamy."

(Belle! Belle! Where is my breakfast? Come before I die of loneliness. Come before the sycamores break at the top and crush the roof over my head!)

"Do you promise, Ernest Leonard?"

"I promise, Miss Bellamy," he said and moved a step away from her.

She took a twenty-five cent piece out of the purse she carried strapped to her belt and, bending down, took the wreath which she placed on the coffer. Now Ernest Leonard clutched the stocking cap in both hands. His aplomb had left him; she could tell that he wanted to run away.

"You must give me a kiss, Master McCammon," she said and, leaning heavily upon her stick, stooped toward that small face with pursed lips, coral-colored. They touched her bone-dry cheek and then the boy was gone, and through the door he had left open in his headlong flight, there came a blast of cold December. But for a moment she did not move and stared at a clot of snow upon the rug. *I told you,*

Ernest Leonard, to wipe your feet carefully on my Welcome mat.

Belle's big country feet were on the stairs. Miss Bellamy trembled for her knock. *Wait a minute, Belle, I have not yet thought out what I am going to say to you.* Had she left any stray spruce needles on the coffer? Had any fallen as she climbed the stairs, breathless with recollection? Belle was at the door. She knocked and entered with the tray.

"Explain that monstrosity," said Miss Bellamy, pointing to the Christmas wreath she had hung last night at the stroke of midnight. *Merry Christmas, Papa dear. Oh, how cunning of you to hang up mistletoe! What girl in the world would want more than a beau like you? Can I have my presents now? It's one past midnight, Papa! Oh, Papa, darling, you have given me a brass fender for my fireplace! Oh, Papa, a medallioned sewing drum! An emerald ring! A purple velvet peignoir! I wish*

you a very merry Christmas, Papa.

"Don't pretend you know nothing about it, my good woman. Why did you do it, Belle? Have you no respect for other people's property? Do you think I can have my bedroom repapered every week or so merely for the sake of your vulgar whims?"

Kind, stupid Belle shook out the napkin and she said, as she sprinkled a little salt on the lightly boiled egg, "I'm sorry, Miss Rhoda, that I never seem to do what's right. I thought you'd like the wreath."

The old lady cackled hideously and screamed, "You goose! You namby-pamby! I hung it there myself!"

The maid, unruffled, smiled and said, "Merry Christmas, Miss Rhoda." When she had gone, the spinster closed her eyes against Ernest Leonard's painted pinecones, but she nursed her hurt like a baby at a milkless breast, with tearless eyes.

Things Is Tough All Over

FOR my part, I take Europe to be worn out. When Voltaire dies we may say good-night." *Sir Horace Walpole to Horace Mann, November 24, 1774.*

"I dare not marry; the future is so dark and unsettled." *William Wilberforce, 1790.*

"Seriously, there appears to me every day to be more folly, envy, malice, and damned rascality than there was the day before; and I do verily begin to think that plain, downright honesty and unintriguing integrity will be kicked out of doors." *Archibald Stewart to John Marshall, 1793.*

"There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair." *William Pitt, 1800.*

"In industry, commerce, and agriculture, there is no hope." *Benjamin Disraeli, 1850.*

"I thank God that I am spared the ruin that is gathering around us." *The Duke of Wellington on his deathbed, 1851.*

A GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

ON SUNDAY afternoon before Labor Day this year, after the chicken and the roasting ears and the watermelon had been eaten, the kinfolk dismantled the tables and with the planks made a speakers' platform in front of the ancient red brick schoolhouse on the hill-top. About a hundred people had come to this Asher-Long family reunion in the Indiana hills. No formal program had been arranged, so the chairman just called on people to come up and do some stunts. Most did what they always did at the reunion—one lady gave an impersonation of an old maid, another read "The Barefoot Boy," a man and his wife sang "My Jesus Gave His All" and "Old Shep," a little girl played "Silver Threads Among the Gold" on a saxophone, a man told a Jewish joke. A man who had been in the Army recounted his experiences ("If anybody tries tell you it wasn't rough you just look 'em in the eye and tell 'em he's a liar, it was plenty rough") and one of the Ashers, Court Asher, perhaps the most renowned member of the clan present, made a little speech. A small compact man in a tight double-breasted city suit, he climbed the schoolhouse steps and took off his snapbrim hat and said with disappointment that he had expected more than two hundred to attend this first reunion since the war.

The children playing in the goldenrod beside the fence grew noisy, and Asher

raised his voice. "This beautiful valley is rich in lore," and he waved a hand at the Jurdon valley planted to corn below, green and brown in the September sunlight, with sycamores gleaming white on the far hill beyond. "You should love your ancestors," and he called forth the old family names—Bobby Asher who came here from Kentucky in 1812 before Indiana was a state, and his own grandmother, Betsy Asher, born here in 1830 and married to Tup Long, the patriarch buried back of the cabin on the ridge. Asher had a glibness other speakers here had lacked; sometimes it was plain he had progressed beyond the narrow confines of Redbird Holler up the valley where he was born. "Jurdon has a lot to be proud of. We're clannish, always have been. I've sailed the seas, traveled the globe, been on the hot desert sands, been in the Klondike, and I've been where the bright lights shone; but my heart has always been in the hills. The flint-hearted cities with iron streets—they go around there mad at each other, they haven't the brotherly love we have, they hate each other"—and he talked on for fifteen minutes.

It seemed strange to hear Court Asher speak ill of hate. He was once a Kleagle in the Ku Klux Klan, he recently advocated the Klan's revival, and in his newspaper, the *X-Ray*, he has tirelessly demanded the "extermination" of "red rat Communists" and "Red Kikes."

John Bartlow Martin is a frequent contributor of controversial articles to this magazine. The most recent was "Murder of a Journalist," last September.

Court Asher has been by turns a machinist, bootlegger, Klan undercover man, newspaperman, politician, saloonkeeper, and publisher. Not until he opened the columns of his *X-Ray* to people like Father Charles Coughlin, Representative Clare E. Hoffman, and Elizabeth Dilling did he achieve national prominence. He knew Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, and Mrs. Dilling, and he has a high regard for Martin Dies, before whose committee he testified; but he always stood a little apart from the tenuous network of people who, ranging from downright Bund members to honorable newspaper publishers, sought to persuade America to stay out of the war—and he despised William Dudley Pelley.

Even the author of *Under Cover* could not quite make sense out of Asher. After Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, Asher continued his onslaught against Jews, Communists, "Mr. Van Rosenfelt," "Vendell Villkie," and "The Jew Deal," and he was indicted, along with twenty-seven others, for sedition (the charges against all of them have been dropped). His life has been threatened numerous times in Muncie, and Walter Winchell, Drew Pearson, and others have attacked him verbally. His *X-Ray*, suppressed briefly during the war by federal authorities, has been denounced as a scurrilous blackmail sheet and has been supported by hundreds of zealots. He has been accused of conspiring against the nation's safety and has been defended as a patriot laboring to save the republic from the "Red Jew" conspiracy.

II

HE WAS born in the Morgan County hills April 24, 1893, the youngest of ten children. As a boy he trapped along Indian Creek and Ghost Creek and Jurdon Creek, selling rabbit skins and short stripe skunk skins for a dime and star skunk skins for a half dollar. He gathered and dried walnuts and sold them for fifty cents a bushel in town, and his Fourth of July money came from blueberries at a dime a gallon. He earned twenty-five cents a day hewing out cross-ties with a broadax.

His father died when he was one year old, his mother when he was eight. He

went to live with his widowed grandmother in Martinsville, the county seat seven miles north of Redbird Holler. There one of Asher's schoolmates and neighbors was Paul V. McNutt, later Governor of Indiana and High Commissioner of the Philippines. McNutt, son of the local judge and banker, lived in a large house on broad, shaded Washington Street. Laughing, Asher recalls, "We use to rock him home from school ever' noon." Asher had to work. "Grandma had four orphan kids, she took in wash, and I done anything I could." He earned four dollars a week in Hiram Percy's livery stable near the courthouse, bedding down the horses and sweeping out; he earned fifty cents a week plus tips cleaning spittoons and shining shoes in Billy Rudicel's barber shop.

Martinsville lies in the broad flat Indian Creek valley, which, though not "the best land the crow ever flew over" that Asher calls it, is rich. But the hills begin a few miles to the south and the soil there, except for the bottomland in the narrow valleys, is poor. The hill people overproduce children and underproduce crops. They live in poverty, and there are too many of them. Other Hoosiers ridicule them as hillbillies, which they resent bitterly. When the children of these people are forced off the farm, as Asher was, they tend to become village urchins. "Hell, I never had no education, never went beyond seventh grade."

After Asher left school he began to fear he would be placed in an orphanage. So, at fifteen, he caught a freight. In Philadelphia he got a job washing dishes in a workman's restaurant. A man who ate there, a foreman at the Baldwin locomotive works, gave him a job as an apprentice machinist at five cents an hour. He paid a nickel a night to sleep on newspapers spread on the floor in the Newsboys' Home. His apprenticeship lasted three and a half years. He worked an additional year and a half. Then, restless, he became a boomer machinist. "I went all over the world—Erie, New York, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Illinois, Indianapolis, Detroit."

Indiana was the place for a machinist, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway was new. One cold night in 1914 the freight Asher was riding stopped for water in an

Indiana town and the brakeman threw him off and he walked down the railroad tracks to a saloon. The bartender gave him a shot of whisky, lent him a quarter, directed him to the Warner Gear factory down the tracks, and told him he was in Muncie. He got a job. At the end of his shift, for no apparent reason, he demanded his pay truculently, threatening to smash the machinery; the boss guaranteed his board at a boarding house and loaned him \$2. Asher decided to stay in Muncie. In another boarding house he met the landlady's daughter, a large handsome farm girl named Opal Miller, whom he married. They have no children. Intensely loyal, she has stuck with him through all his adventures.

In the Army he served as a technician with units engaged at St. Mihiel and the Argonne and was discharged as a first sergeant. He received a partial disability pension for a mental disorder; his offhand, exaggerated account of this has produced the tale that he received a medical discharge as a psychotic and is "not right," but in speaking for the record now he is inclined to minimize the whole matter.

AFTER working briefly in Cleveland and Indianapolis machine shops and on the now defunct Indianapolis *Sun* under the veterans' vocational training program, he returned to Muncie. Like many ex-soldiers, he was restless and tired of being poor. "I didn't have nothin' but my uniform." He was a good mechanic, and a bootlegger offered him twenty-five dollars a trip just to keep the car going. Asher was quick to see the big money in booze. He saved enough to buy a motorcycle with a sidecar and started bootlegging for himself. He bought a car and soon he was running liquor into Muncie and Indianapolis from Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Miami.

This inevitably involved Asher with local politicians, policemen, and criminals. Indiana was then racked by a post-war hangover compounded of Prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, a farm depression, an enlarged group of striking factory workmen, gangsters, politicians hopelessly corrupt, and a crop of restless young men. Few of the new-risen factory cities were

more corrupt than Muncie. Asher carried a gun and grossed a thousand dollars a week. He was retaining lawyers, policemen, politicians, and other aides. Arrested several times, he was not convicted. Playing politics, the politics of "protection," he made many enemies. Belligerent and outspoken, he made other enemies for varied reasons. They framed two bank robbery charges against him, he claims. Asher, a desperate, vindictive man, tried to break into the house of a customer with whom he had quarreled, was trapped by detectives, tried to shoot his way out, broke a leg, was jailed, beat a burglary charge, and in retaliation informed on forty-five persons with whom he was involved in the liquor traffic. This resulted, late in 1921, in Asher's only jail sentence—sixty days—and fines or sentences for most of the others.

Although the night Asher got out of jail he walked into the Muncie police station carrying a jug of moonshine and bragging he'd bootlegged from jail, he hadn't liked jail at all. His troubles multiplied. He was three times convicted of bootlegging by Muncie courts but won appeals in the Indiana Supreme Court. His mounting "protection" and legal costs were draining away his profits. He became convinced the Klan had packed a jury and convicted him of bootlegging (not an uncommon practice: the Klan based much of its power upon rural temperance forces). Klansmen beat up a friend of Asher's. One night soon after, Asher went to the fairgrounds, where a Konklave was scheduled; he had a pistol and was determined "there wouldn't be no Konklave." A friend introduced him to D. C. Stephenson, the short, squat, dynamic Klan boss. He told Asher the Klan needed men like Asher and offered him one hundred dollars a week plus expenses as an investigator with the rank of Kleagle. "Steve showed me what their principles were. And it was more than I'd ever dreamed of makin', except at bootleggin'."

THOSE were desperate days in Indiana. Asher, still carrying a gun, investigated local Klaverns to determine whether they were loyal to Stephenson. He served as Stephenson's bodyguard and traveling

companion, slept in his home, and went to parties where Stephenson entertained the governor and his other stooges. In 1924 Stephenson won political control of the state. He and his favorites were living in expensive hotel suites, drinking good liquor, driving fancy cars, and keeping fancy women. How much did they care for the Klan principles? Asher said recently—remember, his forebears were Southern, and southern Indiana exhibits a strong Southern influence—"When I was in the Klan I never paid much attention to that Negro and Jew stuff except for white supremacy, and the truth is I was makin' good dough and I saw what a hell of a political organization the Klan could become." He opposed the Klan's anti-Catholic attitude, not as unethical but as politically unwise.

By the time Stephenson was sent to prison for life for murder, Asher had become associated with the state Republican Editorial Association and was writing special articles for several newspapers including, he says, the *Chicago Tribune*. The Mayor of Indianapolis filed libel suits. Asher was instrumental in bringing to light Stephenson's "black boxes" which disgorged enough evidence, mainly Stephenson's memoranda, to send the Mayor and other officials to jail, overturn the state government, impeach a Muncie judge who had convicted Asher of bootlegging, and, in the end, kill the Klan in Indiana.

Asher recalls with pleasure that "there was bonded whisky runnin' down the corridor" outside the hotel rooms of the newspapermen during the trial of a Cincinnati bootlegger. One time, Asher says, he and Hildy Johnson and other Chicago newspapermen who were immortalized in "The Front Page" got thrown out of the Morrison Hotel for engaging in a singing contest. "God damn, them was good days," Asher recalled recently, sitting on the Claypool Hotel mezzanine in a rather seedy suit and runover shoes, his hair turning gray. "The best days I ever had, maybe."

HE BOUGHT some real estate in Muncie, pyramided it, and became a professional bondsman. But the depression

ruined him. During this period, and earlier, he was suspected of a number of shady activities in Muncie, but nothing was proved. When the Prohibition amendment was repealed, he borrowed \$10,000 and opened in Muncie the Wigwam, a fancy saloon near the courthouse. He netted \$800 or \$900 a week, perhaps his greatest prosperity. But he backed losing candidates in the election, and the winners refused to renew his liquor license. Asher went to see Paul McNutt, then governor; and, according to Asher, McNutt told him he would have to "get right" with his local organization. This was impossible; Asher long had battled the men in control of it. So he went back to Muncie, sold at auction \$15,000 worth of saloon fixtures for \$428, and started the *X-Ray* to get even with the Democratic machine that he considered had ruined him. "And I drove Doc Bunch [the mayor] out of office at the next election and I beat him the next time too. I've seen 'em all upset, every one I've ripped into, except Roosevelt. And he died."

III

THE first issue of the *X-Ray* appeared September 11, 1937, carrying the slogans: "A Beacon for Taxpayers and Honest Labor" and:

TRUTHFUL
IMPARTIAL

COURAGEOUS
FEARLESS

Most of the front page of the four-column, four-page paper was devoted to a general statement of policy and charges that Mayor Bunch was running a corrupt, wasteful machine financed by "so-called donations from saloons and other dens of iniquity." The inside was mostly filler. "The paper wasn't much back in those days," Asher said recently. "I hadn't got into national stuff yet." A signed editorial on the back page said, "I intend to operate this paper honorably, fearlessly and for the best interests of the community. I intend to turn the *X-Ray* on all forms of political graft and corruption, to fight for the interests of organized labor . . . I will take orders from no one. I will never degrade my paper to a scandal sheet. . . . If I receive contributions,

advertising and subscriptions, I will keep this paper going as long as I have a crust of bread. . . . notify me at my home 814 W. 12th St., Muncie, Ind., and I will call for your ad or contribution. I have not the funds to afford a phone. . . ."

In the early issues Asher concentrated on Muncie affairs. He attacked the "great profits" of the local gas company and, recurrently, political favoritism in the granting of liquor licenses. When the HOLC foreclosed the mortgage on his home, Asher called HOLC a "Simon Legree . . . a scheme to save the banks and money lenders." He took up the cudgels for a family of nine which was evicted and against a loan shark and a project to widen a street and turn it into a "speedway." Recently, recalling an attack he made in those days on a proposed city ordinance to license plumbers as a "health measure," Asher said, "Sure, healthy for the politicians. But it's gonna be unhealthy as hell for this little feller got a little shop out in the backyard, trying to make a living." Time and again Asher took the part of the underdog.

On January 8, 1938, his banner headline read:

WE NEED A RESURRECTION

The story was his first dealing with a national issue. It was a straight Republican blast at pump-priming, waste, corrupt administration of relief funds, tax burdens on industry, and government meddling. Now the *X-Ray* originally had been financed by some old Klan friends of Asher's and some Muncie politicians who opposed the Democratic party in power. Asher, feuding with McNutt, espoused the Republican cause, as the Klan had done earlier. After leaving the saloon business, Asher had worked for the local Republican organization and, he says, the state one, and for individual candidates. Through the spring of 1938 Asher devoted more and more space to national affairs, and much of his material appeared to have been written by Republican publicists. He expanded his circulation. He began to get the ads of all political candidates ("they was scared not to"). He backed Raymond Springer for Congress. The issue of May 21, 1938, carried the

first piece by Representative Hoffman, a leading Republican isolationist. Asher says Hoffman had heard of him through Congressman Springer, who sent the *X-Ray* to Hoffman. The *X-Ray* began carrying copy from the *Tribune*, and from pressure groups which aimed to discredit the Roosevelt administration and oppose its foreign policy.

ON JUNE 18, 1938, Asher filled the front page under the bannerline:

RED COMMUNISM

This was Asher's first assault on the Red Menace, and it must have startled his Muncie readers. He has explained, "I was in New York to see a fella, trying to get him to finance the paper, and didn't get it. I went down to Washington and had a talk with Clare Hoffman. I'd been studying that stuff a good while. I had Doc Bunch beat here and I was goin' to start fightin' Communism." It really was Dr. William A. Wirt who, unknowingly, first started Asher thinking about the danger of revolution. Dr. Wirt was the Gary school superintendent who charged in 1934 that he had been told by New Deal brain-trusters that "Roosevelt is only the Kerensky of this Revolution." Asher recalls, "I took it up on the floor of the Legion in Muncie."

Though this gregarious man is an inveterate joiner and belongs to "every fraternal order in Muncie—Eagles, Moose, Elks, everything," he expends most of his fraternal energy on the VFW and the Legion, has held offices in both, and spends his spare time playing cards or drinking at their halls. He always has approved of their resolutions—especially those of the Legion, a great political power in Indiana—against "Communism" and for "Americanism." So it was natural that Dr. Wirt's charges should interest Asher. So did a speech by Charles A. Lindbergh.

Asher sought more information from a former Muncie newspaperman, Walter Steel (or Steele), who became an isolationist publisher; from Father Coughlin's paper, *Social Justice*; and from Carl Mote. Mote, another former Muncie newspaperman, had become a wealthy utility executive. He sent for Asher about 1939 and Asher went, he says, to Mote's home in

Indianapolis, where Mote revealed to him the New Deal's conspiracy to overthrow American institutions. "He laid it down to me that Coughlin was right. And he was." Mote gave him an armload of "literature" to take home, and Asher printed it in the *X-Ray*. All at once Asher began getting massive stacks of "literature" from all over the country. From then on he was on the mailing list and he was in the thick of the struggle over just who was going to save the republic and how.

Colonel McCormick led this crusade, and a raggle-taggle host yammered at his heels and on his flanks. Asher says he has met Colonel McCormick but he does not pretend to intimacy. Although some of the isolationist leaders maintained close liaison, their followers were loose-knit at best. Asher denies that he was intimate with any of them. Pelley visited Muncie but Asher disliked him and had little to do with him. Some isolationists found Asher hard to get along with. Often he wouldn't even answer their letters. He is a suspicious man, a man with a dark background who has had much trouble, and usually he prefers to go it alone. He even broke with Coughlin finally. About three years ago Asher appeared on the platform at Salina, Ohio, with Gerald Smith, Mote, Mrs. Dilling, and a couple of Asher's friends from the Klan and politics. "I didn't like it. I never had no more to do with Smith. He was takin' in too much dough." Perhaps professional jealousy enters into this judgment; Smith still attracts big crowds and big donations.

Asher never has made much money out of isolationism, Jew-baiting, Roosevelt-baiting, or Red-baiting. Once he asked Smith and Mrs. Dilling, who seems affluent, for help, but they didn't even answer. He concludes they are not sincere, but are money-mad. No well-heeled organization ever has backed him; of the National Association of Manufacturers he says rather plaintively, "I never got any of that big money. And I don't know why either. My support's been right here in Muncie." Muncie manufacturers have not supported him, as has been charged, he says. But Muncie politicians have. His paper sells for a nickel. He gets small individual contributions from scattered zeal-

ots. The paper nets him about seventy dollars a week now. His automobile, house, furniture, and clothing all appear to bear this out. There was more money in bootlegging, Klan work, and saloon-keeping.

IV

BUT if he did not get rich from his venture into wider fields, he attracted attention. The Dies Committee called him to testify. "Martin Dies treated me, Oh, Jesus Christ, I never met a finer fella in my life. I went down in the cafeteria, had lunch with Springer, and Martin Dies and two other members of the committee. I learned things down there in Washington I never knew existed." He returned to the holy crusade with renewed strength. In a 72-point headline he demanded:

IMPEACH ROOSEVELT!

His paper on April 1, 1939, was sprinkled with headlines like:

DOES ROOSEVELT
WANT A WAR?
LOOKS THAT WAY!

and his editorial, displaying his love of the rustic, was a model of isolationist expression.

A kindred and less defensible aspect of the Midwest isolationist mind appeared in another headline:

JEW YORK AS NATIONAL
HOME SUGGESTED FOR
JEW DEAL GOVERNMENT

Leading isolationists, including, Asher says, some Congressmen, had told him that "the Jews was connected with Communism, that they was the head of it: Sidney Hillman. They was using labor movements to promote it."

He aroused reprisal. In meeting it, he abandoned the fine canned phrases supplied by others and in an article on January 25, 1941, he revealed the true Court Asher speaking in anger:

Both last week and this week a Jew voice called me on the phone; called me vile names; declared he intended to kill me; spoke of my mother (dead 46 years) in vile and vulgar terms

I asked him in the phone conversation if he was a "Kike"; he became very abusive, that is, over the phone from his place of safety. Just a

dirty, stinking, yellow coward, too yellow to face me in person. . . .

. . . Well, I travel the streets of Muncie alone . . . Try your luck, but be sure of your effort, for if you fail and I get my hands on you there will be "fresh fish" in hell and it will be you. . . . I call on my blood relation in Bell and Harlan County, Kentucky, to take notice.

I am the grandson of Blevins Asher and Nancy (Huffman) Asher; grandson of Martha (Asher) Goodwin, Son of Issac [sic] and Ida (Goodwin) Asher; great grandson of Dill Asher who with his brother Bob Asher, settled in Kentucky with Daniel Boone, after the Revolutionary War. Granny Asher taught me the prayer of the Asher Clan. It was:

"Lord if ever [sic] become a coward and fear any man, beast, or devil, take me from this earth so I will not disgrace the name of my family."

There are more than 200 Ashers, descendants of Dill and Bob Asher in the Kentucky mountains. In the Asher veins flows as pure a blood as ever honored any nation. I am one of those Ashers.

And now I say to those Ashers in the Cumberland and Blue Ridge mountains that, I might be killed in a sneaking and cowardly manner by this Jew or one of his ilk and if I am so killed, my spirit along with those of our departed kin, will listen from my grave for the word . . . that the sneaking cowardly murderer who took my life has been brought to book for his foul deed. . . .

Today Asher recalls, smiling a bit, "They got to calling up too often. It was scaring my wife." Threatened often as an editor, he never has been assaulted. Though rather small, he is a strongly-knit man with powerful arms and shoulders; friends consider him an excellent street fighter, physically without fear, hardened by the life he has led.

V

THE top headline in the issue dated a day before Pearl Harbor was:

PEOPLE NOT
WITH YOU,
MR. ROOSEVELT

The next one, the first wartime one, carried a confused lead story, and Asher wrote editorially, "The X-Ray feels called upon to make its position clear . . . We would have considered it none of our (this country's) business had Japan attacked . . . any foreign possession, but when theseimps of hell, sneakingly, cowardly, treacherously, and with premeditation drop bombs and murder our soldiers,

attack the soil of the United States' Government, well, then THAT is the business of EVERY American . . . And above all, please, if you ARE an American, don't ever say or stand by like a wooden Indian if it should be said that Britain, or any foreign nation, fights our War." Who but a patriotic Legionnaire is speaking in those sentences? Nevertheless Federal authorities scrutinized the *X-Ray*. Asher began to print small U. S. flags on page one but in May his second-class mailing privilege was suspended.

It was restored after a hearing in Washington. (He thought it "peculiar" that editorials reprinted from the *Tribune* and Hearst should interest postal authorities, and he published letters, of which he is extremely proud, from the Congressional and university libraries asking for or acknowledging receipt of files of his paper.) However, he was recalled to Washington for questioning by Prosecutor William Power Maloney. "The Post Office Department is nice people but I got over in that Justice department and my God they was snotty, wanted to be tough. Damn bunch of Jews." Returning, Asher wrote, "We are back home again in Indiana, the great Hoosier State, and blame glad to be back. We was in Washington one week and found it the 'hottest' city in both temperature and otherwise that we ever visited in the summertime." He was indicted along with twenty-seven others including Mrs. Dilling, Pelley, and Viereck, for conspiracy to commit sedition. His paper was out soon:

NEW DEAL POWERS GIG
THE X-RAY EDITOR

(Asher recently laughed and said, "That was a dandy. That word gig—I kinda like it. I usta gig fish when I was a kid"). The story began, "The New Deal in a Gestapo manner has struck!" It defended his right to criticize, and jibed, "Answer that one Maloney-Baloney."

Nevertheless Asher became cautious for a time, flaying Doc Bunch more vigorously than Roosevelt. His circulation took a nosedive. Nervous subscribers told him that FBI agents had questioned them. Asher regarded this as a deliberately unfair attempt to put him out of business.

Aroused, he returned to the assault on Winchell ("the Jew Stink Bomb of the Air"), "a local Sheeny," Pearson, Roosevelt, CIO leaders, and assorted "Jew Communists."

The hysterical sedition trial ended abruptly when the judge died. There was a second indictment and recently a third (in which Asher was not included); all of them have now been dismissed. Recently Asher has been inclined to speak lightly of it, and his attacks on the old bogeymen have displayed the old vigor. More, he has enlarged his list to include OPA, "Pee Wee Truman and his Jew Deal," "Un-Rah," and the United Nations. However, recently he has devoted considerable space to attacking the state Republican administration (some of his ammunition appears to have been smuggled out of the penitentiary to him by D. C. Stephenson). Since he was indicted, Asher has not been on the Republican payroll; this may have something to do with his current feud with the administration.

Recently in the *X-Ray* Asher announced a Klan revival in Indiana aimed not at negroes and Catholics but at the "machinations of Communistic JEWS." Asher reported "THE KLAN RIDES AGAIN" as early as 1939. (Curiously, he ridiculed Hugo Black as a "Klucker" when Black was appointed to the Supreme Court.) Privately Asher admits he has no high regard for the Klan as such and does not believe it could be revived effectively in Indiana. In 1944, when a Muncie mob went after a Negro suspected of rape, Asher, though he flagged the story, printed nothing to inflame race prejudice.

VI

ASHER writes all the headlines and much of the copy for the *X-Ray*. "I've written that paper on the linotype, without usin' a typewriter first." His office is the high-ceilinged parlor of his modest two-story frame house in a workingman's section of Muncie. He works in an old-fashioned upholstered chair with a typewriter on a low stool in front of him, surrounded by a litter of correspondence from admiring subscribers—"Here's one old woman sent me a dollar; she writes me

ever' week"—and great heaps of magazines, mats, newspapers, and printed matter from the propaganda mills. "I use a lot of stuff from the *Tribune*," he said recently. "Especially stuff from foreign countries. I never had no other way of gettin' the information." Sometimes he seems to regard himself as a sort of interpreter between the common man and the press lords.

At work he is likely to take off his shirt and shoes. His arms are tattooed. Reading, he wears horn-rimmed glasses low on his nose, peering through them as though with some difficulty. His eyes are quick and wary, his face leathery and lined, his wiry brown hair is graying, brushed sideways. He has a prominent gold tooth. An extremely nervous man, he chain smokes strong cigarettes, can take nothing for breakfast but strong black coffee or a shot of whisky or both, drives a car jerkily, talks and moves rapidly. He drinks heavily and at length on occasion, but he works hard, sometimes all night on deadline.

The parlor, like the rest of the house, is sparsely furnished with inexpensive furniture; the walls are covered with dingy tan wallpaper. Beside his chair is a radio; he likes to listen to Winchell and Pearson. On the wall hangs a cheap banner, "Remember Pearl Harbor," and a picture of Asher in the uniform of a buck sergeant in the 1917-18 war. In a bookcase in front of his chair is his editor's library—a set of Ridpath, its binding cracked, which he bought at auction ("Ridpath—that's my main grab when I wanta find out somethin'"); scores of Haldeman-Julius *Little Blue Books* ("I get a lotta information outta them; Holy Jesus they's a lot of information in them if you can just pick out the right one"); a set of the *Little Leather Library* ("here's a lotta Browning's jewels; then I got Flaubert, DeMaupassant, Oscar Wilde, Hugo, Schopenhauer, I got 'em all"); and a number of odd volumes including books by Marie Corelli, Vash Young's *A Fortune To Share*, *Elmer Gantry*, the Bible, a dictionary, *10,000 Jokes Toasts and Stories*. Occasionally he gives his *X-Ray* articles tone by quoting a famous secular writer but more frequently he quotes the Bible, usually to prove something about Jews. His prize possession is his file of the

X-Ray. Some day he will give it to a library, but only "if I'm sure it's some place where they won't get 'em out." That evil, mysterious "they"—the plotters who have been after him all his life—crops out constantly in his conversation.

Asher is extremely busy. Recently, sitting in his editorial chair, he said, "I been away two weeks, haven't even listened to the radio, I got to get over to Indianapolis and check on what's going on. But my God I got a paper to write tonight and tomorrow." His paper is printed in a job shop at Centerville; he goes there Thursday night to help make up and set type. On Friday it is distributed—his wife helps with the mailing, her only participation—and Asher disappears for the weekend. Critics say he goes away to collect a cash payoff, or hide. Actually he goes down to the Jurdon hills. Frequently Muncie people bring him bits of gossip or scandal. "You have to see 'em all. If you push 'em aside, you're liable to push the wrong one aside." However, Asher insists he has avoided publishing scandal, unlike so many editors of small blackmailing weeklies. "When you start hammerin' that personal stuff you're punishing a man's wife and children; you got no right to do that."

VII

IF ASHER were shown to have been on the Nazi payroll, those who know him best would be flabbergasted. One has said, "I think Court is completely loyal. If somebody'd insult the flag in his presence he'd mop up the floor with him. It's just that somebody took advantage of his ignorance." The same inner drives which sent him to jail as a bootlegger sent him twenty years later to the federal dock accused of sedition. He was a poor boy. He had to live by his wits. Something in his nature would not let him be content with plodding along as a machinist. A pure opportunist, he tried for the big money in any field of endeavor which presented itself—bootlegging, the Klan, politics—and in all he naturally made enemies. His newspaper gave him a weapon. And more—a justification. In it he found use for the two mainsprings of his character: opportunism and an underdog's vindictiveness.

In the nineteen-thirties the views of the Republicans and isolationists fitted his. Isolationism is a type of patriotism. Your high-octane patriot loves his country so intensely that he cannot see beyond it; just so, Asher loves the Jurdon hills. The Republicans hated the Democrats; so did Asher, for they had put his saloon out of business. And so on—he slid into line. But some of his fellow crusaders may have had further motives which he did not fully understand. Once they had lit the fuse they scarcely needed to do more; Reds and Jews became his personal enemies.

The viciousness of his attacks was boundless, for he is by nature a street-fighter, not a duellist with rigid code of honor. Asher probably never knew a Communist and he said recently, "Some of my best friends have been Jews"—and named them. But once he had adopted these ideas he could not shake them off. He is quick to analyze a complex situation, arrive at an answer frequently wrong, and stick to it stubbornly. He is a victim of the *idée fixe*. At his family reunion this year he blamed the small crowd, which disturbed him greatly, on the committee's failure to provide chairs, and before the afternoon was over he was talking of almost nothing else, with nearly pathological repetition. Just so easily have larger ideas been implanted in his mind.

Muncie newspapermen who are ashamed of Asher consider his influence negligible. Some Muncie people think of him only as an eccentric. However, state CIO leaders credit him with encouraging suspicion and race hatred among Muncie workmen. His influence goes far beyond Muncie. The *X-Ray's* circulation is now at an all-time high—nine thousand, Asher says—with a national subscription concentrated in California, Chicago, New York City, and Detroit. Poison spreads fast.

Many people to whom Asher's extremist expression is repugnant sympathize with at least some of his views; and that he influences his loyal subscribers cannot be doubted. Recently in the hills, where his paper is widely read and admired, a gaunt old man said, "You know that big print under your picture, Court, I never let that go by. Oh, that really knocks the sox offa 'em." He meant the editorials.

Frequently Asher publishes long hymns to the rustic or to the old days. (Remember, James Whitcomb Riley was probably the most popular man who ever lived in Indiana.) Asher has written: "The farmer and the farmer's wife . . . had a good grip on things . . . the plot of ground beyond the farm up on the hill, where they would lie down in quiet graves and rest among relatives and friends, neighbors all, until the blowing of the trumpet. . . . Ah, me, in these Satanic days when the Jew Deal edicts and commands are that we must relinquish all that is sacred. . . ."

Every summer he suspends publication for two weeks to vacation in the Jurdon hills. He has his eye on a piece of land

there. At the reunion, standing on the hilltop by the schoolhouse, he said, "God damn, this is a pretty valley. Here's where I wanta come back here and live." He likes publishing and politics—he is never happier than when he has stirred up a ruckus, and his eyes flash with delight when he says, "I'll have a *Congressional* investigation goin' yet on this God damn liquor thing"—but withal publishing has become burdensome to him. "Hell, I been fightin' all my life. I'm tired of it." He would like to sell out for \$15,000 and live in the hills and write for magazines, or start a business in Martinsville. His wife wants him to. He said recently, "I guess I've lived too long."

Little Elegy for Gertrude Stein

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

PASS gently, pigeons on the grass,
For where she lies alone, alas,
Is all the wonder ever was.

O deep she sleeps where everywhere
Grave children make pink marks on air
Or draw one black line . . . here to there.

Because effects were upside down,
Ends by knotty meanings thrown,
Words in her hands grew smooth as stone.

May every bell that says farewell,
Tolling her past all telling, tell
What she, all told, knew very well.

If now, somehow, they try to say—
This way, that way, everywhichway—
Goodbye . . . the word is worlds away.

Come softly, all; she lies with those
Whose deepening innocence, God knows,
Is as the rose that is a rose.

THE UNBUDGEABLE

MISS QUILLOCK

A Story

WILLIAM C. WHITE

THE war agency in which I worked mushroomed up after Pearl Harbor and could never find enough trained government hands. Willing amateurs held jobs in administration and management that needed long Civil Service training and experience. A salting of career people helped to straighten their mistakes, advised on shortcuts and how to cover up after taking them. But in most of the management, personnel, and other front office jobs were people who never in their lives had written a justification for a pay raise, had tried to draw up a departmental budget that would pass the Budget Bureau and a Congressional Committee, or had hired or fired a man by proper governmental procedure.

When Miss Quillock came along our personnel officer was a fat and very patriotic Mr. Limington, an ex-salesman for a chair factory. He said little about his past except that he had taken this government job at great financial sacrifice. He preferred to talk about his postwar plans in which he aimed at being top personnel manager for Du Pont or General Motors. The more Manhattans he drank, after hours, the greener his plans grew and the more generous he was with job applicants.

It was by a stream of Manhattans that Mr. Limington ran into Miss Quillock. She was past forty, short and solid, with square jaws, square hips, and squared

shoulders. She had had fifteen years of government service in Washington and now Chicago. She said she was an able secretary. She wanted a job in the East.

"Sure, sure," Limington said, with the divine air of wholesale mountain moving that government service often inspires. "Come in see me in a couple days and there'll be a place for you right in my office. We need good people bad." He made a note on a bar napkin.

Two days later Miss Quillock appeared in Limington's office. He vaguely remembered her and said something about needing a few more days and would she please fill out a fifty-seven, an application blank, in the meantime.

"That is done," she said pleasantly, handing him the long form completed. "I know quite a bit about Civil Service, as I told you. I have had more than fifteen years of it. Besides, I took the liberty of arranging my own transfer from Chicago. My superior was very glad to help me and signed the proper papers to expedite my transfer. You need only sign these three papers, two of them in quadruplicate, as you know, and everything will be in order." She laid neatly typed transfer forms on his desk.

Limington was pleased by her briskness. As he put her on the payroll he even congratulated himself on the accuracy of his

quick judgment. People experienced in government were so hard to find. As an afterthought he checked through her papers and happened to notice that she had worked in eleven different government offices in five years. Curious about that, he called one of her first employers. He called one of her more recent employers. Miss Quillock, both reported, was an excellent secretary at times but she was a dreadful person to have in an office, neurotic, high strung, fearful of persecution and threatening suicide, as bad as an active case of cholera to employees' morale, and afflicted with notions of grandeur that ignored a superior's wishes. Every man who had had to take her spent most of his time thereafter trying to pass her on to another unsuspecting agency, always with the best of references.

The colleague to whom Limington temporarily assigned the woman came back in a day and said she was too jumpy and jittery to have around. Either she be moved or he would quit. Limington then offloaded her on another innocent. He was back in two days with the same ultimatum. By this time she was known around the office and no one would take her and Limington did not want her now in his own office. He thought of sending her to one of our overseas offices but he knew that our medical examiner had the gift of seventh sight about neuroses and would never pass her. He played with the idea of offering her to a number of other government agencies but knew what would happen as soon as they saw her varied employment record. He found himself thinking of little except getting rid of her. The global war, of which he had never been overly conscious anyway, receded.

After a few days he made a decision and called in one of his personnel assistants. "I want you to fire Miss Quillock at once but do it so that she won't know she's being fired. I mean, so she thinks it's for organizational reasons and nothing personal. See?"

"Why don't you do it? You hired her!"

"It's sort of involved," Limington said, looking out the window. "In a way I'm not sure what she might do to herself when she heard the bad news—she's very high strung. You have a safe inside office on

the second floor and I have this place, on the sixth floor with these damned windows right on the main street. See?"

THE assistant, who had never even fired a drunken housemaid, called her into his office. Keeping his eye on the jar of paper clips on his desk, he began without much confidence about the way an organization's plans change and how jobs once urgent have a way of disappearing in a big organization and oftentimes people have to be disappointed by such an organization, not through any fault of theirs.

Each new phrase shortened the friendly smile on Miss Quillock's face. She interrupted, "What are you trying to say, young man?"

"I'm trying to say that our organization's plans change."

"You have already said that. Three times. What has that to do with me?"

"Well, you see—" He looked for encouragement from the silvery eyes of the paper clips and got none. "This is not meant personally but—"

Her smile returned suddenly and even warmer. "Are you trying to tell me that you want me to resign?"

"Yes," said the assistant. "I am."

Miss Quillock looked relieved. "Then that is clear and we understand each other. Thank you."

The assistant, scarcely believing it could be over as quickly and as easily as that, looked up for the first time.

"But—" Miss Quillock teetered on the word, "I refuse to resign so you must discharge me and that is quite complicated. You know, I have been in Civil Service fifteen years." She started to the door. "Since none of you will assign me to a definite place here you will find me in your library from nine until six, awaiting assignment. If you look that up in your manual you will find it in order."

She left with no sign of ill feeling. A moment later she returned, with the smile of a person eager to be helpful. "You see, young man, if you want to discharge me you must first file charges against me with the Civil Service Commission, according to procedure. You forgot that."

The assistant reported to Limington who had waited impatiently for news of

the skirmish. Having to draw up charges depressed him. "After all," he admitted, "she hasn't refused to work. It's just her personality." He knew he would have no peace in his office or any other thought in his mind until he had settled her so he said, "Very well, I'll handle her."

HE CALLED her in to his office. Keeping an eye on the window he told her sternly that she was fired and that he would prepare proper charges. "Of course," he added, "you'll go on leave without pay tomorrow."

Miss Quillock agreed. "By Civil Service procedure that is the proper thing to do. But leave without pay is not convenient for me just now. I intend to fight my case. In the meantime I need my salary."

Limington repeated angrily, "Leave without pay, tomorrow."

"I am a taxpayer," Miss Quillock reminded him sharply. "As such I think your methods for recruiting personnel for a public agency are very bad. Recruiting strangers at cocktail bars! Promising them jobs after a few drinks! Not making the slightest investigation! How can you know whom you will pick up?" She looked very unhappy at having to deliver a reprimand. "I do not believe the Civil Service Commission would approve such recruiting methods and I should hate to have to report that to the Commission."

She did not go on leave without pay but continued to wait in the library, nine to six each day, and never a minute late. Limington wrote up the charges—personality unfit for work. During the four weeks until the Commission could be expected to act, Limington assured himself, her unearned salary would only be a drop in the whole war budget and some waste was inevitable in war.

Each day Miss Quillock came to him to ask pleasantly if she could be of any assistance. At the end of four weeks she asked if he had had any news from the Commission. When he said no she smiled, "Of course, Mr. Limington, even if you had an answer it would not be quite legal, would it?" Like a schoolteacher who had guided generations of pesky schoolboys to maturity she said, "You forgot something, you know: to furnish me with a copy of

the charges and ten days to reply before filing them with the Commission. Now you have wasted all this time with me still on the payroll."

Limington handed her a copy of the charges, feeling that the war would be over for him the day he got her off the payroll. He waited a week for her answer and got none. He waited another week, then called her and asked for her answer.

Miss Quillock smiled very pleasantly. "Are you sure you gave me a copy of the charges, Mr. Limington?"

"Gave them to you?" he exploded. "You came and demanded them."

"But can you prove you gave them to me?" she insisted. "The Civil Service manual says the charges must be sent by registered mail. And I don't believe you did that, did you?"

SURE of the answer, Limington rather wearily called Mr. Windle, the only experienced and professional civil servant in the fiscal and personnel section. Windle backed up Miss Quillock. No matter what Limington might say about handing charges across his desk, they should have been sent by registered mail.

Then he asked for more details about the case. Limington gave them gladly while Windle frowned and grunted. "So she thinks she knows Civil Service?" He had thirty years of such service behind him, where it shows. "Let me handle her."

Scarcely believing that relief could come so soon, Limington gladly surrendered the whole thing. For Windle it was a chance to work off his chronic resentment at amateurs put over him in government.

"The first thing," he said, "is to put her on leave without pay. That's the way you should have handled it."

"We can't do that. The poor woman would starve. Besides, let's not use technicalities."

Windle brushed that aside. "Technicalities are the tools that get things done in government. Without them, government would break down."

Miss Quillock might taunt Limington by offering advice but she could not do that to Windle. He set out to act sternly, as a model civil servant who would not be fooled by anyone with less than half his

years in government. He called her in, told her her rights, and with broad jaw pushed forward, awaited any argument. A Civil Service manual was on his desk in front of him if she cared to bring up any fine points. "Let me have your rebuttal of charges," he told her, "then, after the Commission renders a decision, you may appeal. That will take six weeks or more. Until then, you go on leave without pay."

Miss Quillock listened to the voice of solid authority. She said with relief, "I'm so glad to have my case handled by a man of long experience."

Windle sat too solidly to be budged by flattery. "So, come back and see me in about six weeks' time. In the meanwhile you're on leave without pay."

Miss Quillock sat solidly too. "You make up the payroll and authenticate it, don't you, Mr. Windle? And you're bonded, aren't you?"

Windle admitted both of those things without knowing what they had to do with her.

"For these many weeks," she continued, "you have approved payment to me as secretary when it is common knowledge in this office that I have not done a stroke of work and have had no assignment."

"What of it?" Windle asked gruffly. "Things like that can't be helped."

Miss Quillock would not accept that answer. "The Commission would probably overlook such carelessness in office management in an amateur, but when people like you and I, old government hands, are concerned, we are expected to know what's going on in our offices before we approve payment of government funds. When I worked in WPA one administrator, in a similar situation, was forced to repay all the money he had approved."

Windle, who had his own postwar dream of being a CAF 15, the top classification in Civil Service, and who had a justification at the moment for a raise in pay from CAF 12 to CAF 13, knew what she meant.

"See here," he shouted, wanting more time to think, "I was in Civil Service when you were still in high school."

"Precisely what the Commission might say," Miss Quillock replied.

SHE went back to the library. Windle went to the Civil Service manual. For the next three days he walked about with the look of a man trapped in a paper baler.

When Limington asked, "Fired her yet?" Windle growled, "She's got hold of a technicality for the moment, that's all."

Part of Windle's job was to certify the daily time sheets for the payroll clerks. The sheets had places on them after each name for signing time in and time out. All morning he and his assistants were working on them for the next payday. It was a tedious job and Windle disliked it.

After lunch he happened to see Miss Quillock pass his door, smiling peacefully from her sunny vantage place. His frown darkened, he bit the end of the pencil in his hand, and he glared at the time sheets spread over his desk.

A moment later he hurried out to the table at the door where the time sheet for that day was clipped to a board. He examined it, saw what he wanted, and grabbed it from its holder. Then he went back to his office and summoned Miss Quillock.

"What time is it?" he asked as she came in the doorway.

"Time?" Miss Quillock looked puzzled. "It's about two-twenty."

The smile of triumph on Windle's face went from ear to ear. He brandished the day's time sheet at her. "If that's the time, why have you signed out today at six, when the day is not yet over?"

Miss Quillock's face showed she knew the touch of the épée when she felt it. "But everyone here signs in and out when they come in in the morning. It's done like that in most offices—"

"By beginners, perhaps," Windle said, "but old government hands should know it is a serious infraction of rules." He sat back in his chair, his broad shoulders straight again. "I'm putting you on leave without pay, Miss Quillock. If you care to protest that to the Commission—"

Miss Quillock turned and left his office. A few days later she sent in her resignation. When her new employers, the Red Cross, called Mr. Limington for a reference, he gave her a fine one.

I Voted Republican, but . . .

I AM ONE of the millions of Americans who gave the GOP its tidal wave victory last November. I stepped into a booth, pulled the party lever on a voting machine, made one minor adjustment in a local contest, and was out of the booth inside of half a minute. Though I have been enrolled as a Republican ever since I became twenty-one, this is the first time in at least twenty years that I have come so close to voting a straight party ticket.

I had to argue a little to get my wife to the polls. She had a busy day ahead, and couldn't see the use. "I'll just vote the straight Republican ticket anyway," she protested. But she went, and I imagine she voted it straight.

We Republicans won a glorious victory. We swept the country above the Solid South. We took over the House, the Senate, a majority of Governorships. We were so overwhelming that a number of our devastated opponents agreed with Senator Fulbright that President Truman ought to appoint Senator Vandenberg as Secretary of State, resign the presidency, and let us begin running the country without waiting for 1948.

I ought to be very happy about all this, but I'm not. I'm plumb scared. I wish we had just squeaked through. I would have been much easier in my mind if we had achieved a bare majority of one in each house, losing some old seats that we had considered sure, and pulling our winners through by the skin of their teeth.

Maybe I'm what we New Englanders call "queer," or a bit "teched in the head." Maybe I'm just a worrier. Anyway, the size of our victory gives me the creeps. I'm afraid we are going to think we have some sort of mandate. I'm terrified by the certainty that our success gives me, and others, that the GOP can win in 1948 with a Chinaman. I have a feeling that some of the men who control conventions are thinking of doing almost that, and if they do, I believe they will destroy the Republican party for generations if not forever.

Now that Henry Wallace is out of public office, his naïve political utterances often are good for laughs. But what he said the day after election came uncomfortably close to what I was thinking as I read the results: "The Republican Congress will inevitably multiply our economic problems, and the American people, who fundamentally are always progressive in their attitudes, will then turn to liberal leadership for help."

I doubt that the Republican Congress can or will do enough harm to prevent a GOP victory in 1948. I suspect that any Republican candidate who is remotely conceivable can and will win.

BUT my party is on probation. The people haven't forgotten our past errors. They didn't choose us as much as they rejected the Democrats and their splinter party buddies. My wife and I, though born and bred as Republicans, did not vote for a return to Harding-Coolidge normalcy. Nor do I believe that most of the other swing-shift voters, responsible for last November's shift, did either.

Over all, we voted in the outs in order to get rid of the ins. But where there were ins who had demonstrated efficiency, progressiveness, sound liberality, we kept them. As in 1932, so in 1946: we felt that it would be hard to do worse and we might do better, so we tried a change, but we reserved our privilege of changing back when we think best.

As a lay Republican of progressive views and independent voting habits, I hope my party's bosses will realize what my straight vote meant, what I'm afraid about now, how they can keep me and millions like me in the party, or how, if they get swelled heads out of this election, they can drive us away again, maybe forever.

I realize that my lone voice won't change the bosses. But maybe there would be enough echoes to wake them up.

—S. Burton Heath

MILLIONS OF GUILTY MEN

GEORGE H. WELTNER

IN BERLIN a few months ago an American soldier committed suicide. He had been accused of black-market activity and was to be court-martialed. Although I didn't know him, the report of his death disturbed me. You see, in a small way, I was a Berlin black-marketeer myself.

Like me, thousands—or millions—of Americans back home from Europe must stir uneasily when they read of these belated attempts to pin on stray individuals the crimes of whole armies of men. By civilian, peacetime standards most of us committed crimes overseas, individual crimes not in the line of duty. We still feel a bit guilty. Moral reconversion is a slow process, and we're still not sure that we're back on the side of the angels.

Last February I was dining at my regular mess in Berlin with an officer acquaintance. He was talking animatedly about the fluctuations in the black-market price of cigarettes. "You've got to keep up with it just like you was playing the stock market," he said. "Take two weeks ago—you couldn't get rid of them for more than 750 marks a carton, selling direct. I figured those new troops must be unloading cheap and breaking the market. But I knew it couldn't stay down, so I held out. Sold six cartons yesterday for 1,500 each—allied marks. Bet it will go to 2,000 before the end of the week. Imagine! Two hundred bucks a carton!" He finished his ham and called to the waiter, "*Noch Fleisch!*"

He made a sandwich out of the second portion, wrapped it in a *Stars and Stripes*, and stuffed it into his pocket. He winked at me. "Got to keep the girl friend happy. Let's go." As we passed a table where a pink-cheeked young captain was eating alone, my companion nudged me. "See that fellow?" he grinned when we were out in the foyer. "They say he hasn't sold a cigarette since he's been here. Must be religious or something."

I had already heard about the "religious" captain. I knew a few others, too, officers and men, who stayed out of the black market—a few nice guys, a few timid guys, and a few holier-than-thouers. But they were exceptions and they were pointed out as such. The overwhelming majority of us were "in," some with an obsessive lust, some with a keen, business-like zeal, most in a repressed, strenuously casual way.

WHEN you read all those sensational articles on the black market in Europe right after the war, what sort of Americans did you imagine were participating? You thought of the poolroom crowd, the drugstore cowboys, the rough-necks from the wrong side of the tracks, didn't you—all those you would classify as potential criminals here at home? It's true that these types did participate. They were usually the first, the commandos of the operation. But the others came along

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sooner or later, more cautiously, more hypocritically, more deeply worried—but they came—the lawyers, the doctors, the college professors, the engineers, the students of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

My own outfit happened to be heavily weighted on the professional side. I saw them slip down one after the other, some openly and frankly helpless, some with an impenetrable mask of dignity, some fearful and furtive.

There was the ex-professor of economics who with a great show of pure philatelic enthusiasm amassed a small fortune in stamps—*bought*, to be sure, but with money made through the black market, money he couldn't send home. There was the former language student, a corporal, who made a fortune as a middleman between high-ranking officers and German dealers who traded jewelry for food, clothing, and tobacco. There was the colonel who flew large quantities of allied marks to London, came back miraculously with large quantities of English pounds, turned the pounds into fantastically large quantities of marks, and returned again to London. He was handsome, intelligent, an enthusiastic student of world affairs—and twice wounded.

AND there was the Mid-Western major, formerly professor at a corn-belt college, who for a long time had us completely fooled. He had a pious and leathery face like the farmer in Grant Wood's "American Gothic" and a devotion to duty that seemed to flow from a loftier dedication than the rest of us could imagine. Some of us used to point reassuringly to him when we had doubts about the world's future. Then, a few days after he was redeployed, the sergeant who typed for him confided to us that our major was smuggling jewelry back to the States for him—for a handsome commission.

These were just a few of us. We were the backbone of our organization. We represented the "better elements" of our country. We were not all as successful or as ingenious as these few; yet we were all engaging in transactions which were at best dubious and at worst downright illegal. What were the forces that drew us in? What went on in our minds?

II

PART of the story begins with fear, fear and the large hopes that we built to give us courage. During the war years we fought the fear of death—physical and spiritual—with a compensatory dream of life, a dream of what our life would be back home. One balanced the other; the greater the fear the more intense and unrealistic the dream.

The cessation of hostilities dispelled the fear and, at the same time, released us from the terrible compulsion to protect our dream against objective examination. A few men may have carried their dreams back to the States intact, but most of us started the painful job of demolition as soon as we were released from fear. As our capacity for objectivity increased, the dream, the goal which had kept us going during the war years, began to drift and lose form. We began to see through it, and—as we did—a new fear took hold of us, the fear of returning to the workaday world which we now remembered, unwillingly, in all its details. The thrill of gratitude for merely being alive was cruelly fleeting.

The slow redevelopment of a photographic image of home in the minds of victorious soldiers—long before they reached home—was one of the saddest spectacles of the war. You could see it in their faces all over Europe. It was usually called homesickness or "occupation blues." But it was only partly that. It was the beginning of the realization that they had been cheated by their own dreams. They weren't going home to heaven. They weren't going to get any reward.

The average soldier didn't have the insight to recognize that he had cheated himself. (It probably wouldn't have made any difference.) He simply felt that he had been cheated. Disillusioned, he was now ready to cheat the cheaters. Newly cynical, he now sought just one kind of security against the shock of the real world that was facing him back home—hard cash. This state of mind explains, in part, the combined fury and avarice that fed the desire to "make a killing." To most of us the black market wasn't just an opportunity; it was the answer to a prayer.

ANOTHER part of the story has to do with the repressed frenzy of hatred against authority. You could see it frothing from the mouths of soldiers from the very first day of basic training—the primitive language of sexual and anal spoliation. Americans, perhaps more than other people, hate being pushed around, told what to do, tagged, labeled, and tied into an arbitrary system of status and power. In peacetime we'd know what to call this type of social organization. We'd know what to do about it, too. But this was a wartime Army and we "believed," in an impersonal way, that the system was justified as a temporary expedient. So all we did was unleash a flood of filth and profanity which, had it been translated into action, would have smashed the Army in an instant.

The official Army line that the perpetual griping and "bitching" of the average soldier was a healthy sign was belied by the fact that, quite apart from combat, some of the fury *was* released in action—not against the Army but against civilians, both here and abroad. And the fact that the Army was generally indulgent of such depredations suggests an implicit recognition of the rebellion these acts expressed. Better let the men wreck dance halls, beat up civilians, and rape women than run the risk of their rebelling directly against the authority of the Army.

Some of the fury was certainly released in combat against the enemy. But the proportion of men who had a chance to do this directly was small, and it is doubtful, in view of the vastly greater suffering they endured, whether their resentment against the Army was reduced for long.

We had to challenge *some* authority, somewhere, somehow, to recover our self-respect, not as soldiers, but as persons—to convince ourselves that we were still individuals with private needs and private wills. Sooner or later we *had* to break a law. For most of us, the end of hostilities in Europe was the signal that the time had come.

In the black market we struck our symbolic blows against absolute power. In the dark and stinking streets of Europe, trading in broken French, German, and Italian, we cast off the chains of authority and

rediscovered ourselves as free individuals. The GI with a full musette bag hurrying down Berlinerstrasse to keep an appointment with a German contact was not simply the counterpart of the black meat dealer here at home. For the GI it wasn't just a matter of making a few extra shady dollars. He was a revolutionary. He was telling the generals that he'd had enough, that he couldn't stand it any more, and that from here on out he was in business for himself.

THERE'S a final set of feelings that drove us into the black market, feelings that returning heroes are not supposed to mention. All of us had friends at home who, we felt sure, were making a pile of money. They were in the war, too; they were the "home front" and they backed us all the way, making guns and tanks and ships. But how well they were paid for it! It is not in good taste to bear down too heavily with this point; it's not in the proper character of the American soldier. And it leads right over into that irritating world-owes-me-a-living attitude. The ex-home front is prepared to meet this kind of talk with some pretty devastating replies. We have already been put to shame by them.

The fact remains, however, that when we were overseas we failed miserably to make sense out of the system of rewards associated with war-making. And our failure to understand was accompanied by strong feelings. There were times, for example, when I thoroughly hated one of my best home-front friends, a small manufacturer in Rhode Island. I knew we needed him there, his shop and his products. But did *he* need all that money he was making? I was only a corporal dodging bombs in London when this particular resentment took root in me.

It is sad but true that we not only thought of the loved ones at home but the hated ones as well. With visional force we saw the moral absurdity of one group of men safe at home making fortunes while another large group of men risked their lives for pocket money—both engaged in a "common" war effort. We know you can't pay a man adequately for risking his life—but it would have been nice if somebody had tried.

We couldn't hope to resolve this injustice. All we could do was soften its impact at our end—by way of the black market.

THESE are the forces and these are the feelings that drove us in. This is the defense I shall make if I am ever called to account. It is a defense I have to make anyway, to myself, in order to clarify my behavior in my own eyes and to dispel the small cloud of guilt and cynicism that hangs over my head. It is especially urgent now that I am no longer braced by that strong band of men who challenged authority with me, now that I am exposed once again to civilian definitions of right and wrong.

The guilt was real enough even in Berlin. The language student once came to me with an elaborate chart of the degrees of immorality, designed to prove that he himself represented only a limited kind of badness. The colonel, less systematic, used to get drunk and call himself vile names in the mirror. Others,

unable to adjust in any other way, became cynics; they decided that man was just naturally corrupt.

It would be unfortunate for all of us, all the millions of us, if we continued for long to feel either guilty or cynical. I hate to think of the colonel inhibiting his real capacity to fight for a good cause because he no longer thinks he has the right to side with the angels. I hate to think of my friend, the solemn Mid-Western professor, moulting clumsily into a sterile cynic just because he packed a few jewels off to the corn belt. And I hate to think of all the young GI's who may define their own characters in terms of their worst behavior overseas, and may convince themselves that the main thing, here as well as there, is to "make a killing."

My defense applies to all of them. We were in a bad spot—worse than most of us had the courage or the insight to recognize—and we fought against it with the means at hand.

I don't think we are as bad as we have secretly judged ourselves to be.

The Battle, After All, Is the Payoff

YOU cannot write a true history of a battle without including the faults and misbehaviour of part at least of those engaged. Believe me that every man you see in military uniform is not a hero. . . .

Remember, I recommend you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is. . . . If a true history is written, what will become of the reputation of half those who have acquired reputation, and who deserve it for their gallantry, but who, if their mistakes and casual misconduct were made public, would not be so well thought of?

—The Duke of Wellington, 1815, in a letter to a historian who had requested his help.

THE WAY TO INDUSTRIAL PEACE

III. Can We Get Around the Roadblocks?

PETER F. DRUCKER

THERE is no recipe for perfect labor relations, just as there is none for the perfect marriage or for any other human relationship. But in a quarter century of systematic study we have acquired a good deal of knowledge about the causes of labor troubles and how to cure them. We now know enough to make a start on shifting the worker-management relationship in modern industry from a basis of latent civil war to one of live-and-let-live—and eventually to one of harmony and partnership. These basic principles of industrial peace have been presented in the first two articles of this series. But how close are we to translating this knowledge into practice?

Good or bad labor relations are always determined where worker and employer come in immediate contact—that is, in the plant. Therefore, the general adoption of the findings of our laboratory experiments in good labor relations depends on joint labor-management action. But in spite of considerable progress, especially among the younger industrial-relations men in industry, only small groups on either side seem to be willing or able today to move in the direction of industrial peace. Both labor and management are on

the whole preoccupied with bigger and better industrial warfare. “Sure, we can have labor peace,” a veteran union man recently summed up the situation, “but management is too dumb to do anything about it, and the union leaders are too smart.”

Management, it would seem, has everything to gain from an improvement in industrial relations, and very little to lose. Its authority inside the plant, badly undermined today, would certainly be strengthened; good labor relations imply a better understanding of management’s functions on the part of the workers, greater respect for it, and sympathy with its problems.

A peaceful resolution of the labor-management conflict would also greatly strengthen management’s public standing. It would eliminate most of the public resentment against the employer, and the political pressure which grows out of it. Bad labor relations inevitably mean economic losses, even if there is no strike. Tension and bad feeling lead to slow-downs, to worker resistance against improved production techniques, and to bitter guerrilla warfare in the plant. Finally, all our experience proves abundantly that the satisfied and happy worker—the

This article concludes a series of three by Mr. Drucker. Reprints of the entire series are now available—see page 92.

worker who feels secure in his job and in his plant community—is a much more efficient and much more productive worker.

The reason why management does not take more initiative in the field of industrial relations is not that bad labor relations are to its advantage. On the whole it simply lacks the understanding and imagination for the job—above all the understanding of the nature of its relationship to the worker. The most obvious obstacle on management's side is its deeply-rooted belief that the paycheck is all-important. But the outstanding conclusion from the industrial research work of the past quarter century is that the employer-employee relationship is a human rather than primarily a paycheck relationship. The workers are aware of that; in none of a dozen surveys recently conducted independently of each other in a dozen companies were wages rated by the workers as the field most in need of improvement. They put the wage issue fifth, sixth, in one case even tenth. In all cases it rated well below such things as job security, the prompt settlement of grievances, and management interest in the worker.

But management in general still clings to its belief in economic determinism. There is only too much truth in the epigram of a union wit that the National Association of Manufacturers is the only truly Marxist body in this country today. To rid management of these economic blinkers—to induce it to see the worker as a whole, as a human being, and to see the plant as a social institution in which a worker has to be given citizenship—must be among the first objectives of a sound labor relations policy.

JUST as great a weakness as its obsession with the paycheck is management's tendency toward "human gadgeteering." This is the tendency to hunt trick panaceas, rather than to look for the underlying principles of the problem. To the human gadgeteers the worker is still a robot rather than a human being—though, to be sure, a psychological rather than an economic automaton. There is a story about an employer who is said to have written to a well-known labor relations expert: "Dear Professor: I employ 1,500 workers, mostly

men. Please send me a labor relations program and a statement of your fees in the enclosed self-addressed envelope." This tale is probably apocryphal. But the basic approach which it caricatures comes easy to American management with its strong emphasis on engineering and production methods—so easy that management trainees tend to pick up gadgets and trick techniques, rather than basic understanding, even at a place like the Industrial Research Institute at Harvard, where all work is done by the "clinical method" on the basis of a careful analysis of each individual problem.

Finally, there is the tendency of many managements to see in good industrial relations primarily a means to bust the union. The out-and-out union buster is probably not a major problem; at least he knows what he wants even though he will not get it. The real danger is the sincere but woolly-headed sentimentalist who feels that the union is an "outsider" that has come between him and "his workers," and who wants to use labor relations techniques to re-establish the "happy family." Actually, such an approach not only will not result in good labor relations; it will also discredit any attempt to reach industrial peace.

Under modern industrial conditions the union is not an "outsider." It is not merely legitimate but necessary to good labor relations. Of course there is a good deal wrong with American unionism at present, as we shall see shortly. But unless the workers of one plant or of one company are linked with their fellow workers elsewhere in an organization that is truly independent, paternalism and company domination of the workers are almost inevitable. And good labor relations are impossible as long as the worker's status in industry is dependent upon the benevolence of management. The worker's lack of citizenship in the modern plant is at the very root of a great deal of our present labor troubles. Indeed, in a recent exhaustive survey of labor-management attitudes (made by Professor E. W. Bakke of Yale and published by him under the title "Mutual Survival"), resentment against the "my workers" philosophy of management showed up as a main cause of worker hostility.

II

IF MANAGEMENT is "too dumb" to take the initiative in working out harmonious industrial relations, the labor leaders are "too smart." Unlike management, most union executives understand the problem thoroughly. Their job is primarily political, and they possess the political imagination which management—trained in finance or engineering—so often lacks. But precisely because labor leaders are politicians who hold their office at the pleasure of the union members, their first concern must be to keep themselves in power—and it is a legitimate concern.

That means only too often that they have a stake in the preservation of industrial conflict. Indeed, the pressure on the modern union leader—Benjamin Selekman has described it in a recent issue of the *Harvard Business Review*—is so great that only the strongest and most courageous can resist it. Their overwhelming temptation is to divert such pressure by aggravating industrial tension and conflict.

This is partly the result of the basic structure of modern unionism and of its history. For the unions originated as "antibodies" to protect labor *against* management and *against* society as a whole. And it is a very difficult job indeed for men who have grown up in this tradition to change something that has become second nature with them, now that the unions have become established, powerful, and almost a part of the governmental structure. This difficulty—and it may well be the basic problem labor unions will have to solve—is by no means confined to this country. No union movement has solved it so far, not even British labor. When the Labor government nationalized the coal mines, the British miners reacted immediately by electing as their new secretary general one of the few important Communists in the British labor movement—not because the deeply religious Welsh miners are in any way inclined toward Communism, but because they were not going to be led by a "company man." With the Labor government their new "boss," any Labor Party unionist automatically became a "company man."

In addition—and also largely because

of the "anti" tradition of the movement—union leaders are afraid that good labor relations would replace loyalty to the union with loyalty to the company and to the plant community. Certainly as long as the union movement is primarily a negative movement, that result is indeed likely.

THESE two factors—although very important—are less crucial in America than in Europe, if only because American unionism has never adopted a political ideology or organized a political party. Nevertheless, it is peculiarly difficult for the American labor movement to accept industrial peace. In one respect the American labor movement of today has a much greater stake in industrial conflict than any European labor movement ever had. American unions—particularly the relatively new ones in the basic industries—are going through a severe internal crisis. At the moment many of them are held together only by common opposition to employer and to society. While the unions in this country appear outwardly to be strong and powerful as never before, every insider is fully conscious that the unions have never been as weak and as disunited.

The crisis signs have been multiplying during the last year or two. One of them is the emergence of labor tycoons attempting to build labor empires—and tycoons are always a pathological symptom. There is the increasing bitterness and intensity of the feud between rival unions. Moreover, every one of the big unions in the basic industries (with the single exception of the miners) is torn by internal fights and factions. Finally, there is the growing influence of the Communists, with their all-out opposition to everybody—the present union leaders, employers, government, and the public in general. The tactics both of John L. Lewis, with his District 50, and of the Communists indicate that they are convinced the big CIO unions will hold together only so long as it is possible for them to keep on winning rapid wage increases—and that means not very much longer. Both hope to pick up the pieces after the explosion which they consider inevitable. And off the record a good many CIO leaders would agree.

The reasons for this crisis are in part temporary and almost accidental—such as the memory of the last depression, the worker's almost universal fear of a new one, and the difficulty of fitting the veterans into the union structure. But the main cause lies deeper; it lies in the failure of many unions—especially the big industrial unions—to give the worker what he joined the union for.

THE big CIO unions have had only two real aims—to unionize their industries and to get higher wage rates. Both of these goals have been substantially achieved. It is true that a large fraction of the American labor force is still unorganized. But in the major industrial centers unionization is almost complete; and the worker in Detroit or Toledo now gets very little satisfaction or feeling of participation out of a union drive in Georgia or New Mexico. Wage rates in the basic industries have been increased so much that their employees, when working full-time, now earn considerably more than the national average. In fact, in the past few years, it has been economically impossible to increase wage rates in these basic industries except at the expense of the unorganized workers in small businesses and of the white collar group. To the extent that these groups also organize, the unions in the basic industries will actually lose ground as far as future wage demands are concerned.

But even when they were live issues, union recognition and higher wage rates were the slogans rather than the real purposes of the union from the members' point of view. The overriding reason why the workers, especially the unskilled men in the mass production industries, flocked to the unions was that they expected to find there the personal and social satisfaction—the area of responsible citizenship—which had been denied to the worker in the modern plant. The great CIO drives in the thirties owed their evangelical fervor and their almost religious appeal largely to the worker's yearning for a genuine community. Unionism offered itself as a substitute for what the plant should have achieved and failed to achieve. And the crisis of today—the

dissatisfaction, the pressure, the factionalism that is so rife in the big unions—has arisen precisely because the unions as a whole have failed to give the worker citizenship and community life through his membership.

The promise has been lived up to by most of the old AFL unions of skilled workers, such as the machinists. In these unions "fraternal" is not a meaningless word. However harmful the apprenticeship system of these unions has been for the economy as a whole, it has helped greatly to make the union a community. Nor is it altogether impossible to fulfill the promise in an industrial union. It has been realized in older industrial unions whose members were isolated and drawn together either by geography, as the coal miners, or by religion and language, as the members of the two New York garment unions.

But most of the new industrial unions have failed—partly because they grew too fast and too easily, partly because their leaders scoffed at the AFL emphasis on union community life as an old-fashioned relic of the Gompers era. The CIO leaders became as obsessed with the paycheck as management, and they often confused internal community life and self-government with the trappings of external political power. Consequently, they frequently substituted professional union management, governing from above, for the active participation of the members. (This has been especially—and tragically—true in the United Auto Workers.) In many of these large unions there is about the same relationship between leaders and members today as there is between modern corporation management and stockholders—with the all-important difference, however, that the stockholder does not want to take an active part in the management of "his business," whereas the union member regards active participation as one of the central purposes of unionism. It is amazing how many of the older and more experienced men in the unions in Detroit, Cleveland, or Pittsburgh frankly express their deep disillusionment; the younger men join the Communists or form another "anti" faction.

This does not at all mean that the workers are disillusioned with union-

ism or willing to return to the unorganized conditions of pre-union days. On the contrary, they are more convinced of the necessity of unionism than ever. Any management that should be fool enough to try to utilize internal union conflict in order to get rid of the union is not only in for a very unpleasant surprise but is bound to do real harm to the cause of industrial peace. But his profound dissatisfaction leads the union member more and more to seek in factional fights the satisfaction that is denied to him in routine union life. In these fights he is again important, his vote and his opinion count, he has a chance to talk, to campaign, and to be heard.

Increasingly this means that the union can act as a unit only by projecting its internal conflicts on the outside—that is, in a strike. Potentially the most dangerous and the most explosive element in our present labor situation is this tendency for the strike to become a ritual affirmation of union unity and community of spirit. One of the main reasons for the prolongation of the packing house strike last winter, for instance, was the racial unity which the strike established between white and colored workers on the picket lines. This unity was in marked contrast to the high tension between the races that had existed in the plants, and which reappeared the moment the men went back to work. Similarly, one of the major reasons why the steel and the electrical workers went on strike at about the same time was to smother at least temporarily the factional fights which had threatened to tear apart the two unions.

To use the strike as a weapon against internal factions, rather than to fight the employer, goes against all the traditions of responsible union leadership. The very rare union demagogue who, in order to maintain himself in power, intentionally stirs up trouble in a plant with good labor relations is still condemned by all his responsible colleagues. Yet it has become an axiom even for responsible leaders—especially in the CIO—that no distinction must be made between plants with good labor relations and plants with bad labor relations, that they must be struck without discrimination and that their manage-

ments must be attacked and reviled in the same way. The great majority of union leaders deplore this but hardly dare come out against the doctrine in public, let alone act contrary to it. As a result an increasing number of employers, especially those who have really tried to do a good labor relations job, are becoming discouraged and inclined to believe that there is no point in trying to live peaceably with labor. They are beginning to feel that they might as well accept the fact that there can only be labor war, and that they have to prepare for it.

III

NEITHER management nor labor—at least not the great majority on both sides—are today willing or able to start work on labor peace on their own initiative. What can we do to force them into a different attitude? The first question obviously is: What can the government do?

Government action is of vital importance, especially because bad labor laws and administrative practices can do a lot of harm. Moreover, an attempt almost certainly will be made in the next few years to legislate good labor relations. Hence it is essential to understand what government action can do and what it cannot.

In four fields government action can have profound influence on labor relations:

- 1 There is the whole complex of relations between the unions and the body politic. The great majority of strikes during the last year and a half were not really strikes against the employer but strikes against the public and against the government. They forcibly brought home the fact that the unions are no longer weak and persecuted underdogs but vital organs of society which—like every other organ of society—must be subjected to the public interest. The standard definition of a public utility, “a legal monopoly affected with the public interest,” is an almost perfect description of the modern large-scale union. In such matters as jurisdictional and sympathy strikes, union restrictions on output, and strikes against the common welfare—especially in public

utilities, transportation, and basic industries—there must be some definite regulation of union rights and union responsibilities.

2 Another field in which government action is both possible and necessary concerns the relationship between the union and its own members. With union membership becoming increasingly a condition of employment, unions are acquiring more power to grant or to deny a man's livelihood than any employer ever had. A man deprived of union membership in a plant which has a maintenance of membership, union shop, or closed shop clause in its labor contract is cut off as completely from his source of livelihood as a disbarred lawyer or a doctor whose license has been revoked. In other words, the unions exercise governmental functions. While almost all unions are very well aware of the responsibility this power involves and are most careful not to abuse it, it is a basic principle of a free society not to grant anyone arbitrary or uncontrolled governmental power over the livelihood of the citizen.

Moreover, nothing today prevents a union from using the threat of expulsion to deny a member basic political rights and civil liberties. In California last year a man was deprived of membership in a closed shop union because he had spoken publicly against a legislative amendment sponsored by the union's executive board. It may be perfectly all right for a union to bar members of the Communist Party from union office—such a provision may well be necessary for the union's survival. But whether a union with a closed shop provision could be allowed to bar Communists from membership—as one of the maritime unions was recently urged to do by a high government official—is very questionable indeed, at least as long as the Communist Party has not been outlawed by the courts. Union decisions on membership should at least be made subject to "due process"—that is, to judicial review.

These two fields for government action present very difficult problems. Union leaders have good reasons to object vigorously to legislation on these subjects,

however much they may admit in private that some regulation is necessary and in the best interest of the unions themselves. The danger is indeed great that such legislation will be union busting and will be intended to destroy rather than to regulate. The history of our attempts to regulate business in the public interest certainly does not indicate that we are likely to get good laws on community-union relations through the ordinary process of piecemeal Congressional log rolling.

One way out would be to follow British tradition in such matters and to appoint an American equivalent of the British Royal Commission. The goals for such a commission should, of course, be set by Congress, but without specifying the means. The commission should be given ample time—maybe three to five years—to work out a program and prepare draft legislation. Such a commission would have to consist of public members and union leaders only. Management representatives as such are neither necessary nor desirable, since management is not a direct party to the issues.

3 The next major area in which government action may be desirable—though expert opinion is sharply divided—is the settlement of the purely financial conflicts. If wage rates could be removed from the conflict by making them subject to compulsory arbitration, we clearly would eliminate a major source of industrial friction. But we certainly would do much more harm than good if we attempted compulsory arbitration on any basis other than that which the War Labor Board used during the war. The WLB proved to be one of the most fruitful—though certainly the least appreciated—of any of the major war agencies, because its decisions were based on a well-established quasi-judicial principle. Any peacetime wage tribunal would need an equally firm quasi-judicial basis for its rulings.

Otherwise, wage settlements will inevitably become the political football they have been since the end of the war, with disastrous effects both for the authority of the government and for industrial peace. Such a judicial principle, however, will be very difficult to find; one possible yard-

stick—productive efficiency—was discussed in the March 1946 *Harper's*.

Any system of compulsory wage arbitration would have to be tripartite, with representatives of the workers, employers, and the public making up the tribunal. Neither labor nor management would be willing to accept any other arrangement. Moreover, as the experience of the War Labor Board showed conclusively, the expert knowledge of both sides is needed in order to arrive at a fair decision. A tripartite panel also promotes mutual understanding and mutual respect.

Finally, compulsory arbitration, while based on one nation-wide judicial or quasi-judicial principle, must be administered by regional or industry-wide boards, applying regional or industry criteria, rather than by a central board applying one uniform formula such as the magical 18½ cent hourly wage increase of the last year. For one thing, in a country as large as this no single over-all formula makes much sense. What is even more important, centralized compulsory wage arbitration would bring about a complete cartelization of American industry in a short time; and a rigid wage cartel would be fully as dangerous as any other type of monopoly organization. The arbitrary 18½ cent formula imposed on almost every industry in the past year may have done as much to cartelize American business as all the monopoly practices prosecuted by Thurman Arnold would have done.

4 Finally, government should revise certain practices and policies which tend to reward labor conflict rather than labor peace. The great weakness of the National Labor Relations Board, for example, is the fact that it is required by law to promote conflict and to frown with suspicion on any trace of co-operation as "unfair labor practice." Here is the one point on which the National Labor Relations Act indisputably needs amendment. Incidentally, it was this feature which explained President Roosevelt's qualms—now almost forgotten—about the act when Senator Wagner first introduced it in Congress; Roosevelt only began to support the Wagner Act after Congress had enacted it in spite of his quite outspoken doubts.

Even more dangerous than the NLRB bias is the discouragement of peaceful settlement of labor disputes and the premium put on labor war which has characterized the labor policy of the Truman administration. Following the bad precedent of the wartime handling of the coal strikes, the administration has, in every labor dispute of the last eighteen months—with the single exception of the railroad strike—given more to those unions who went on strike against an arbitration award than to those who negotiated their differences with management. The latest example was the maritime strike of last fall. Needless to say, such a government attitude makes peaceful settlement of labor disputes virtually impossible.

IF WE succeed in reforming our labor law and labor practice successfully—and it is a very big "if"—we shall certainly have brought good labor relations a good deal nearer than they are now. But we will not have done more than establish a framework for good labor relations. It would still remain true that industrial relations can be made only in the plant.

We must, therefore, find some way to persuade both management and unions to move toward industrial peace. To be more precise, we must induce management to act and the workers and their representatives to co-operate; for in spite of the changes of the last few years, the leadership and initiative inside the plant—and with it the responsibility—is still largely management's. We cannot impose concrete solutions on either side, but we may be able to force them to change their attitudes—to induce or to cajole management into looking upon the worker as a human being rather than an automaton and as so much "cost per unit of production"; to bring union leaders to the point where they no longer have such an overwhelming stake in labor conflict.

The only thing that might appreciably lessen union fear of management action toward industrial peace would be the general acceptance of the maintenance of membership clause. That should eliminate the pervading suspicion that good labor relations will be used to bust the union. Alexander Heron of Crown-Zellerbach,

who is perhaps more responsible than any other man for the exceptionally good labor relations in the Pacific Coast pulp and paper industry, believes that acceptance of maintenance of membership in this industry in 1936—that is, a good many years before the War Labor Board adopted it as a general principle—is one of the main reasons for the willingness of the unions to work in harmony with management. And no other single fact is so responsible for the labor unrest of the last year—not even the rising cost of living—as the attempt of some managements to get rid of the maintenance of membership clause as soon as the war emergency was over.

On the other side of the picture, one way we can persuade management to change its basic concept of the worker is to establish guaranteed annual wage plans wherever possible. Such a wage guarantee forces management to consider the worker as a permanent capital asset, rather than as raw material which is bought according to current needs. A management with an annual wage plan simply cannot persist in the paycheck philosophy of human relations. While the annual wage by itself only eliminates one of the causes of labor trouble, its adoption has led managements—at least that is our experience so far—to go to work on the other causes of labor unrest and unhappiness, if only because few annual wage plans could be run successfully without some active worker participation.

Finally, we might follow the recent British example of “working parties” and form tripartite groups, representing employers, workers, and the public, to study industrial relations, industry by industry, region by region, even company by company where the individual business is very large. In contrast to the British example, however, such groups should not only contain top management and top union leaders, but also members drawn from local plant management, including foremen and local workers elected by the men in the plants themselves.

It would be the business of such groups to analyze both current management and current union practices and to work out new approaches toward industrial peace. At first—perhaps for quite some time—only the public members would really be willing to work for peace; management and workers’ representatives have been used to thinking in terms of labor war too long to make the change overnight. But even if these groups at first achieve nothing but to give both sides a chance to talk out their conflicts, they would promote mutual understanding. One of the first problems such a group should take up, incidentally, would be the annual wage and its feasibility for a particular industry or a particular corporation.

None of these devices would give us a complete solution. But they might bring both sides to the point where they become willing and able to work on industrial peace rather than on industrial war.

ONLY one thing remains to be added to the survey of industrial relations that has been attempted in this series. But it may well be the most important thing: the terrible urgency of the job. Everybody who has been working in the field—executives, union leaders, government officials, and research workers—knows that we have a very short time in which to do the work, maybe five, maybe ten, hardly as much as twenty-five years. We have the opportunity today to build a structure of industrial peace and partnership. We have the knowledge to do the job, and in spite of antilabor employers and union demagogues, in spite of the bitterness and shock caused by the greed and hysteria of the last year, we still have a lot of good will on both sides. But if we do not act soon, our industrial society is likely to become frozen in a pattern of permanent war, with rigidly drawn class lines of conflict. Neither free enterprise nor free government could survive long if our industrial society should degenerate into such permanent conflict.

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THE LONG-AGO MAN OF THE FUTURE

LOREN C. EISELEY

ON THE TABLE before me lies a human skull of strange and unusual appearance. It is a skull that would lend reality to the fantastic tales of our childhood. There is a hint of Wells' *Time Machine* folk in it—those pathetic, child-like people whom Wells pictures as haunting earth's autumnal cities in the far future of the dying planet.

Yet this skull has not been spirited back to us through future eras by a time machine. It is a thing, instead, of the millennial past. It is a caricature of modern man, not by reason of its primitiveness but, startlingly, because of a modernity far out-reaching his own. It constitutes, in fact, a mysterious prophecy and warning. For at the very moment in which students of humanity have been sketching their concept of the man in the future, he has already come, and lived, and passed away.

The descriptions of him you read in magazines are never pessimistic; they always, with sublime confidence, involve just one variety of mankind—our own—and they are always subtly flattering. In fact a distinguished colleague of mine allowed a somewhat etherealized version of his own lofty brow to be used as an illustration of what the man of the future was to look like. Even the bald spot didn't matter—all the men of the future were to be bald, anyway.

Occasionally I show this picture to students. They find it highly comforting. Somebody with a lot of brains will save humanity at the proper moment. "It's all right," they say, looking at my friend's picture labeled "Man of the Future." "It's O. K. Somebody's keeping an eye on things. Our heads are getting bigger and our teeth are getting smaller. Look!"

Their voices ring with youthful confidence, the confidence engendered by my persuasive colleagues and myself. At times I glow a little with their reflected enthusiasm. I should like to regain that confidence, that warmth. I should like to but . . .

There's just one thing we haven't quite dared to mention. It's this, and you won't believe it. It's all happened already. Back there in the past, fifteen thousand years ago. The man of the future, with the big brain, the small teeth.

Where did it get him? Nowhere. One of these days I'm going to quit showing my colleague's picture. It's beginning to give me the creeps. *Maybe there isn't any future.* Or, if there is, maybe it's only what you can find in a little heap of bones on a certain South African beach.

MOST of you who read this belong to the white race. We like to think about this man of the future as being white. It

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flatters our ego. But the man of the future in the past I'm talking about was not white. He lived in Africa. His brain was bigger than your brain. His face was straight and small, almost a child's face. He was the end evolutionary product in a direction quite similar to one anthropologists tell us is the road down which we are traveling.

In the minds of many scholars, a process of "foetalization" is one of the chief mechanisms by which man of today has sloughed off his ferocious appearance of a million years ago, prolonged his childhood, and increased the size of his brain. "Foetalization" or "pedomorphism," as it is termed, means simply the retention, into adult life, of bodily characters which at some earlier stage of evolutionary history were actually only infantile. Such traits were rapidly lost as the animal attained maturity.

If we examine the life history of one of the existing great apes and compare its development with that of man, we observe that the infantile stages of both man and ape are far more similar than the two will be in maturity. At birth the brain of the gorilla is close to the size of that of the human infant. Both new-born gorilla and human child are much more alike, facially, than they will ever be in adult life because the gorilla infant will, in the course of time, develop an enormously powerful and protrusive muzzle. The sutures of his skull will close early; his brain will grow very little more.

By contrast, human brain growth will first spurt and then grow steadily over an extended youth. Cranial sutures will remain open into adult life. Teeth will be later in their eruption. Furthermore, the great armored skull, the fighting characters of the anthropoid male will be held in abeyance.

Instead, the human child, through a more extended infancy will approach a maturity marked by the retention of the smooth-browed skull of childhood. His jaws will be tucked inconspicuously under a forehead lacking the huge, muscle-bearing ridges of the ape. In some unknown manner, the ductless glands which stimulate or inhibit growth have, in the course of human evolution, stepped down the pace of development and increased

the life span. As an indirect consequence, human growth has slowly been steered away from the ape-like adulthood of our big-jawed forebears.

Modern man retains something of his youthful gaiety and nimble mental habits far into adult life. The great male anthropoids, by contrast, lose the playful friendliness of youth. In the end the massive skull box houses a small, savage, and often morose brain. It is doubtful whether our thick-skulled forerunners viewed life very pleasantly in their advancing years.

We of today, then, are pedomorphs, the childlike, yet mature products of a simian line whose years have lengthened and whose adolescence has become long drawn out. We are, for our day and time, civilized. We eat soft food, and an Eskimo child can outbite us. We show signs in our shortening jaws, of losing our wisdom teeth. Our brain has risen over our eyes and few, even of our professional fighters, show enough trace of a brow ridge to impress a half-grown gorilla. The signs point steadily onward toward a further lightening of the skull box and to additional compression of the jaws.

IMAGINE this trend continuing in modern man. Imagine our general average cranial capacity rising by two hundred cubic centimeters while the face continued to reduce proportionately. Obviously we would possess a much higher ratio of brain size to face size than now exists. We would, paradoxically, resemble somewhat our children of today. Children acquire facial prominence late in growth under the endocrine stimulus of maturity. Until that stimulus occurs, their faces bear a smaller ratio to the size of the brain case. It was so with these early South Africans.

But no, you may object, this whole process is in some way dependent upon civilization and grows out of it. Man's body and his culture mutually control each other. To that extent we are masters of our physical destiny. This mysterious change that is happening to our bodies can stand at just one point today, the point of the highest achieved civilization upon earth—our own.

I believed this statement once, believed it whole-heartedly. Sometimes it is so very

logical I believe it still as my colleague's ascetic, earnest, and ennobled face gazes out at me from the screen. It carries the lineaments of my own kind, the race to which I belong. But it is not, I know now, the most foetalized race nor the largest brained. That game had already been played out before written history began—played out in an obscure backwater of the world where sails never came and where the human horde chipped flint as our ancestors had chipped it northward in Europe when the vast ice lay heavy on the land.

These people were not civilized; they were not white. But they meet in every major aspect the physical description of the man of tomorrow. They achieved that status on the raw and primitive diet of a savage. Their delicate and gracefully reduced teeth and fragile jaws are striking testimony to some strange inward hastening of change. Nothing about their environment in the least explains them. They were tomorrow's children surely, born by error into a lion country of spears and sand.

AFRICA is not a black man's continent in the way we are inclined to think. Like other great land areas it has its uneasy amalgams, its genetically strange variants, its racial deviants whose blood stream is no longer traceable. We know only that the first true men who disturbed the screaming sea birds over Table Bay were a folk that humanity has never looked upon again save as their type has wavered into brief emergence in an occasional mixed descendant. They are related in some dim manner to the modern Kalahari Bushman, but he is dwarfed in brain and body and hastening toward extinction. The Bushman's forerunners, by contrast, might have stepped with Weena out of the future eras of the Time Machine.

Widespread along the South African coast, in the lowest strata of ancient cliff shelters, as well as inland in Ice Age gravel and other primeval deposits, lie the bones of these unique people. So remote are they from us in time that the first archeologists who probed their caves and seashore middens had expected to reveal some distant and primitive human forerunner such

as Neanderthal man. Instead their spades uncovered an unknown branch of humanity which, in the words of Sir Arthur Keith, the great English anatomist, "out-rivals in brain volume any people of Europe, ancient or modern. . . ."

But that is not all. Dr. Drennan of the University of Cape Town comments upon one such specimen in anatomical wonder: "It appears ultramodern in many of its features, surpassing the European in almost every direction. That is to say, it is less simian than any modern skull." This ultramodernity, Dr. Drennan attributes to the curious foetalization of which I have spoken.

More fascinating than big brain capacity in itself, however, is the relation of the cranium to the base of the skull and to the face. The skull base, that is the part from the root of the nose to the spinal opening, is buckled and shortened in a way characteristic of the child's skull before the base expands to aid in the creation of the adult face. Thus, on this permanently shortened cranial base, the great brain expands, bulging the forehead heavily above the eyes and leaving the face neatly retracted beneath the brow. There is nothing in this face to suggest the protrusive facial angle of the true Negro. It is, as Dr. Drennan says, "ultramodern," even by Caucasian standards. The bottom of the skull grew, apparently, at a slow and childlike tempo while the pace-setting brain lengthened and broadened to a huge maturity.

When the skull is studied in projection and ratios computed, we find that these fossil South African folk, generally called "Boskop" or "Boskopoids" after the site of first discovery, have the amazing cranium-to-face ratio of almost five to one. By contrast, the facial structure of existing Caucasians, advanced though we imagine it, has only a mediocre rating.

The teeth vary a little from the usual idea about man of the future, yet they, too, are modern. Our prophecies generally include the speculation that we will, in time, lose our third molar teeth. This seems likely indeed, for the tooth often fails to erupt, crowds, and causes trouble. The Boskop folk had no such difficulty. Their teeth are small, neatly reduced in proportion to their delicate jaws, and free

from any sign of the dental ills that trouble us. Here, in a hunter's world that would seem to have demanded at least the stout modern dentition of the Congo Negro, nature had decreed otherwise. These teeth could have nibbled sedately at the Waldorf, nor would the customers have been alarmed.

With the face, however, it would have been otherwise. In its anatomical structure we observe characters which relate these people both with the dwarf modern Bushman and to some ancient negroid strain distinct from the West Coast blacks. We believe that they had the tightly-kinked "peppercorn" hair of the Bushman as well as his yellow-brown skin. A branch of the Negro race has thus produced what is actually, so far as we can judge from the anatomical standpoint, one of the most ultrahuman types that ever lived! Had these characters appeared among whites, they would undoubtedly have been used in invidious comparisons with other "lesser" races.

WE CAN, of course, ask the final, unanswerable question: Where did it get them? We can marvel over their curious and exotic anatomy. We can wonder at the mysterious powers hidden in the human body, so potent that once unleashed they brought this more than modern being into existence on the very threshold of the Ice Age.

We can debate for days whether that magnificent cranial endowment actually represented a superior brain. We can smile pityingly at his miserable shell heaps, point to the mute stones that were his only tools. We can do this, but in doing it we are mocking our own rude forefathers of a similar day and time. We are forgetting the high artistic sensitivity which flowered in the closing Ice Age of Europe and which, oddly, blossomed here as well, lingering on even among the dwarfed Bushmen of the Kalahari. No, we cannot dismiss the Boskop people on such grounds, for even remarkable potential endowment cannot create high civilization overnight.

What we *can* say is that perhaps the unloosed mechanism ran too fast, that these people may have been ill-equipped physically to compete against the onrush of

more ferocious and less foetalized folk. In a certain sense the biological clock had speeded them out of their time and place—a time which fifteen thousand years later has still not arrived. We may speculate that even mentally they may have lacked something of the elemental savagery of their competitors.

Their evolutionary gallop has led precisely nowhere save to a dwarfed and dying folk—if, with some authorities, we accept the later Bushmen as their descendants. This, then, was the logical end of complete foetalization: a desperate struggle to survive among a welter of more prolific and aggressive stocks. The answer to the one great question is still nowhere, still nothing. But there in the darkened laboratory, after the students have gone, I look once more at the exalted photograph of my friend upon the screen, noting character by character the foetalized refinement by which the artist has attempted to indicate the projected trend of future development—the expanded brain, the delicate face.

I look, and I know I have seen it all before, reading as I have long grown used to doing, the bones through the living flesh. I have seen this face in another racial guise in another and forgotten day. And once again I grow aware of that eternal flickering of forms which we are now too worldly wise to label progress, and whose meaning forever escapes us.

The man of the future came, and looked out among us once with wistful, if unsophisticated eyes. He left his bones in the rubble of an alien land. If we read evolution aright, he may come again in another million years. Are the evolutionary forces searching for the right moment of his appearance? Or is his appearance itself destined always, even in the moment of emergence, to mark the end of the drama and foretell the extinction of a race?

Perhaps the strange interior clockwork that is here revealed as so indifferent to environmental surroundings has set, after all, a limit to the human time it keeps. That is the real question propounded by my friend's fine face. That is the question that I sometimes think the Boskop folk have answered. I wish I could be sure. I wish I knew.

Harper's

MAGAZINE

THE DECISION TO USE THE ATOMIC BOMB

HENRY L. STIMSON

IN RECENT MONTHS there has been much comment about the decision to use atomic bombs in attacks on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This decision was one of the gravest made by our government in recent years, and it is entirely proper that it should be widely discussed. I have therefore decided to record for all who may be interested my understanding of the events which led up to the attack on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, on Nagasaki on August 9, and the Japanese decision to surrender, on August 10. No single individual can hope to know exactly what took place in the minds of all of those who had a share in these events, but what follows is an exact description of our thoughts and actions as I find them in the records and in my clear recollection.

*Plans and Preparations,
September 1941–June 1945*

It was in the fall of 1941 that the question of atomic energy was first brought

directly to my attention. At that time President Roosevelt appointed a committee consisting of Vice President Wallace, General Marshall, Dr. Vannevar Bush, Dr. James B. Conant, and myself. The function of this committee was to advise the President on questions of policy relating to the study of nuclear fission which was then proceeding both in this country and in Great Britain. For nearly four years thereafter I was directly connected with all major decisions of policy on the development and use of atomic energy, and from May 1, 1943, until my resignation as Secretary of War on September 21, 1945, I was directly responsible to the President for the administration of the entire undertaking; my chief advisers in this period were General Marshall, Dr. Bush, Dr. Conant, and Major General Leslie R. Groves, the officer in charge of the project. At the same time I was the President's senior adviser on the military employment of atomic energy.

Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War 1911–13, Secretary of State 1929–33, Secretary of War 1940–45, was the man who had to make the recommendation to the President.

The policy adopted and steadily pursued by President Roosevelt and his advisers was a simple one. It was to spare no effort in securing the earliest possible successful development of an atomic weapon. The reasons for this policy were equally simple. The original experimental achievement of atomic fission had occurred in Germany in 1938, and it was known that the Germans had continued their experiments. In 1941 and 1942 they were believed to be ahead of us, and it was vital that they should not be the first to bring atomic weapons into the field of battle. Furthermore, if we should be the first to develop the weapon, we should have a great new instrument for shortening the war and minimizing destruction. At no time, from 1941 to 1945, did I ever hear it suggested by the President, or by any other responsible member of the government, that atomic energy should not be used in the war. All of us of course understood the terrible responsibility involved in our attempt to unlock the doors to such a devastating weapon; President Roosevelt particularly spoke to me many times of his own awareness of the catastrophic potentialities of our work. But we were at war, and the work must be done. I therefore emphasize that it was our common objective, throughout the war, to be the first to produce an atomic weapon and use it. The possible atomic weapon was considered to be a new and tremendously powerful explosive, as legitimate as any other of the deadly explosive weapons of modern war. The entire purpose was the production of a military weapon; on no other ground could the wartime expenditure of so much time and money have been justified. The exact circumstances in which that weapon might be used were unknown to any of us until the middle of 1945, and when that time came, as we shall presently see, the military use of atomic energy was connected with larger questions of national policy.

THE extraordinary story of the successful development of the atomic bomb has been well told elsewhere. As time went on it became clear that the weapon would not be available in time for use in the European Theater, and the war against

Germany was successfully ended by the use of what are now called conventional means. But in the spring of 1945 it became evident that the climax of our prolonged atomic effort was at hand. By the nature of atomic chain reactions, it was impossible to state with certainty that we had succeeded until a bomb had actually exploded in a full-scale experiment; nevertheless it was considered exceedingly probable that we should by midsummer have successfully detonated the first atomic bomb. This was to be done at the Alamogordo Reservation in New Mexico. It was thus time for detailed consideration of our future plans. What had begun as a well-founded hope was now developing into a reality.

On March 15, 1945 I had my last talk with President Roosevelt. My diary record of this conversation gives a fairly clear picture of the state of our thinking at that time. I have removed the name of the distinguished public servant who was fearful lest the Manhattan (atomic) project be "a lemon"; it was an opinion common among those not fully informed.

The President . . . had suggested that I come over to lunch today. . . . First I took up with him a memorandum which he sent to me from — who had been alarmed at the rumors of extravagance in the Manhattan project. — suggested that it might become disastrous and he suggested that we get a body of "outside" scientists to pass upon the project because rumors are going around that Vannevar Bush and Jim Conant have sold the President a lemon on the subject and ought to be checked up on. It was rather a jittery and nervous memorandum and rather silly, and I was prepared for it and I gave the President a list of the scientists who were actually engaged on it to show the very high standing of them and it comprised four Nobel Prize men, and also how practically every physicist of standing was engaged with us in the project. Then I outlined to him the future of it and when it was likely to come off and told him how important it was to get ready. I went over with him the two schools of thought that exist in respect to the future control after the war of this project, in case it is successful, one of them being the secret close-in attempted control of the project by those who control it now, and the other being the international control based upon freedom both of science and of access. I told him that those things must be settled before the first projectile is used and that he must be ready with a statement to come out to the people on it just as soon as that is done. He agreed to that. . . .

This conversation covered the three as-

pects of the question which were then uppermost in our minds. First, it was always necessary to suppress a lingering doubt that any such titanic undertaking could be successful. Second, we must consider the implications of success in terms of its long-range postwar effect. Third, we must face the problem that would be presented at the time of our first use of the weapon, for with that first use there must be some public statement.

I DID NOT see Franklin Roosevelt again. The next time I went to the White House to discuss atomic energy was April 25, 1945, and I went to explain the nature of the problem to a man whose only previous knowledge of our activities was that of a Senator who had loyally accepted our assurance that the matter must be kept a secret from him. Now he was President and Commander-in-Chief, and the final responsibility in this as in so many other matters must be his. President Truman accepted this responsibility with the same fine spirit that Senator Truman had shown before in accepting our refusal to inform him.

I discussed with him the whole history of the project. We had with us General Groves, who explained in detail the progress which had been made and the probable future course of the work. I also discussed with President Truman the broader aspects of the subject, and the memorandum which I used in this discussion is again a fair sample of the state of our thinking at the time.

MEMORANDUM DISCUSSED WITH
PRESIDENT TRUMAN APRIL 25, 1945

1. *Within four months we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known in human history, one bomb of which could destroy a whole city.*

2. *Although we have shared its development with the U.K., physically the U.S. is at present in the position of controlling the resources with which to construct and use it and no other nation could reach this position for some years.*

3. *Nevertheless it is practically certain that we could not remain in this position indefinitely.*

a. *Various segments of its discovery and production are widely known among many scientists in many countries, although few*

scientists are now acquainted with the whole process which we have developed.

b. *Although its construction under present methods requires great scientific and industrial effort and raw materials, which are temporarily mainly within the possession and knowledge of U.S. and U.K., it is extremely probable that much easier and cheaper methods of production will be discovered by scientists in the future, together with the use of materials of much wider distribution. As a result, it is extremely probable that the future will make it possible for atomic bombs to be constructed by smaller nations or even groups, or at least by a larger nation in a much shorter time.*

4. *As a result, it is indicated that the future may see a time when such a weapon may be constructed in secret and used suddenly and effectively with devastating power by a wilful nation or group against an unsuspecting nation or group of much greater size and material power. With its aid even a very powerful unsuspecting nation might be conquered within a very few days by a very much smaller one. . . .**

5. *The world in its present state of moral advancement compared with its technical development would be eventually at the mercy of such a weapon. In other words, modern civilization might be completely destroyed.*

6. *To approach any world peace organization of any pattern now likely to be considered, without an appreciation by the leaders of our country of the power of this new weapon, would seem to be unrealistic. No system of control heretofore considered would be adequate to control this menace. Both inside any particular country and between the nations of the world, the control of this weapon will undoubtedly be a matter of the greatest difficulty and would involve such thoroughgoing rights of inspection and internal controls as we have never heretofore contemplated.*

7. *Furthermore, in the light of our present position with reference to this weapon, the question of sharing it with other nations and, if so shared, upon what terms, becomes a primary question of our foreign relations. Also our leadership in the war and in the development of this weapon has placed a certain moral responsibility upon us which we cannot shirk without very serious responsibility for any disaster to civilization which it would further.*

8. *On the other hand, if the problem of the*

* A brief reference to the estimated capabilities of other nations is here omitted; it in no way affects the course of the argument.

proper use of this weapon can be solved, we would have the opportunity to bring the world into a pattern in which the peace of the world and our civilization can be saved.

9. As stated in General Groves' report, steps are under way looking towards the establishment of a select committee of particular qualifications for recommending action to the executive and legislative branches of our government when secrecy is no longer in full effect. The committee would also recommend the actions to be taken by the War Department prior to that time in anticipation of the postwar problems. All recommendations would of course be first submitted to the President.

THE next step in our preparations was the appointment of the committee referred to in paragraph (9) above. This committee, which was known as the Interim Committee, was charged with the function of advising the President on the various questions raised by our apparently imminent success in developing an atomic weapon. I was its chairman, but the principal labor of guiding its extended deliberations fell to George L. Harrison, who acted as chairman in my absence. It will be useful to consider the work of the committee in some detail. Its members were the following, in addition to Mr. Harrison and myself:

James F. Byrnes (then a private citizen) as personal representative of the President.

Ralph A. Bard, Under Secretary of the Navy.

William L. Clayton, Assistant Secretary of State.

Dr. Vannevar Bush, Director, Office of Scientific Research and Development, and president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Dr. Karl T. Compton, Chief of the Office of Field Service in the Office of Scientific Research and Development, and president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Dr. James B. Conant, Chairman of the National Defense Research Committee, and president of Harvard University.

The discussions of the committee ranged over the whole field of atomic energy, in its political, military, and scientific aspects. That part of its work which particularly concerns us here relates to its recom-

mendations for the use of atomic energy against Japan, but it should be borne in mind that these recommendations were not made in a vacuum. The committee's work included the drafting of the statements which were published immediately after the first bombs were dropped, the drafting of a bill for the domestic control of atomic energy, and recommendations looking toward the international control of atomic energy. The Interim Committee was assisted in its work by a Scientific Panel whose members were the following: Dr. A. H. Compton, Dr. Enrico Fermi, Dr. E. O. Lawrence, and Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer. All four were nuclear physicists of the first rank; all four had held positions of great importance in the atomic project from its inception. At a meeting with the Interim Committee and the Scientific Panel on May 31, 1945 I urged all those present to feel free to express themselves on any phase of the subject, scientific or political. Both General Marshall and I at this meeting expressed the view that atomic energy could not be considered simply in terms of military weapons but must also be considered in terms of a new relationship of man to the universe.

ON JUNE 1, after its discussions with the Scientific Panel, the Interim Committee unanimously adopted the following recommendations:

(1) The bomb should be used against Japan as soon as possible.

(2) It should be used on a dual target—that is, a military installation or war plant surrounded by or adjacent to houses and other buildings most susceptible to damage, and

(3) It should be used without prior warning [of the nature of the weapon]. One member of the committee, Mr. Bard, later changed his view and dissented from recommendation (3).

In reaching these conclusions the Interim Committee carefully considered such alternatives as a detailed advance warning or a demonstration in some uninhabited area. Both of these suggestions were discarded as impractical. They were not regarded as likely to be effective in compelling a surrender of Japan, and both of

them involved serious risks. Even the New Mexico test would not give final proof that any given bomb was certain to explode when dropped from an airplane. Quite apart from the generally unfamiliar nature of atomic explosives, there was the whole problem of exploding a bomb at a predetermined height in the air by a complicated mechanism which could not be tested in the static test of New Mexico. Nothing would have been more damaging to our effort to obtain surrender than a warning or a demonstration followed by a dud—and this was a real possibility. Furthermore, we had no bombs to waste. It was vital that a sufficient effect be quickly obtained with the few we had.

THE Interim Committee and the Scientific Panel also served as a channel through which suggestions from other scientists working on the atomic project were forwarded to me and to the President. Among the suggestions thus forwarded was one memorandum which questioned using the bomb at all against the enemy. On June 16, 1945, after consideration of that memorandum, the Scientific Panel made a report, from which I quote the following paragraphs:

The opinions of our scientific colleagues on the initial use of these weapons are not unanimous: they range from the proposal of a purely technical demonstration to that of the military application best designed to induce surrender. Those who advocate a purely technical demonstration would wish to outlaw the use of atomic weapons, and have feared that if we use the weapons now our position in future negotiations will be prejudiced. Others emphasize the opportunity of saving American lives by immediate military use, and believe that such use will improve the international prospects, in that they are more concerned with the prevention of war than with the elimination of this special weapon. We find ourselves closer to these latter views; *we can propose no technical demonstration likely to bring an end to the war; we see no acceptable alternative to direct military use.* [Italics mine]

With regard to these general aspects of the use of atomic energy, it is clear that we, as scientific men, have no proprietary rights. It is true that we are among the few citizens who have had occasion to give thoughtful consideration to these problems during the past few years. We have, however, no claim to special competence in solving the political, social, and military problems which are presented by the advent of atomic power.

The foregoing discussion presents the

reasoning of the Interim Committee and its advisers. I have discussed the work of these gentlemen at length in order to make it clear that we sought the best advice that we could find. The committee's function was, of course, entirely advisory. The ultimate responsibility for the recommendation to the President rested upon me, and I have no desire to veil it. The conclusions of the committee were similar to my own, although I reached mine independently. I felt that to extract a genuine surrender from the Emperor and his military advisers, they must be administered a tremendous shock which would carry convincing proof of our power to destroy the Empire. Such an effective shock would save many times the number of lives, both American and Japanese, that it would cost.

The facts upon which my reasoning was based and steps taken to carry it out now follow.

U.S. Policy toward Japan in July 1945

THE principal political, social, and military objective of the United States in the summer of 1945 was the prompt and complete surrender of Japan. Only the complete destruction of her military power could open the way to lasting peace.

Japan, in July 1945, had been seriously weakened by our increasingly violent attacks. It was known to us that she had gone so far as to make tentative proposals to the Soviet government, hoping to use the Russians as mediators in a negotiated peace. These vague proposals contemplated the retention by Japan of important conquered areas and were therefore not considered seriously. There was as yet no indication of any weakening in the Japanese determination to fight rather than accept unconditional surrender. If she should persist in her fight to the end, she had still a great military force.

In the middle of July 1945, the intelligence section of the War Department General Staff estimated Japanese military strength as follows: in the home islands, slightly under 2,000,000; in Korea, Manchuria, China proper, and Formosa, slightly over 2,000,000; in French Indo-China, Thailand, and Burma, over 200,000; in the East Indies area, including the

Philippines, over 500,000; in the by-passed Pacific islands, over 100,000. The total strength of the Japanese Army was estimated at about 5,000,000 men. These estimates later proved to be in very close agreement with official Japanese figures.

The Japanese Army was in much better condition than the Japanese Navy and Air Force. The Navy had practically ceased to exist except as a harrying force against an invasion fleet. The Air Force had been reduced mainly to reliance upon Kamikaze, or suicide, attacks. These latter, however, had already inflicted serious damage on our seagoing forces, and their possible effectiveness in a last ditch fight was a matter of real concern to our naval leaders.

As we understood it in July, there was a very strong possibility that the Japanese government might determine upon resistance to the end, in all the areas of the Far East under its control. In such an event the Allies would be faced with the enormous task of destroying an armed force of five million men and five thousand suicide aircraft, belonging to a race which had already amply demonstrated its ability to fight literally to the death.

The strategic plans of our armed forces for the defeat of Japan, as they stood in July, had been prepared without reliance upon the atomic bomb, which had not yet been tested in New Mexico. We were planning an intensified sea and air blockade, and greatly intensified strategic air bombing, through the summer and early fall, to be followed on November 1 by an invasion of the southern island of Kyushu. This would be followed in turn by an invasion of the main island of Honshu in the spring of 1946. The total U. S. military and naval force involved in this grand design was of the order of 5,000,000 men; if all those indirectly concerned are included, it was larger still.

We estimated that if we should be forced to carry this plan to its conclusion, the major fighting would not end until the latter part of 1946, at the earliest. I was informed that such operations might be expected to cost over a million casualties, to American forces alone. Additional large losses might be expected among our allies, and, of course, if our campaign were

successful and if we could judge by previous experience, enemy casualties would be much larger than our own.

It was already clear in July that even before the invasion we should be able to inflict enormously severe damage on the Japanese homeland by the combined application of "conventional" sea and air power. The critical question was whether this kind of action would induce surrender. It therefore became necessary to consider very carefully the probable state of mind of the enemy, and to assess with accuracy the line of conduct which might end his will to resist.

WITH THESE considerations in mind, I wrote a memorandum for the President, on July 2, which I believe fairly represents the thinking of the American government as it finally took shape in action. This memorandum was prepared after discussion and general agreement with Joseph C. Grew, Acting Secretary of State, and Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, and when I discussed it with the President, he expressed his general approval.

July 2, 1945.

Memorandum for the President.

PROPOSED PROGRAM FOR JAPAN

1. *The plans of operation up to and including the first landing have been authorized and the preparations for the operation are now actually going on. This situation was accepted by all members of your conference on Monday, June 18.*

2. *There is reason to believe that the operation for the occupation of Japan following the landing may be a very long, costly, and arduous struggle on our part. The terrain, much of which I have visited several times, has left the impression on my memory of being one which would be susceptible to a last ditch defense such as has been made on Iwo Jima and Okinawa and which of course is very much larger than either of those two areas. According to my recollection it will be much more unfavorable with regard to tank maneuvering than either the Philippines or Germany.*

3. *If we once land on one of the main islands and begin a forceful occupation of Japan, we shall probably have cast the die of last ditch resistance. The Japanese are highly patriotic*

and certainly susceptible to calls for fanatical resistance to repel an invasion. Once started in actual invasion, we shall in my opinion have to go through with an even more bitter finish fight than in Germany. We shall incur the losses incident to such a war and we shall have to leave the Japanese islands even more thoroughly destroyed than was the case with Germany. This would be due both to the difference in the Japanese and German personal character and the differences in the size and character of the terrain through which the operations will take place.

4. A question then comes: Is there any alternative to such a forceful occupation of Japan which will secure for us the equivalent of an unconditional surrender of her forces and a permanent destruction of her power again to strike an aggressive blow at the "peace of the Pacific"? I am inclined to think that there is enough such chance to make it well worthwhile our giving them a warning of what is to come and a definite opportunity to capitulate. As above suggested, it should be tried before the actual forceful occupation of the homeland islands is begun and furthermore the warning should be given in ample time to permit a national reaction to set in.

We have the following enormously favorable factors on our side—factors much weightier than those we had against Germany:

Japan has no allies.

Her navy is nearly destroyed and she is vulnerable to a surface and underwater blockade which can deprive her of sufficient food and supplies for her population.

She is terribly vulnerable to our concentrated air attack upon her crowded cities, industrial and food resources.

She has against her not only the Anglo-American forces but the rising forces of China and the ominous threat of Russia.

We have inexhaustible and untouched industrial resources to bring to bear against her diminishing potential.

We have great moral superiority through being the victim of her first sneak attack.

The problem is to translate these advantages into prompt and economical achievement of our objectives. I believe Japan is susceptible to reason in such a crisis to a much greater extent than is indicated by our current press and other current comment. Japan is not a nation composed wholly of mad fanatics of an entirely different mentality from ours. On the contrary, she has

within the past century shown herself to possess extremely intelligent people, capable in an unprecedentedly short time of adopting not only the complicated technique of Occidental civilization but to a substantial extent their culture and their political and social ideas. Her advance in all these respects during the short period of sixty or seventy years has been one of the most astounding feats of national progress in history—a leap from the isolated feudalism of centuries into the position of one of the six or seven great powers of the world. She has not only built up powerful armies and navies. She has maintained an honest and effective national finance and respected position in many of the sciences in which we pride ourselves. Prior to the forcible seizure of power over her government by the fanatical military group in 1931, she had for ten years lived a reasonably responsible and respectable international life.

My own opinion is in her favor on the two points involved in this question:

a. I think the Japanese nation has the mental intelligence and versatile capacity in such a crisis to recognize the folly of a fight to the finish and to accept the proffer of what will amount to an unconditional surrender; and

b. I think she has within her population enough liberal leaders (although now submerged by the terrorists) to be depended upon for her reconstruction as a responsible member of the family of nations. I think she is better in this last respect than Germany was. Her liberals yielded only at the point of the pistol and, so far as I am aware, their liberal attitude has not been personally subverted in the way which was so general in Germany.

On the other hand, I think that the attempt to exterminate her armies and her population by gunfire or other means will tend to produce a fusion of race solidity and antipathy which has no analogy in the case of Germany. We have a national interest in creating, if possible, a condition wherein the Japanese nation may live as a peaceful and useful member of the future Pacific community.

5. It is therefore my conclusion that a carefully timed warning be given to Japan by the chief representatives of the United States, Great Britain, China, and, if then a belligerent, Russia by calling upon Japan to surrender and permit the occupation of her country in order to insure its complete demilitarization for the sake of the future peace.

This warning should contain the following elements:

The varied and overwhelming character of the force we are about to bring to bear on the islands.

The inevitability and completeness of the destruction which the full application of this force will entail.

The determination of the Allies to destroy permanently all authority and influence of those who have deceived and misled the country into embarking on world conquest.

The determination of the Allies to limit Japanese sovereignty to her main islands and to render them powerless to mount and support another war.

The disavowal of any attempt to extirpate the Japanese as a race or to destroy them as a nation.

A statement of our readiness, once her economy is purged of its militaristic influence, to permit the Japanese to maintain such industries, particularly of a light consumer character, as offer no threat of aggression against their neighbors, but which can produce a sustaining economy, and provide a reasonable standard of living. The statement should indicate our willingness, for this purpose, to give Japan trade access to external raw materials, but no longer any control over the sources of supply outside her main islands. It should also indicate our willingness, in accordance with our now established foreign trade policy, in due course to enter into mutually advantageous trade relations with her.

The withdrawal from their country as soon as the above objectives of the Allies are accomplished, and as soon as there has been established a peacefully inclined government, of a character representative of the masses of the Japanese people. I personally think that if in saying this we should add that we do not exclude a constitutional monarchy under her present dynasty, it would substantially add to the chances of acceptance.

6. Success of course will depend on the potency of the warning which we give her. She has an extremely sensitive national pride and, as we are now seeing every day, when actually locked with the enemy will fight to the very death. For that reason the warning must be tendered before the actual invasion has occurred and while the impending destruction, though clear beyond peradventure, has not yet reduced

her to fanatical despair. If Russia is a part of the threat, the Russian attack, if actual, must not have progressed too far. Our own bombing should be confined to military objectives as far as possible.

IT is important to emphasize the double character of the suggested warning. It was designed to promise destruction if Japan resisted, and hope, if she surrendered.

It will be noted that the atomic bomb is not mentioned in this memorandum. On grounds of secrecy the bomb was never mentioned except when absolutely necessary, and furthermore, it had not yet been tested. It was of course well forward in our minds, as the memorandum was written and discussed, that the bomb would be the best possible sanction if our warning were rejected.

The Use of the Bomb

THE adoption of the policy outlined in the memorandum of July 2 was a decision of high politics; once it was accepted by the President, the position of the atomic bomb in our planning became quite clear. I find that I stated in my diary, as early as June 19, that "the last chance warning . . . must be given before an actual landing of the ground forces in Japan, and fortunately the plans provide for enough time to bring in the sanctions to our warning in the shape of heavy ordinary bombing attack and an attack of S-1." S-1 was a code name for the atomic bomb.

There was much discussion in Washington about the timing of the warning to Japan. The controlling factor in the end was the date already set for the Potsdam meeting of the Big Three. It was President Truman's decision that such a warning should be solemnly issued by the U.S. and the U.K. from this meeting, with the concurrence of the head of the Chinese government, so that it would be plain that all of Japan's principal enemies were in entire unity. This was done, in the Potsdam ultimatum of July 26, which very closely followed the above memorandum of July 2, with the exception that it made no mention of the Japanese Emperor.

On July 28 the Premier of Japan;

Suzuki, rejected the Potsdam ultimatum by announcing that it was "unworthy of public notice." In the face of this rejection we could only proceed to demonstrate that the ultimatum had meant exactly what it said when it stated that if the Japanese continued the war, "the full application of our military power, backed by our resolve, will mean the inevitable and complete destruction of the Japanese armed forces and just as inevitably the utter devastation of the Japanese homeland."

For such a purpose the atomic bomb was an eminently suitable weapon. The New Mexico test occurred while we were at Potsdam, on July 16. It was immediately clear that the power of the bomb measured up to our highest estimates. We had developed a weapon of such a revolutionary character that its use against the enemy might well be expected to produce exactly the kind of shock on the Japanese ruling oligarchy which we desired, strengthening the position of those who wished peace, and weakening that of the military party.

BECAUSE of the importance of the atomic mission against Japan, the detailed plans were brought to me by the military staff for approval. With President Truman's warm support I struck off the list of suggested targets the city of Kyoto. Although it was a target of considerable military importance, it had been the ancient capital of Japan and was a shrine of Japanese art and culture. We determined that it should be spared. I approved four other targets including the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Hiroshima was bombed on August 6, and Nagasaki on August 9. These two cities were active working parts of the Japanese war effort. One was an army center; the other was naval and industrial. Hiroshima was the headquarters of the Japanese Army defending southern Japan and was a major military storage and assembly point. Nagasaki was a major seaport and it contained several large industrial plants of great wartime importance. We believed that our attacks had struck cities which must certainly be important to the Japanese military leaders,

both Army and Navy, and we waited for a result. We waited one day.

MANY accounts have been written about the Japanese surrender. After a prolonged Japanese cabinet session in which the deadlock was broken by the Emperor himself, the offer to surrender was made on August 10. It was based on the Potsdam terms, with a reservation concerning the sovereignty of the Emperor. While the Allied reply made no promises other than those already given, it implicitly recognized the Emperor's position by prescribing that his power must be subject to the orders of the Allied Supreme Commander. These terms were accepted on August 14 by the Japanese, and the instrument of surrender was formally signed on September 2, in Tokyo Bay. Our great objective was thus achieved, and all the evidence I have seen indicates that the controlling factor in the final Japanese decision to accept our terms of surrender was the atomic bomb.*

The two atomic bombs which we had dropped were the only ones we had ready, and our rate of production at the time was very small. Had the war continued until the projected invasion on November 1, additional fire raids of B-29's would have been more destructive of life and property than the very limited number of atomic raids which we could have executed in the same period. But the atomic bomb was more than a weapon of terrible destruction; it was a psychological weapon. In March 1945 our Air Force had launched its first great incendiary raid on the Tokyo area. In this raid more damage was done and more casualties were inflicted than was the case at Hiroshima. Hundreds of bombers took part and hundreds of tons of incendiaries were dropped. Similar successive raids burned out a great part of the urban area of Japan, but the Japanese fought on. On August 6 one B-29 dropped a single atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Three days later a second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki and the

* Report of United States Strategic Bombing Survey, "Japan's Struggle to End the War"; "If the Atomic Bomb Had Not Been Used," by K. T. Compton, *Atlantic Monthly*, December 1946; unpublished material of historical division, War Department Special Staff, June 1946.

war was over. So far as the Japanese could know, our ability to execute atomic attacks, if necessary by many planes at a time, was unlimited. As Dr. Karl Compton has said, "it was not one atomic bomb, or two, which brought surrender; it was the experience of what an atomic bomb will actually do to a community, *plus the dread of many more*, that was effective."

The bomb thus served exactly the purpose we intended. The peace party was able to take the path of surrender, and the whole weight of the Emperor's prestige was exerted in favor of peace. When the Emperor ordered surrender, and the small but dangerous group of fanatics who opposed him were brought under control, the Japanese became so subdued that the great undertaking of occupation and disarmament was completed with unprecedented ease.

A Personal Summary

IN THE FOREGOING pages I have tried to give an accurate account of my own personal observations of the circumstances which led up to the use of the atomic bomb and the reasons which underlay our use of it. To me they have always seemed compelling and clear, and I cannot see how any person vested with such responsibilities as mine could have taken any other course or given any other advice to his chiefs.

Two great nations were approaching contact in a fight to a finish which would begin on November 1, 1945. Our enemy, Japan, commanded forces of somewhat over 5,000,000 armed men. Men of these armies had already inflicted upon us, in our breakthrough of the outer perimeter of their defenses, over 300,000 battle casualties. Enemy armies still unbeaten had the strength to cost us a million more. *As long as the Japanese government refused to surrender*, we should be forced to take and hold the ground, and smash the Japanese ground armies, by close-in fighting of the same desperate and costly kind that we had faced in the Pacific islands for nearly four years.

In the light of the formidable problem which thus confronted us, I felt that every possible step should be taken to compel a surrender of the homelands, and a with-

drawal of all Japanese troops from the Asiatic mainland and from other positions, before we had commenced an invasion. We held two cards to assist us in such an effort. One was the traditional veneration in which the Japanese Emperor was held by his subjects and the power which was thus vested in him over his loyal troops. It was for this reason that I suggested in my memorandum of July 2 that his dynasty should be continued. The second card was the use of the atomic bomb in the manner best calculated to persuade that Emperor and the counselors about him to submit to our demand for what was essentially unconditional surrender, placing his immense power over his people and his troops subject to our orders.

In order to end the war in the shortest possible time and to avoid the enormous losses of human life which otherwise confronted us, I felt that we must use the Emperor as our instrument to command and compel his people to cease fighting and subject themselves to our authority through him, and that to accomplish this we must give him and his controlling advisers a compelling reason to accede to our demands. This reason furthermore must be of such a nature that his people could understand his decision. The bomb seemed to me to furnish a unique instrument for that purpose.

My chief purpose was to end the war in victory with the least possible cost in the lives of the men in the armies which I had helped to raise. In the light of the alternatives which, on a fair estimate, were open to us I believe that no man, in our position and subject to our responsibilities, holding in his hands a weapon of such possibilities for accomplishing this purpose and saving those lives, could have failed to use it and afterwards looked his countrymen in the face.

AS I READ over what I have written, I am aware that much of it, in this year of peace, may have a harsh and unfeeling sound. It would perhaps be possible to say the same things and say them more gently. But I do not think it would be wise. As I look back over the five years of my service as Secretary of War, I see too many stern and heartrending decisions to

be willing to pretend that war is anything else than what it is. The face of war is the face of death; death is an inevitable part of every order that a wartime leader gives. The decision to use the atomic bomb was a decision that brought death to over a hundred thousand Japanese. No explanation can change that fact and I do not wish to gloss it over. But this deliberate, premeditated destruction was our least abhorrent choice. The destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki put an end to the Japanese war. It stopped the fire raids, and the strangling blockade; it ended the ghastly specter of a clash of great land armies.

In this last great action of the Second World War we were given final proof that war is death. War in the twentieth century has grown steadily more barbarous, more destructive, more debased in all its aspects. Now, with the release of atomic energy, man's ability to destroy himself is very nearly complete. The bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended a war. They also made it wholly clear that we must never have another war. This is the lesson men and leaders everywhere must learn, and I believe that when they learn it they will find a way to lasting peace. There is no other choice.

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The Waves

JAMES HAYFORD

THE green waves mount, crash coolly, turn, and run.
 Their glints are old and new under the sun.
 The timeless and the temporary are one.

In the emptiness of their uneasy pause
 I hear myself recollecting who I was—
 Identity, my papers, my lost cause.

POCOCK PASSES

A Story

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE cities fall, but what survives? It is the common, patient, indigenous grass. After Mr. Pocock's death this thought lay in a muddle in Rogers' mind; if Rogers had a mind. He was enormously fat; a jellyfish which is washed and rocked by sensations and not by thought. The Wilcoxes, the Stockses and Rogerses, the three ordinary, far-back tribes who made the village, alone had history; and this plain corporate history, like the eternal grass, choked out the singular blooms. The death of a Rogers is something. A card is shuffled into another pack and he joins the great phalanx of village Rogerses beyond the grave, formidable in their anonymity. But the death of a stranger like Pocock, who had been in the place only a few months, was like a motor smash. Vivid but trivial, it sank out of village memory to the bottom of time.

Rogers admitted to himself that he had had a fright. Mr. Pocock had been a man of fifty like himself, as fat as Rogers was, too—they had compared waist measurements once—and he drank heavily: that came home rather close. So close that although Rogers was Mr. Pocock's only friend in the last months of his life, Rogers could not bring himself to go to the funeral. He put on his black to show willingness, but at the hour of the funeral slipped on the doorstep and twisted his knee and had to be kept in his house. With a sort of penitence or hoping for a last order, Askew, the village publican,

went—he followed all his customers to the end—and came back saying:

"Mr. Pocock, he drank too much. I often tried to stop him."

Then it was that Rogers, who had gone down to the pub once the funeral was over and Pocock was set in his grave—then it was that Rogers saw a profound truth:

"You're wrong there," he said.

"He didn't drink too much," he said. "The trouble with Mr. Pocock was that he didn't drink enough."

One thing the death of Mr. Pocock did for Rogers was to make him stay at home. There was nothing to go out for. Outside was the road, the village, the four-eyed faces of the villas called Heart's Desire Estate which Rogers had built on the flat fields and had sold before anyone had discovered that the site was a water meadow. There was his wooden hut too, where he slept over the typewriter sometimes, and with its Estate Agent's plate on the door. His wife ran his business now—such as it was. Above all this was the sky. He was inclined to see a hole in things like the street or sky after Pocock's death, a hole with simply nothing beyond it. Staying at home with his family kept Rogers from seeing the hole. Hearing his wife use the typewriter or telephone in the office, drinking a cup of tea, listening to his two girls, torpidly watching them, his slow mind lay down like a dog in the domestic basket. "Wife and family—you're lucky, ol' boy," Mr. Pocock had said many times in

his husky, half-rapacious voice. Rogers brooded. Perhaps he, surviving, was the better man.

Yet with all his heart and with some plain builder's shrewdness and village vanity, Rogers had wanted to believe in the singularity of Mr. Pocock. People came down from London and took a house in old age, and when they died, these strangers always turned out to be less than they had at first seemed to be. He was used to that. A handful of dust—often scandalous dust—was all they were against the great tribal burial mound of the village Wilcoxes, Stockses, and Rogerses. Pocock had not only looked different but had sounded different and behaved accordingly. Yet the death of Pocock had left in Rogers' mind some suspicion of fraud—indeterminate yet disturbing, like walking in the night and thinking you smell a carpet smouldering, and yet no coal on it when you get out to look.

Pocock was a painter. Not only that, he was a well-known painter from London; he knew other painters. Not only other painters, but studios and actresses. He knew the stage. Yet after the ambulance went like a soft clap of low white wings between the hedges of the main road, taking Pocock to the hospital and his end, Rogers said to people who had come to look at property: "We had Pocock here." They merely said blankly, "What's that? Never heard of him." No one at all had heard of Mr. Pocock, the famous painter.

ROGERS and Mr. Pocock had come together not because of their minds or tastes, but because of their bodies. They were drawn will-lessly together by the magnetic force of their phenomenal obesities. There is a loneliness in fat. Atlas met Atlas, astonished to find each saddened by the burden of a world. Rogers was short and had that douce, pleading melancholy of the enormous. His little blue eyes, above the bumps of fat on his cheekbones, looked like sinking lights at sea; and he had the gentle and bewildered air of a man who watches himself daily getting uncontrollably and hopelessly fatter. His outsize navy blue jacket hung on him like another man's overcoat. The coarseness and grossness of his appearance, the

spread of his nostrils, the crease of his neck, gave him a pathos: there is an inherent delicacy, a dignity and spirituality in pork. He lived in a quiet sedentary fever in which, as his own bounds daily grew, the world seemed farther away to him. His gentleness was like that of the blind, indicating how far he was from other people. There was no one like him in the village. Rogers was a showpiece. His visits to the public house were a hopeless try for gregariousness, but there were no seats broad enough in the tap, it didn't "do" for him to go to the bar where his workmen were and, anyway, there were no seats in it. He went instead to the small parlor and was usually there alone, like a human exhibit, with an aspidistra and a picture of Edward VII.

Rogers' first impression, as he came into the parlor one night, was that an enormous bull terrier in a black-and-white chessboard jacket had got up on to a chair in the darker corner. Rogers' perceptions were slow; but at last he saw the figure was a man and not a dog. Between the check suit and check-cloth hat was a face, a raw-meat face which had grown a gray moustache, and under that was a small, furiously proud and querulous mouth. An old dog who would fly out at you if spoken to. The check coat went on to check knickerbockers. There was a rose in Pocock's buttonhole—the smell of the rose and of Turkish cigarettes in the room—and he had a spotted bow to his collar. But what surprised Rogers, after he had said "good evening" and was leaning forward with the usual difficulty to tap the bell on the table, was the stranger's voice. Husky, swaggering, full-tempered, it said, daring you to contradict and yet somehow weary: "What are you having, old boy?"

Deep called unto deep: Rogers saw to his astonishment, not a stranger, but a brother. Not his blood brother, of course, but something closer—a brother in obesity.

Mr. Pocock's was a different kind of fatness, tight where Rogers' was loose, dynamic where Rogers' was passive and poetic, aggressive where Rogers' was silkily receptive. Mr. Pocock's pathos was fiery and bitter. A pair of stiffly inflated balloons seemed to have been placed, one under and one above Mr. Pocock's waist-

line, and the load forced his short legs apart on either side of the chair, like the splayed, speckled legs of a frog. And there was another bond. Mr. Pocock, it was evident, was a drinker. A gentleman, too (Rogers observed), as the evening went on, arrogantly free with money. A sportsman also. There were a couple of illustrated papers on the table and one had a photograph of tropical game. A peeress had taken these photographs. One showed a hippopotamus rising like a sofa out of a lake.

"Damn' cruel, old boy," said Mr. Pocock in a grating gasp, having an imaginary row with the aristocracy and Rogers about it. "All these bloody white women following poor defenseless animals around with cameras, old boy. Bloody hippopotamus can't even drink in peace. Animals much sooner be shot, old boy—what?"

Yes, Mr. Pocock was a sportsman, a blaspheming sportsman of some elegance, for now Rogers noticed a couple of rings on one hand.

Yet not a sportsman, after all, for he looked bored when Rogers spoke of the duck and snipe and the teal which float like commas on the meres at the back of the village.

"Can't eat it, old boy," replied Pocock. "Game's poison to me. Bloody waste of time following birds, if you ask me. Need every ounce of daylight for my work."

The bell on the table was tapped again and again. In and out went Askew, the publican. Even he straightened up under the snapping orders of Mr. Pocock.

AND there was no reserve in Mr. Pocock. His talk was free and self-explanatory. "I've come down here to see if there is anything," said Pocock. "If there is, well and good. If not, all right. There may be something."

("What?" wondered Rogers.)

"I've got to, old boy," said Mr. Pocock. "I've got to cut down the overheads. Have another, old boy? With this bloody crisis," he said with an angry and frightened look in his eyes. "I had my own studio in London and a housekeeper, but with this crisis, and the critics in league against you, the bottom's gone out of things. There may

be something here—I don't know—two rooms, a bed, a table, do my own cleaning up and cooking—that's all I want and no women about. No," said Mr. Pocock, "no more women."

"You married, old boy?" asked Mr. Pocock.

"Yes," said Rogers.

"You're lucky, old boy," said Mr. Pocock. "Bloody lucky. Excuse my language, old boy, but woman's a b——."

"Oh, fifty-fifty," said Rogers, not clear whether he meant only half lucky or wholly lucky to have a wife he could share everything with, she doing the office work and looking after his house while he built up his figure and did the drinking. For Rogers had reached the point of saturation in his own life when drinking was work. It never stopped.

Rogers' slow mind wanted to explain, but Pocock interrupted.

"I know, old boy. You can't tell me anything about women. They're a bloody question mark, old boy. There's two answers to it, one's right and one's wrong. When I want what I want, I don't ask anyone's opinion, I go and get it."

"What?" added Mr. Pocock.

"You're right," said Rogers in his slow, groping voice. "You know the story of the couple who . . ."

They didn't laugh out loud at the story. Rogers shook and shook and his eyes sank out of sight. Mr. Pocock strained in his chair and seemed to fizz with austere pleasure like a bottle of soda water.

"It's nature," said Mr. Pocock when his head stopped fizzing.

Rogers was out of his depth here. His head was lolling forward. He had reached the stage when Mr. Pocock had a tendency to rise to the ceiling and then to drift away sideways toward the door in great numbers.

"Take salmon," said Rogers heavily, this coming into his mind at the moment.

"Salmon, old boy? Why bloody salmon?" said Mr. Pocock.

"They go . . ." said Rogers. "They go—up fresh water."

"Salmon?" said Mr. Pocock. "Salmon? They come from the sea."

"They don't breed in it," said Rogers uncertainly. He was beginning to forget

why he had mentioned them.

"I know," said Mr. Pocock peremptorily. "They live in the sea and go up the river when they feel like it."

"Feel like it," repeated Rogers. Somewhere near here was the reason for raising the matter.

". . . I've seen 'em, old boy," continued Mr. Pocock, putting down his glass with a bang.

"Out of the sea," insisted Rogers.

"Don't be bloody funny, old boy," said Mr. Pocock, banging his glass again. "We know they do."

The landlord called "Time."

Rogers and Mr. Pocock got up with common difficulty, exchanging a look of sympathy. Foot by foot, after they had unbent, stopping between paragraphs, they talked and stopped their way out of the public house and outside its door. Facing the night, surprised by it, they halted again. The moon arrested them. It was a white full moon, the most obese of planets, with its little mouth open in the sad face.

"Just made for an artist, I should say," said Rogers, slapped across the face by the cold wind, but warm within in his linings. Yet as a villager he had an obscure feeling that for a London stranger to paint the place insulted it. His feeling was primitive; he did not want the magic of an alien eye upon his home.

"It *used* to be pretty, old boy," said Mr. Pocock. "Till some bastard ran up those bloody villas."

"I put them up ten years ago," said Rogers dispassionately; and he meant that time justified and forgave all things.

"Good God, old boy. Bloody ugly."

They stared at the villas and grinned, almost sniggered, like boys peeping through a fence at something shocking. It gave Rogers and Mr. Pocock pleasure, they being human, to know the worst about each other. And as they gazed with tenderness upon the raped virgin, the sight started Pocock's mind on his own affairs and prompted him to the words which were the final thing to bind Rogers to him.

"I don't mind telling you, old boy, I've been hurt," Mr. Pocock said. "I've had a jerk. I haven't told a bloody soul so far, but I'll tell you. *Last year I started living on my capital.*"

Rogers turned his back on Mr. Pocock and affected to look up the road for traffic. It was empty. All lights in the village houses were out. He felt a stirring of the bowels. His wife did not know, he hardly let himself know—but he, too, had passed the crest of his life, he, too, was beginning the first harassed footsteps downhill, crumbling away to pieces like a town in a fog, and no one, hitherto, to watch or share the process. Rogers also had started living on his capital.

AFTER this, day by day, they sought each other out like two dogs. First of all they were halting and suspicious. Rogers said: "Have you been painting, Mr. Pocock?" but this was not, he discovered, a welcome question. Mr. Pocock replied that he was sizing up the situation. Mid-day, Mr. Pocock could always be found sizing things up at "The Grapes" or "The Waggoner." He was sizing up and settling in. And, anyway, he hadn't been feeling too well lately.

"Been having trouble with my foot," said Mr. Pocock defiantly at Rogers.

"It's the weight you carry," said Rogers. "I get it myself."

Mr. Pocock, as one heavy drinker to another, appreciated the tact of that lie.

"I keep clear of doctors, old boy," said Mr. Pocock. "Always have."

"They cut you down," said Rogers, emptying his glass.

"All wrong, old boy," said Mr. Pocock. "Want to kill you."

At night they met like lovers. They were religious drinkers. Whiskey was Mr. Pocock's religion, beer was the faith of Rogers. An active faith ranges widely. After the public houses of the village there were two or three on the main road. The headlights of cars howling through the dark to the coast picked out two balloons in coats and trousers, bouncing and blowing down the road. Dramas halted them.

"What's that, old boy?"

"Rabbit."

"No, old boy, not a rabbit. It was a fox. I know a fox."

"I reckon it was a stoat."

The point became intricate under the stars.

"Bring Mr. Pocock in to supper one

evening," Mrs. Rogers said. She was a plump, practical woman, with hair set like a teacake. She was a onetime nurse, abnormally good-tempered, pleasantly unimaginative. She ate well and enjoyed the anxiety of being the business management of an exhibit like her husband. Incapable herself of his deterioration, hers was the craving, so strong in the orderly and new, for its opposite: the romantic ruin. Rogers, like many men, and especially drinking men, who neglect their wives and are slowly ruining their families, had an ideal picture of his family in his mind, a picture to which his fancy was always putting more delicate touches of reminiscence. For, like all the world beyond his hazy corpulence, his family became remote, a little farther away each day, like a memory of an old master.

"Bloody funny thing, old boy," Mr. Pocock said. "When I paint a picture, I get the feeling I have for a woman."

It was Rogers' feeling about his own picture, of his family, that private masterpiece of his. Rogers wasn't interested in any other pictures; Mr. Pocock wasn't interested in domestic life. And "The Crown" was placed strategically between their homes.

ABOUT once every couple of months, Mr. Pocock hinted, he "broke out." He always had. He always would. There was a large manufacturing town with a river, pleasure boats and a Hippodrome twenty miles away, where life, said Rogers, abounded. He and Mr. Pocock put roses in their buttonholes, cigars in their mouths and went. Rogers explained that he hadn't seen quite so much life since he was married, but when he was a youngster . . . Oh, dear. This stirred up memories in Mr. Pocock. They arrived and, to make a start, went to the station buffet. After this the past was vivid. They went to the Hippodrome for the second act of a play about divorce. The seats were narrow and Mr. Pocock said he couldn't breathe. They left. Mr. Pocock said all this modern stuff was dirty. Nothing but sex. (What's yours, old boy?) Dirt, like Epstein and Cézanne.

The last train back was the 12:17. It brought the Hippodrome people. For a

long time the station with its hoardings and iron and glass façade seemed unattainable, but at last, after a long time on the curb opposite, they rushed it. The train was crowded. Rogers had been sorry to leave the Hippodrome. He smiled, wagging his head, thinking about it, then he began to laugh and nudge his neighbors. They were soon entertained by Rogers. It was like the old days.

"I've been divorced today," Rogers suddenly said; "and he's my co-respondent." Mr. Pocock at once offered him a cigarette. Rogers refused.

"Why do you refuse my cigarettes, old boy?" Mr. Pocock asked abruptly. He was out for a quarrel.

"Do you think I want your wife?" exclaimed Mr. Pocock angrily. Rogers laughed idiotically.

"Because you're a swine if you do," said Mr. Pocock.

But they didn't fight. They got out at their station, helped out by the passengers, and the guard, while the engine driver watched from the cab. They passed Rogers' villas.

"Damned awful, old boy," said Mr. Pocock.

"Come in," said Rogers when they got to his house.

A look of sobered terror came into Mr. Pocock's face.

"Your wife in?" he said.

"She's in bed," Rogers said.

"Thank God," said Mr. Pocock. "I'm drunk."

"Come in," said Rogers.

"She'd hear my language," said Mr. Pocock. Rogers opened the door and led the way into the sitting room.

Mr. Pocock sat down while Rogers went to the whiskey bottle.

"It's empty, old man," Rogers said, looking blankly at Mr. Pocock.

"Thank God, old boy." Mr. Pocock stood appalled, like a man who had never been in an inhabited house before. He looked shocked. He saw with horror the cretonne-covered sofa, the photographs, the slim silver vases with maidenhair fern in them.

"She's taken the other one away and put this one here."

"Women," said Mr. Pocock.

They stared at each other.

"Come round to my place," said Mr. Pocock.

Still talking, they went out, leaving the door open. A woman's head appeared at the window.

"Alfred!" the voice called.

Rogers stopped and stared at Mr. Pocock. Mr. Pocock stared back like a fierce dog at Rogers.

"Better answer, old boy," said Mr. Pocock, banging his stick on the ground.

"Yes," called Rogers.

"Had a good time?" said the woman's voice. They could not see her in the darkness, but Mr. Pocock raised his hat.

"Better go," he whispered.

He went off alone. Rogers followed him at last. Mr. Pocock's house was the last of a row of laborers' cottages, one room and the scullery downstairs and two little rooms up. Now Rogers was shocked by what he saw. In the downstairs room was an old bit of carpet laid to the edge of a cooking range, and the carpet was stained with grease. Tins and the remains of a meal were on the table. Mr. Pocock used only one of the rooms upstairs. They went up. Its boards were bare. There was a suitcase on the floor and there was an iron bed and a chair. The place smelled of mice and also of the smoking candle stuck on the mantelpiece. They sat down.

"That's what I ought to have done—got married," said Mr. Pocock. His face looked greenish in the candlelight. "Bloody lonely without a woman, old boy.

"There's a woman," Mr. Pocock exclaimed violently. There were canvases stacked against the dirty wall. He turned one round. He filled his glass. What Rogers saw shocked him. It was the picture of a thin, dark-haired woman sitting on a bed, naked. Not lascivious, not beautiful, not enticing, just naked and seeming to say, "It don't feel natural, I mean having nothing on."

"Oh dear, oh dear," was all Rogers could say. He went hot. It was the painting of the bed that shocked him. Mr. Pocock seemed to him a monster.

Mr. Pocock began to boast and Rogers hardly listened. There was a bottle of whiskey. Rogers' eye kept going with as-

tonishment to the picture. A dancer, Mr. Pocock said. He knew all the stage crowd, he said. Could have had her, he said. Words and words came out of Mr. Pocock, gobbling and strutting like a blown-out turkey in the room, words making an ever-softening roar in the set, cold silence of the cottage where no clock ticked.

Suddenly Rogers had a shock. It was daylight. He had been asleep on the floor and the sun was shining on him. He gaped. There was Mr. Pocock on the bed. Still holding his cane, the rings shining on his podgy fingers which had gray hair at the knuckles, Mr. Pocock lay. He was snoring. His body heaved up and down in the loud suit, like a marquee with the wind loose in it. Remote in sleep with his picture above him, Mr. Pocock looked sacred and innocent, in the bare room.

THE spring came with its glassy winds, its air going warm and cold and the lengthening light becoming frail in the evenings. Rogers and Mr. Pocock were both ill. Rogers received illness as part of his burden; he was more aware of his wife and of his children when he was ill. But Mr. Pocock was an aggressive invalid. He saw conspiracy. He was terrified and he blustered to conceal this and made war on the doctor. He would not stay in bed.

"Kimble thinks he's got me, old boy. Knocked off my beer and cut me down to two whiskies a day. It isn't right! It isn't human! He's got to be fair."

When Rogers got up they met in the pub.

"I've had seven, old boy," Mr. Pocock said. "But if Kimble says anything to you about what I drink—it's two. I've treated him fairly. I've been reasonable. That man wants to kill me. But not a word to him! You've got to deal with these doctors."

First of all when he had come to the village Mr. Pocock had a charwoman to clean and wash up for him, but he was hardly ever in his cottage and he ate at any time. He had got rid of the charwoman and looked after himself. He had brought his bed downstairs when he was first ill because he had been frightened in the upstairs room. One night he felt tired and low. A bus ride had upset him. He

went to bed early. In the middle of the night he woke up in black terror. He felt sick and he was fainting, and he was sure he was in London. He reached for his stick and knocked on the floor to make the woman come up to him, the woman whose portrait Rogers had seen and who lived downstairs. All the night sleeping and waking he dreamed he was knocking to make himself heard on the floor. For the model, then for Mrs. Rogers, then for his mother.

In the morning he could hardly move. Then he remembered he was on the ground floor and had been knocking on the carpet which covered the flags, which covered the earth. He had been knocking on the hard crust of the earth. All he could do was to crawl from his bed to the cupboard where the whiskey bottle was and then crawl back. But he called no one; he stiffened with anger if there were any signs of anyone coming to the door. He was not going to be caught like this. He was not going to admit anything. He cursed the doctor.

It was two days before Mr. Pocock's illness was discovered.

"Mr. Pocock's ill," Rogers' wife brought the news. She knew all the illnesses of the village.

Rogers sat up, alert. He was at once frightened for himself. He did not want to see Mr. Pocock before the doctor had been. Rogers sat in his chair, unable to move. He wanted to do something for Mr. Pocock, but he was paralyzed. He sat in a stupor of inertia and incompetence. He looked appealingly at his wife. She got a car and had Mr. Pocock brought to the house.

"It's the bloody sugar, old boy," murmured Mr. Pocock with a regal weariness as three men carried him upstairs.

Mrs. Rogers was glad when the ambulance came that, for once in his life, Mr. Pocock had had a real home with a woman to look after him.

That was the last of him.

A DEALER came down to look at the pictures after the funeral, but he would not take them. One or two others came hoping for frames. But the twenty-odd canvases there had no frames on them. A

brother came down to clear up Mr. Pocock's affairs.

"We never corresponded," said the brother. Of all things he was a clergyman.

Two fair and tall young men in suede shoes and pullovers, so alike they looked like a pair of tap dancers, turned up at the same time. They *were* tap dancers.

"Terrible," they said. They were looking at the pictures; but Rogers supposed they referred to the death, the poverty of the house—or perhaps the clergyman. Rogers had been told by Mr. Pocock that in reward for his kindness he might have one of the pictures, but he did not know which to choose. The only picture he felt anything about was the picture on the bedroom wall, the nude. He detested it.

"Women," he thought, "that must have been Mr. Pocock's trouble. Not drink. Oh dear, not drink, women." So when everyone had gone, he took the small picture, wrapped it in newspaper and put it in a shed in his garden. That picture, and a corkscrew which he stuffed in his pocket, because a corkscrew was useful. He took the picture because, without knowing it, he felt it symbolized the incomprehensibility of the existence of other people. The corkscrew was the man he knew, the picture the man he did not know at all. He thought that one day he had better destroy the picture—in case a bad impression of his friend was formed.

And so, slipping out of the funeral, keeping in the background afterwards, staying in his own house, Rogers eluded the memory of Mr. Pocock. Rogers was forgetting everything as he grew larger. He forgot yesterday, last week, last year—he dreamed through time like an idle whale, with its mouth open, letting what would come into it. He contemplated through a haze his own work of art—his family. He watched his wife's second chin when she gave her practical laugh. His two girls swam up to him like fish. They were an extra pair of eyes and ears for him. They saw things quickly. They laughed at things long before he heard them. On Saturdays he took them to the cinema. Every Saturday. A year passed, and then two years. He never said now: "We had Mr. Pocock, the painter, here." He had learned his lesson.

AND then came the most extraordinary fortnight of Rogers' life. He was with his daughters in the cinema. They were watching a gangster film. A film four years old: they only got the old films in these country towns. Two men were going quietly up the stairs of a hotel and then along a corridor. It was at night. They were making for the room where a Mexican, behind closed doors, was covering a girl with a gun. But they were not sure of the room. They hesitated at doors. It was trying for Rogers, because his mind was still in the pillared lounge below, reminded by it that he was living on his capital. How had the Mexican got the girl in the room? Then the two men stopped. One said "O.K.," and they pushed open a door marked 13 and switched on the light. Rogers' daughters jumped in their seats and a shout of laughter came from the audience. A large, round-faced man with a huge stomach was lying on a bed in check suit and knickerbockers, asleep and snoring, with a bottle, rolled on its side, near by.

"Mr. Pocock!" the girls shouted.

It was. Rogers' heart went small in his chest and seemed to shoot like a stone in his throat. The gangsters rolled their eyes ironically. The audience laughed. One of the gangsters picked up the bottle and made to prod Mr. Pocock with it. The audience sent up blast after blast of laughter; especially shrill laughter went up first from the children in front. The other gangster touched his friend's arm, raised his eyes to the ceiling and said: "R.I.P." Wave after wave of laughter passed by as the snores stopped and then began again like a car toiling and missing up hill.

"It's Mr. Pocock, Mr. Pocock, Dad,"

Rogers' daughters cried, jumping on their seats. And the laughter went on. For the achievement of Mr. Pocock was that he did nothing, nothing at all. He just lay and snored, the human balloon.

Rogers couldn't believe it.

It became urgent for him after this to decide the matter. Films in the town moved down the road, ten or twenty miles to the next place in the week. Four times he followed that film in a fortnight. Four times he saw that scene. It was unmistakably Pocock. And each place the audience roared until one night at the Hippodrome where it was the big picture, he heard a packed house shout out with enthusiasm at Pocock's sublime unconsciousness. He had three minutes of the film, but those three minutes brought the house down.

It terrified Rogers. Pocock was lying exactly as Rogers had seen him that morning after the binge when he had waked up in Pocock's cottage. He dreaded that the eyes would open, the voice speak. And then, after the sixth time of seeing the film, as he walked home down the village street he longed to meet that preposterous figure, to slap him on the back and tell him. He longed for him to wake up on the screen and hear that helpless applause, to see those wide open laughing mouths. "He kept it quiet," thought Rogers. And the drowning soul saw no irony in it all; but rather felt that life was incomprehensible no more. Something had been settled.

When he took the picture from his garden shed and burned it on the rubbish heap soon after, Rogers heard in the husky roar of the flame the sound of a soul set free, all stain removed.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE: THE BOLDEST HISTORIAN

GRANVILLE HICKS

IN THE EARLY thirties, when so many of us were reading or re-reading Karl Marx, we learned from him, first of all, that the capitalist system wasn't immortal. He carried conviction on that point not only because of his analysis of the contradictions of capitalism but also because of his account of the origins of the system. Capitalism, we perceived, had had a beginning and would presumably have an end. Of course this was a commonplace, but for many Americans, until just that moment in history, it had been a commonplace that was persistently ignored. Almost anyone would have admitted that no system of production and distribution could last forever, but before 1929 the question was rarely asked.

In the middle forties another commonplace is being driven home by another prophet. Arnold Toynbee in his *Study of History* is telling us that civilizations seem to follow a recognizable course from birth to death. If this commonplace is now important to us, everyone knows why. In 1930 and 1931 there were persons who said, "This is just another depression, and capitalism will recover as it always has before." Today some persons say, "The atom bomb is only another weapon of war, and the end of the world is no more likely than it was when gunpowder was invented." But though the depression did

come to an end, the economic system has not yet resumed its old shape, and most of us are convinced that it never will. Similarly most of us have the uncomfortable feeling that the difference between the atom bomb and earlier weapons of destruction is not merely quantitative but qualitative. We may not be sure that men will destroy their civilization, but we know that they can.

The special relevance of Toynbee's work for us and our mood lies in his researches into the natural history of civilizations. There have been some twenty-one representatives of the species, he finds, since mankind rose above the primitive level six thousand years ago. Of these twenty-one civilizations, at least twelve, by his reckoning, no longer exist, and most of the others are moribund. We hear talk enough nowadays about the doom of Western Civilization, but in our more sober moments we are likely to ask ourselves what it means to say that a civilization is dying. That is a question we cannot answer at all if we know only the history of Western Civilization, and our answer will be less than adequate if it rests merely on a layman's impressions of the decline of the Roman Empire. If, however, a person had studied a dozen dead civilizations, which is what Toynbee has done, he should have something significant to report.

Mr. Hicks is now working on a series of articles, of which this is one, on the intellectual figures of our era. Professor Toynbee, during the next two months, is to give the Flexner Lectures at Bryn Mawr College, on "Encounters Between Civilizations."

THREE VOLUMES of *A Study of History* appeared in 1934, and three more in 1939, and Professor Toynbee is now working on the remaining three or four volumes. The project was subsidized by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which was in turn aided by the Rockefeller Foundation. Since 1925, Toynbee has been Director of Studies of the Royal Institute as well as Research Professor of International History in the University of London, both on the Sir Daniel Stevenson Foundation.

Toynbee comes from an illustrious English family. His grandfather was a famous aural surgeon, and his father was also a doctor. An uncle, Paget Toynbee, who died in 1932, wrote voluminously and authoritatively on Dante. Another uncle, Arnold Toynbee, was an economist with a social conscience, and although he died in his thirty-first year, he had made such an impression on his contemporaries that Toynbee Hall, first of the social settlements in London's East End, was established in his memory. Readers of the earlier Arnold Toynbee's *The Industrial Revolution* will find many echoes in the nephew's *Study of History*.

Arnold Joseph Toynbee was born in 1889, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. In 1911, while studying at the British Archaeological School in Athens, he became interested in contemporary European politics as a result of the talk he heard in cafés. In 1913, while a fellow and tutor at Balliol College, Oxford, he married Rosalind Murray, daughter of the noted classicist, Gilbert Murray. Two years later he published his first book, *Nationality and the War*. He was for a time a war correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, and in 1918 he joined the political intelligence department of the British Foreign Office. At Versailles he served the British delegation as an expert on the Middle East. He contributed to a *History of the Peace Conference* sponsored by the British (later Royal) Institute of International Affairs, and he became editor of the Institute's *Survey of International Affairs*. The first volume of this series, which appeared in 1925, covered the years from 1920 to 1923, and volumes were published annually thereafter until the outbreak of

the second World War. Although he was assisted by other writers, Toynbee was responsible for these annual surveys, and wrote the greater part of each.

Toynbee's career revives the unhappy reflection that British intellectuals mature more rapidly than their American counterparts. In his early thirties he was ready to assume the editorship of an authoritative and inclusive survey of international affairs; by the time he was forty he was ripe for his magnum opus. Service with the Foreign Office, experience at the Peace Conference, studies in Greece and the Middle East, a visit to China, and lectures in the United States helped to shape his knowledge of the contemporary world, and meanwhile indefatigable industry was extending this awareness of the past. It is evidence of his industry, by the way, that, while finishing his *Study of History*, he has undertaken to prepare an extensive history of World War II. This project also is sponsored by the Institute of International Affairs, with assistance from the Rockefeller Foundation.

II

ALTHOUGH the first three volumes were published a dozen years ago, *A Study of History* is only beginning to have a recognizable effect on Western thought. Unlike Spengler's *Decline of the West*, which made a direct appeal to the literati, Toynbee's work circulated at first only among specialists. From the ordeal by experts Toynbee emerged badly battered but unquestionably triumphant. There was no geographer, no sociologist, no anthropologist, no ancient, medieval, or modern historian who could not find flaws, but the most dogged critic of minute details did not fail to give the impression that—aside from errors in the particular field of which the critic was master—this was a great achievement. Even Pitirim Sorokin of Harvard, whose *Social and Cultural Dynamics* is a massive exposition of a different theory of history, paid Toynbee a compliment: "Translated into more accurate terms of the real sociocultural systems and of the great rhythms of Sensate-Idealistic-Ideational supersystems of culture [i.e. into Sorokin's terms], *A Study of*

History is a most stimulating and illuminating work of a distinguished thinker and scholar."

What disconcerted most of the experts was Toynbee's boldness in attempting such a task. "Professor Toynbee's noble plan and method disclose a wider vision for future historians," wrote a geographer, "but thousands of microscopic studies are essential before the origin, growth, and nature of human society lie open to a telescopic view." Microscopic studies are necessary, but they can pile up by the thousands and the tens of thousands, and still they will do us no good unless there is someone as diligent, as audacious, and as gifted as Arnold Toynbee to interpret them for us.

ANOTHER reason for the expert's uneasiness in dealing with Toynbee lies in the fact that his approach to history is imaginative, as theirs almost invariably is not, and is therefore, in the good sense, literary. Underlying all his professional erudition is a deep familiarity with classical literature, the English Bible, the mythology and folklore of ancient and modern times, and the poetry of his own land. Historians who pride themselves on being scientific are disturbed when he cites a legend or quotes a poem, not, as they might do, to document a trend, but to suggest a truth. Respect for the imagination is implicit on every page, and if at a crucial point in his argument he quotes from Blake, Goethe, Francis Thompson, and St. John, it is because these are the men who seem to him to have the truest understanding of the question at issue.

The very texture of Toynbee's argumentation is literary. He has, as so many contemporary writers have, a special vocabulary, but he avoids the pseudoscientific jargon that is fashionable, and makes the King's English serve his purpose by an essentially poetic reliance on suggestion and metaphor. He speaks of "challenge-and-response," "the movement of withdrawal-and-return," "the time of troubles," "the failure of self-determination," "schism in the soul." Even when his phrases are compounded of unfamiliar elements—"the mechanicalness of mimesis," let us say, or, "panmixia and prole-

tarianization"—they are the phrases of a classical scholar; and if he borrows a German term—"Völkerwanderung," for example—it is a term that has overtones of a poetic sort. This way of using language distresses the majority of social scientists, for their aim is to pin a word down to a specific meaning, and they would be completely happy only if they could eschew words altogether and use symbols as the chemists and physicists do. That Toynbee not merely accepts but deliberately makes the most of the connotative functions of language sets him apart from his contemporaries and gives us a clue to the character of his achievement.

III

BECAUSE of Toynbee's style, and because of the attitude towards the writing of history that it expresses, the layman can take much pleasure in his volumes, but this does not mean that they are easy reading. Not only is the author's erudition sometimes overwhelming; in presenting his arguments he makes no compromises with what Donald Tovey has called "the Age of Inattention." *A Study of History* was conceived as a whole, just as *Paradise Lost* was or the *Divine Comedy*, and no part can be fully understood by itself. Each stage of the argument takes on new meaning as one progresses to the next, and the final meaning of the work will be revealed only when it is completed.

Yet the layman can learn much from *A Study of History*, and few contemporary works deal with matters so important to him. In view of what has been said about Toynbee's imaginative approach, it might not be far-fetched to suggest that the structure of the study is essentially dramatic. Toynbee's story of civilization is a chronicle play in two acts and innumerable scenes. Since civilizations are never static, since they are either growing or disintegrating, there can be only the two acts, but the movement in each is infinitely varied. Act I, "Growth," is built upon the theme of conflict—challenge-and-response, as Toynbee calls it. At the final curtain of Act I comes a challenge to which the civilization fails to respond, and that is the critical moment—it is no more than a

moment—of breakdown. Act II, "Disintegration," is usually even longer than Act I, and to Toynbee it is the more interesting part of the play. The movement is not straight downward, for there are encouraging rallies and agreeable interludes, but after the play is over, one can see that the end was inevitable once the climax had been passed.

As the layman follows this drama, he is likely to note at once and with surprise that Toynbee places the moment of breakdown in what we have been accustomed to think of as the early stages of each civilization. Edward Gibbon, from whom many of us derive such ideas as we have of the processes of decay, found the Roman Empire at its apogee in the second century A.D., in the Age of the Antonines, and traced its decline from the death of Marcus Aurelius and the accession of Commodus in 180. But to Toynbee the Age of the Antonines was merely an Indian Summer. In his view, Hellenic Civilization began its disintegration not in the heyday of the Roman Empire but four hundred years before that empire was founded. The moment of breakdown he places in 431 B.C., with the Atheno-Peloponnesian War, which marked a failure to respond to a challenge. This failure Toynbee attributes to "the idolization of an ephemeral institution." In other words, the Athenians were so pleased with their city-state, an institution that had been a notable achievement in its time, that they did not understand how economic forces had changed the Hellenic world and did not appreciate the necessity for political unification.

Thus began what Toynbee calls "a time of troubles"—that is, a period in which a civilization is confronted again and again by the same challenge and always fails to measure up to it. For four centuries the various members of Hellenic society struggled among themselves until finally one of them, Rome, established its hegemony over the whole society. Because it ruled the whole of its particular world, Toynbee describes the Roman Empire as "the universal state" of Hellenic Civilization. This universal state was able to impose order by force, but in delivering a "knockout blow" to its rivals, Rome had also knocked out the civilization it had

come to dominate. The empire could not arrest the progress of disintegration, and its Golden Ages were merely Indian Summers.

ROUGHLY the same pattern appears in Toynbee's treatment of each of the extinct civilizations about which he writes. He looks first for a period in which the whole of a civilization was under one political power—in other words, for a universal state. A universal state, he finds, seems at the outset to have solved its problems, but these soon recur. There is usually another rally, but the problems come back, and this time the failure to dispose of them is fatal. The universal state begins to fall apart, and successor states appear. There is an interregnum, during which the successor states grow stronger and quarrel among themselves, and then a new civilization may begin to grow on the same ground or part of the same ground as the old. The whole process of growth and disintegration rarely takes less than a thousand years, and may take much longer.

Working back from the universal state, Toynbee finds that it is invariably preceded by a time of troubles. A time of troubles might almost be defined as the period that lies between a civilization's breakdown and the emergence of the universal state. More specifically, it is, as in the case of Hellenic Civilization, a period of repeated failures, and it is because of these failures that a violent solution—the universal state—becomes inevitable. Behind the failures is the one crucial failure, the breakdown, and this Toynbee places relatively early. He holds that the civilization of Egypt, for example, reached its zenith at the end of the Fifth Dynasty, about 2424 B.C., although it survived for three thousand years after that date, and that Sumeric Civilization had entered its time of troubles by 2677 B.C. Incan and Aztec civilizations, he believes, were disintegrating before the arrival of the Spaniards and otherwise could not have been overrun.

So far as the seven extant civilizations are concerned, Toynbee tries to be cautious, saying that one must not venture judgments until all the evidence is in. Yet he points out that six of them have

fallen under the domination of the seventh, which is our Western Civilization, and he sees reason to believe that disintegration had begun before the impact of the West was felt. At any rate he is willing to assert that each—with the exception of Islamic Civilization, which is a special case—has had its universal state, which is a strong indication, according to his theories, that decay is advanced. And once more it may be observed that he finds the moment of breakdown surprisingly far in the past: for the main body of Orthodox Christian Civilization, 977 A.D.; for the Russian branch of Orthodox Christian Civilization, 1075 A.D.; for Far Eastern Civilization, 878 A.D.; for Far Eastern Civilization in Japan, 1185 A.D.; for Hindu Civilization, 1175 A.D.; for Islamic Civilization, about 1500 A.D.

IV

WHAT is the framework in which these assertions about the breakdowns of civilizations are placed? To begin with, Toynbee uses a characteristic and illuminating metaphor. We are so placed, he suggests, that we can see a ledge on a mountainside, and we can see part of the cliff below and part of the cliff above. On the ledge there are men sleeping, and these are the primitive societies as we now know them. Though we may dismiss them as lazy or paralytic, second thought should convince us that only the most strenuous effort could have brought them to this resting point, and if we could look below, at the foot of the precipice, we should see that there were many who failed to make this first ascent. Our main interest, however, is in the climbers on the second cliff. We cannot see their goal, and certainly we cannot tell whether any of them will reach it, but there are dead bodies on the ledge, and we perceive that most of those who have made the attempt have perished. Some who are still climbing seem near the end of their resources, but they cannot retreat; they must go on until they reach security or fall to their doom.

The problem of the genesis of civilization is the problem of emergence from the state of primitive society, which was in itself an arduous achievement for mankind. Toynbee thinks of the problem in terms

of challenge-and-response. The challenge may lie in hard country or in new ground or in blows, pressures, or penalizations. It must be a challenge severe enough to bring forth all the resources of a society, and yet it must not be excessive. If such a challenge is successfully met, the growth of civilization has begun. Not all the members of a society are ready to enter upon so exacting an enterprise, but the passive majority will follow the leadership of those who are determined to meet whatever challenge it is that faces them. These leaders are, in Toynbee's phrase, the "creative minority," and so long as they are equal to the successive challenges that arise, their civilization is growing. One of the important factors in growth, then, is the relationship between creative individuals and society, and to this subject Toynbee devotes much of his third volume.

But in all civilizations, with one possible exception, a time has come when the creative minority has failed to meet a challenge. The breakdown of a civilization, Toynbee believes, is never directly caused by external forces but is always the product of an internal failure. More often than not, it is the result of what he terms the intractability of institutions. Mankind is always putting new wine in old bottles, and "the bottles break and the wine runneth out and the bottles perish." The fact is that creative minorities do not remain eternally creative. They begin to think of the past, idolizing, as Toynbee would say, an ephemeral institution or an ephemeral technique, or else they become intoxicated with victory, turn militarist, and commit suicide.

With the moment of breakdown, the long, long period of disintegration begins. Toynbee discusses it first under two broad headings: "Schism in the Body Social" and "Schism in the Soul." What was once a creative minority becomes a dominant minority, holding by force a position that is no longer willingly accorded it. The mass of the people in the society—the internal proletariat in Toynbee's terminology—is alienated, and the external proletariat—made up of the barbarians who once came under the influence of the civilization—drifts away. The divisions in society are reflected in—or, as Toynbee

would have it, are reflections of—divisions in the individual soul. In a growing society people have a sense of being whole, but in a disintegrating society they are split apart. A period of disintegration, however, has its creative achievements: the dominant minority creates not only the universal state but also a higher philosophy, and the internal proletariat creates a universal religion. Moreover, there are two ways in which the individual can heal the schism in the soul: one is detachment, the other Toynbee calls transfiguration.

V

BUT THESE are matters to which we can subsequently return. What concerns us now is Western Civilization. Although this is a subject that Toynbee plans to treat formally at the end of his study, he has not written six volumes without giving some indication of his opinions. Indeed, the reader gets the impression that Toynbee has not been able to suspend judgment, as he has wanted to do, but has formulated definite ideas about the future.

More than once Toynbee observes that Western Civilization cannot be on the verge of dissolution since it has not yet had its universal state. At the same time he repeatedly suggests that the universal state may be at hand. If this is true, Western Civilization must be nearing the end of its time of troubles, in Toynbee's sense of that phrase. Then, according to his scheme, the moment of breakdown must be some centuries behind us, and since four hundred years is the usual duration of a time of troubles, the first part of the sixteenth century seems to be indicated. And at the end of Volume VI Toynbee does speak of the Wars of Religion as the turning point, though there is a suggestion in Volume IV that the collapse of the Conciliar Movement a century earlier might be regarded as the crucial failure.

Toynbee suggests, however tentatively, that our time of troubles may follow the pattern that he describes as rout-and-rally. The first rout came with the breakdown of the unity of Western Christianity and the consequent wars of religion. There was then a rally in the mid-eighteenth century, in the period sometimes called the

Age of Tolerance, but eighteenth century tolerance rested on an insufficient foundation, and there soon began a cycle of national wars that have steadily grown more devastating.

WHAT Toynbee calls "the parochial sovereign state" is the instrument by which the decline of Western Civilization has been accomplished. In his fourth volume, when he writes of "the intractability of institutions," he draws some of his most telling examples from our own history. Both industrialism and democracy, he points out, have been perverted by nationalism. "Industrialism," he writes, "is a co-operative system of work which demands the unification of all the habitable lands and navigable seas on the face of the planet as a common home for the entire living generation of Mankind," but in a world of parochial states, each striving to improve its economic conditions at the expense of others, industrialism has been a prolific source of wars. As for democracy, Toynbee says that in origin and essence it is "not parochial but universal, not militant but humanitarian." "But," he continues, "when this potent spiritual driving-force is diverted into the mechanism of a parochial state, it not only ceases to be beneficent but becomes malignantly subversive."

Spengler asserted that we were entering a period of Caesarism and that our decline was inevitable. Toynbee dodges the idea of inevitability, but he issues the most solemn of warnings. If the analogy between our history and that of other civilizations holds, we may well tremble; "for in other cases the grand finale that has wound up a 'time of troubles' and ushered in a universal state has been a self-inflicted 'knockout blow' from which the self-stricken society has never been able to recover." "Must we, too," he asks, "purchase our *Pax Æcumenica* at this deadly price?" Both our economic development and our political philosophy demand the abrogation of national sovereignty and the unification of Western Civilization, which has come to dominate the entire world. If we can meet this challenge, if we can establish universal peace by the creation of a world order, doom can be avoided.

If, however, peace is brought about only because one nation has succeeded in conquering all the others, and thus has made itself a universal state, nothing can check the processes of disintegration.

PASSIONATE believers in world government may be encouraged by Toynbee's analysis, but Toynbee himself, though no one has worked more vigorously for international understanding, cannot forget our four hundred years of nationalism. Hellenic Civilization had many opportunities of achieving unity between the defeat of Pericles and the victory of Augustus, but its responses to successive challenges grew weaker and weaker. Can we tell ourselves that our responses have grown stronger? In *The Survey of International Affairs for 1933* Toynbee wrote that the Nazis' seizure of power "marked the consummation—or the *reductio ad extremum*—of a politico-religious movement, the pagan deification and worship of parochial human communities, which had been gradually gaining ground for more than four centuries in the Western World at large." As the need for international unity has become more and more acute, nationalism has assumed new and more terrifying forms.

Yet if Toynbee sees little prospect of our meeting the challenge of nationalism in purely political ways, he nevertheless finds basis for hope in a realm that for him is beyond politics. There is still, he believes, a possibility of a revival of Christianity: "we may yet live to see a civilization which has tried and failed to stand alone, being saved, in spite of itself, from a fatal fall by being caught in the arms of an ancestral church which it has vainly striven to push away and keep at arm's length." And even if this hope fails, even if religion cannot save Western Civilization, it can save the individual member of that society. "We have now," he says near the end of Volume VI, "gained a glimpse of an alternative way of life . . . and this happy issue out of our afflictions is to be found in enrolling ourselves as citizens of a *Civitas Dei* of which Christ Crucified is king. . . . The member of a disintegrating society who has taken this road has a surer hope, and therefore a deeper happiness, than the merely 'once-

born' member of a mundane society that is still in growth."

VI

WHAT are we to conclude from all this? Has Toynbee so accurately analyzed the nature of civilization that we cannot reject his conclusions? Is his case so strong that we must abandon hope for Western Civilization and look to religion for individual salvation? The experts do not think so, and even the layman may find flaws in some of Toynbee's crucial arguments. It is obvious, for example, that he never says clearly what he means by "civilization," and yet he talks about "the species" as if he were operating with the precision of a zoologist. It is equally obvious that his facts do not fit his theories quite as neatly as he assumes. When, for instance, he deals with Minoan, Hittite, or Andean civilization, he necessarily relies on guesswork, and his guesses always support his hypotheses. Furthermore, although the number of exceptions steadily mounts as his analysis proceeds—Egyptian civilization is this kind of exception, Arabic civilization is that—he always speaks as if uniformity were the rule. Indeed, as several critics have pointed out, Toynbee takes Hellenic civilization, which he knows best, as the paradigm, and tries to make twenty other civilizations conform to that pattern. Spengler did much the same thing, and there is a parallel in Marx's attempt to embrace all revolutions in a formula that was evolved to describe the bourgeois revolution.

The layman is also likely to be troubled by Toynbee's way of using metaphors and analogies. When he writes as a poet he is rewarding, but when he tries to harden a figure of speech into a scientific formula the reader has to watch out. To take only one of many examples, there is a long and magnificent section called "The Movement of Withdrawal-and-Return." What Toynbee has to say about the thirty persons and the half-dozen historical actions he treats under this heading is extraordinarily interesting; but it is difficult to accept his assumption that he has found a significant common denominator for

Buddha's renunciation of the world, Caesar's Gallic campaigns, Peter the Great's visit to Western Europe, Lenin's exile, Kant's retirement to his study, England's withdrawal from the Continent after the Hundred Years' War, and the post-revolutionary isolation of the Bolsheviks. His use of analogy is particularly open to question when he is speaking of religion, and although it may legitimately be said that in this realm the oblique approach is often the most successful one, a distinction has to be made between interesting parallels and scientific demonstrations.

IN SHORT, no one need regard *A Study of History* as gospel truth, and yet surely it is one of the great works of our time. For one thing, there is always its incidental richness. In each of the six volumes there are passages whose erudition and insight cannot easily be matched. In Volume II, for instance, when Toynbee is talking about the stimulus of hard countries, he sums up in a few superb pages the whole movement of colonization in North America. A little later on, speaking of the stimulus of penalization, he discusses the Jews, traversing the scale of assimilation from the persecuted Ashkenazim of Eastern Europe through the less penalized Sephardim and the apostate Dönme and Marranos to the products of complete assimilation. In the section on withdrawal-and-return that I have already mentioned, there are a few pages on Machiavelli that contribute little enough to Toynbee's thesis but do discuss with the greatest penetration not only the character of Machiavelli but also the whole problem of balance of power. No one who has read it is likely to forget the passage on the Spartans and their "system against human nature" or the far-ranging discussion of military techniques that bears the characteristic title, "Goliath and David."

There are many, many more episodes that I might mention, but I do not want to give the impression that *A Study of History* is a congeries of brilliant passages in support of an untenable thesis. Whatever the shortcomings of the study—and a work of this magnitude without shortcomings is inconceivable—it has an immediate relevance to our problems. In the first place,

it gives us perspective. Toynbee, it should be understood, rejects the theory of inevitable cycles as sharply as he does the theory of inevitable progress. Mankind's daring experiment is neither doomed to defeat nor guaranteed success. "Break-downs," Toynbee writes, "are failures in an audacious attempt to ascend from the level of a Primitive Humanity, living the life of a social animal, to the level of some superhuman kind of being in a Communion of Saints." If we accept this statement, we cannot be surprised that there have been many failures, but we have no reason to believe that failure is certain. As Toynbee puts it, "The divine spark of creative power is instinct in ourselves, and if we have the grace to kindle it into flame, then the stars in their courses cannot defeat our efforts to attain the goal of human endeavors."

IF, HOWEVER, his conclusions are not inherently pessimistic, they lend no support to the more fatuous kind of optimism: any civilization, ours included, may collapse. The collapse of a civilization, as Toynbee sees it, is not a lurid apocalypse; disintegration is a long—and interesting—process, with certain quite recognizable stages. As Toynbee discusses these stages, drawing upon all his knowledge of past civilizations, the reader may not acquiesce in every part of the analysis, but he would have to be insensitive not to acquire a new feeling about the world in which he lives.

Two of Toynbee's most telling phrases—"schism in society" and "schism in the soul"—correspond to realities that most of us have no difficulty in recognizing. The schism in society is both horizontal and vertical—a division between classes and a division between the nations that make up Western Civilization. When he speaks of "a failure of creative power in the minority" and "an answering withdrawal of mimesis on the part of the majority," the language seems abstract and unconvincing. But it is a different matter when he discusses mass unemployment: "the cancer of an urban proletariat which has lost its roots in the country, has struck no roots in the town, and is reminded—every time it draws its dole—that it is 'in' but not

'of' the society which has to serve as the unwilling 'host' of this unhappy social parasite." "An unmanageable abundance"—a challenge that has not been met—has split our society.

As for the division between nations, I have already spoken of Toynbee's brilliant discussions of the disease of nationalism, not only in *A Study of History* but also, year by year, in the *Survey of International Affairs*. We might look at one more example, his comment on the Soviet Union. Communist and capitalist states, he believes, are tending toward a common goal, that goal being "a totalitarian regime in a parochial socialist national state which commands the religious as well as the political allegiance of its subjects." (This was written in 1937.) "If we are right in this forecast," he continues, "it is the destiny of the would-be world-wide movement of Communism to be frustrated thrice over: first by being imprisoned within the frontiers of a single parochial state; next by being degraded into a local variety of Nationalism after having started as a social panacea for all Mankind; and finally by seeing the particular state that has enslaved it gradually assimilate itself to the other sixty or seventy states of the contemporary world by approximating to a common standard type."

SCHISM in the soul" is as familiar to us as "schism in society." Indeed, psychoanalysts—Toynbee would not appreciate support from "the callowest of our Western scientific disciplines"—point to the alarming increase of schizophrenia, the divided mind. Toynbee discusses the phenomenon at length as it manifests itself in art, language, religion, and politics. As is usual with him, he evolves a neat formula: in disintegration we find "a pair of mutually antithetical and antipathetic variations or substitutes, in which the response to a challenge is 'polarized' into two alternatives—one passive and the other active, but neither of them creative." This convenient dichotomy is not wholly convincing, but in discussing it he illuminates phenomena that lie about us.

Take, for instance, one pair of alternatives, archaism and futurism. His scheme

requires him to make archaism the gentle and futurism the violent response, but he is too acute a historian not to know that an attempt to restore the past can be and usually is quite as violent as an attempt to anticipate the future. In fact, as he is finally forced to admit, archaism is really a form of futurism, since the leader who speaks of reviving ancient greatness—whether an Augustus or a Mussolini—is forced by the logic of history to impose innovations as drastic as those any futurist might design. For those of us who have discovered in some agony of spirit how much extreme reactionaries and extreme revolutionaries can have in common, this is no inconsiderable lesson.

THERE are many lessons to be learned from Toynbee. Almost every page holds out a warning to our self-styled progressives, whose cheerful dogmas so persistently cloud their view of mankind and its history. But no less ominous are his warnings to conservatives, especially those business leaders who are guilty of one or another form of idol worship. To nationalists he speaks with a voice of thunder. To workers for the *Pax Œcumenica*, on the other hand, he is kind, but he will not let them forget the dimensions of their task or put their reliance in easy formulas. Though his faith in religion is strong, there is no organized religious body that can take comfort from his words.

A Study of History, however, is not to be summed up as a series of lessons, pertinent as its admonitions are. We might better regard it as we would regard an epic—as a great imaginative thrust. Here is a man who has attempted to focus all his resources—not some few that happen to lie conveniently close at hand—on a single, challenging task. The result is something that transcends the uses to which the work can be put at a given moment, and its value for us does not depend on our accepting each of its parts, as if it were a Euclidean demonstration, or on our agreeing with all its conclusions. *A Study of History* is one of the most erudite and instructive works of our time, but it is also and beyond that the achievement of a poetic imagination.

Lines to a Daughter—Any Daughter

AGNES ROGERS

ONE of the things that you really should know
Is when to say "yes," and when to say "no."
It's terribly, terribly risky to guess
At when to say "no" and when to say "yes."
Girls who are slaving for Woolworth and Kress
Lament for the day when they might have said "yes,"
Others are crying at night apropos
Of moments when clearly they should have said "no."

There aren't any textbooks, there aren't many rules,
The subject's neglected in orthodox schools.
Experience helps, but you seldom remember
Your April mistakes by the first of November.
You can't be consistent; there's often a reason
For changing your mind with a change in the season.
You may be quite right in accepting at seven
Suggestions you'd better refuse at eleven.

Perhaps you'll consider these tentative hints:
"No" to a dirndl of highly glazed chintz,
"Yes" to the bashful young man at the dance,
"No" to the man who's been living in France,
"Yes" to a walk in the park in the rain,
"Yes" if he asks for a chance to explain,
"No" to all slacks unless you're too thin,
"No" to that impulse to telephone him,

"Yes" to a baby, and "no" to a bore,
"No" if you're asked if you've heard it before,
"Yes" to the friend when she says, "Don't you think
Rabbit is just as becoming as mink?"
"Yes" to a Saturday, "no" to a Monday,
"Yes" to a salad and "no" to a sundae,
"No" to a wastrel and "yes" to a ranger,
"No" to a toady, and "yes" to a stranger

(That is, providing you use some discretion),
"No" to three cocktails in rapid succession,
"No" to magenta and chocolate brown,
"Yes" to a whisper and "no" to a frown,
"No" if he's misunderstood by his wife,
"Yes" if you want it the rest of your life.
Remember, my darling, careers and caresses
Depend on our choices of "noes" and of "yesses."

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

IN THE *Hollywood Quarterly* Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie has addressed some words to the movie industry on behalf of his profession, psychiatry. He is concerned with the movies' discovery of psychiatry, the representations of it that they have been making, and the possibility they have of accomplishing on a large scale a few of the results which in the nature of things it can accomplish only on a small scale. He has opened up an exceedingly important subject and we shall be hearing more of it.

Some of the things Dr. Kubie wants are as simple as possible and almost hopeless. He points out that of all literary mediums the movies are the most immediately realistic in their effect on the audience. "When . . . something seems to occur before our very eyes, no matter how impossible and contrived it may be we feel as though we had been eyewitnesses to life itself. It takes a critical and sophisticated mind . . . to sort out the possible from the impossible." The reader of a novel, who has to do some—in fact most—of the work himself, can be on the alert against falsification of motive and behavior and has time to correct them. The movie audience does not have to do any work and, except for those critical and sophisticated minds, must correct instantaneously or not at all, which effectively means not at all. Dr. Kubie understands that the movies like all art are an effort "to substitute fictional experience for direct personal experience." He is concerned lest falsification of life on the screen may decrease the ability of people who see it there to deal with reality in their own lives. He wants the substitute to be true: he wants the movies to portray men and

women behaving as men and women really do, from motives that they really have.

The trouble is that he is dealing with a mass art. We all want the movies to do just that—"all" here means everyone who takes literature seriously. But we are asking the leopard to change his spots. There is impressive authority for believing that he cannot and evidence that he would not if he could. It may be that the most we can hope for, the farthest limit of the possible, is to get the pattern and color of the spots changed for the better here and there.

ONLY incidentally to his point that the movies ought to represent people more truly does Dr. Kubie make a lesser point, that they ought to represent psychiatry more truly, but a friend of the court would make it at the top of his voice. He mentions the sure-fire formula that makes a movie psychiatrist a villain, a stumblebum, or a beautifully and periodically amorous blonde, but that is the least of it. There is only one thing about Hollywood's current preoccupation with the clinical in which anyone can take any satisfaction at all: that it is a craze and so will presently cease. It has already done harm on a truly appalling scale. As Dr. Kubie says, "Neurotic problems are universal." Everyone who has ever seen any of these movies will at some time encounter neurotic problems. Nearly everyone who has seen them will at some time encounter, in his own life or the life of someone near to him, problems where psychiatric help would at least be desirable. But with an irresponsibility that is

hardly short of being criminal the movies have misrepresented to many millions of people the nature and possibilities of that help.

It is not only the misrepresentation of mental illness and emotional disequilibrium—though that has been pretty bad, as when the staff of one Waldorf-Astoria sanitarium in a recent movie diagnosed a patient as suffering from schizophrenia and then cured him by treating him for hysterical amnesia. It is much worse. On the one hand Hollywood has subtly (and sometimes blatantly) suggested that nothing from a mild tic to dementia praecox is more serious than, as the vulgate has it, a bad cold. A neurosis, even a psychosis, is something you can get rid of by having Ingrid Bergman buss you lingeringly or arranging to get a glimpse of Claudette Colbert in her slip. A little irrelevant homicide may be required to delay the cure for ninety minutes but there is nothing to fret about, except that the supply of marriageable lady psychiatrists may run out. But Hollywood has also informed its millions that emotional illness is both shocking and meaningless, that the treatment of it is capricious, frivolous, blind, and arbitrary, and that psychiatrists are willful fools. In Hollywood all symptoms are hair-raising but all are less so than the ordinary behavior of those who treat them, and the truly insane in a madhouse are not the patients but the staff. Millions have been warned against the peril of seeking psychiatric help: they have been scared blue. Hollywood has convinced them that psychiatry is dangerous, cruel, and to no end but trouble; it has begun to tell them that it is dirty too.

Little else could have been expected. When the craze was biographical films the movies showed the same aversion to genuine motives and authentic behavior. With inventors, scientists, literary men, and captains of industry the lust was not to uncover real motives but to falsify them. Mark Twain, for instance. The biography of Mark Twain is a very great story, compact of ignominy and exaltation, suspense and triumph, drama and heartbreak. Merely to dramatize the biography would have been to produce a fascinating film but Hollywood preferred to make it false

and silly—a damned lie so scurrilous that a fellow Twainian wired me that, having seen the result, he was going to seek catharsis in a week's drunk. But it is the same in any kind of film whenever the implications of powerful emotion or the sources of complex emotion must be approached. The movies always falsify them and a "good" movie in any literary sense (beyond that of sheer narrative excellence) is merely one that has taken a chance and risked the truth. Dr. Kubie can be promised that the way out of the dilemma is not likely to be chosen very often.

THERE is a way out of it but the movies must first abandon their clichés—and psychiatry has got to change at least the terms of its demands. Psychiatry is always asking art to be psychiatry. But art is not psychiatry. Dr. Kubie would have the movies assist people in the difficult task of distinguishing reality from phantasy: he would have them support the reality-principle. But that merely states the dilemma in terms of one of its halves. We do indeed ask art to clarify our experience for us, to tell us what it means, to bring it out of the unknown and therefore frightening into the pattern of the familiar and understood. We are always asking artists, Why did she act that way? and Why do I feel this way?, and we also ask them What am I feeling, what is this that is happening to me? Dr. Kubie would require the movies to answer those questions truly. But the problem is not so simple as that, for neither the movies nor any other art can approach the realities those questions involve except by way of phantasy.

Moreover, only the most adult minds ever ask those questions clearly and no one ever asks just them and nothing else of art. Even at its most mature, which is to say its most serviceable to the human spirit, literature has the function of confirming fundamental phantasies which Dr. Kubie comes close to asking it to dispel. Always and especially at its most mature, literature, whatever else it may be besides, is something that gives us a second chance. Why, yes, I failed it once and forever—I botched the job—fate licked me, God got me down—I was smaller, more craven,

more base, more ignominious than is tolerable. But for a few hours, in the valor and fortitude of better if equally defeated men, I can look fate in the eye, respect myself, readjust the balance, appeal the sentence. For a few hours—but necessarily, Dr. Kubie, in phantasy. Art is our license to meet disaster on more favorable terms than reality permits.

MOREOVER, there are other phantasies which at its most mature literature also supports—and as we move from complex, sophisticated literature to the more simple and popular they become progressively more binding till they are absolute. Dr. Kubie knows that all stories are detective stories—they work toward the solution of a mystery—and he asks them to do this alone. But also all stories are fairy stories. Sophisticated literature is merely fairy stories which the reality-principle will accept. Popular literature, the movies, is literature in which the psychological framework of the fairy story is preserved inviolate.

Day by day in his consulting room Dr. Kubie watches the little man climbing the beanstalk to find and kill the giant, the gorgeous coach changing to a mere pumpkin when the clock strikes, the princess sleeping till the prince comes to kiss her awake, the golden hair being let down from the tower. Outside the consulting room, he knows only too well, one or the other of two things is going to happen. Either the thumbling, when he reaches the top of the beanstalk, is going to meet the giant and get his head bashed in, which is a victory for the reality-principle but very painful, or else he is going to believe that he has met the giant and spitted him on his sword, which is delusion or at best neurosis. The function of psychiatry is to bring him to and through the first experience in safety. The function of the movies is to give him the second experience in safety—that is to say, in sanity.

None of us has ever killed a giant or kissed a princess awake and we know we never will. But, oh yes, Lord, we all want to, nothing this side of death can keep us from wanting to, and in a darkened theater for ninety minutes on the screen we can be

a little better at either than the Lord has let us be. That is why millions of people abide, hardly aware that it is cheap and contemptible, the tawdriness of the most vilely inferior art that humankind has ever practiced. In that darkened room (so like the playhouses psychiatry itself deals with) we can kill the giant, precisely as, when the art is finer, we can experience that moment of friendship purer and more intense than we have ever managed to feel by ourselves . . . “and I will hold him in my heart’s core, aye, in my heart of heart—as I do thee.” It is heartbreaking, it is final, and it is the condition of storytelling. All the movie audience wants is to have the pattern carried out, finished symmetrically. Crudely, absurdly, by the most unreal and meretricious means, the movies do give us what we must have—and we abide their vulgarity in order to achieve the symbol. Give us the pattern working out, give us the outline coming complete, give us the achieved symbol, and we will pay anything for it—anything at all, even the price in unreality Dr. Kubie objects to.

And that suggests the way out. So long as the symbol were achieved, we would accept on the way to it, and no doubt with rejoicing, the clarification of and comment on real experience that Dr. Kubie desires. Hollywood has decided that we want cheap, vulgar fairy stories done falsely, but what we really want is to kill a giant. There would be just as much box office in representing life as it is and having people, on the way to the symbol, act as people do from motives that people have—and Dr. Kubie would be content and everyone’s understanding of reality would be enhanced. All that is required is to convince Hollywood that the genuine would pay off as well as the phony. But just how do you convince Hollywood?

THE issue which Dr. Kubie’s questions raise, however, cannot be met squarely in the movies. Actually it is an issue of more mature arts, where better minds and finer spirits are free to work untrammelled. All arts are phantasy—as Dr. Kubie says, the substitution of imagined for actual experience. Now great literature is literature in which the underlying phantasy

has been brought into complete accord with reality; it is the reality-principle disciplining phantasy into truth. Psychiatry is quite free to judge all literature by the criterion thus suggested. But as I have said it is not free to leave out of account the obligation of literature to work through phantasy, and it is claiming jurisdiction where it can be granted none when it asks literature to be psychiatry and nothing else, when it asks literature to be psychiatry at all. It has got to give up some of its requirements if it is to sign the alliance of mutual assistance that it has come increasingly to desire. Most of all it has got to stop thinking of artists as defective psychiatrists.

It is true that, for part of the way, fiction and psychiatry move on parallel paths, and Dr. Freud for one was willing to admit that frequently they use the same instruments. But the paths are parallel for only part of the way, and the objectives they set themselves are wholly different. Perhaps (only perhaps) psychiatry may somewhat refine a novelist's understanding of what makes him a novelist, an ability to imagine emotion into form, but if you ask him to write therapeutically you will spoil a novelist without getting a therapist. Therapy is not his job. He is to make fiction out of experience, not to differentiate experience and fiction. He has nothing to do with light but works toward a different, sometimes more desirable thing: warmth. He does not work to cure a patient but to persuade a reader that for the moment he is not alone.

It is a strange outcome that has psy-

chiatry asking the novelist to take out a medical license. For, of course, in other moods psychiatry regards the novelist not as an apprentice colleague but as a patient. He writes as needs must, psychiatry holds, he writes in the fulfillment of lacks, at the dictation of unconscious forces. His work is part of a case history, in the psychiatric jargon it is "material." He has no free will. But how can a spellbound man instruct anyone in reality? How even, in the preliminary step, can he separate reality out from his own compulsions?

Maybe psychiatry ought to stop being ambivalent about art. Or better, maybe it ought to recognize that the "material" of art is an approach to reality as valid as psychiatry's but to a different end. That if the sources of art are in the area psychiatry deals with, still the artist works cleanly with them—art has an integration of its own, it has a necessity of its own apart from the artist's. That we are all tossed about by the stormy waters and that, whereas psychiatry is to conduct the shipwrecked to dry land, art is to let him know that someone is swimming by his side. This is a lesser help and so psychiatry here wins over art, but there is also a way in which it is the smaller thing. For psychiatry undertakes to bring us in the end to conform to the laws which the gods have made—but art permits us to defy the gods and say that their laws have no force. Psychiatry will show a man how, losing the battle, he can still stay sane; but art is man nerved to die sane in the war which he knows while he is fighting in it that he cannot win.

A RAILROAD MAN THINKS OUT LOUD

ROGER E. TORNELL

Pictorial Comment by Gluyas Williams

WARTIME railroading was wonderful. So wonderful, in fact, that it is hard to believe that it was not a dream. Having traffic so heavy that solicitation could be discontinued was remarkable enough. But having representatives of competing roads Alphonse-and-Gaston one another about who should handle whole trainloads of business, over which in peacetime they would have fought hammer and tongs, should happen only in a dream. And just as a dream-filled night often is followed by a morning headache, so the railroads waken from their wartime dream to face a menacing situation, in which they have reason to regret bygone indulgences as bitterly as any man who ever had a wild night.

The roads' outstanding war record—which won praise from all sides—created an impression of Gibraltar strength, of an industry in full vigor. Their prewar financial and competitive troubles seemed far away and unreal. Such a flood of income, it seemed, ought to wash away all debt and leave the roads on a secure foundation. Actually, however, after so many years of paying dividends while piling debt ever higher, the war bonanza was to the roads' big debt what a momentary shower is to a desert. It will only freshen things for a short time. Most of the debt is still there; and soon the interest charges—

scarcely noticeable in present king-size budgets—will resume their demanding prewar role.

Worse still, much of the rolling stock which got the boys there and brought them back has practically fallen apart on its last runs—and much of what hasn't collapsed is so outdated that it ought to be replaced. At the same time, the heavy traffic incident to the war and its aftermath will be ending, and competition from gasoline-driven transport, which was checked by the war, will be back stronger than ever.

Meeting that competition isn't going to be easy. About freight service, I am not qualified to speak; but I feel sure that loss of enough passenger traffic to make rail passenger service unprofitable is a definite and disturbing possibility, unless a revitalized management can find ways to modernize plant, equipment, service, and rates.

In discussing the improvements which seem necessary to meet the burgeoning competition, I shall write about Western territory, partly because that is the territory with which I am most familiar, but also to avoid too-inclusive generalizations. The requirements for the entire country are much the same, and if I were to go into the operational and rate-making differences between the three main railroad groups—Eastern, Southeastern, and

As he indicates in his article, Mr. Tornell's intimate familiarity with railroad problems comes from his own long experience as a railroader in the West.

Western—I should get involved in details that would far exceed the scope of a single article.

THE managers who must meet the new passenger competition suffer from three historic handicaps. One of them springs from the fact that the industry, though made up of many individual companies, must function as a single unified system. As a result, the complications involved in reaching the universal agreement necessary to effect important changes are so endless as to awe men of initiative into letting well enough alone. Even individual companies are big enough to suffer from bureaucratic inertia.

Another handicap is the acceptance (subconsciously if not consciously) of the idea that passenger service is something like a kept woman—useful in her best finery for giving an appearance of prosperity and dash, and as a means of dazzling important shippers and others, but useless for adding to net income. The conception and the attitude toward service which it breeds are bad. Whether passenger service can make money is debatable; but it is a certainty that if it is not well managed with the idea of making money, it can lose an appalling lot of money—and such loss cannot be easily avoided because the service cannot be discontinued.

The third big managerial handicap, which also permeates the entire organization, is what Mr. Ernest E. Norris, president of the Southern Railway System, calls monopoly-mindedness. In a 1940 speech, he pointed out that monopoly-mindedness had long survived the monopoly of travel accommodations once possessed by the railroads, and had produced a bumper crop of apathy, unfriendliness, and cold-blooded, caustic efficiency. To doubters of his charge, he suggested personal testing of the treatment accorded the public by employees of competing transport agencies, who had no heritage of monopoly attitudes.

The only thing wrong with Mr. Norris's indictment was his conclusion that efficiency—caustic or otherwise—resulted from rule worship and indifference to passengers' feelings. Citation of printed rules or tariffs

is generally offered as wide-eyed, unimpeachable vindication for any disaster which may befall a passenger caught in the complexities of railroad red tape. Converting a passenger's trip into a tragedy instead of a pleasure by blindly adhering to rules, which in other businesses would be set aside in favor of common-sense adjustment, isn't efficiency. Mr. Norris understandably avoided using a more exactly descriptive word for it.

In the golden monopoly days, employees could be trained by the bluff-and-fumble system, cars could be primitive, passengers could be treated scandalously—and it made no difference. One road might lose some business to another, but it was all in the family. With no outside competition, the struggle for business could go on with complete assurance that if a few passengers were maimed in the fight, nobody needed to worry, because there would always be the usual number of passengers to be fought over.

That wonderful open season has now ended; and the necessity for thinking in terms of the railroads against all of their swarming competitors is inescapable. And the first moves—in connection with indispensable new equipment—aren't too encouraging.

II

THE general obsolescence of sleeping cars has been dramatized in advertisements published by Mr. Robert Young, of the Van Sweringen railroads, who referred to the older cars as "rolling tenements." Mr. Young, though highly successful, is regarded as a maverick by many of his colleagues; but no doubt he was correct in saying that six thousand new sleepers were needed, whereas only seven hundred and sixty-four had been ordered as of June 1, 1946. Those few new cars, he said, were for twenty-five big roads, while thirty other roads operating sleepers had not ordered a single car. The state of the coaches (as distinguished from sleepers) is well illustrated by one Western road on which forty per cent of all coaches are more than twenty years old, and almost seventeen per cent of them (mainly in local service) are described in the road's 1945 statement as built in 1910 or earlier.

Car building has been almost completely stymied during 1946. But even if all cars on order had been delivered, they would be but a small beginning. An important deterrent to buying is current car prices, which are hair-raising. It would be easy to accuse the two major companies now building streamlined cars—Budd Manufacturing and Pullman-Standard—of taking advantage of their virtual monopoly to collect extortionate prices. But it appears more likely that the builders are victims of the roads' individualistic notions about equipment.

With a wary eye on his railroad competitors, a manager is likely to insist upon specialties which will enable him to advertise his own featured trains as superior to those of other roads—not a bad idea if it weren't that custom-building may increase the cost per car by thirty or forty thousand dollars—maybe more. And it is pointless, too, when the dangerous competition will be with automobiles, busses, and airplanes—not other railroads.

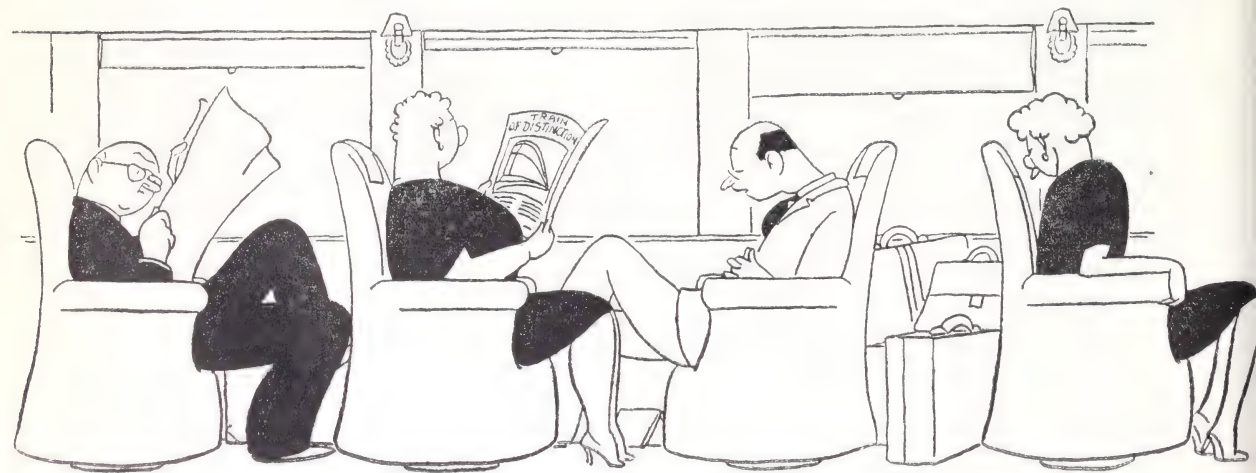
Managers evidently find it difficult to get over the idea that streamlined cars are a grand, reckless indulgence, a precious embellishment of the service to be kept permanently in a separate category. Custom-built prices being what they are, it is understandable that managers should shy at the idea of new cars in *all* services, with extra cars for replacements and overflow. But such a development seems inescapable.

Motor manufacturers, airlines, theaters, hotels, and stores have long recognized

that all Americans are accustomed to good, clean accommodations and courteous service. The shocking contrast of unbearably primitive local trains, made up of rolling refugees from the junk heap, surely cannot be tolerated much longer. Less individualistic cars and more of them is the crying need. If local trains cannot be improved spectacularly, the roads appear destined to develop creeping paralysis from shrinking patronage. A few modern trains do not make a service, and probably will not support a railroad's overhead.

But nothing, so far as can be learned, has been done about getting car costs down. Virtually all reasearch in streamlined trains has been done by independent enterprisers; and Budd, the pioneer, to get new ideas had to begin with a crew of aircraft designers. For individual builders the financial risk in train research is very great, and must be limited by orders which they may or may not be able to secure. It would seem better for the roads to set up their own co-operative laboratory for the invention of better equipment. They could then own patents on all improvements, and could place large orders for identical—and inexpensive—cars. In the meantime it should be possible to lump orders and get more mass-produced cars for less money.

THE prime requirements in all equipment are speed, roomy comfort, and, of course, air conditioning, which probably will have to be provided ultimately in all cars, even those in suburban service. There



is some danger that the present forty rough, jouncy hours from Chicago to the Pacific Coast will seem justified as a final goal. Indeed it may be the best that present engineering can produce; but the struggle for greater speed, with comfort, should never end.

Research in the kind of independent suspension (without axles) which has given automobiles greater stability and speed, has been shelved—in spite of its impressive engineering sponsorship—in favor of using old-style, high, teetery trucks to permit training old and new cars together. If lower floors can improve automobiles amazingly, it seems reasonable to think that lower floors could do similar wonders for railroad cars. The implications of such a change would be far-reaching; but it seems unwise, when a whole new set of equipment must come in time, to check off the idea without exhaustive research, which only the roads can afford to undertake.

IN INTERIOR design the present streamlined coaches come close to filling requirements, and the remaining faults can be easily corrected. Payload could be reduced to provide greater comfort. Ample space is something that neither busses nor airplanes can give their passengers economically; here the railroads should have a sharp advantage over them. Except on very short runs, there should be lounging space in each car; and smoking probably ought to be restricted to the lounges. Provision of clean, completely equipped toilet facilities is simple, indispensable, and now frequently neglected.

Space for baggage in coaches, which is very important, has been fumbled endlessly. Even in the newer cars, it seems to be assumed that coach passengers oughtn't to carry more than a lunch box—which few of them ever do these days. All efforts at a solution have involved storing baggage where it could be readily stolen, lost, or wrecked. Hand baggage is not adapted to the stone-crusher treatment it gets in baggage cars. Besides, passengers on hop-skip-and-jump trips cannot risk having their baggage miss connections. Yet the campaign goes on to get passengers to check hand baggage. A better solution

seems obvious. Coaches always have had tantalizingly inadequate overhead racks, perched far higher than necessary. The space is there, going to waste; the racks need only to be lowered and enlarged so they will hold all of the baggage that passengers normally carry. No wise traveler ever enjoys peace of mind if he cannot stow and watch his own luggage.

THE problem in sleeper design is tougher. Trains, to be fast, must carry relatively few cars; and if payload is too small, the fares have to be set too high to meet air competition. Therefore, designers are faced with two requirements which seem contradictory: (1) packing more passengers into each car, which means less space per unit, and (2) increasing salability of units by providing privacy and greater comfort, which apparently require more space.

The maximum number of units in a car used to be sixteen salable lower berths—and sixteen uppers which, since they required passengers to scramble around on ladders like monkeys, in public, were salable only under duress. To increase this maximum, Pullman has invented a car containing twenty-two roomettes, each occupying the space of a section (lower and upper berth). The roomette, whose occupant has to get into a public aisle in his night clothes to get the bed in place, and whose toilet facilities can be used at night only with impractical difficulty, is generally assumed to be good because it sells. That it sells, however, proves only that people want privacy, and does not prove that the roomette is as good as a minimum-rate room ought to be.

Budd seems to have accomplished the impossible by designing a car containing thirty-two "budgette" rooms—or twenty-eight rooms with an extra room for the porter—and the rooms are arranged so that they may be occupied en suite, ideal for two people traveling together. Toilet facilities also are more conveniently available at night. Such an increase in comfortable, salable units per car ranks in importance with the invention of streamlined trains. However, up to November 1946, no road had bought any of these cars because the custom-built price would

have to be extremely high, and the introduction of such superior accommodations—which could hardly be priced higher than an old-fashioned lower berth—would shatter the price structure in the “rolling tenements,” to whose scrapping managers seem not to be resigned.

Budd's new bedroom unit, with enclosed toilet room, so designed that there may be twelve in a car instead of the ten units in Pullman's present most popular luxury car, would seem to afford a sufficiently important increase in payload to justify substituting it for the old-time compartment (to which it is superior), and for the old-time drawing room, whose only superiority is its third bed, which is often unused.

Increasing the payload of sleeper trains is so important that it would seem imperative to make use of Budd's designs (with any improvements that can be developed) in the bulk of the new cars, whether they are built by Pullman, who seems to be getting the larger orders, or by Budd. One is almost tempted to say—at risk of being taken seriously—that there ought to be a law requiring it.

Two important items in car fittings—cushions and parlor car seats—need better treatment. Sponge rubber, now universally used in seats and mattresses, has a bad but curable fault. “It breathes” has become almost as familiar as “it floats”; but sponge rubber, under the weight of a passenger, does not breathe. Sitting for as little as an hour on present rubber cushions, covered only by a layer of cloth, wrinkles one's clothes to unsightliness, which is serious for anyone who wants to look presentable at his destination. The defect can be eliminated by covering the rubber with porous padding to permit escape of body moisture. Mattresses should be similarly treated—but for a different reason. A person sleeping on a rubber mattress gets hot and sticky on the under side, which results in alternate overheating and chilling as he turns over restlessly all night. Few people ever know why they have this trouble; they only know that they do not sleep well aboard a train.

To make parlor car seats different,

designers have always made them less comfortable than the new coach seats, which have adjustable backs. Few people can sit still several hours and stay awake, and fewer still want to; but in many of the new parlor cars they will pay extra for miserable pull-up chairs without headrests. An adaptation of the modern coach seat would make better sense.

In view of the possibilities for improvement, the smallness of the current car orders may be a blessing in disguise. Specifications for cars now in the works cannot be changed; but there is still time to improve the designs in future large purchases.

III

How to design and buy equipment for the featured trains isn't all that is involved in improving service—as residents of towns served only by local trains attest hotly. Whether local trains can ever make money is a moot question. But since public regulatory bodies are unlikely to permit them to be eliminated, it would seem wise to try to make something of them, rather than leave them as a source of bitter ill will because of their snail's pace and their uncomfortable, repulsive equipment. The life of competing vehicles—airplanes, busses, and automobiles—is comparatively short, which means that they will always seem new compared with trains made up of cars that practically sag in the middle and drag on the rails.

Passenger trains as slow as thirty-five miles per hour are bound to be a liability. The reason why local trains are so slow is partly that their friction-bearing equipment and poor power make them slow in starting, but mainly that they carry heavy loads of mail and express (small freight shipments, often perishable), whose endless loading and unloading drives passengers wild. Mail and express could better be handled on separate trains or by motor truck services; and local passengers, if they are to be handled at all, ought to move on separate—and fast—strictly passenger trains, with comfortable, attractive equipment. People can hardly be blamed for feeling cheated when they pay as much for riding on rolling junk heaps as others pay for fast streamlined service. Separating

express and passenger services might make both more remunerative.

More frequent service with small fast units may be feasible. People who have to wait too long for local trains take to driving (often reluctantly), and, as a result, desert all trains. Streamliners have proved that much traffic can be recaptured which used to be needlessly tossed away. But operation of small units will require elimination of unnecessary train personnel.

Dining car policy, too, needs overhauling. Good meals should be served at really moderate prices. Except possibly on all-sleeper, extra-fare trains, there should be lunch-counter service which will enable passengers to buy beverages and simple lunches at prices they are accustomed to paying in restaurants. A sandwich should be a sandwich, not a gorgeous plateful of garnishment at fifty cents to a dollar apiece. A la carte prices should bear recognizable relationship to table d'hôte prices. No one should ever have reason to remark that when you stray off the table d'hôte menu you are on your own, and God help you. It is better to incur a loss serving lots of happy passengers at moderate prices than to incur a loss (probably even larger) by catering to the small minority who want Waldorf service and are able to pay for it.

STATIONS must be modernized. Cartoons of old-time stations, which are supposed to be funny, aren't so funny when one realizes that they are almost exact portrayals of many present-day small stations. One still finds the same round-bellied stove, primitive seats, bedraggled posters, dim lights, and cluttered agent's sanctum, presided over by a tacky, tobacco-chewing slouch. Only the old-time agent's scraggly mustache is gone. Many small stations could best be replaced entirely; but in most cases all that is necessary is to modernize the old buildings, with due regard for comfort and over-all appearance.

Most city terminals are vast aggregations of smoke-blackened antiquity and discomfort. Many had a sort of elephantine beauty when new; but most of them have deteriorated until they are suggestive of homes of impoverished aristocrats. Seats

are splintery and uncomfortable; once-polished marble is dull and dirty; plumbing in toilets has been replaced by hit-or-miss salvaged equipment; recently-installed incidental fixtures are gimcrack and ugly; and the lighting is usually so poor that the buildings are as gloomy as deserted warehouses.

Designing, decorating, and furnishing stations is just as important to railroads as similar work is in any other business. To turn such work over, for spare-time handling, to engineers trained to build roundhouses and bridges is ridiculous. Moderate sums of money, spent by properly trained men, would make an astonishing improvement.

All stations should be warm in winter, and as many as economically possible should be cooled in summer. They should be serviced by people whose business is cleaning and servicing; ticket office employees now frequently expected to do such work are rarely good janitors. Toilets



IV



should be kept clean, and lavatories furnished with soap and paper towels. Loading platforms also should be kept clean and deodorized—scrubbed with hot water and soap when necessary. It is incongruous to load a slick, shiny train in a place smelling like spoiled cabbage or spilled milk.

Looking prosperous doesn't always mean being prosperous; but if you want to cater to the public successfully, you have to look that way—by being brightly lighted, well painted, neatly dressed, and, above all, clean. Baggage rooms should be as attractive as good design and fresh paint can make them. Trucks used around trains should be freshly painted. Baggage room help and service employees should be dressed in clean clothes, all of the same material. Proper conduct of employees, to a great extent, goes with neat, attractive buildings and equipment.

THE present practice of using the same personnel on both freight and passenger trains has been disastrous. Freight men are inclined to be contemptuous (and maybe a little jealous) of passenger men; and when a man, after long years in freight service, is uncereemoniously transferred, without special training, from freight to passenger service, he can hardly be expected—even with the best of intentions—to perform well. Courtesy is an intricate art—and freight service isn't the place to learn it.

Passenger men should be hired specifically for such service, and they should be trained mainly in the art of handling the public. Men with sufficient intelligence and education to be competent passenger men could master quickly the necessary operating knowledge. Wherever possible, passenger personnel should be kept separate from operating and maintenance personnel, and men should be admitted to passenger service only after suitable examinations and special training.

The management of men who meet the public—ticket sellers and baggage room employees as well as trainmen—calls for either (1) drastic reorientation of operating officials, or (2) creation of an entirely new passenger personnel department. Passenger officials now have no direct control over employees; and operating officials too often tend to regard passengers as not much better than trespassers in an otherwise comfortably profane and uncouth business. Hiring, training, and disciplining passenger employees should rest with men—whether operating or passenger—who have a keen sense for the niceties necessary in handling people.

Small stations pose a problem in overlapping authority. Passenger duties there often are only tail to the operating dog—and often their operating duties make men feel free to act like dogs toward the public. Probably sufficient authority could be delegated to a superintendent of passenger personnel to improve their performance. Paying ticket sellers a small commission on their sales, in addition to salary, would do more to eliminate discourtesy and indolence than any conceivable discipline.

THESE changes would necessarily lead to conflict with the unions; and most managers wilt at thought of trying to change those wonderful contracts which specify exactly which member of which craft (and no other) may do each small job. Bitter struggle can be avoided only if the men can be convinced that security and better earnings can be achieved for more men if traffic—and the number of trains operated—can be increased by making the service more attractive and by reducing per-passenger costs. Getting unions to abate their practice of forcing management to pay for about as many man-hours on the faster, time-saving trains as on the old trains would require a commitment actually to reduce fares. If management and men cannot get together on a basis permitting profitable operation at lower fares, then all hands are in for a lot of trouble—and soon.

The men will be understandably skeptical of all proposals. With operating divisions and terminals established for slower trains, managers face a difficult problem to satisfy the men and yet extract the full savings that ought to accrue from faster equipment. And men who have become accustomed to riding the plush cannot be sent arbitrarily back to freight service. The main thing is to provide service at smaller man-hour cost per unit, and to make sure that no more men with Ned Sparks temperaments are recruited for passenger service.

V

ONCE the roads are on the way to getting equipment, service, and personnel in order, there remains the question of rates. Too high fares will nullify everything else; and the determination of fares involves recognizing some of the facts of life.

The railroad business exists to transport heavy loads over long distances rapidly—and economically. A plant with so big an overhead cannot profitably handle a little business. Busses and airlines—and the private automobile—have already taken so much business that only the increase in the total number of travelers has saved rail service from becoming uneconomical, particularly in Western territory.

But the roads still act as if they can safely pursue the low-volume, high-price policy which worked in the monopoly days. They have even allowed busses to take—strictly on a price basis—a substantial share of long-distance traffic, which ought to be one field secure to the rails. If they do not cut fares enough to recover and keep, for instance, almost all Chicago-Pacific Coast business now moving by bus, then they have given up their inner fortress, their real reason for being.

The danger from airplanes may be even greater. If the air lines can undercut the price of rail service—which may be possible—the outlook for rail travel is bleak indeed. Even equal prices would probably mean the end of profitable rail service, since planes have a speed advantage which railroads can never overcome. Many people talk about danger as a deterrent to air travel; but the plain fact is that most people are not much afraid of dying. If they were, the automobile industry would have folded up long ago, because of the high mortality rate among motorists.

Give price traffic to busses and speed traffic to planes, and what is left? Only people who wish to ride on the ground for comfort, relaxation, and sight-seeing. People have curiosity, and it may be that they will tire of plane trips on which they see so little that they might almost as well be traveling by pneumatic tube. However, among speed-idolizing Americans it is unlikely that a large-scale business like the railroads could survive on the patronage only of people who are afraid of flying or who are willing to trade a lot of speed for some wayside sight-seeing.

IF THE roads set out to compete on the basis of price, embellished by comfort, sight-seeing, and speed enough to outstrip busses, it will be necessary to make really low rates. Up to now rates have, so to speak, been made in a vacuum, and rate-makers haven't concerned themselves with costs. It is well known that railroad accountants, though personally honest, can turn out figures to fit either side in any rate argument; and since rate-makers have long believed that their job was to boost rates as high as the ICC would permit, cost figures have always been overloaded

with amortization, depreciation on obsolete and useless equipment, and other irrelevant items. Translated into operating cost per mile, those figures have borne less relation to a living business than to capital long since dead.

If only one passenger is carried on a train, the cost of handling that passenger is the same as the cost of operating the train, which at present may be as much as one dollar per mile. If a hundred passengers are carried, the cost per passenger is one cent. In other words, *load is all-important in determining cost*. But rate men seem seldom to give a thought to the possibility that poor patronage resulting from too high a rate can be just as disastrous as too low a rate.

MORE is involved, at least in the West, than just the basic rate per mile. Order and simplicity must replace the present rate structure, which is in a state of calculated chaos—with three classes of rail fare and two classes of sleeper fare. Moreover, in the prewar setup, which is likely to be reinstated soon, there was a fantastic assortment of round-trip fares varying according to the time a passenger took to return to his starting point.

At one time a passenger paid only a single class of rail fare, which permitted travel in a coach. There were round-trip fares, with varying return limits; but there was only one set of fares, not three as there are now. For travel in a sleeper he paid extra; and to make up for the sleeping car's low pay load, he paid supplementary rail fare, called a surcharge, which was fifty per cent of the sleeper charge.

Assuming that the basic rail fare was reasonable, the surcharge was more than justified because of the higher per-passenger cost of sleeper service; but many passengers, who were not interested in cost accounting, complained loudly about the injustice of the surcharge. The abuse fell mostly on the Pullman Company (a separate organization operating sleepers under contract on all lines), on whose tickets the charge appeared.

Under pressure from both Pullman and public, the roads thereupon established three bases of rail fare—coach, intermediate, and first-class—on the theory, ap-

parently, that such a setup would make the extra charges more acceptable. The result was an incredibly complicated rate structure, with an increase in public ill will which, though possibly less vocal, is more damaging because patrons simply desert the railroads and use other modes of travel.

ONE-WAY rates are supposed to apply to what is called commercial business—to passengers who, having theoretically no other means of travel, can be forced to pay a high rate. Round-trip rates are supposed to encourage travel by vacationists who, without the lowered fares, would be likely to stay at home. In the monopoly days, such a distinction probably worked to increase revenue. The conditions which lent it validity, however, have been gone for many years. Whether short-haul, long-haul, commercial, or vacationist, we must admit that passengers, for rate-making purposes, are now all the same, and soon they will all be hard to get. Consequently, rates now ought to be made as attractive to commercial travelers as to vacationists. A business man should be able to pay fare from point to point, wherever he needs to go, with assurance that his total outlay will not appreciably exceed any special fare rigged to encourage somebody else to travel.

Seasonal round-trip rates, whatever their original purpose may have been, are now particularly illogical. They serve only to increase overcrowding and discomfort in the months when trains can be loaded to capacity without special fares. The whole idea of seasonal fares, with their disruption of rate bases for non-vacation travel, is dubious. And if seasonal rates are offered at all, the time for them is in off-seasons, to induce people to travel early and late. To extend the season in this way could possibly increase profitably the year-round traffic to some vacation areas; and the longer season would be welcomed by resort operators. It would also be a boon to frugal vacationists who would be eager to save on off-season reductions in both rail fare and room-and-board.

Arbitrary time limits on regular, all-year, round-trip tickets—with fares increasing in proportion to travel time allowed—are also

illogical. No genius is required to figure out that the date when a passenger rides on regular trains has nothing to do with the cost of hauling him; and the roads can no longer afford to shrug off the wrath of customers who know they are being overcharged just because their plans do not happen to fit into a silly short-term period prescribed for a special round-trip fare.¹

The complications can be straightened out only if fares are tailored exactly to fit the service rendered, enabling passengers to pay only for what they get, and not pay for what they do not get. This will require a system of one-way fares, calculated on a mileage basis. Today a customer traveling from Chicago to San Francisco and back enjoys such unlimited routing privileges that he may travel two thousand miles further than a direct passenger without increase in round-trip fare. This probably means that those using the long route pay too little, and direct passengers pay too much. Moreover, if a passenger wants to use a train one way and a plane the other, it should not affect the rate per mile for his rail service. Trying to hold passengers both ways by charging excessive one-way fares is likely to induce them to use a plane both ways.

Finally, simplicity requires that there should be only one class of rates for both coaches and sleepers. What deficiency in carrying capacity remains in the new sleepers should then be covered by a supplementary fare, calculated by the same technique—if not at the same level—as the old surcharge, which should be renamed to eliminate the suggestion of the detested surtax. Tourist sleepers, and the intermediate fares to fit them, should be eliminated as soon as the ancient cars can be junked.

THE big question is: How much to charge per mile under such a setup? The probable governing factor in the West will be rates from Midwestern gateways to the Pacific Coast; and the rate per mile probably will have to be fixed to meet bus competition—although it may

¹Real excursion business involving special trains, heavily loaded to effect operating economies justifying special fares, has long ago been handled, as it should be, under special tariff authorizations for specific occasions.



be necessary to do even better than that to overcome plane speed and automobile convenience. For long trips, most people will pay some extra to avoid busses; but the rate cannot safely be much higher than bus fare. A figure which would slightly exceed present round-trip bus fare and which would undercut round-trip coach fare for a direct rail trip between Chicago and San Francisco would be a cent and a half per mile.

A considerable item in rail travel is the charge for sleeper accommodations, over and above rail fare. Sleeper charges probably could be less than they are now, particularly if the service were operated by the roads themselves. A minimum-rate private room from Chicago to the Coast

probably should not exceed twelve dollars; and if a supplementary rail charge of fifty per cent were added, the total cost one way would be eighteen dollars. This is about the present standard (read modern) lower berth charge alone.

On this basis, a direct trip from Chicago to San Francisco and back in a minimum-rate private room would cost \$103. In comparison, the present fare is \$105.80 for a tourist (read very old) lower berth, and \$150.45 for a roomette.²

The proposed one-way setup would have many incidental advantages. Passengers would pay fare point to point, to lines actually carrying them, which would eliminate costly interline accounting. Ticket selling would be simplified within the ken of ordinary men, and rate clerks would no longer have to be a combination of seer, Philadelphia lawyer, and Houdini. Refund claims would be reduced, and settlements would be simple—and fast enough to avoid gags about how long it takes to get a refund from a railroad. Not least of the advantages of sense-making rates would be removal of the general public suspicion that railroad men are slightly daft.

Finding a rate that will attract volume and return a satisfactory profit is a matter for experimentation—soon and radically. Tinkering with the old round-trip rate structure is likely to be no more rewarding than tinkering with a one-cylinder 1904 automobile.

VI

THE above proposals are radical; but the passenger business has changed

²At the proposed fare of one and a half cents per mile, a trip from Chicago via New Orleans and San Diego to San Francisco, and returning via Seattle, would approximate the present round-trip, first-class fare of \$99.35. The extra cost of a minimum-rate private room would approximate the present standard lower berth fare. The new fare in a coach from Chicago to Kansas City and return would be \$13.50 against the present \$18.20; in a minimum-rate room it would be \$22.50 against present round-trip fare, with lower berth, of \$29.75—or \$37.32 if one pays the high one-way, first-class fare each way.

radically. The war flood is ebbing, and war-fostered airplanes are writing their competitive prophecy so plainly in the sky that it cannot be missed—except possibly by railroad officials who have wishful reasons for wanting to miss it. It appears likely that managers, if they want to survive, will have to take to the offensive with vigor, ingenuity, and boldness. The snug shelters in which they have heretofore ridden out storms are now vulnerable.

Improvements in equipment and plant will be costly; but they are imperative, and they may be spread over a period of years. No business ever offered better evidence that it is necessary to spend money to make money; and in contemplating the outlay, managers no doubt will bear in mind that the new equipment will begin earning its cost immediately in decreased operating costs and increased earnings.

If costly improvements cannot be financed in the coming few years, it is difficult to envision a time when circumstances will be better. The enormous cash balances on hand at the beginning of 1946 cannot have been entirely dissipated; although many roads, including several whose long-pull outlook is dubious, have resumed dividends, and many have paid off some funded debt—or plan to do so soon. Also, income appears likely to continue large for some time. And the roads can hardly fail to extract considerable net from operations for several years. Unfavorable results reflected in 1946 deficits are bound to be at least partly corrected by the trend to fewer employees per unit of service, which has resumed—there were a hundred and twenty-four thousand fewer employees in June 1946 than in June 1945.

Finally, changes in personnel management and the revisions in rate structure are as important as improvements in plant and equipment. And they only require brains and co-operative diligence—and no money.

THE JAZZ CULT

I. Intimate Memoirs of an Acolyte

ERNEST BORNEMAN

ONCE upon a time, long long ago, when I was still innocent in mind and a square was an equilateral rectangle to me and not a sad cat, my teacher at the Phonogram Archives of the University of Berlin held up a little ten-inch shellac disc and said, "Borneman, what do you think this is?"

"A phonograph record," I replied, smart as a whip.

"Ah," said the old man, who had been teaching comparative musicology for twenty years and was not easily fazed by youthful enthusiasm, "Ah, yes indeed. But what *kind* of a phonograph record?"

Temptingly, there presented itself to me the prospect of capping the question with a neat turn of phrase about a *round* record or a *black* record or a *shellac* one, but the old man was treacherous and I had an uneasy feeling that the whole thing might blow up right in my face like a trick cigar. After all, how could I be sure it wasn't a *rubber* disc or an *acetate*? The thing to do was to play safe.

"Let's hear what it sounds like," I said cautiously.

"Indeed," said the old man. "Let us by all means." He wound up the clockwork motor and turned the horn in my direction. Those were the days of hand-cranked phonographs and large metal horns, and there always was a good deal of bustle

and commotion before the music could start going round and round.

Encouraged by the complex preparations, and prematurely emboldened by easy applause, I turned foolhardy and said, "It may be difficult to decide what sort of record it is until we have actually heard the music."

"Music?" the old man asked. For a moment he seemed taken aback, but he recovered quickly. "Indeed, indeed. An excellent suggestion: cautious, empirical, and fully endowed with the experimental spirit; a perfect demonstration of the scientific manner." He placed the record on the turntable, released the brake, and gently lowered the needle into the first groove.

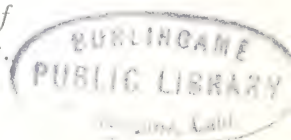
The sound hit me like a dynamite blast. I clapped my hands over my ears and thought: Uh-huh, I should have known. It *was* a trick cigar.

"Excellent," said the old man. "Swift reaction to stimulus. Sensory perception: first rate. Highly developed motor behavior and good physical co-ordination. Thank you." He lifted the needle and stopped the record.

I took my hands from my ears and asked, "What in the world was that?"

"Ah!" The old man gave a long sigh of appreciation. "Music, of course. Was that not what you said we would find if

Ernest Borneman, the author of "Rebellion in Hollywood," in Harper's for October 1946, is a musicologist, a director of documentary films, and an editor of the Record Changer.



we played the record?"

"You fooled me," I said reproachfully. "That was unfair."

"Not so." He raised his index finger like a monolith. "Not I. The *musicians* fooled you."

"Musicians?"

"Indeed, sir. A *quod libet* of staggering ingenuity. A specimen of collective improvisation that makes your *super librum cantare* sound like amateur stuff. Talk to me of Frescobaldi and Paganini and the rest of your great extemporizers! Why, here you have the transition of primitive heterophony into pure impromptu counterpoint. Here is an urban folk music that makes your *flamenco* guitarists and *cante hondo* singers sound like old-time country musicians! It's the real link between improvisation and composition, folk music and art music, the polyphonic age and the modern tradition. It's *jazz music*!"

He pronounced it *yutz mooseek*. It was the first piece of New Orleans jazz I ever heard and it was the first, I think, ever to be heard within the solemn premises of a higher institute of learning. The old man was Dr. Erich von Hornbostel, whose work in comparative musicology laid the foundation for much of the research now being done on Afro-American music in American universities, and the record was *Ory's Creole Trombone* by Spike's Seven Pods of Pepper, recorded in Los Angeles in 1921 by a group of New Orleans Negroes on the defunct Nordskog label. Ten years later a friend of mine picked up a copy of the same record with the Sunshine trade mark pasted over the old Nordskog label and the name of the band changed from Spike's Seven Pods of Pepper to Ory's Sunshine Orchestra. He paid a nickel for it in a Halsted Market junk shop and sold it three months later to a San Francisco collector for \$125.

THREE DAYS after the ear-splitting operation at the Phonogram Archives, on a fine summer night in 1930, our Herr Professor, wearing the kind of collar which, on Dr. Schacht's neck, has attracted a considerable amount of ill-advised attention since then, and a group of six students, one of them in decorative short pants of yellow chamois leather, set

out on an extracurricular mission to a great big barn of a night club called the Haus Vaterland.

This was quite a place. It was six stories high and each story was decorated in a different manner to represent a different part of the world. I remember vaguely that one whole floor represented a vineyard on the Rhine with little paddle-wheelers passing on a model river and that artificial thunderstorms shared the attraction with choirs of buxom Rhine-maidens. We, however, had come to admire neither the Rhinemaidens nor the thunderstorms but a soprano saxophonist named Sidney Bechet, who had reached Europe in 1925 with Will Marion Cook's Black Revue and after touring Russia and playing with Noble Sissle's Orchestra in Paris had been stranded in Berlin.

After pointing out the Africanisms in Bechet's phrasing, Hornbostel told us that his father had heard Frank Johnson's Negro brass band playing a command performance for Queen Victoria in 1841 and the Fisk Jubilee Singers in Hamburg in 1878, and that he himself had heard Jim Europe's 369th Infantry Band representing the U.S.A. in 1918 during the victory celebrations at the Tuileries. Since then, he told us, he had gone to hear Eddie South in Budapest in 1920; Elgar's Creole Band with James P. Johnson, Buster Bailey, Darnell Howard, and Wellman Braud at the London Empire in 1922; Louis Douglas and Josephine Baker at the Champs-Élysées in 1924; the New York Singing Syncopators in Holland in 1925; Sam Wooding at the Ufa Palast in Berlin during the same year; Al Wynn at Levy Wines in Berlin in 1928; and Toby Hardwick in Paris in 1929. This, he said, was true devotion to the tough academic tradition of relentless intellectual pursuit. He reminded us, especially, of the great physical strain and the sacrifice of quiet study that was involved in these long and tiresome journeys. We sympathized and were sent by Sidney Bechet and the blues.

II

THIS, I suppose, was my initiation into the secret cult of the faithful. My graduation, however, did not occur until

three years later when I arrived, with my second pair of long pants securely held up by genuine silk-embroidered Tyrolean leather suspenders, among the discreetly amazed undergraduates of Cambridge. A helpful roommate, to save me from damnation, quickly introduced me to the three holy talismans of English undergraduate society—gray flannel bags, a checked brown tweed jacket, and a portable H.M.V. gramophone with a set of Parlophone New Rhythm Style records. Then we went out punting on the river.

As you made your laborious progress pushing your unstable flat craft past other unstable flat crafts on the crowded river, you passed, as in a stroll through a rehearsal studio, from one radius of music into another. Sometime during the nineteen-twenties the Parlophone Company in England had begun to reissue thousands of the rarest American jazz records under such fine Barnum and Bailey labels as the *First and Second New Rhythm Style Series*, the *Super Rhythm Style Series*, the *Super Swing Series* and the *Miscellany Rhythm Style Series*, and in the summer of 1933, when I first passed through that strange tunnel of sound which stretched along the river between the solemn walls of perpendicular stone, little else was to be heard than those tough, brassy Parlophone reissues of the twenties and thirties.

AMONG those I learned to like best were two records credited to "Louis Armstrong and his Washboard Beaters" although neither of them sounded much like Armstrong to me. One was a rough-and-tumble thing called *Cushion Foot Stomp* with a fine abandoned scat vocal; the other, a jazzed-up paraphrase of Stephen Adams's *Holy City*, was called *Black and Tan Fantasy*. One day during the long vacs I played them for a stern-faced young medical student whom I shall call Norman. He lived with his mother in a small musty house near Golders Green; his father had been a doctor, and in a huge attic which had been his father's study, among test tubes, small embryos in alcohol, and old medical drawings showing the insides of various animals in layers upon layers of fold-back cardboard flaps, Norman's collection of records was piled up from floor

to ceiling in solid towers with the weight and thickness of a primeval forest. One wall, to the right as you entered this shellac jungle, was solidly upholstered with old record catalogues and back numbers of such musical trade journals as *Down Beat*, *Metronome*, and *Melody Maker*. On a desk, towards the left rear of the room, were the letters from record collectors the world over. All these letters ran approximately like this:

Dear Norm:

Will trade Louis' Gennet 5627 *Of All the Wrongs* with Red Onion Jazz Babes in excellent condition (slight chip one side not touching first groove) for mint copy Clarence Williams' Blue 5 *Texas Moaner Blues*. Also have Sippie Wallace vocal *A Jealous Woman Like Me* with Armstrong cornet in fair condition. What offer? Will take any Bessie Smith with James P. Johnson on piano in good or excellent condition.

Yrs. Dr. L. Y. Yen
University of Canton, China.

Norman, I think, was the first real jazz collector I had ever met. In more than one way he struck me as a completely new mutation of man. He was taciturn to the point of inarticulateness. If he spoke at all, he used words of one syllable and dropped them, through tightly closed teeth, from what seemed like a small cavity between his upper left molars. His mind had the scope and infallibility of one of those electronic brains that comes up with an answer to any kind of question you can think of. After I had played my two Armstrong Washboard Beaters for him, I could almost see this extraordinary machine clicking into action:

"*Cushion Foot Stomp* . . . That's Parlophone R3383 . . . that's an Okeh original . . . that's not Armstrong at all . . . guess it must be Clarence Williams' Washboard Band . . . wrong label . . . will be a collectors' item soon . . . keep it.

"Now *Black and Tan Fantasy* . . . that's Parlophone R3492 . . . master number 81778C . . . that's Okeh 40955 in the original . . . an Ellington tune . . . Ellington and Bubber Miley . . . that's not Miley on trumpet though . . . Miley was sick the day they recorded . . . probably Jabbo Smith . . . good man too . . . wrong label again . . . keep that too."

"How in the world do you know about these things?" I asked. "How do you learn?"

Where do you get the facts? Where do you get the records?"

"Meet you six o'clock Caledonian Market tomorrow."

"Why? What's the idea?"

"Show you."

"That's a bad time to show me anything. I've got a date with a girl from L.S.E. at 6:30."

"Not six at night. Six in the morning."

"What?" I was outraged. I hadn't been up at six o'clock since the last boat race. But at six sharp the next morning, on a miserable gray day, I found myself getting off a tram at Caledonian Road, and there was Norman with the rubber cushion and the little black book under his arm.

III

Now many stories could be told about the rubber cushion, but in fairness to surviving victims we shall here merely concentrate on the little black book and say that it is the first piece of field equipment required by the trained record hunter. No expedition to the junk markets or the secondhand shops should ever be undertaken without it. Other equipment such as soft rubber knee-caps for low-level work on cellar shelves, or collapsible step-ladders for high-level work on cupboards and attics, can safely be left to a later stage of development. The little black book, however, is basic and indispensable, and this lesson was brought home to me with a vengeance almost at once.

The old Caledonian Market at that time was a huge empty expanse of cobblestones and metal tubing in the dreariest part of North London. On certain fixed days of the week, however, this sad no man's land took on the miraculous color and gaiety of an oriental caravanserai. The junk traders moved in, and there was nothing in this whole wide world that did not suddenly become available for sale or trade within a mile of the market center. More amazing still than the precious things spread out on the cobblestones were the utterly useless ones. You could sink into endless reveries at the secret line of reasoning that must have moved the old woman in the Spanish shawl to offer the broken handle of a Queen Anne

water jug for sale; or you might spend hours trying to imagine what lay behind the stern-faced man with the steel-rimmed glasses who had nothing for sale except bowls upon bowls of rusty paper clips.

Norman, however, with the no-nonsense manner of the professional collector, had no time to spend on idle speculation and made straight for the first stand that offered an old washbasin piled high with dirty phonograph records for sale. In my childish ignorance of the profound fact that each collector has his own secret method of washing, grooming, and straightening old records, I would have passed the miserable pile of worn-out discs without a thought of possible salvation. But Norman stopped me curtly, spread out the rubber cushion on the cobblestones, knelt down as if in prayer, and began to sift the old discs with the agility of a trained cardsharp shuffling a marked deck of cards.

I thought I had gained sight of an old Romeo record by the Broadway Broadcasters, and I fished it out just as Norman was about to discard it. In Cambridge I had picked up a record by the same band which had Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden on clarinet and trombone, but when I told Norman that I'd like to have another one by the same group he merely looked at me sternly and shook his head.

"But I like Goodman and Teagarden," I said petulantly.

Out came the little black book. Up to "B" went the index finger, and there it was—Broadway Broadcasters. In Norman's neat collector's calligraphy, the entry read: "This is a highly misleading studio group. The name was used by the Lincoln, Romeo, and Perfect labels for various odd combinations. The few records that actually have Goodman, Teagarden, and MacPartland should be carefully remembered. Their master and release numbers are as follows." There followed a list of cryptic figures.

Norman pointed at the disc I had selected and said: "You see the number in the book?"

Shamefacedly, I shook my head.

He closed the book smartly and with finality. I returned the record to the discards and we marched on.

Many years later I learned that Norman's father had left him a total legacy of ten shillings. This minor fortune Norman had invested in records bought at a penny each in Caledonian Market, and out of the proceeds of an ensuing trade which literally spanned the whole globe, he had financed his entire medical studies. He is a doctor now with a good practice, and I understand he no longer trades in records.

IV

IN 1936 I went back to London to work with Criterion Films, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s production unit for United Artists, and since apartments were almost impossible to find, I moved in with two prominent collectors whom I shall call Chick and Chuck. A weird and wonderful life thus opened up before me. We got up in the morning to the haunting sounds not of the alarm but of Billy Banks's *Bugle Call Rag*, which had Red Allen on trumpet, Pee Wee Russell on clarinet, and Zutty Singleton on drums; an ingenious mechanism rigged up by Chuck linked the phonograph to the clock. For our toilet, we had a blues called *Shave 'em Dry*. We dressed in time to Goodman's *Shirt Tail Stomp* and had breakfast with the Boswell Sisters' *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*. All through the day, the telephone would ring and strange characters whose names and voices were utterly unfamiliar to us would try to sell, buy, or trade records. Others would phone in news of bands in London, Paris, or Chicago. Pretty little girls would drop in at all hours of the day or night, turn on the phonograph, and walk out again with a vague look of sorrow on their pretty faces. The BBC or the H.M.V. Company would call up from Regent Street or Hayes, Middlesex, to ask us for the recording date on an old Victor record or the address of a long defunct recording company.

Chick, who had given up listening to records long ago so that he could more wholeheartedly devote himself to the serious business of cataloguing all the records he could have heard if the cataloguing had left him any time for such idle fripperies, had entered into negotiations with two obsessed Frenchmen named

Hugues Panassié and Charles Delaunay, who were editing a magazine named *Le Jazz Hot* in Paris; while Chuck was trying to work out a foolproof index to his records which would permit him to lay his hands on any sample of any musician's work within ten seconds. As time went on, the index grew considerably more bulky than the records themselves, and although Chuck finally reached his goal of finding any given disc within ten seconds, he must have spent at least ten years of his life trying to perfect the system.

CONVERSATIONS between Chick and Chuck had a certain dreamlike quality which is hard to reproduce in the cold light of history. One of Chick's particular obsessions was the organization of an International Federation of Rhythm Clubs which would hold sufficient power to persuade all radio stations and phonograph record manufacturers to turn away from their misguided ways and concentrate henceforth on the straight and narrow path of righteous jazz music. He based his pattern of argument upon an extraordinary phenomenon called the British Rhythm Club Federation, which was the brain child of a genial, chubby little cockney named Bill Elliott. Every week, on a certain selected night which was to be kept free from all other engagements, Chick, Chuck, and I set out on a lengthy safari to the basement of the Mecca Café in Chancery Lane, where Bill Elliott held court among the devotees of the Number One Rhythm Club.

To understand the function of this sort of organization in the life of the European jazz fan, his utter dependence upon phonograph records will have to be remembered. Cut off from the living music by time as well as space, he submits to a peculiar shift of values. The record becomes more important than the music; minor musicians who have left recorded examples of their work behind them become more important than those major musicians who for one reason or another have never got around to a recording studio; and the man who has met the musicians and knows his way through the maze of records becomes more important than the musician

himself. Thus the peculiar and altogether top-heavy standing of the so-called jazz "critic."

At the weekly meetings of the Number One Rhythm Club, one such "critic" after another would make his stand before the public by putting his favorite records on a big phonograph and expecting the entranced members to nod their heads in unison to the succession of adverbs and adjectives that formed the basis of the running commentary. Every once in a while a "critic" who had once had his shoes shined by Bix Beiderbecke's favorite bootblack would give a guest recital, and those evenings were the highspots of the season.

Sometime in 1935, on a pleasant April Sunday, Bill Elliott of the Number One Rhythm Club, the late P. M. Brooks of the *Melody Maker*, Edgar Jackson of the *Gramophone*, Eric Ballard of *Hot News*, Leonard Hibbs of *Swing Music* and an enthusiastic multitude representing Rhythm Clubs from as far north as Glasgow and as far south as Torquay crowded into the neo-lavatorial splendor of the Royal Hotel in Bloomsbury and voted the British Rhythm Club Federation into existence. Bill Elliott wanted to call the thing British Federation of Rhythm Clubs, but Percy Brooks, with the nostalgic wisdom of the old newspaperman, warned sternly against the initials B. F. Thus strengthened in our knowledge, we proceeded with the formation of "area committees" covering the whole of the United Kingdom like a well-organized Gestapo network.

We were supposed to represent four thousand determined members, but somehow no more than one member could ever be found who was wholly in agreement with himself, and thus the jazz movement continued living up to its highest tradition. Chick continued to catalogue the records he would never hear, Chuck clocked the efficiency of his index with a stop watch, and the Rhythm Club members nodded sagely in unison.

V

IN 1939 the war put an end to these pleasant pastimes and I went to work for the Films Division of the Ministry of

Information. In the old days, at the Psychological Laboratory and later at the Phonogram Archives of Berlin University, we had spent a good deal of time and effort upon the job of finding a method to record, in visual patterns, such musical intangibles as width and frequency of vibrato, inflections of timbre, and microtonal variations of pitch. Hornbostel's pet idea at that time was that the conflict and resolution of two patterns of culture was most clearly revealed in the folk music of mixed populations and that American Negro music was one of the most fruitful fields for the study of this process of acculturation.

When the war broke out, we used a similar line of reasoning and a similar apparatus to trace the social and regional background of enemy radio speakers. Most of the work was done with photoelectric cells and 35mm motion picture film, and very similar machinery was later used in the United States by the Bureau of Standards to study the amounts of ozone in the various strata of the upper air, and by Dr. Waterman at Northwestern University to chart the regularity of pitch variations in the five-tone Ibo language of West Africa.

Two years later, in the second year of the war, I found myself assigned to do some motion picture work of a different sort for the Canadian Government, and for the first time in eight years a new opportunity offered itself to continue some of Hornbostel's work on American Negro music. We went out into the field with two anthropologists, Marius Barbeau and Laura Boulton, to record examples of Indian and Eskimo music, and in the process of re-recording them on film, some of Hornbostel's earlier suggestions were amazingly well confirmed.

This offered the temptation to continue the work with samples of African and American Negro music. As a trial venture, I wrote to a number of American collectors whose names I had found in the small jazz magazines and asked them whether they had any Negro records other than jazz—worksongs, spirituals, streetcries, field hollers, nursery rhymes, and similar things. One of these letters came to the attention of the editor of one of these little maga-

zines, and after some cautious enquiries about my general views on music, he asked me whether I might be able to do an article for him on the history of Negro folk music and its possible relationship to early jazz.

The idea seemed acceptable, especially in view of the fact that it proved just about the only method of shaking the editor loose from some of his precious records, and as my need for additional recordings proved continuous, the first article grew into a regular series under the title "The Anthropologist Looks at Jazz." What happened thereafter is history.

I HAD agreed to conduct a Question-and-Answer column in which readers could air all queries and grievances to which the article might give rise, but I had not expected to find myself in the midst of an intramural battle which made the Wars of the Roses look like a custard throwing contest on a Hollywood lot.

Innocently, and with a singular purity of heart, I had ventured, it seemed, into the most fiercely embattled no man's land between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists of jazz. Never, in all Protestant orthodoxy, had there been a more fervent defense of the inerrancy of Scripture than among the New Orleans and Dixieland apostles of the gospel according to Buddy Bolden; and never, in modern theology, had there been a more adamant insistence upon the right of the individual to subordinate tradition to harmony with modern thought than among the "progressives" in New York. Happily distant was the day when the jazz musicians and their apologists presented a united front

against the advocates of legitimate music; happily distant, too, was the day when the jazz lovers of all nations rose up in unison and shouted a widely echoing *Fie!* at Mr. Ernest Newman, the venerable music critic of the London *Times*, who had committed the mortal sin of designating Duke Ellington as "a shoddy Harlem Dionysos drunk on bad bootleg liquor."

By now, Ellington himself had fallen by the wayside, a disgraced renegade who had left the orthodoxy of the old school of jazz for the temptations of the concert hall. Over the body of the heretic, the words of excommunication were read in ceremony by the Congregation of the Council, led by Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory.

To save my soul from temptation I was directed by the Fundamentalists to give more careful study to such writers as Eugene Williams, William Russell, and Rudi Blesh, whose work was to be found in books like *Jazzmen*, the *Jazz Record Book*, and *Shining Trumpets*—and in such magazines as the defunct *Jazz Information* and the flourishing *Jazz Record*. The Modernists meanwhile directed me to the works of Leonard Feather and Barry Ulanov to be found in such books as Mr. Ulanov's biography of Duke Ellington and in such periodicals as *Metronome* and *Esquire*. Since my eternal salvation has never been a matter of easy speculation to me, I have spent the past three years in the pursuit of knowledge. Strengthened in mind and resolution, I am now ready to report on the state of jazz in the year eighty-three after King Bolden. Next month's report, then, will deal with the civil war among the critics.

Mr. Borneman's second article will appear next month.—The Editors

WHY WE IRRITATE THE BRITISH

JOHN OSBORNE

I JUDGE from reading the American press that what Britons do and say in foreign affairs nowadays is of secondary, if any, interest to American readers. So, at least, editors seem to assume. This is doubtless a natural and, I suppose, an inevitable result of the growing division of the world between two antagonists: Russia and the United States. Perhaps it is also a symptom of the growth of the American ego, which seems to be expanding in proportion with American power. But some of its aspects and consequences, as observed by an American outside America, are stupid and dangerous—dangerous, in particular, to America.

One of the consequences, abetted by the rise of a journalistic nationalism which tends to report world events in mainly American terms, must be to make Americans think that they are self-sufficient, and that "American policy" is or can be solely American. Another consequence, not so much of the American reporting of world affairs as of the American conduct of affairs, is to baffle, frustrate, and in some sense to alienate America's only substantial ally, Great Britain. A related consequence, again judging from the outside view, is to cultivate in America the feeling that what happens to Britain or what Britain does in relation to American policy does not really matter.

The two principal and related premises of British foreign policy today are: (1) that what America does is of enormous importance to Great Britain, and (2) that what Great Britain does is of considerable importance to America. Any responsible British official would make the same distinction in emphasis between "enormous" and "considerable"; the distinction is understood and accepted in Great Britain, and has been for some time. What is asked here of Americans is not that they forego or ignore the distinction, but that they give it intelligent recognition, which entails recognition of the second premise as well as the first.

The object of British policy is to find security, in all its meanings, domestic and foreign. The controlling assumption in Great Britain's search for security is that the only security possible is to be found in truly collective world security. Britain and her leaders bring to this cliché a passion, conviction, and sincerity for which they deserve no special credit. They have no choice. Circumstances once permitted Great Britain to seek security first in herself and her own powers, and secondarily in convenient fractional alliances, usually regional but not always so. Now circumstances compel Great Britain to recognize that she cannot secure herself either by her own powers and resources or by any

Mr. Osborne went to London in the fall of 1941 to report on the Ferry Command for Time magazine. He was a war correspondent for Time during the war and now heads that magazine's London bureau.

fractional alliance of her own making. Britain can be secure only in a secure world. So British statesmen mean it when they say that the first object of their policy is to make the United Nations work. American statesmen may be and presumably are equally sincere when they say the same thing. But they cannot be so intense about it, simply because they do not have to be in the sense that the British have to be.

America is prepared to wage the next atomic war, even though it will be a war that nobody can win. If anybody can win it, America probably can. But Britain probably never will be prepared to wage such a war, much less win it. No matter who else may win or lose, *and no matter what fractional alliances she may have*, Britain is certain to be a loser. Moreover, the home island of Great Britain is very likely to be obliterated.

THESE are facts so commonly accepted in Great Britain that they are no longer lively subjects of conversation, official or otherwise. But it would be all too easy to draw a wrong conclusion from these facts. The obvious conclusion would seem to be that Britain is and must be committed to avoid another war, no matter what the means or the cost of avoidance. Such a conclusion would be wrong because among other things it overlooks two factors. One is that the British do not give up—a true statement which annoyed a good many Americans in 1940, and which only a sensible few had the intelligence to remember then. The other factor is that neutrality is impossible. Britain has less chance of being neutral, and thereby immune, in another war than the United States had in the last one.

A third alternative could, in theory, be alliance with Soviet Russia against the United States. Great Britain, since 1941, has had a written alliance with the Soviet Union, something which it does not and probably never will have with the United States. But it is not likely ever to be an alliance *against* the United States (barring a cataclysmic overturn in the natures of both the Soviet Union and the U. S.). On any ground, such an alliance is inconceivable. On two particular grounds it is

impractical: (1) for Britain there would be no physical difference between Russian atoms and rockets, and American atoms and rockets; (2) historically speaking, when alliances for or against a particular power are in question, Britain's alliances run against, not with, the dominant continental European power. *Russia is now that power.*

If the logic of history and the compulsion of circumstances place Britain with the U. S., what else remains for Britain? A great deal, and it is to this residue of possibilities that one must look for understanding of British policy today.

First, of course, there is the United Nations and the possibility that it may yet be made effective. That is now a remote possibility, and it is so recognized in Britain. But, out of sheer necessity, the British as yet refuse to admit that it is a complete impossibility. Therefore the body of their policy still rests on the assumption, but no longer on any certainty, that it can be made to work. It follows that one of the objects of British policy is to do nothing that precludes an effective United Nations or contributes to its decline. This object cannot always be attained—Britain, like other nations, is caught in the tragic cycle of alternatives which, willy-nilly, must in some degree make a real United Nations ever more remote. But the object is still there.

Great Britain feels that she must do all within her power to avoid or mitigate secondary conflicts which might lead to primary conflict and thence to war. This conception of policy evades the manifest fact that there *is* a primary conflict. On the face of things this would seem to be particularly illogical for the British, whose Socialist (and therefore Marxist) statesmen understood the inherent conflict with Communism and with Communist Russia when the present crop of American leaders were blissfully unaware of such complications in the American way. For the explanation, I'm afraid, one must go again to that beaten old horse, the British character. Britons are, by nature, illogical; they decline to be intimidated by logic, and they have had enough history to know that logic can be terribly wrong by being terribly right.

In any case, this calculated intent to isolate, minimize, and solve secondary conflicts before they become primary explains a good deal of what Ernest Bevin says, and how he says it, and even more of what he does not say. It, too, is a policy born of necessity and of the terrible alternatives to success.

BRITAIN, for a time during the past year, deliberately left a good deal of the brunt of the battle to the Americans. There is some ground for believing that British statesmen even encouraged American statesmen, notably Mr. Byrnes, to be as outspoken as they have been. Now, and for several reasons, that policy (or tactic) is changing. One reason is essentially domestic: Soviet, Communist, and non-Communist but leftwing derision proved all too effective at home, and it became politically desirable for Mr. Bevin to speak again for himself and for Britain. But there was another and more compelling reason: in the British view, the back-seat policy did not work very well in foreign affairs. It was not, as first suspected, simply that the Americans became too aggressive, too abrasive, too outspoken—and thereby tended to turn secondary conflicts into primary conflicts. It was rather that in the controlling British opinion the Americans did not always state world policy in its real terms.

In particular, as it seemed to British statesmen, American statements of policy tended to omit or elide an essential element—the identity, in many important spheres, of British and American interest. In some instances, as in the recent division between British and American policy on Palestine, American statements violated or implicitly denied an identity of interest. The British case for a true identity of interest is worth examining.

Consider Palestine. The key to British policy in Palestine is the view that Palestine is important not because it is the intended national home of such Jews as may elect to go there, but because it is a part of the Middle East. The key to British policy in the Middle East is the British view that its Arab community is the majority and therefore strongest factor there, and that any policy designed to pre-

serve even the remnants of position in the Middle East must first of all suit the Arabs. A further factor in British Middle Eastern policy is the opinion—or fact, as the British see it—that the preservation of a maximum British position in the Middle East is at least as important to the United States as it is to Great Britain. This argument runs: the United States needs Middle Eastern oil as much as Britain needs it, in peace or war, and Americans in their commercial dealings and commercial diplomacy prove this to be so by insisting upon equal and even prior rights to that oil; British forces and British diplomacy are now protecting that oil and those rights for Americans as well as Britons.

If the Middle East has oil, it also has geography—an enormously important piece of geography, as vital to American world policy as it is to British world policy. British forces and British diplomacy now protect that geography for Americans as well as for Britons—so say the British. And then they say: we cannot indefinitely hold our position and *your* position there unless your government begins to treat it as a common and not a somehow hostile “British” position. We realize that your home politics makes this difficult for your government to do. Your government cannot do it unless it has the support of the American public. “But”—and this is the essence of the British view—“your government will never get that support unless it begins to discuss our common policy in its true terms and to make the facts known to Americans. We cannot do that. You must do it.”

By “you,” British statesmen mean President Truman and Secretary Byrnes.

It should be said here that the British, when they talk of the position they hope to retain for themselves and for America in the Middle East, do not refer to the prewar position. They recognize that there must be some retreat, and their policy is aimed at confining that retreat to the necessary minimum. This, they feel, cannot be done without American support of a kind they have not been getting, and certainly they cannot do it when the Americans, for domestic political reasons, directly oppose the policy—as in the case of Palestine.

Consider Trieste. There Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes take essentially the same position—it must be open to the Western allies as well as to Yugoslavia and the Russians. The British feel that there, as in Palestine, they protect an American as well as a British position. Both American and British troops are there. But it was Prime Minister Attlee, not Mr. Byrnes or Mr. Truman, who took the burden of saying recently that *British* troops would remain in Trieste not only until a satisfactory treaty was signed but until that treaty was “implemented”—an onerous and indefinite commitment of a kind which American statesmen seldom find it politically feasible to make.

Or consider Greece. The British government is not happy about Greek affairs, and some in the government are not happy about British conduct of those affairs. But, when the policy itself and the use of British troops to enforce the policy are brought into question, British statesmen say feelingly that here again British forces and British diplomacy are preserving an American as well as a British position in the Mediterranean and in a corner of Russia's intended sphere. Certainly the loss of Greece and the eastern Mediterranean to Soviet diplomacy and arms would be accounted a disastrous blow to American policy and the American world position. All that is said of Greece may be said of the Dardanelles and their line of access from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, where the United States now considers it worthwhile to keep part of its navy. What the British ask, in essence, is that the United States do in its public diplomacy what it is doing with its ships.

Finally there is Europe and, in particular, western Europe. British policy there is above all to cultivate a stable friendship with a stable French government as the keystone of a new western European position. Additionally, in the interests of Europe rather than of Germany, British policy is to advance as rapidly as may be toward a Germany sufficiently restored to serve the European economy and particularly the western European economy. In furtherance of these and related ends, Britain is doing what it can as fast as it can to form what

the Russians invariably call “a western bloc” and what the British call a friendly association of neighboring nations. The purposes are in part political, in part economic—Britain hopes much of trade with western Europe.

America's relation, or non-relation, to Britain enters importantly into policy for western Europe. It is taken in London to be a fact that American statesmen, for reasons partly national and partly international, do not feel that they can step to the forefront in the efforts to form a western “bloc” or “association”; it would, they are said to think, strain the American public's willingness to participate in European affairs. So British statesmen are acting on the assumption, and perhaps on the assurance, that they are in a sense fronting for America in this aspect of a common policy. At the moment they recognize the political limitations which affect the American position, and do not ask for the open support they wish for elsewhere. But they do feel that American statements and American actions in Europe might well be couched in the implicit, if not the explicit, terms of common policy when the policy is shared by both governments (it is not always so shared, of course).

IN SHORT, they do not quite see why American statesmen should be so chary of associating themselves with British policy when that policy is in fact common to both countries. A notable instance of the kind of thing which upsets British statesmen occurred not so long ago in Paris when Secretary Byrnes announced his proposed big-power treaty for Germany—a document which was most welcome to the British. But the manner of announcement was not so welcome; Mr. Bevin has said in Parliament that he was caught completely by surprise, and was put in the light, at home, of one who had belatedly caught up with and subscribed to an American proposal. The facts were that the draft treaty had been submitted to him months before it was announced, that he was bound to utmost secrecy, and that he had subscribed to it long before Mr. Byrnes announced it. Some acknowledgment of these circumstances would

have saved Mr. Bevin embarrassment and won us popular support in Britain.

A strong and vocal body of sentiment for a British policy less attached to American policy is growing in Great Britain. Popular hostility to America and Americans is also growing. Parliamentary Laborites like Richard Crossman have been saying recently that Britain's only solution is a policy divorced from both the United

States and the Soviet Union. The British statesmen who must shape and apply British policy know that such a suggestion is somewhat dreamy, and they infinitely prefer a common, truly Anglo-American policy. Whether they will be able to command the popular understanding and support necessary to such a policy is in large part up to American statesmen and our American public.

The Loyal Opposition

IT is exactly what my friend told me," he resumed, after conning over various papers. "'Unpatriotic' is the very word I had used, in writing to him, and 'hinder' is the very word he used in his reply! Allow me to read you a portion of his letter.

"*'I can assure you,' he writes, 'that, unpatriotic as you might think it, the recognized function of the 'Opposition' is to hinder, in every manner not forbidden by the Law, the action of the Government. This process is called 'Legitimate Obstruction'; and the greatest triumph the 'Opposition' can ever enjoy, is when they are able to point out that, owing to their 'Obstruction,' the Government have failed in everything they have tried to do for the good of the Nation!'*"

"Your friend has not put it quite correctly," I said. "The Opposition would no doubt be glad to point out that the Government had failed through their own fault; but not that they had failed on account of Obstruction!"

"You think so?" he gently replied. "Allow me now to read you this newspaper-cutting, which my friend enclosed in his letter. It is part of the report of a public speech, made by a Statesman who was at the time a member of the 'Opposition':

"*'At the close of the Session, he thought they had no reason to be discontented with the fortunes of the campaign. They had routed the enemy at every point. But the pursuit must be continued. They had only to follow up a disordered and dispirited foe.'*"

"Now to what portion of your national history would you guess that the speaker was referring?"

"Really, the number of *successful* wars we have waged during the last century," I replied with a glow of British pride, "is *far* too great for me to guess, with any chance of success, *which* it was we were then engaged in. However, I will name 'India' as the most probable. The Mutiny was, no doubt, all but crushed, at the time that speech was made. What a fine, manly, *patriotic* speech it must have been!" I exclaimed in an outburst of enthusiasm.

"You think so?" he returned in a tone of gentle pity. "Yet my friend tells me that the '*disordered and dispirited foe*' simply meant the Statesmen who happened to be in power at the moment; that the '*pursuit*' simply meant 'Obstruction'; and that the words '*they had routed the enemy*' simply meant that the 'Opposition' had succeeded in hindering the Government from doing any of the work which the Nation had empowered them to do!"

—From *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*,
by Lewis Carroll, Macmillan, 1894

I RUN FOR OFFICE

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

I HAD not realized what quest of political office was doing to me until I received an invitation to speak in a neighboring city across the Columbia River. As I looked at the water through the trusses of the railroad bridge, I suddenly remembered that I had passed into another sovereignty. This was the state of Washington. Oregon's soil—and voters—were behind me.

For the first time in many weeks I would not be talking to people who could vote on my candidacy for the state Senate. Within the limits of taste and decency, I could say what I pleased. I might challenge the prejudices of my listeners and still be safe from retribution at the polls. No longer would fear and hesitation, those abject sentinels, mount guard over each word and syllable.

If I blurted out my true feelings on the sales tax or postwar military training in the colleges, I would not need to review the episode in terms of the school bloc or the Legion vote. An honest expression on state rent control would not inevitably be followed by cold sweat over housewives or landlords striking my name from their sample ballots. And if after the meeting I failed to listen attentively for half an hour to some crank's plan for correcting the evils of the money system, the sequel would not be a sleepless night worrying about his influence in Precinct 144.

Yet before indulging this new-found

freedom of speech, I carefully examined the audience to make certain that no constituents had crossed the Columbia to eavesdrop on what I would say in alien surroundings.

TWICE in my thirty-three years I have been nominated for public office in Oregon at the Democratic primaries. This experience has run a gamut of sorts, for I have both won and lost. In 1940 I was elected to the Oregon House of Representatives on President Roosevelt's coattails. In 1946 I was defeated for the state Senate in the Republican comeback.

The pursuit of votes in a great democracy should prove exhilarating. I have not found it so. I have learned much, and I commend the undertaking to students of political science—in fact, to all who would better understand their country. But the temptation to pussyfoot, to evade and parry rather than to voice one's candid opinion, is so overwhelming that the experience will surely torment any except the flintiest conscience.

The candidate commences with one or two issues on which he declares himself as forthrightly as he dares. From such positions he does not withdraw—although I have met politicians who can retreat as skillfully as Marshal Ney. But the candidate knows that these issues form his reputation. They are the basis of his

Richard L. Neuberger, who wrote "The Telegraph Trail" for us last October, was at that time a candidate for the Oregon State Senate. These are his reflections on the thankless job of the politician.

publicity in the newspapers. He utters them over and over again. He becomes recognized as a friend of labor or a champion of free enterprise. He is for or against public ownership of electric power; perhaps he decides to premise his campaign on keeping communism out of the American home or freeing the farmer from Wall Street.

Once away from the few questions on which he has decided to take a stand, the candidate twists and turns like Katooshka fleeing across the steppes ahead of the wolf pack. The electorate seems to him ready to rend him limb from limb should he falter in his personal behavior, family life, or economic concepts. If politicians are moral cowards—and I believe they are—it is partly because the public has made them so. Two campaigns for office have convinced me that the American people are essentially cynical about candidates. This cynicism breeds a curious sort of hostility. At many public gatherings I have felt that the audience waited tensely to deny me support if I should utter one phrase contrary to the predilections of the group I was addressing. Charity definitely does not begin at the political meeting.

I recall the leader of the longshoremen who admitted my one hundred per cent record on labor legislation, but declared his union could not possibly back me because I had expressed doubt, in answer to a question from the floor, whether we should share the atomic secret with the Soviet Union. His attitude may have been due to communist leanings, but the same could not be said of the clergyman who conceded our full agreement on social problems, yet advised worshippers to vote against me because of an article my wife had written for the *Oregonian* about a local art group which hired females to pose in the nude.

Had I been aware originally of the desire to embarrass candidates rather than to tolerate in them the shortcomings common to the human race, I confess that I probably would have ducked the atomic question and told my wife to refrain from reference to the unclad models.

Candidates are timid and evasive because such conduct is politically profit-

able. I might say we are cowards literally in self-defense. The politician siding with a particular organization on nine issues out of ten is scorned for the tenth. Blunt speech in campaigns has always cost me votes—whether the topic involved was ridiculous or sublime. When I inveighed against the billboards cluttering Oregon's roads, farmers renting barns and highway parkings to sign companies mobilized for my opponent. After I had denounced the persecution of returning Japanese-American war veterans, the American Legion commenced gunning for my political hide.

Minorities determine many elections, particularly in the primaries, and this is why equivocation pays. I have faith that a substantial majority of the voters approved my stand both on billboards and the attacks against the Nisei. But the majority was unorganized, while the Legion and the farmers with signs on their land were marshaled for action; and politicians know that one active enemy, constantly at the telephone or buttonholing acquaintances, can do damage to a candidacy which twenty indifferent supporters never offset.

AS A WRITER on politics I liked to think romantically that forthrightness meant victory. I thought of George Norris, and forgot that he was the exception and not the rule. As a candidate, I am aware that forthrightness generally must be its own reward. The political retort perfect is that which sounds strident but offends nobody. "Say nothing, and say it well," I was advised by a United States senator who interested himself in my embryonic political career.

When I spoke in colored neighborhoods for civil rights legislation, I incurred the wrath of wealthy Negro night-club operators who did not want their people allowed to patronize public places frequented by whites. But when I cautiously straddled an old-age pension proposition on the Oregon ballot, I found that I picked up votes from both sides. Before even so sophisticated an organization as the League of Women Voters, outright endorsement of a new school tax did not return the same political dividends as

approving the measure "in principle, with certain reservations." This was a way of riding two chariots—and also of convincing the disillusioned candidate that Barnum was right.

At the peak of the campaign, aspirants for all jobs from governor to constable traveled a circuit, addressing trade unions, women's clubs, pension groups, and Izaak Walton Leagues. Most of the candidates thought nothing of telling a property owners' association at eight o'clock that taxes had to come down, and before the evening was over promising a rally of old people the \$24,000,000,000 Townsend Plan. When I remarked to a fellow candidate that this seemed a trifle inconsistent he growled, "Well, they're so darned anxious to trip us up that I don't really mind fooling 'em a little. I even kinda think they like it."

Maybe they do, for he had been on the public payroll nearly twenty years.

II

I PREFER to believe that I crawfished less than other candidates. Yet crawfish I did, and ironically I wonder now whether such behavior can save a politician when the national trend is going heavily against his party. Shrewd silence and high-sounding abstractions unfortunately result in votes, but not enough votes, in my opinion, to stem the Republican torrent of 1946 or the Democratic tides which ran when F.D.R. was at the height of his popularity.

The fact is I doubt if millions of Americans are very interested in the race for any political office except that of President of the United States. Their ignorance of other contests is often amazing—as, for example, the high school teacher who had to withdraw from my committee near the end of the campaign when she suddenly discovered, to her great embarrassment, that my opponent was the husband of her best friend.

The apathy toward most political tussles can be demonstrated mathematically. In Oregon 283,000 people voted in the off-year election of 1942, but 479,000 went to the polls for the Presidential contest two years later. Similar propor-

tions prevail throughout the country. The 1946 total of votes was 14,000,000 less than during the Roosevelt-Dewey rivalry of 1944. This means that many of the men and women who vote in Presidential years are concerned with the outcome of only one contest. They are confronted with a ballot listing innumerable other offices, but on those offices they vote almost wholly in accordance with their sentiments on the Presidency.

I fear that this holds true in off-years as well. People decide how they feel about the man in the White House and let that feeling determine who will be district attorney and lieutenant governor. Politicians weasel and equivocate because it seems the safe course and because party primaries frequently go to the cagiest contender; but the bulk of general election contests in my state have been influenced far more by the prevailing attitude toward the occupant of the White House than by local issues and personalities.

INDEED, two campaigns for a seat in the Oregon Legislature have made me wonder whether people really care much at all about local government. Have we thought about the atomic bomb to the exclusion of the schoolhouse on the corner? Are we so eager to have the federal government control prices or crack down on labor unions that we neglect the instrumentalities for economic and social action closer to home?

My adversary and I debated before three hundred and fifty students in the Reed College Commons and then subjected ourselves to cross-examination by the students. At least a score of questions were asked; not one concerned a problem indigenous to the state of Oregon. All involved national or international issues. Yet we were running for an office which could not possibly, by the most fantastic stretch of the imagination, bring the Marines home from China or admit displaced persons to the United States.

After the meeting, Reed's president, Peter H. Odegard, said to me: "The kids haven't been thinking about the Oregon school bill or county utility districts. They

appear to have a cosmic rather than a local bent."

Their elders, too.

I spoke at more than five hundred meetings during the 1946 campaign and found no genuine interest in the problems of our home town. People wanted England to do something about India and Palestine, but would do nothing themselves to clean up the pollution choking the salmon in the river which flowed through the center of our city. The atomic bomb and our relations with Russia were exciting; sewage disposal in the Willamette River was humdrum—and, even more depressing, it required the assessment of local taxes. In fact, when I mentioned pollution at one or two meetings, people dismissed the topic with a single comment:

"We'll get a federal grant to take care of it."

I AM a New Deal Democrat, but the perennial looking to Washington, either in hope or dismay, seems to me one of the most discouraging features of contemporary politics. For years the voters think that one man, F.D.R., will fix everything—and thus their own responsibilities are ended. He will succor France, hold prices, and cope with John L. Lewis. Then the people decide that one man, Harry Truman, can't fix anything, and perhaps a new fixer is required. Beyond this one man the voters are unable to see.

"Had enough?" the Republicans asked in Oregon, as well as elsewhere, during the 1946 campaign. I argued with audiences that in our state, surely, such an argument would signal the end of the Republicans, where they controlled every major office in Oregon. The argument proved a complete dud. The people with whom I talked blamed all their woes on one man: President Truman. For high prices, the lack of sugar, communism, the shortage in housing—he was the guilty party. Republican governors, senators, and congressmen shared none of the responsibility. Truman was a Democrat; therefore vote against all Democrats. That's the way it went with my audiences. Oregon voted more preponderantly Republican than any state outside New England.

The time may come when a Republican President and his followers will regret this approach to the ballot box. I believe both parties have fostered it: the Democrats by making the name Roosevelt the alpha and omega of all public questions, the Republicans by paying lip service to states' rights but neglecting state duties. Oregon has a Republican governor who speaks constantly against federal encroachment, but when the schools faced a recent financial crisis he rushed to Washington to beg for federal funds to keep the kindergartens running.

I WANT to comment briefly on the fact that in 1940 and again in 1946 I was the only Jew on the ballot in Oregon. Ours is not a state with a large Jewish population; there are approximately 12,000 among 1,300,000 people. This may be the reason that I encountered virtually no religious prejudice. During both campaigns my friends, Jew and Gentile alike, warned me of the anti-Semitism which might lessen my chances. I know that many people believe such feeling is rampant all over America. I am no sociologist and cannot assay the truth of this, but I do know that the fact I am a Jew did not keep me from being elected in 1940, nor did it prevent me from heading the Democratic ticket in 1946.

Only once did I run into an active outburst of anti-Semitism. At a pension rally last October a retired Lutheran minister assailed Jews in general and me in particular. Angry and tense, I was about to jump to my feet in answer, when a leader in the pension club, a man over seventy with a leonine head, got up and said very quietly:

"I figure we're all Americans, every one of us here. Our friend Neuberger found that out in the war we've just ended. I found it out in the Spanish-American War." And he sat down.

I am sure the incident actually reacted to my benefit. Afterwards practically the entire audience lined up to shake my hand. They were obviously embarrassed for fear my feelings had been hurt. I know some of them redoubled their efforts to make certain I carried that neighborhood—which I did.

III

AS A CANDIDATE one learns to suspect many of the shibboleths and axioms accepted as truth in high circles. A particularly emphatic watchword with all liberals is that a large vote means a liberal vote. The formula goes like this: the conservatives *always* vote, so the bigger the total vote the more working people have voted; and the more working people who vote, the more liberals will be elected.

The formula overlooks only one fact: workers can vote conservatively, too.

I addressed a crowd of trade unionists near a big sawmill. Many of them wore CIO buttons on their hats and suspender bands. It was one of the most conservative groups I encountered during the campaign. The loggers talked about the law of supply and demand and wondered why Truman didn't decontrol the tons of sugar they had heard were stored in Oregon's beet fields.

"Are these the people," I asked my wife, "we are trying so desperately to get to the polls to prevent the Republicans from winning the election?"

After I had picked myself out of the avalanche, I examined the returns. Working-class neighborhoods, which Democratic leaders predicted could insure a Democratic victory by voting heavily, did vote heavily—for the Republicans. It seems to me that the fallacy of the "big vote, liberal vote" theory has been proved nationally, yet everyone appears to have overlooked the demonstration.

Two experiences as a candidate also have convinced me that labor leaders cannot deliver the vote of their members in nearly as neat a package as they would like politicians to believe. I was one of the few candidates in our city endorsed by both the AFL and CIO, yet I was unable to discover any benefit from this in districts thickly populated by union members. I am not so sure that the endorsements were not an anvil rather than a cane, for although I polled more votes than any other Democrat on the ballot in Portland, I ran behind candidates without the union endorsement in precincts mainly inhabited by laboring men and their families.

Perhaps many workers belong to unions by fiat of boss or business agent rather than by choice. This happened in the shipyards when Henry J. Kaiser hustled welders, stenographers, and traveling-crane operators into the protective custody of the Boilermakers' Union before they could be recruited by the CIO. I doubt if these "boilermakers" voted as the officials of their union decreed.

YET organized labor made a bona fide effort to find out how candidates stood on issues affecting union policy. The AFL asked me a series of intelligent and reasonable questions on taxation, unemployment insurance, and compulsory arbitration. This could be said for few other groups. To the contrary, most of us were pestered by political racketeers offering, for a fee of course, to put our names on the "Swedish ticket," or "colored ticket," or "veterans' ticket." Several notorious bigots thus appeared on the "colored ticket," and I swallowed hard when a man with a Ku Klux Klan past ran near the top of the ballot in Negro neighborhoods.

Many ugly designs fit into this same pattern. Heads of veterans' organizations sponsored non-veterans over war heroes, particularly if the non-veterans got on well with the state political machine and the Purple Heart belonged to a man of rebellious tendencies. Old-age pension clubs even endorsed members of the legislature who had fought social security bills with every breath in their bodies.

The foes of pensions were supported ostensibly because they had approved a weasel-worded memorial urging Congress to "consider" the Townsend Plan. Yet these same men voted consistently against every proposal to increase Oregon's niggardly old-age assistance of thirty-one dollars. Many politicians in the Far West, where live a larger proportion of people over sixty-five than in any other region, deliberately keep the old people chasing pie in the sky. These politicians, calling themselves "Townsendites," oppose adequate state pension programs in order to continue capitalizing on the desire of the aged for \$200 a month.

It is the cruelest runaround I have seen in politics.

IV

DO I WANT a political career?

Despite the compromises, the intrigue, and the disillusionment, a man has a faint pulse indeed if he is not stirred by the thought of being a United States senator or the governor of a great state. The opportunity for service—and for glory—undoubtedly compensates in generous measure for the deals and hypocrisy of the political race.

Each time that I shilly-shallied while standing before a hostile audience or inquisitive panel, I inwardly assured myself that immortal figures had committed the same sin. Did not Lincoln temporize on the slavery issue, and could not Jefferson be quoted on both sides of innumerable arguments? And what of the silence of F.D.R. on Franco?

I also looked about me and saw contemporary candidates for office (unhappily, the bulk of them successful) demanding no appeasement of Russia in one breath and immediate abandonment of the military draft in the next.

So I was not alone in my political trimming, and I must deny that it was fear of the loss of integrity which made me hesitate when I had my chance to run for major office. Another and more selfish consideration entered my mind last April, at the time the Democratic State Committee asked me to be the party's nominee for governor of Oregon. I was pledged a clear field in the primary.

As events developed I would have lost in November, but the Republican landslide had not broken perceptibly over the rim rock seven months ahead of the election. The offer in itself was an honor, or so I liked to think. I would have been the youngest gubernatorial nominee in the history of the state. In addition—and evidently in defiance of the prevailing opinion of the moment—I consider the Democratic party a great institution and the party most likely to act in behalf of the average citizen. I would have been proud to be its nominee.

I declined, and for only one reason—because of what politics does to people, especially its castoffs.

Ring Lardner once said that the most

pathetic people he knew were former star athletes. Ex-politicians, or perhaps I should more correctly say discarded officeholders, fit this description—and probably the explanation is similar. Like men who have hit home runs and scored touchdowns, they have heard the acclaim of the crowd and then had it withdrawn. Recent objects of attention and flattery, they abruptly find themselves neglected.

A page boy called me out of the legislature one afternoon. A lean, nervous man waited in the lobby. He wanted my vote on a bill in which a client was interested. As I looked at him, standing there in a suit with frayed elbows and worn cuffs, I thought: "This man for four years was governor of Oregon. He sat under this dome with power of life and death, the majesty of our state behind him. He was the most progressive governor in Oregon's history, and Lincoln Steffens and Ida Tarbell came to tell the country of what he had done. Now he stands here, dilapidated and seedy, lobbying for small-time clients, and begs a freshman legislator for a vote."

I KNOW many men who have held high political office and then been defeated. I doubt if one of them ever has been satisfied or content in any future role. They spend most of their time trying to come back. They run repeatedly for judge, for Congress, for county commissioner—for any job which will invest them again with the trappings of office. Often a place on the payroll is a consideration, too. Yet as for the prizefighter who must pick himself up off the canvas, the comeback trail in politics is hard. Few travel it successfully. Not even Teddy Roosevelt could do it.

Once the electorate's passion for a politician is spent, it seldom is tempted again. But men who have been the Honorable So-and-so, whose opinions are quoted solemnly in the press, whose good will is servilely cultivated, whose presence is announced by the blare of trumpets and the roar of sirens—these men learn only by repeated rebuffs that their appeal at the polls is gone. The human mechanism is too frail to be surrounded by pomp and power and then to go back willingly to desk, typewriter, or grocery counter.

In fact, many beaten politicians never go back at all. A week after the Republican victory Paul R. Leach wrote in the *Chicago Daily News*, "A lot of defeated members are staying on in Washington. They're looking for lame-duck jobs while the Democratic administration lasts, or joining law and lobbying firms." Washington, D. C., is full of vanquished senators and congressmen who have not returned to their home states.

Two ex-senators and two ex-representatives from Idaho are now living, for example, but not in Idaho. Two are in the national capital, one in Miami, Ohio, and the other in Knoxville, Tennessee. The late Charles L. McNary of Oregon, for many years Republican minority leader in the Senate, used to claim that strong psychological factors worked to keep a man from returning to the constituency which had repudiated him. "As he walks down the street," said McNary, "he believes each person he passes is one of the votes that licked him."

I like Oregon and its rocks and rills, and have no desire to pull up stakes because of reversal in an election. Yet knowing my own frailties, I do not think I am made of any sterner stuff than the politicians who have done just that. I wonder if I could occupy a high office and then live graciously among the people who had tossed me out of it.

I WONDER, too, whether the writer can mix his craft with a personal political candidacy. He can support or oppose others, but should he himself run? Those who would govern us, we measure by a special yardstick. I was sharply criticized for being photographed soliciting a vote from a pretty girl in a brief bathing suit. A labor leader did not believe a genuine friend of the common people could drive a car as new as my 1942 Oldsmobile. These are not charges leveled against the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick maker.

A writer, if he is to be reasonably honest, must express sentiments repugnant to a good many people. This is not the way to win votes. During one of my legislative campaigns, a loyal friend went to the public library and checked out all

the copies of a book I had written because he had heard its contents assailed at a meeting. "Would that mine enemy had written a book," becomes particularly pertinent when the enemy is running for office. Nor is the novelist any safer than the author of non-fiction. In California's 1934 gubernatorial campaign sentences shrewdly culled from the novels of Upton Sinclair were plastered on thousands of billboards from the Klamath Basin to Mexico.

As long as the business of rounding up votes dominated my thoughts, I discovered an unconscious inhibition on what I wrote. Truth, at least as I saw it, became not the sole test. I speculated on whether my words might antagonize this or that group. Several times, I regret to report, my eraser modified original conclusions so they would be more generally acceptable. This is not a situation in which a writer can do justice to his profession, his topic, or to himself.

And I was seeking only minor office. What might the inhibitions have been if I had glimpsed ahead the prospect of the governor's chair or a United States senatorship?

THE case against making politics my career is strong. I accept the case implicitly. Already it has persuaded me against becoming the titular head of the Democratic party in our state.

Yet the argument is only $99\frac{4}{100}$ per cent pure. The other fraction disturbs me occasionally. When I see Oregon's teachers paid the lowest salaries on the Coast, when I see a private utility company selling the power from the dam at Bonneville which the people built and paid for, when I see a Japanese-American soldier with forty-one blood transfusions denied a hotel room on a rainy night, when I see a million-dollar race track rising while veterans cannot construct homes—then my blood pressure rises, too, and I wonder if any case is strong enough to impel abdication in favor of those who tolerate these things.

But the slightest return of political ambition brings that degrading fear which is the curse of politics. I even ask myself if I have said too much in these pages.

PUERTO RICO'S BOOTSTRAPS

REXFORD G. AND GRACE F. TUGWELL

PUERTO RICANS are different in a number of ways. One of them is in the things they resent. They are made frantic by any disparagement which can be said to touch their persons or their personal loyalties. They resent, for instance, the publication to the world outside of any criticism of social conditions, although they publish and discuss such criticism locally and recognize intellectually the need for more general knowledge of their problems if they are to receive outside assistance. For instance, we decided once, in an attempt to secure additional help from federal agencies, to take pictures of the half-starved, half-naked children being fed at the insular milk stations. The local supervisors of the stations, who were well aware of the object of the photographers' visits, notified the children's mothers in advance so that the children might appear well-dressed and clean! It was never possible to photograph the daily work except on surprise visits and these were resented as much by the minor officials as by the parents.

They have a word to describe this common emotional reaction—for they are well aware of it and refer to it often in the half-humorous, half-helpless manner of parents talking of their children's characteristics. They call it *dignidad*.

But Puerto Ricans are left cold by the old, familiar labels of "communism," or "socialism," or "reds" as applied to

themselves or to their society. All the familiar claptrap which always has been, and still is, used so effectively to prevent certain activities in the public interest on the mainland doesn't merit a raised eyebrow there. Perhaps this is because the middle class is so small; perhaps it is because, being Latins, the Puerto Ricans are such a logical people. At any rate, if the one is unfortunate in its results, the other is extremely fortunate: it allows them to adopt certain expedients which are obvious, clearly necessary in the circumstances, and thoroughly practical, but which would cause about forty per cent of the American population to run a high temperature and do something destructive.

Dignidad and its corollary weaknesses might conceivably prevent them from succeeding in the long run; but their offsetting toughness about political name-calling is so favorable that there is a fair prospect that they may conquer circumstances and make of their small island something remarkable. They are, after all, a people in whose veins flows a strong infusion of Conquistadores' blood; and that strain has a violent vigor which, if turned to social rather than individual uses, may astonish everyone.

We shall look at the devices by which they hope to conquer nature and say something about how they run; then we shall speak of the likelihood of their suc-

The Tugwells have known Puerto Rico well since Dr. Tugwell's appointment as governor and chancellor of the university in 1941. He has now returned to academic life at the University of Chicago.

ceeding. First, something about the situation they are intended to meet.

II

PUERTO RICO is a small (one hundred miles by thirty-five) island in the Caribbean, seventeen degrees north of the Equator; it stands in the path of the trade winds and has a central ridge of mountains which rise to 4,400 feet. It looks somewhat like a floating, broad-brimmed Stetson with its crown crushed out of shape. The brim is a belt of level land between the mountains (the crown) and the sea; it is richly green all year around with growing cane. Cane is king. From it there are made sugar, molasses, and rum—in 1945: 963,683 tons of sugar, 38,000,000 gallons of molasses, and 4,498,000 (wine) gallons of rum. For, as the trades blow down toward the Gulf, the mountains squeeze out their moisture on the upper slopes; and for once, along with subtropic sun, there is rain enough. There is not enough everywhere, only on the high shoulders, but elaborate irrigation works have spread it widely.

In the interior valleys, tobacco is grown; and along their sides, coffee. Tobacco, coffee, cane! Each has at some time been dominant. But now, and for some time past, it has been cane to which the economy has adjusted itself. But cane is grown elsewhere too—notably, for our purposes, in the Philippines, in Florida, and in Louisiana—and there is always the sugar beet. During the war, old rivalries among these competing areas were stifled by the world's insatiable need and by the tragedy of the Philippines. Sugar was scarce; on it and on army pay for 70,000 youths, the island could live. There is even yet a shortage of sugar. But presently there will not be; and presently veterans' benefits, now so generous, will dwindle.

Puerto Ricans know that the reckoning which is due will soon have to be made. They cannot live on sugar alone even if their quota should be a fair share of the American market. For forty odd thousand Puerto Ricans are added each year to the existing two million, and to live on a fixed quota would mean the dividing of its proceeds among more and more partici-

pants. Even if each of them got a fair share it still would not be enough. And not enough means not enough, actually, to keep them alive.

THERE was need, in the Puerto Rico of the thirties, if ever there was need anywhere, or at any time, for the peculiar genius which ecologists attribute to men: contrivance. Time was given—almost a decade, while the war was prepared for and fought. During that time, bit by bit, contrivance appeared. It did not appear, of course, out of nowhere; it would be better to say out of everywhere, for there have been borrowings from every likely place. But there has been some sheer and extremely clever invention.

There is nothing very new about government corporations, so far as that goes, whether they are called companies, associations, authorities, or just plain corporations. There are (or were in 1945) some 115 of them attached to the federal government, a development which was begun, probably, for present purposes, by the Emergency Fleet Corporation in World War I; but there were successors for purposes as diverse as lending money (the RFC), disposing of surplus commodities (the SMC), and stimulating small business (SWPC), not to mention others in great variety. So they are, in a way, commonplace. But there was something daring, even if not entirely new, in making a whole economic system from an interlocking series of them. It began, as was logical, with water and the land.

THE distribution and use of water had long been co-operatively or governmentally managed in Puerto Rico. At first it had been used only for irrigation, which was doubtless because of the overwhelming obviousness of its possibilities. The trade winds always strike the northern and eastern slopes; and some eighty per cent of their precipitation falls there. The south had an equally rich and level plain, but it needed the water which was running northward in quantities greater than could be utilized. How easy to catch it, direct it through relatively short tunnels, and spread it in managed quantities on the southern plain. But then, how easy, too,

after a while, to require of it the turning of turbines—the making of power! In some of the recent developments, its usefulness does not end there: it furnishes drinking fluid (after purification) in the coastal cities. In more than one instance north-slope rainfall works five separate times on its way to the sea; three times turning turbines at different levels, once irrigating the land, and once furnishing city water supplies.

All the old arrangements were gathered up into one legislative act in 1941 and the Water Resources Authority was established. Of this, Mr. Antonio Luchetti was suitably made managing director. He had been in the struggle for its creation since the beginning in 1919. And it had been a struggle. The great American Congress had operated on Mr. Luchetti when there was a New Deal in the States but none yet in Puerto Rico, and he had come off—but only after humiliations which left ineradicable scars—triumphant. Messrs. Crawford and Brewster could not stop the progress toward public power in Puerto Rico; but they certainly served the private interests faithfully in the attempt.

SO MUCH—at the moment—for water. With land it was more difficult. For here attempts at reorganization ran head on into an even more powerfully buttressed vested interest which had almost immemorial beginnings and was regarded as ordained. Nevertheless, it was logical that it should be attacked. For this was a teeming island; and its closely monopolized land, even if it was used efficiently, had a product which was shared unequally. And, of course, much of it was owned or controlled by outsiders—and this is not the day of absentee landlords.

It happened that, for quite irrelevant reasons, the Organic Acts, written by our own imperialistic Congress after the war with Spain, contained prohibitions against the ownership by corporations of more than a limited acreage.¹ But this was

a provision which all concerned had tacitly agreed to ignore. By 1935, when resentment among the underprivileged began to be focused in a political movement, and leaders began to appear, several corporations owned or controlled from twenty to sixty thousand of the best acres. In that year a hero appeared. His name was Benigno Fernandez Garcia and, by some accident, he was Attorney General. He entered suit to disestablish the corporations; and since this was very quickly understood to be an attack on the whole landlord system, it caused the reactions which might be expected.

We shall not follow here the progress of the ensuing battles. In the end the people won by getting their case into a liberalized United States Supreme Court; and by throwing up a remarkable leader who taught them their own strength. On the land issue Mr. Muñoz-Marin and his *Populares* won the election of 1940. But then he, at least, saw at once that nothing had been won but an opportunity to perform a miracle. For reform would not produce more cane, although it might distribute the proceeds more equitably. It would indeed reduce production if the simple formula of fractionalization and fee simple ownership for individuals, which is what the land hungry *agregados* understandably clamored for, was followed. That had been the betraying weakness of reform in Russia, in Central Europe, in Mexico, in Haiti—in numberless places. It was an easy program for a politician to espouse: people wanted it, and when inevitable failure arrived, someone else would have to explain.

Muñoz, in a flash of inspiration, wrote into his Land Authority Bill a provision for what he called “proportional profit farms.” This has proved for Mr. José Acosta-Velarde, who became the administrator, the way out of his problem of satisfying the *agregados* and yet maintaining production. It was by no means certain at first that he would be allowed to do anything but hand out titles to inefficient homesteads; but being a man of conscience and very wise in the ways of the land and those who work it, he resolved to try. After several years he now has more confidence that he can hold off the pressures for di-

¹ In Puerto Rico, five hundred acres. It was more in the Philippines. This whole matter was carefully explored in a report to Secretary Ickes in 1941. This report, together with other comments on the progress of action with respect to it, may be found in *The Puerto Rican Public Papers of R. G. Tugwell*, to be had from the government of Puerto Rico.

vision. But it has not been easy, and he has arrived at his relative confidence only through such successful administration that the workers' incomes on some proportional profit farms have increased from fifty to one hundred per cent.

The system consists in operating suitable tracts from the sequestered estates—large ones of 350 to 1,300 acres—under trained managers (not infrequently those who were major-domos or tenants of the same tracts for their old employers) with the provision that they shall receive a minimum salary plus a stated percentage of the net returns. The rest goes to the workers. Ownership remains in the Authority; capital expenses are divided in agreed ways and cultivation loans are arranged. The Authority takes out its expenses, including interest of 4.03 per cent on the entire investment of land, improvements, and equipment; pays local taxes, carries something to surplus, and pays the manager and the workers whatever is left. In the few years since it began Mr. Acosta has managed so well that quite a lot has been left. It is, by any test, not at all a bad beginning.

Yet something more was needed. Even if all the sugar land was taken, and all was managed in this way, something more was still needed. For sugar could never be enough. And this was the origin of the Agricultural Development Company, the Industrial Development Company, and the Bank.

III

FARMING is an old occupation, and to suggest that it can be conducted in relatively revolutionary ways is temerarious. Yet it is often in the most traditional activities that imagination—the completely skeptical, even untutored approach—may find the best opportunities. It was proposed for once to see whether this was not really so. There was the excuse that the crisis—population rapidly outrunning production—was a desperate one in which all the orthodox means had been exploited. There was the fact, too, that immense funds and great talent had for years flowed into agronomy through the Agricultural College and the Experiment Stations, both insular and federal, without

having more effect than moderate improvement of what had already become accepted.

These items could easily enough be put together with certain others. There were, for instance, agricultural development companies which had been set up in several Latin-American countries with RFC or export-import bank funds. These were partly intended to implement the good-neighbor policy, but also, partly, to start growing in our hemisphere some of the products lost to us from the Japanese capture of the East Indies—notably rubber, quinine, certain of the insecticides, and vegetable oils. Under the compulsions of war, and out of sight of the vigilant professorial hierarchy, some of these enterprises were achieving remarkable results. The best of them, or at least, the one best known to Puerto Rico, was that which was operating in Haiti under the direction of Mr. Thomas E. Fennell, formerly Administrator of the National Agricultural Research Center.

A number of attempts to interest insular leaders in the possibilities of a completely new approach to subtropical agriculture were failures. To islanders agriculture was something as commonly understood as shopkeeping; and it was difficult for them to conceive that something startling and regenerative, something with genuine promise, could come out of a fresh attack on it. Then, too, there were numerous small vested interests involved: for, in spite of the fact that some of the sugar estates had grown very large, there were still many small and medium-size landholders who would be quick to suspect a threat.

Yet because the stake was important and because the time seemed propitious, a bill was talked and bargained out of the legislature by the few convinced adherents to the scheme for an Agricultural Development Company. This measure was, when it finally passed, sufficiently generous in its mandate to accomplish whatever imaginative administration could bring about. And it included marketing as well as production. It happened that just as the campaign for the bill succeeded there was taking place a change in American policy induced by finding that synthetic rubber

would be cheaper than that made from the cryptostegia being grown in Haiti. Thousands of acres of vines had to be torn out; and the resulting furor centered on innocent Mr. Fennell, who had done a magnificent job even if he was now being offered as a sacrificial goat by the State Department.

He could be got to come to Puerto Rico, then, and the funds for a beginning could be found because of a sudden increase in the returns from the tax on rum shipped to the states, which resulted from the same cause—the use of whiskey materials for making alcohol to be used in the manufacture of rubber; and a consequent increase in American rum drinking. So a program was worked out from elementary materials: (1) an all-year climate with sufficient rainfall, (2) clear channels from land to consumer, (3) a search for highest paying product without regard to the sugar-tobacco-coffee tradition, (4) the idea of doing something for all the people of Puerto Rico, not alone for the farmers, or for the shopkeepers, or any other group or class.

MR. FENNELL turned out to be not only a competent organizer, but also a tough and devoted public servant. The embattled agronomists made a prolonged, unfair, and maddening attack on him. They said he was a gardener, not an expert (he had never graduated from an agricultural college), that he had failed in Haiti, and that the people's money was being spent to provide a job for him. He was even brought into court, after he had got well started, on an injunction granted by a *Republicano* judge and was subjected, for months, to all the humiliating procedures agile legal minds and complaisant courts could devise. These included a receivership for the company, which paralyzed all its operations; and review by the court (with magnificent spreads in the press) of his handling of finances.

It was impossible to miss the implications; and no one would have blamed him if he had simply packed up and gone back to his prosperous orchid business in Florida. But he stuck it out and whipped the opposition with genuine achievement. As this is written, Mr. Fennell has his

production well started and has established direct access to consumers through model retail outlets for his products at moderate prices (but not too moderate to bring in a fair profit), spreading, chain-store-fashion, throughout the island, with local politicians competing, now, to get in line. He is doing, in fact, a hundred things which it was said could not possibly be done, both in production and distribution, which may not be told about for sheer limitation of space.

BUT the story of Vieques must be told. Vieques is an island off Puerto Rico's coast—but not far off. From anywhere on the island *El Yunque*, turbaned with cloud, loveliest mountain of all the Caribbean, rising with muscled shoulders at Puerto Rico's eastern end, looms across the few miles of separating water as Pike's Peak looms from Colorado Springs. It is a dry island. None of its hills is high enough to express much moisture from the trades and so it has prolonged droughts. For years, however, the sugar obsession had prevailed there, and it was still strong when Mr. Fennell thought he saw in these half-arid acres the bright face of opportunity. Vieques was actually, however, a scene of desolation; for it had been one anchor for the great Caribbean base which the Navy called Roosevelt Roads. The admirals had had a second thought after Pearl Harbor and had simply moved out after owning two-thirds of the land, and having taught practically all its people to work for it.

To make the story grievously short—Mr. Fennell looked at the natural guinea-grass pastures of Vieques, tested its soil and found it to have almost exactly the same PH as Hawaii's famous pineapple land, measured its rainfall, looked at its carelessly produced grapes, mangoes, pineapples—and cattle—and decided that here he could really perform a miracle. He is doing it. Against all advice he wangled the use of the Navy's land, imported Brown Swiss and Herefords—the one for milk and the other for meat—and planted half a dozen test plots, scattered widely, with the products whose strains he believed to be suited to its soil, sun, and rainfall. This was only about

three years ago. But now he entertains the governor and his cabinet there—and has his work exhibited as an example of ingenuity to all who will come and see; and the faces of the professional agronomists, who *did* go to agricultural colleges, are very, very red.

IV

THEN there is the unlikely, but true, story of the Bank and of the Industrial Development Company, in which the particular hero is, of all people, a druggist from Ponce. He was ridiculed for being a druggist who was asked to perform an industrial miracle, in much the same way that Mr. Fennell was for not belonging to the agronomists' *Colegio*. But results tell; and Mr. Teodoro Moscoso is a foremost citizen in Puerto Rico today.

The idea of industrialization, and of a bank and a company to bring it about, occurred to Muñoz during the middle of a legislative session in 1942 when no one in the executive branch was able to think of anything but the submarine blockade and how to circumvent its pressures. Not being certain that there was to be any future—or at least one not managed by the Nazis, who were unmistakably creeping down the west coast of Africa—they could not find any great interest in preparing for it. And this was especially true if what was proposed should also stir up the "better element" at home, when whatever loyalties were left over from their recent fixation on Franco were so badly needed for defense.

What Muñoz suggested was nothing new. Several surveys of Puerto Rico's economic difficulties had pointed out the need of industrial development. And one—now thriving—enterprise had been established with government funds several years before. This was a cement factory, then busily turning out materials for defense works. It was now proposed to manufacture other building materials, such as wallboard from pressed cane-stalks and tile from local sands; to make bottles and containers for rum; and to process as many consumer's goods as seemed feasible—shoes, shirts, hats, yeast, flour, and the like.

WHAT WAS NEW in it was Muñoz's frank appraisal of elements in the situation which are customarily approached with so many intervening veils of prejudice and theory that the obvious truths cannot be seen. But as those who were hesitant gradually learned, he knew his own people's logical hold on some realities at least; and, as a political leader, he would not be in the least afraid of government enterprise—if it succeeded in improving conditions—that is, if it increased insular income, gave more employment, and generally helped to raise living standards. The middle class in Puerto Rico was small, and the high-income group numerically infinitesimal. For a politician who had already proved that he could stop the *agregados* and *obreros* from selling their votes when he made it seem important not to, this was a reasonable attitude; but it was not one which political bosses usually adopted.

The surpluses from high incomes were lying idle in the banks as deposits, or were being exported to the continent. Their accumulators refused to use them for the kind of enterprises which were needed. They would take no kind of risk. It was simple reasoning that if the product of Puerto Rican land and labor would never be managed in the public interest it ought to be diverted to holders who would so use it. The present owners had had warning enough by now; and their only reaction had been to accelerate the export of their capital. Muñoz proposed the setting up of government enterprises to be financed by taxes which would furnish capital for them out of diversions from the surpluses which the present receivers had demonstrated they would not venture. The answer, in other words, to an investors' strike was higher taxes; and the answer to paralysis of private initiative was government enterprise.

It was no part of the intention to kill off such business as did exist, unless, of course, it should be scared to death by its own theories. On the contrary, the hope was that ways could be found to assume the margin of really frightening risk so that venture capital would be attracted. This, it was conceived, could be done by joining public and private investments in such a

way that returns to investors would be practically guaranteed. Furthermore, the Bank would have as part of its purpose the financing or partial financing of private ventures under such favorable conditions as to remove most of the penalties for failure.

So bills for the Bank and the Company were framed by James A. Curry, with these considerations in mind. The legislature passed them in the historic session of 1942. They came into effect when the island was under close blockade and in danger of momentary attack; but the directors having appointed Mr. Moscoso as manager for the Company, operations were begun under the most unfavorable circumstances imaginable.

Here again the story of Mr. Moscoso's battles or of the many dramatic incidents on the way to the present accomplishment cannot fully be told. Muñoz and the *Populares* sustained him with appropriations and took an oath of political abstinence, so that he had a free hand. Even during the war, and after epic encounters with Washington business-men-become-bureaucrats, he built two of his plants and started five others which now either are nearing completion or are well under way. Labor served him ill in a shortsighted campaign to divert the benefits intended for all the people of Puerto Rico into their own pockets; he failed to persuade any appreciable part of the idle funds in the private banks to join in his ventures; and he had the troubles with management to be expected in an island without industrial experience or tradition—troubles which became involved with *dignidad* and forced him to compromise almost to the point of disaster in avoiding the importation of experts. He survived war, workers' foolishness, his compatriots' psychoses, and all the rest; and now the Company is a fact, its factories models of modernity, and its operations proceeding on a speedy schedule. Every enterprise is operating well in the black and Mr. Moscoso, still a dynamo of energy, is looking for new opportunities.

The Bank turned out to be immediately less useful. It has helped to found a few new private industries, but not any of significance; it has assisted in the financing of the public companies and has serviced

the government in refinancing operations. But the fact is that it has not yet really been needed. Some \$20,500,000 have been appropriated for its capital. But the generous gifts to the companies by the legislature out of the yield of rum taxes has made any considerable drain on its resources unnecessary. It is there, however, for future reference.

V

SIMILARLY it is possible to furnish only an outline account of the establishment of authorities for transport, communications, and water supply. Each was made necessary by previous managerial failures and each involved the worst kind of difference with vested interests. Transport broke down under the pressures of a beginning war on an island which had become a teeming fortress and there had to be set up a public authority just to get people around; the telephone system was suffering from years of insufficient maintenance and the water supply had been exploited by municipal politicians to the point of making water-borne diseases the first cause of insular deaths. Each of these was an intolerable emergency; each furnished a battle which simply had to be won. They were won, in all except the telephone case, in which Mr. Sosthenes Behn used his Washington connections, so carefully cultivated for so long, to thwart the insular intention. But even there the affair is not ended, and somehow or other modern communications to service the new economy are going to be gained.

The worst difficulties in the water supply reorganization arose because Mr. Boliver Pagan happened to be the Resident Commissioner in Washington. He had been elected by a fluke—because the *Populares* and *Liberales* had split his opposition. His *Socialista* party shared control with the *Republicanos* of only a few municipal governments, including that of San Juan, the capital; and what political gravy they had left was precious beyond price. And they had a reservoir of gravy in the old San Juan water system into which could be sunk the political job holders who were useless as workers but handy for votes. So, before passage of the act setting

up the aqueduct and sewage service, the halls of Congress were made to ring as if to split the proverbial welkin with cries of tyranny, dictatorship, and communism—or fascism, as fashions changed. The American press approved when Mr. Pagan averred that the Governor was a Quisling and howled for his removal. The San Juan water supply *políticos* were never mentioned. This furor contributed to the two Congressional investigations which were undergone in the midst of war; but there, again, the deathrate from enteritis among Puerto Rican babies got no mention in all the long proceedings.

IN THE telephone matter there occurred another kind of misfortune. Just as matters were coming to a head in 1944, Muñoz conceived the idea that Mr. Dewey was going to become President, and that if he did Puerto Rico had better have some friends among the inner circle of business men who controlled the Republican party. Mr. Sosthenes Behn could be thought to be influential in this group. And it was in pursuit of some such alliance that Muñoz altered his own view of the expediency of expropriation. Others thought it absurd to hold that Mr. Dewey might win over Roosevelt and so they went ahead, but in rather crippled fashion, for when Muñoz changes his mind it appears that Puerto Rico has adopted a new policy. His hold on his people's minds is that strong.

The water supply is rapidly becoming safe under the skillful direction of Mr. Sergio Cuevas, who chose the unpleasant task of fighting the municipal *políticos* and of creating a whole new service, when he might have continued as Commissioner of the Interior where he would have had far fewer troubles. His dedication, along with the others who have been mentioned (and several who have not, such as Mr. José Bloise of the Transportation Authority and Mr. Delgado Marquez of the Communications Authority, two stalwart and stubborn engineers) must fill anyone with optimism who considers what alternatives they have chosen in their many crises, how they have fought like tigers for the public interest, and how magnificently they have done jobs which, by any standard,

and in any place, would have to be classed as top-management.

VI

THIS system—agriculture and agricultural processing, credit, industrial development, power and other utility facilitation—is now in operation. It remains to be asked what are its prospects for accomplishing what it was intended to do.

In approaching this question we must admit that Muñoz may turn out to have been right in his judgment of the way political affairs were going in the United States; it may be that he was merely wrong in his timing. Perhaps it was absurd to think that Mr. Dewey could have defeated Roosevelt in 1944, but it seems far from absurd to suppose that some Republican may defeat Mr. Truman in 1948. This does not necessarily justify a policy of appeasement but it does justify a consideration of ways to meet the shock of change.

For the campaign of 1944, Puerto Rican business men were unwilling to advance any considerable funds to the leaders of the *Coalicion* cause at home; but they contributed enormous sums to the Republican National Committee on the continent. This might be hard to understand for one who recalled only that Puerto Ricans do not vote for Presidents, but not so hard for one who understood the alliances between insular business and Washington politicians. Not once but many times those who have watched have seen great liberals in Washington support the most revolting reaction in Puerto Rico. It can be done quite without penalty; for who notices or cares about exploitation in a distant Caribbean island without voting representation in the Congress? The answer is that no one cares. For the natural channels of opinion are wholly blocked. There is, in the island, one viciously reactionary newspaper which somehow controls the news about insular affairs which comes to American ears and which completely isolates the Puerto Rican liberal from his natural allies on the continent.

IT is not far-fetched, therefore, to fear that the Puerto Rican situation may develop much as did that in the Philip-

pinos when Wilson was succeeded by Harding and Coolidge; and when General Wood was sent out as Governor General to disestablish the "socialism" of his predecessor Francis Burton Harrison. There are indeed almost uncanny similarities between the Philippine and the Puerto Rican developments. There is more than a quarter century of interlude; but the parallel is exact. The Filipinos failed to persuade their Spanish landlords or their resident American business men to take the risks of industrialization; they had to seize the great estates; and they had to set up government enterprises. They fractionalized the land, reduced production, and beggared the peasantry—that was politics. But they set up a bank and national coal and iron companies, took ownership of the utilities, and generally went into economic development on a wholesale scale. Their management was not too good apparently, because of *dignidad*—they could not bear to admit the superiority of "foreigners" or to see them hold positions of skill and trust when that might be interpreted as a reflection on Filipinos' abilities. But they were getting along well enough, considering the difficulties, until General Wood undertook to smash them on orders from Washington—orders which came from inner-circle Republicans who had been "persuaded" by Filipino reactionaries and American business men.

The same pattern may be developing now in this hemisphere. The Puerto Rican Organic Act, only once revised since 1900, is quite like that of the Philippines in 1912. That is to say the appointed Governor possesses delegated Presidential powers; and the Attorney General, the Commissioner of Education, the Auditor, and the members of the Supreme Court all serve at the President's pleasure. A Republican President's pleasure would certainly be to get rid of Governor Piñero, who is a loyal *Popular*; to appoint a *Republicano* Attorney General; and to support the Supreme Court—which, all through the New Deal, has remained hostile. If such events should occur, for such reasons as that the insular business men had contributed generously to Republican campaign funds, Muñoz might well have the

choice of damping down the fires of government enterprise or of having it done for him in unpleasant ways. Since he wants other favors from Washington in the way of more home rule, of a kind as yet undetermined, but certainly drastically different from present arrangements, he would be unlikely to engage in any battles over economic affairs if he could avoid them.

This might go to the length of sacrificing much—for Muñoz is first of all a politician. There is no escaping the fact that what is going to happen to the economic program is largely up to him; its operations are well begun and it is devotedly as well as ably staffed; it will grow in usefulness unless it is sabotaged—whether for good or for bad reasons.

BUT there is a second question: will it go on well? Here the reservations for *dignidad* have to be made. And perhaps those for another phrase which describes an ever-present insular pitfall. That phrase is *ay bendito*. It cannot be translated, really, into our harsher language and especially into our harsher human relations. For a Puerto Rican it means to temper justice, fair dealing, rectitude, and hewing to the line with a little softness, a little blurring of exactness, a little overlooking of incompetence or laziness. To preserve one's *dignidad* means to keep face, to preserve appearances at the expense of reality; *ay bendito* supports it by pleading for easy treatment of misfits, for fudging the requirements for those who are poor, who have large families, or who have been unfortunate.

Bulwarks have been erected against these old evils. The Civil Service Commission has a new chairman, Mr. Guillermo Nigaglioni, who will be as tough as Muñoz will allow and will even take chances on his good will; the Budget Bureau is directed now by Mr. Roberto de Jesús who is, it can be sworn, sufficiently competent to keep even the budget of the nation; the Planning Board, under the chairmanship of Mr. Rafael Pico, is the special instrument of the government for the co-ordination of all its complicated activities; and the Auditor, Mr. Rafael Cordero, has put the work of his office on the kind of businesslike basis a succession of continental auditors failed to achieve.

The Authorities are exempt from the governmental Civil Service but they look to Mr. Nigaglioni for leadership in personnel work; they look for new funds to the Planning Board and the Budget; and their accounts are post-audited by Mr. Cordero's staff.

Faith in such a group of effective administrators and devoted staff officers must run very deep. They know the dangers as well as the opportunities; and if Washington will leave them alone, if or when Republicanism comes down to the Potomac, they are very likely to justify their people's trust.

Faith in the new economy is the more justified, also, because the University has revitalized itself. It has not only, under Chancellor Jaime Benítez, taken on a new cast by shifting emphasis from sterile speculation to intensive social studies, but has got, somehow, a new atmosphere of disciplined work.

LASTLY, it may legitimately be asked: what is the significance of it all? Does it mean that if the Puerto Ricans succeed, their achievement may be used to support a similar *national* program? Not at all.

The Puerto Rican program was not conceptual; it was strictly derived from analysis of the specific insular dilemma. So it does not prove anything except for similar dilemmas elsewhere. Puerto Rico is a compact island with two million people. That this is quite different from a continent with one hundred forty million does not have to be insisted on. In such a difference there is more than a contrast in scale; there is a contrast in kind—kind of fiscal arrangements, kind of management, kind of exterior relations, and kind of objectives.

Its success would mean that private enterprise is not the only way to get things done; it would mean that men work for other ends than to get profits; it would mean that devotion to fellow men is a spring of energy in the race which may, under certain circumstances, be made to flow as water from the rock of Moses. But those things men of sense and feeling know already; they do not need a demonstration in Puerto Rico.

The specific circumstances can, how-

ever, be generalized to include all those places on earth which resemble Puerto Rico as it was: overpopulated, largely one-crop areas, where the masses live in misery, exploited by landlord, merchant, and politician. There is something about this dreadful contrast which makes the fortunate insensitive to others' sufferings. They come to feel that those who work for them are hardly human at all. They resist workers' aspirations to better themselves and they refuse support for basic betterment. The one-crop system is always insecure in a changing world. The defense against this insecurity is a starvation wage. So the proprietors of the system menace both progress and peace.

There are more of these areas than the uninstructed might imagine; and they lie nearer to the American heartland and more within American responsibility than is often acknowledged. Their poverty becomes our poverty. Disease, ignorance, and cruelty are involuntarily shared by all those within communicating distance.

The United States accidentally supplied the capital for Puerto Rico's rehabilitation simply by consuming rum instead of whiskey for four years. But, having got good results, it would seem sensible to seek similar results in other areas where responsibility runs. Cheap capital, under expert managerial control, is the basic requisite. But it has to be used for the really imaginative development of new resources and their exploitation quite outside the local patterns and wholly independent of local business men who are financially and ideologically tied to what exists. This intrusion is politically difficult sometimes; but not always, because everywhere among the exploited there are, these days, active or potential movements for liberation similar to that which has now gained power in Puerto Rico.

We have made repeated verbal commitments to principles of equality, and have even, on occasion, argued sensibly that in this close-knit world two levels of life, advanced peoples and backward peoples, cannot be maintained because of the inherent instability of such a contrast. A good look at Puerto Rico might indicate some practical ways of making good these professions.

THE UNITED STATES INVADES AFRICA

EARL PARKER HANSON

THE keynote of our foreign economic policy—the need to expand overseas trade and secure sources of raw materials—has led us into strangely varied camps throughout the world, from the most reactionary to the most progressive. In Liberia, the little Negro republic on the bulge of Africa's west coast, these frankly selfish aims have had a double result. They have injected the United States into the African economic scene, which in the past has been almost monopolized by Europeans. At the same time, they have lined us up with the country's most enlightened leaders, who are doing things for their native people which amount to a social revolution.

The withdrawal of our wartime garrisons did not mean our complete withdrawal from Africa. In Liberia the departing troops left behind them a swarm of American officials to carry out a new policy designed to do three things: (1) to strengthen our commercial relations with the country; (2) to help remake the country itself, so that the volume of trade will amount to something; (3) by implication to give us a springboard into the rest of Africa.

Those who are most familiar with this program are about evenly divided on whether or not it is evidence of a new American imperialism. The debate is

fruitless, since proof one way or the other is hidden in the future. For the present it is enough that what we are doing there is being watched with some apprehension by the European powers, because its ultimate aim—the modernization and development of Liberia—may well have a profoundly upsetting effect on the twin institutions of African colonialism and racial subordination.

IN A VAGUE sort of way Liberia has been a stepchild of ours ever since the American Colonization Society began to settle freed slaves there more than a century ago. After the Negro republic was founded in 1847, we raised a polite diplomatic eyebrow from time to time when one of the great colonial powers seemed to threaten its independence. Aside from such gestures, and the establishment of the Firestone rubber plantations some twenty years ago, we never paid much attention to the country until the outbreak of World War II. Then it became important to us overnight—both because of its strategic location and because it could supply some of the things we badly needed, notably rubber.

Today it is still important, partly for strategic reasons and partly because Liberia eventually may supply many things which we need in peacetime—high grade iron ore, for example, to supplement our

Mr. Hanson, who is well known as a tropical explorer, was chief of the Foreign Economic Administration's mission to Liberia, from which he has recently returned.

own dwindling supplies, and such items as cocoa, palm kernels, kola nuts, and piassava which we previously bought from African colonies through European middlemen.

It so happens, however, that our aims add up to the same thing as the aims of Liberia's President W. V. S. Tubman: namely, drastic social reform. From the most crass commercial point of view, America's trade with Liberia can never amount to much until the country's social and economic structure is rebuilt to lift the living standards and purchasing power of its great masses of people. Strategically, the country can provide a secure foothold for us on the African continent only when its people are content and prosperous and its communications modernized.

Whether the Liberians, with our help, can succeed in reshaping their country's entire social structure is a question that cannot be finally answered for a good many years. There are many obstacles—international, internal, financial, and racial—and the job will not be easy. But it certainly should not be impossible. Since I was until recently the head of America's economic mission there, I can testify that the country has both the necessary resources and human material; that excellent opportunities already are opening up for both Liberian and American capital; and that the ferment of modernization and social reform is already working hard. It cannot be stopped short of *some* results.

II

BY ANY STANDARD of comparison, Liberia is incredibly backward—a museum-piece among nations. Today, a century after the republic's establishment, it remains a sort of tropical Graustark with Octavus Roy Cohen overtones.

In its capital, Monrovia, diplomatic and social protocol has reached the point of fanaticism; but nobody has yet got around to building a municipal water and sewage system. A few fine houses, inhabited by foreigners and the local ruling class, stand surrounded by a sordid collection of shacks. Nearly everything in the town—the temperamental power plant, the squalid City Hotel, the almost total lack of

repair services for cars and refrigerators, the College of Liberia whose graduates have difficulty qualifying as high school juniors in the United States—is a standing invitation to ridicule. That opportunity has been seized with delight by such satirists as Evelyn Waugh and the authors of such shallow American books as *Top Hats and Tom Toms* and *Lighting up Liberia*. But those same conditions are also a standing invitation to modernizing enterprise—and so far neither American nor Liberian business men have paid much attention to that opportunity.

Perhaps they have been scared off by the traditional explanations of Liberian backwardness. The country is still regarded, by many people who should know better, as an example of the debilitating effects of tropical climate. It has been cited as proof of the innate inferiority of Negroes—long after that theory, too, had been exploded by a wealth of scientific evidence. It has even been argued that Liberia is too poor to interest enterprising outsiders, although the recent surveys of resources carried out by my staff make that argument look ridiculous. A more plausible explanation of the country's retarded development is seldom mentioned. For nearly a century, the great European powers have shaped their trade policies in a way to make sure that an independent Negro republic could not grow into a dangerous competitor of their colonies—and thus into a challenge to the very institution of colonialism. That kind of brake is now losing its effectiveness, since the United States is throwing its great economic strength in the opposite direction.

FINANCIALLY Liberia displays all the symptoms of a sick country. Until very recent years its budget was always below \$1,000,000, at times ranging down to \$125,000. Even today, with its budget swollen by war profits and inflation, the country is spending only about two million dollars a year. That relatively tiny sum has to cover the interest on the national debt; keep up the schools, courts, Department of Public Works, Bureau of Agriculture, and a Hinterlands Administration to rule the aborigines; pay the Army and the officers of a Navy that sank

some years ago; and provide all the other things that make up the structure of a nation. Directly or indirectly that budget is derived from a foreign trade whose exports had by 1944 reached the unprecedented total of \$10,000,000. This is pretty small potatoes—even when you add the assiduous smuggling without which Liberia would go bankrupt. It looks even smaller when you realize that rubber, which is exported and controlled entirely by the absentee Firestone Corporation, accounts for over ninety per cent of the total exports, while raw gold—a government monopoly—comprises almost all the rest. Such fruits of native enterprise as coffee, cocoa, and palm kernels—from which the profits might conceivably stay in the country for national development—make up less than one per cent of the total exports, with a cash value well below \$100,000. Chalked up against Liberia's potential for economic growth—which is as great as that of Central America's Banana Republics a few decades ago—these statistics are puny indeed.

Socially the picture is even gloomier. The country is run by a tight little group of about fifteen thousand "Americo-Liberians," the descendants of the freed Negro slaves who were settled there a century ago. The original settlers never identified themselves with the native Africans any more than the Pilgrims merged with the American Indians. Nor do their descendants, who still consider themselves a privileged class, entitled to own the country and boss its 1,500,000 aborigines. Many of them, indeed, talk about keeping the natives "in their place" in terms much like those of a Mississippi planter discussing his fieldhands.

These Americo-Liberians rule their native subjects by means of a ramshackle colonial administration, whose sole aim seems to be to collect taxes, foodstuffs, cheap labor, and fines for violation of laws which the tribesmen sometimes never heard of. As recently as 1930 an International Commission of Inquiry discovered conditions in the hinterland which amounted to downright slavery; thousands of the aborigines were even rounded up and exported, at a handsome profit, to the Spanish island of Fernando Po. According

to the testimony of a few Liberians themselves, the colonial administration works so badly that many hundreds of natives migrate annually (or did until the amazing year of 1945) to seek the benefits of British and French rule in neighboring Sierra Leone and French Guinea.

THROUGH this economic and social morass, a strong current toward reform is at last beginning to flow. Naturally many of the privileged Americo-Liberians don't like it, and it is running into plenty of political obstacles. But some of the others—especially the delegates who attended the San Francisco Conference—realize that some changes will have to be made, and right away, if the country is to maintain its independence.

At one social gathering, for example, I heard former President C. B. D. King, now the country's honored elder statesman, express national aspirations in these terms: "The job we have to do is to develop Liberia into an outstanding African Negro republic."

President Tubman picked him up with: "What do you mean, Negro? Let's build an outstanding republic and the Negro part will take care of itself." Strong medicine for a race-conscious people—and he followed it with stronger. "What we have to do," he said, "is to outstrip all the African colonies."

Rightly or wrongly, through the accident of circumstances, the United States is today playing a powerful part in the furtherance of that ambition.

III

OUR HELP was a long time in coming. Although our half-hearted diplomatic support may have aided Liberia to preserve its independence during its hundred-year struggle for survival, it did not keep Britain and France from grabbing about half of the republic's original territory. We showed a flutter of active interest in 1909, when the Taft Commission looked over the country and brought home a request that we send experts to help with a number of badly needed reforms and investigate natural resources with an eye to development. But nothing came of all this.

The establishment of the Firestone plantations during the Harding administration was interpreted by Europe to mean that we regarded Liberia as our sphere of economic influence, but not until the war did the United States show any interest in Liberia on a really significant scale. In 1943 Liberia's then-President Barclay and President-elect Tubman visited Washington to argue their country's case with President Roosevelt. From those conversations something big resulted. Whether that something should be described as far-visioned liberalism or plain old-fashioned imperialism depends partly on your semantics, and partly on the way the program works out in the years to come.

Today the American effort in Liberia is being pushed along four main lines: (1) our Navy is building a modern seaport at Monrovia, with a firm understanding that Liberia eventually will repay the entire cost; (2) a United States Public Health Service Mission is trying to clean up the worst of the country's disease conditions and to train Liberian technicians to carry on the work; (3) the Air Transport Command is operating a large airport at Roberts Field; (4) the State Department is continuing the economic mission, which started in 1944 under the wartime Foreign Economic Administration.

In addition, plans are afoot to complete the road from Monrovia to French Guinea which our Army started during the war, and an old French project for a parallel railroad may be revived. Moreover, an American concern, the so-called Christie Group, has been granted a concession for mining iron ore at Liberia's rich Bomi Hills deposit, while another American group is now trying for a foothold in lumbering.

WHEN I was sent to Liberia as head of the original economic mission, my instructions were to work toward Liberia's development "with the help of the United States and for the mutual benefit of both countries." Our group translated that broad directive into these specific terms, which were never questioned by Washington: (1) Liberians were to be helped to produce plenty of good quality cocoa, palm kernels, piassava, and kola nuts, for

which the United States now offers a good market and which would pay for American goods in return; (2) Liberians were to be encouraged to start, either on their own or with the participation of American private capital, whatever small industries they can manage; (3) large corporate concessions should go to American rather than European firms; (4) the country's independence should be protected.

These aims launched us on a series of projects and studies which reached into every backwater of the nation's life. Our survey of resources sent us deep into the hinterland, slogging along primitive trails which had been all but closed to foreigners before. We made studies of coastwise shipping, of future road construction, and of the pressing need for garages and mechanics. We devised programs for scientific training and experimentation, to diversify and improve Liberia's export crops. We stressed co-ordination between economic development and public health, and worked out recommendations for education, the mechanical arts, medicine, engineering, and all the other fields of training that go into the creation of a modern state. In our offices and compounds we nursed along plans for founding several small local industries. Working with the Liberian Bureau of Agriculture, we carried on an agricultural program, aimed primarily at increasing the country's food supplies.

Our biggest surprise was the downright avidity with which the aborigines themselves took to new ideas, new methods, new items in their diets, and the small new sources of income that enabled them for the first time in years to meet the tax collectors with ready money. In a test-and-demonstration area of some twenty aboriginal villages, the people—generally regarded as stubbornly conservative—adopted with enthusiasm our new farming methods and the few donkeys which we imported to replace Liberia's traditional transport system of head-loading by human carriers. And we succeeded in growing oats and forage crops for the new beasts of burden. This one experiment demonstrated how manpower could be released on a large scale from the old, inefficient transport system, and diverted to improved farming and the new industries.

IV

PERHAPS the largest share of credit for what is happening in Liberia belongs to President Tubman, who seems likely to become Africa's outstanding modern statesman. He is leading, coaxing, and pushing his feudal country along the road of revolution-by-reform with astonishing speed. The measures he has already sponsored—such as votes for women and an income tax under which the wealthy Liberians will have to help pay for their country's development—are nothing in comparison with his further goal. This is simply to wipe out the fundamental class differences, and to weld all the nation's inhabitants into one citizenry, with equal rights, opportunities, and social status. No one sees more clearly than Tubman the hard fact that a nation with a ruling class of 15,000 and a subject people one hundred times as large is headed for disaster in the modern economic world. Aside from the arguments based on human justice and political philosophy, it is obvious that a nation of 1,515,000 human beings with equal social, economic, and political rights will be able to produce larger exports and buy more finished goods than can a handful of Americo-Liberians who are scared to death lest the aborigines gain enough power, education, money, and organization to engulf them. Such a nation also can afford more money for building schools and roads, maintaining an adequate health service, training mechanics, and building up the country in general. Thus, in supporting national development for Liberia, the United States is supporting a man who represents revolution to the feudal Liberian Old Guard.

"That man in the Executive Mansion," exclaimed one of the Americo-Liberians to me in agony, "is throwing away our birthright. This country was given to the freed slaves who came from America. It belongs to us and he is giving it to a lot of African savages. The United States must do something about it."

IN JANUARY 1944, President Tubman started a term that will run until 1952. While lacking the sophistication and world experience of such men as the late Presi-

dent Roosevelt, whom he greatly admired, and Muñoz-Marin of Puerto Rico, whose problems are more nearly like his own, he resembles both of them in his wholehearted liking for people. He also shares their profound awareness of current historical trends, and the courage to lead his social class in making drastic concessions that at times seem to many of them dangerously close to their "liquidation as a class."

Tubman has already spent many months away from his capital, walking or riding in hammocks all through the hinterland with other government officials and an enormous train of burden bearers. He has held councils with all his people, from paramount chiefs through clan chiefs, town chiefs, and honored elders, to the lowliest private individuals. His decisions at these councils range from immediate judgments in purely local disputes to pronouncements of principles under which the aborigines will be aided in a long-range program.

Together these decisions form a Magna Carta for Liberia's Africans, some of whom had once complained to me that they were caught "like cockroaches in oil." The decisions promise education, medical help, greater economic opportunity, more justice—and with it redress from the often oppressive rulings of the district commissioners. They reaffirm the President's earlier decree that no man is to be called for forced labor on government projects during the planting season; by implication they promise the eventual abolition of such forced labor. At the Salala councils, which Mrs. Hanson and I were privileged to attend, Tubman announced the significant principle that all tribal lands taken illegally by Americo-Liberians or "civilized" aborigines must be returned to their original owners or paid for to the latter's satisfaction.

"And I don't care," he said to me later, perhaps because as a wartime American official I was profoundly interested in rubber, "how much rubber those fellows have planted on the land."

A considerable number of district commissioners and members of the frontier force were surprised to find themselves summarily discharged by the President for

"malfeasance, misfeasance, and unfeasance." When the legislature refused to subject those men to criminal prosecution, Tubman took the issue to the public through one of the Liberian newspapers. More startling yet, he has put through laws which give the aborigines the vote and representation in the legislature. When I asked him about a constitutional technicality involved in the measures aiming at the abolition of colonialism, he answered, with a turn of logic again reminiscent of Puerto Rico's Muñoz-Marin: "We collect hut-taxes from those people, and I will not tolerate taxation without representation."

Like any president, Tubman must naturally veer to this side or that, making compromises in order to step around obstructions which he cannot take by assault. Hence, some of his zigzags look to hysterical leftists like the betrayal of his own policies. In general, however, he has stayed on his announced course; and the enthusiasm with which he raised official, diplomatic, and personal hell with a high American official who was brash enough to speak up in favor of the aborigines was widely interpreted as indicating that he and his government are doing that particular job without permitting outside interference.

THERE is plenty of evidence that Tubman's political tactics work. Last year the ruling True Whig party gave him a "unanimous" vote of confidence, as did the legislature—though his most rabid and powerful political enemies stayed away from the meetings at which the resolutions were passed. Tubman's support from the aborigines has resulted in two rather remarkable incidents. After his conferences at Sinoe, on the Kru Coast, the chiefs and elders of the Kru tribe sent him word that they now—for the first time in Liberia's history—consider themselves at peace with the government. So ended those recurring and terrible "Kru Wars" that have in the past drawn repeated protests from the rest of the world. The second event was occasioned by the grant of the iron mining concession at Bomi Hill to American business men. A great political furor was raised against Tubman on the

grounds that he was selling out his country's resources and birthright to foreign imperialists. When his critics sought the support of the aborigines, who were the owners of the lands in question, the natives stood by Tubman and refused to join in the hubbub. The anti-Tubman movement then promptly collapsed.

How far Liberia will travel on the momentum of the past two exciting years is unpredictable. While the presidential decrees and franchise laws are splendid, it is still too early to judge how effectively they will be put into practice. It is certain that Tubman's progressive policies have unleashed powerful forces that cannot be stuffed back into the bottle. But it would take a crystal ball to foresee just how the release of national energy will be influenced by shifts in American, British, and French foreign policies.

V

THE profound stir in Liberia has stepped up diplomatic shenanigans in Monrovia, whose small buzzing foreign colony has always resembled something in the hot countries of Somerset Maugham or Norman Douglas.

The French have traditionally followed a policy of being tough with Liberia. Their annexation of many thousands of square miles of Liberian territory in 1892 and 1907 did not endear them to the country, nor did the warship that they sent to Monrovia six or seven years ago to demand official apologies for a comic-opera brawl between the wife of France's consul general and her cook. In 1945 they changed all that, first by giving Tubman the Legion of Honor, then by inviting his acting secretary of state to French Guinea to see what France is doing to improve life in her colonies, and finally by replacing their cynical *chargé d'affaires* with a man whose energies and point of view are better suited to represent French interests in the awakening nation.

This man—my "goo' fran," as Liberian aborigines say—Guy Quonan de Schompré, by now a full minister, came to Liberia straight from wartime service as one of de Gaulle's officers. Endearing himself to the colony by his friendly hospi-

tality and lavish cocktail parties, he set about to see what France could do to help herself by helping in Liberia's modernization. One of the first things he tackled was the urgent problem of sleeping sickness. He also provided us with technical help in mapping, plunging into the railroad question, and taking steps toward sending French teachers to Liberia.

Until the arrival of the U. S. Public Health Mission, Liberia had never done anything about its plague of sleeping sickness, except to tolerate the health program on the Firestone plantations and the remarkable individual efforts made on a pittance by an American medical missionary, G. W. Harley. Repeated protests by Britain and France, who naturally disliked having a focal point of infection at their colonial back doors, brought no results. Today, however, French teams of doctors and technicians are operating side by side with Harley, members of the Liberian Health Service, and the U. S. Public Health Mission, in a co-ordinated drive against sleeping sickness. It makes little difference whether Liberia accepted French help in a spirit of enlightened progress or merely, as some critics claim, by way of following her time-honored diplomacy of playing off the French against us and the British against both. In fact, the international rivalries engendered should kill all the more tsetse flies, which carry the disease.

THE French are one up on the British in the game of nurturing Liberia's development, because Tubman's hinterland program is less menacing to French colonial policies than to British. In the past the British have based their colonial policy on strict race differentiation (which in Liberia becomes class differentiation) and on the maintenance of the tribal system through chiefs subservient to British aims. French policies, however—especially as recently underscored by that great Negro colonial governor, Felix Eboué—are aimed at gradual detribalization, the eventual abolition of race differentiation and the entire colonial system, and the final elevation of present colonial subjects to full citizenship in a Greater France that is some day to reach from the Channel

Coast across the Mediterranean to far below the Equator. Regardless of arguments about the relative fairness or democracy of the two systems, it is exactly the French course that Tubman is now following—perhaps a bit more precipitously than the “better” class of Parisians may approve.

Diplomatically the British, who previously had largely contented themselves with watchful waiting, recently cut themselves a nice slice of prestige. Until 1945, the British and French gave tacit recognition to our special interests in Liberia by being represented there only by *chargés d'affaires*, automatically making the American Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps. That has now been suddenly changed. Not only did the British raise their man to the rank of full minister, with the French following suit, but delays attending our recent change in ministers permitted London's representative to become senior member of the corps. According to excited gossip in Monrovia's foreign colony, this amounts to a staggering blow at the prestige of our man, a progressive educator, Raphael O'Hara Lanier, who is new both to Liberia and the diplomatic game. While the protocol situation is significant of the accelerated rivalries, it is in itself hardly important. As long as Lanier is backed by current American policies, by a seaport-in-the-building, by health and economic missions, he can afford to let the Englishman be dean.

MUCH more important, unfortunately, is our inexperience in the realm which counts most in accomplishing what we have set out to do. The pioneering job of commercial enterprise in a backward country requires pioneers of another stripe from those who broke the soil of the American West. Here the British still have the upper hand—and they know it.

Commercially our aims are high and—within the framework of modern power politics—enlightened; but we have yet to demonstrate that as individual operators Americans can take it on the chin while making their fortunes in foreign lands. We have demonstrated superb ability to do things in large corporate enterprises, in splendid mining camps and plantations

where the whole environment is transformed to provide American standards of living for clannish employees. We have also shown that our commercial representatives can make a go of it in cosmopolitan cities where there are plenty of other Americans struggling along with Simmons beds, Crane plumbing, cocktail bars, epicurean food, clean linen, Hollywood's latest, and an atmosphere of international sophistication that can be acquired from submission to such hardships without even learning the country's language. But living in Liberia is another matter, and it is still an open question whether American capital and individual Americans will take advantage of the hard opportunities waiting for them.

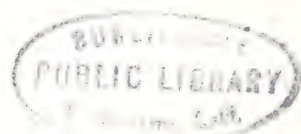
Outside of the Firestone plantations, whose trading company is an adjunct to Firestone operations and not to the nation's general economic life, not one American trader exists in Liberia. To the wonderment of both the Liberians and resident foreigners, the United States apparently hopes to expand American trade by working through existing British, French, Dutch, and international Syrian firms. Liberians are begging in vain for American capital for such enterprises as a hotel and amusement center in Monrovia, for desperately needed coastwise shipping, for manufacturing and management services. Our Department of State, which has laid open these opportunities, seems powerless against our individual indifference to small business in a foreign country.

Despite all the talk about how American mechanics and technicians will aid Liberia to achieve her place in the sun, and despite the expenditure of the American taxpayer's money for Liberian development, so far it has been Dutch, French, British, and Syrian residents who have

paid attention to the new business opportunities. The leading British trader in Monrovia recently returned from a holiday in England with a garage and general repair shop as a supplement to his business. A Syrian trader is making energetic efforts to establish himself in coastwise shipping. So far no American competition is in sight for either of them.

THE OTHER SIDE of the picture is indicated by the newly granted American concession for Liberian iron ore and current American efforts to engage in large-scale lumbering. The chances are good that such concessions for mining, lumbering, and industrialized plantations will go to us instead of to European rivals. It is even possible that our Liberian program has already begun to pay dividends by giving us a springboard into other parts of Africa. According to recent newspaper reports, the Union of South Africa will now welcome American capital for large-scale industrial enterprises. This unprecedented decision represents another step in America's dramatic entry into Africa's economic affairs.

For some time Monrovia's foreign colony has been full of rumors about a dark horse in the struggle for moral and commercial supremacy in Liberia. The Soviet Union was for months reported as ready to establish a full embassy in Monrovia, with a staff of fifteen diplomatic *tovarishes*, an economic mission, and a fleet of steamers that Stalin is rumored to be building for the West African trade. This logical, if perhaps fictitious, Soviet scheme could change the face of Liberia. At any rate, it intensifies the light which our State Department has turned so brilliantly on the Liberian struggle for national growth and world recognition.



THE TRIAL

A Story

JOHN D. WEAVER

MILT THATCHER crossed the creek in front of the store, hopping the dry rocks caked with the mud of last April's high water. He glanced uneasily at the three men on the store porch, then broke off a lithe alder switch and shuffled up the footpath, irritably beating the air, the switch snapping with a snake-like hiss.

"Sycamores ain't holdin' their bark this year," Ab Sowers said.

The other two men nodded. Keen Upton freshened his quid. Burr Rivercomb raised his shotgun, drew a bead on a sycamore branch directly over Milt Thatcher's head. The mottled branch thrust half-nakedly out over the creek, the underside a pale blue-white, like snow. Strips of dry bark, crisply rolled, lay scattered along the creek bank.

"Mornin'," Milt Thatcher said.

The three men seemed not to hear him. Ab Sowers squinted at the three big eel hooks he was tying together.

"Reckon you're goin' after them suckers down at Long Hole," Milt said.

Ab went on wiring the three hooks together, putting two of the eyes back-to-back, then laying the third hook flat against the sides of the other two, fastening it with a thin strip of wire, so the hooks formed a three-pronged cluster. Suckers never take bait in the summer, but they can be snagged with a three-hook line as they burrow lazily in the muddy creek bottom. Ab knew just how to do it, how to avoid throwing a shadow over the water,

how to ease the line down about three feet upstream and off to one side of the fish, how to drag the hook cluster slowly into position, stopping just under the sucker's mouth, then jerking the line to one side to allow for any sudden last-minute movement of the hooks or the fish. Once the suckers took fright, they got skittish and darted under the rocks, but Ab, in the drawing of a single breath, could hook the sluggish fish as neatly as another man might catch a bass with bait or a fly.

"I got me a couple night 'fore last," Milt said. "Trapped 'em."

A fish trap is a different matter. A cylinder of chicken wire is closed off at one end, a cone pointing in from the open end, the tip of the cone lopped off, leaving a hole the size of a baseball. The suckers swim through the cone, settle in the bottom of the trap, and are caught in a wire maze. Trapping fish is like buying them in town, no quickness, no cunning. The fish never have a chance.

"Uncle Gurley said it was a sign, sycamore bark," Keen Upton said.

"That so?" Burr rested the butt of his gun on the wooden porch, while Ab tugged at the hooks, testing them.

MILT THATCHER slithered past the three men, dropping his alder switch over the porch side. A reddish brown hound, sleeping in the shade, rose up, grinned oafishly, then lay down again. Inside the store they could hear Milt

asking for a plug of Red Horse tobacco.

"Uncle Gurley said it's a sign of a hard winter when the sycamores hold onto their bark," Keen Upton said, "and a light winter when they let go of it."

"Oughta be a light winter then," Ab said.

"I reckon."

The screen door opened and closed behind them. The brown plug trembled in Milt's hand. He went to bite off a chew, but his teeth wouldn't sink in far enough. He had to bite again, and then a third time, like a dog worrying an oversize ham bone.

"Chew?" Milt offered the plug. The three men seemed not to see it. Sweat covered Milt's forehead, dripped down his dark, sunken cheeks. His small gray eyes darted about restlessly. "I didn't do it," Milt said. "You got no right—"

"You know," Ab said, turning to Keen, "I never believed in signs."

"Me neither," Keen said.

"Except the heart sign," Ab said. "I wouldn't never cut bushes less'n the sign was in the heart."

"I was workin' my reglar job," Milt said. "I didn't know a thing 'bout it till

this mornin', when I come by the court-house, and I heard the talk."

"One of them suckers must weigh close to three pounds," Ab said.

"I wouldn't turn nobody in," Milt said, a quick swipe of his hand brushing the sweat from his face. "It ain't my job to turn people in."

"I seen them suckers this mornin'," Keen said. "They're big uns, no doubt of it."

"I count the cars," Milt said. "Thas all I do is count the cars."

The three men turned toward Milt, their eyes narrowing. Milt stepped back toward the screen door. He shot a stream of tobacco juice at the road, stirring a tiny gray whorl of dust. The spittle left a brown stain on the road.

"You was here yestiday," Ab said. "You heard 'em talkin'."

"I heard 'em," Milt said. "Sure I heard 'em, but I didn't turn 'em in."

"You knowed the time 'n' the place," Ab said, "and when they got there, the Rangers was waitin' for 'em."

"It must of been somebody else," Milt said. "It warn't me."

Burr Rivercomb stood up, his hands



closed tightly around the blue-black barrel of the gun. His shoulders were level with Milt's quick-darting eyes. Burr crooked the gun in his elbow.

"The Rangers had their car parked right at the mouth of the holler," Burr said. "All they had to do was just set there and wait till Dick 'n' Charley showed up."

Dick Rivercomb was Burr's brother. Burr thought a lot of Dick.

"Maybe," Burr said, speaking slowly, his eyes on Milt, "maybe them Rangers suddenly took a notion to have a picnic supper in Bear Holler. Maybe it was just happen-so that Dick 'n' Charley come by with their dog."

"I don't know how it come to happen," Milt said, shrinking deeper into the store front.

"It ain't their usual place to wait," Ab said.

"It was four miles from their station," Keen said.

"I don't know, I tell you," Milt said. "I was up on the Ridge Road countin' cars like I'm paid to do. If somebody wants to hunt in the Park, thas up to them. It ain't none of my concern. Everybody knows it's against the law to hunt on park ground, and if Dick 'n' Charley wanta take the chance, and the Rangers catch 'em, thas their lookout, not mine."

"Maybe you're right," Burr said. "Only Dick 'n' Charley ain't the first uns to hunt them Park hollers. They just happen to be the first uns to git caught at it."

BURR turned abruptly and strode into the store, letting the screen door slam behind him. They could hear him open the icebox and take out a cold bottle of pop. The bottle opened with a gasp.

"I know how Burr feels 'bout it," Milt said. "I know how I'd feel if it was my kin got caught."

Ab, satisfied now that his three hooks would hold, strung them to a long pole, notched at the tip. Keen picked up a handful of pebbles, and began to shoot them across the road. He would rest a pebble on his thumbnail, using his forefinger as a ledge to hold the pebbles in place, then suddenly push his thumb forward, firing the pebble in a high arc above the road.

"It ain't right for 'im to hold it against me," Milt said.

Ab began to wind the string around the pole. A calico kitten, roused out of the bushes by the sound of the falling pebbles, began to stalk the ruffled weeds across the road.

"They'll git right smart of a fine," Ab said.

"And time," Keen said. "They'll maybe git time."

"Gonna be hard on Dick's old lady and the kids," Ab said.

"Mighty hard," Keen said, scattering his pebbles with an angry flick of his hand.

Burr came out of the store with a half-empty bottle of orange crush. He walked past Milt Thatcher, and stood looking down at Ab and Keen, as though expecting them to tell him something.

"Burr," Milt said, "you tell Dick 'n' Charley if I can hep 'em any, I'd like to do it."

"Pop?" Burr asked, and the two men shook their heads.

"I got a little money put by," Milt said. "I could lend 'em some for the fines, maybe."

Burr kept his back to Milt. He seemed to be still waiting for some word from Ab and Keen, but they were staring down the road, watching the mail car crawl across the cement bridge like a huge black beetle. Burr sat down, patiently, a man to whom time seemed to mean little.

"Arthur's got a full load today," Ab said.

Keen counted the passengers, six, all women. "Dollar 'n' a half," Keen said.

Arthur charged twenty-five cents for the ride out from town, and ten cents for picking up packages at the town stores and bringing them out. People said he was banking between thirty and forty dollars a month.

"Well, Milt," Arthur said, hopping out of the car and untying the length of rope which held the back door shut, "I hear you're gittin' a new job."

"Talk," Milt said, edging away.

The women wriggled out of the car, and Arthur dragged the big gray mail sack across the porch.

"It's all over town they're gonna make you a Ranger," Arthur said.

Ab and Keen glanced up sharply, Burr studying their faces, his hands beginning to work nervously.

"Good pay," Arthur said, "for not doin' much of anything 'cept settin'."

THE WOMEN followed Arthur into the store. The three men sat staring at the sycamore, Milt hacking nervously at his plug.

"They promist me the job a long time ago," Milt said.

Ab got up and said he reckoned he'd go get those suckers now.

"I'll go with you," Keen said.

"When the Park people first took me on they said I'd git to be a Ranger," Milt said. He grabbed Keen's shirtsleeve, his face wet and shiny, his mouth rubbering. "You got no right to put it on me. You got

no right!"

Keen shook his arm free. Milt hesitated, then began to back slowly off the porch. When he came to the road, he turned and walked away, his stride a strain on his short legs.

"Hope you git them suckers, Ab," Burr said.

"I'll git 'em."

The two men looked at Burr, their heads moving in almost imperceptible nods. Burr smiled, and, leaving his gun on the porch, he struck off down the road, walking with long, easy steps, not hurried, but determined.

"You know," Ab said, watching the gap between Milt and Burr shrink as slowly and surely as a patch of late afternoon sun, "I never would trust a man that'd trap fish."

You Can't Take It With You—Or Can You?

THE dimensions of a monument above the level of the ground shall not exceed the following:

- a. For officers of the rank of major general or higher, 7 feet in length, 4½ feet in width, and 5 feet in height.
- b. For officers of the rank of major to brigadier general, inclusive: 7 feet in length, 4 feet in width, and 4½ feet in height.
- c. For officers of the rank of captain and lower: 7 feet in length, 3½ feet in width, and 4 feet in height.
- d. For enlisted men: the dimensions shall conform to the monuments and headstones already erected in the section where buried.

— *From the Regulations on Arlington Cemetery, issued by the Office of the Quartermaster General.*

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

THE other evening, feeling that I'd like a text for anything I might write looking toward February, I prowled through the poetry anthologies and found nothing that suited me, so I wrote a text myself. It didn't turn out to be a February sonnet exactly, yet it is the kind of poem February makes me feel like writing, or writing toward:

*Can I bring home the actual spider-spun
Geometry to prove what silk-to-spruce
And silk-to-alder over my brook have woven?
Or hearing the vesper sparrow, can I use
Again the very cry and the very hues
Of day dissolving in his dark wet throat?
How can I hold the antelope I lose
So instantly above the yucca butte?
What seizures drive so hard? What inventory
Of our acquisitive thrift or studied plunder?
Yet what deep love runs deeper in our story?
Do we not say forever: Share my wonder?
Do we not say: Behold what I have seen
That we may love for loving where we've been?*

The poem says that the more we love Nature, and try to capture what is unattainable, the more we love each other.

No sooner, however, had I written the foregoing sentence suggesting what my sonnet was about than one of my selves leaped to his feet in protest. How dare I explain a poem? He demanded that we—he and all my other selves—immediately hold hearings on this irregular procedure. Since it's a free country, I acquiesced, and feel that I have no alternative other than to print at least a part of what was said:

Q. A poem means what it says—do you agree to that?

A. Yes.

Q. Then nothing should be added by way of interpretation?

A. Correct. If you can explain it, it isn't poetry. They pump this rule—rule number one—into credulous students at writers' conferences and seminars. I know of none better. Yet I know of no rule so universally violated by its most vociferous advocates.

Q. Then you are willing to cheat and chisel too?

A. No, but I'm willing to talk about any poem that can stand on its own hind legs the way I'm willing to talk about John L. Lewis or a John Deere tractor or car loadings in Pittsburgh.

Q. This is presumptuous, revolutionary, and without precedent, is it not?

A. According to tree-ring calendars, it must have been in the early 1270's that the big drought drove the cliff-dwelling Indians out of the Mesa Verde country of southwestern Colorado.

Q. And what has that got to do with anything?

A. About that time, maybe the spring of 1274, a nine-year-old boy fell in love with a pretty little nine-year-old girl in a red dress in Florence, Italy. Her name was Beatrice.

Q. So what?

A. He wrote it up. I refer you to *The New Life* by Dante. I'm answering your question about precedent for talking about a poem. In *The New Life* Dante would write a prose introduction to a sonnet, then give the sonnet, then talk about what he had said. As Dante worked up through

his preliminaries to saying "... and the sonnet was this . . ." it was like a prize-fight announcer saying: "I give you Joe Louis!" And for nearly eight centuries the Dante-Beatrice affair has been hitting just about as hard as Joe.

Q. Immaterial, antiquarian, and irrelevant! And now may I ask why, in the name of the Great Horn Spoon, in this Year of Grace 1947, if you had to write about a spider web and a vesper sparrow and an antelope, you chose—of all things—the Shakespearean sonnet form?

A. It chose me. However, all other sonnet forms are lazy bastards.

Q. Lazy bastards? The Petrarchan sonnet? The Miltonic sonnet? The modern sonnet of Edna Millay? All lazy bastards?

A. Yes—no orchestration, no architecture—mere word matching, like crossword puzzles; mere sound collecting, like collecting cigar bands or Palomino horses. I would say, however, that Petrarch and Milton were experts, but unfortunately they turned generations of good mechanics into bad poets. I prefer trained seals.

Q. Your use of the word bastard? Have you the slightest sense of chronology? How can a bastard sire his own ancestors?

A. It happens right along.

Q. May I strike that out as whimsical?

A. Do as you like.

Q. One more thing before we get to the subject matter of your poem—why a sonnet at all? How can an honest man in our day and age be confined by anything so artificial?

A. Why play tennis with a net, or football with yard-stripes and goal posts? You have to peg in somewhere. I like the new games, too; I like rebellious innovators and I like to see them trying to codify the rules they think they don't need.

Q. Now as to content. After printing your sonnet you said, and I quote, "... the more we love Nature, the more we love each other."

A. You've left out something about trying to capture what is unattainable, but I accept it—I'm willing to say that the more we love Nature, the more we love each other.

Q. You'd have us chasing all over the lot for daisies and cuckoos on the theory

that we'd be kinder to each other?

A. Yes.

Q. How perfectly ducky! You are saying, I take it, that world peace would be advanced if we could get Mr. Truman to croon to Mr. Stalin, "Moonlight and roses remind me of you"?

A. Yes, that's precisely what I am saying, and I don't object as much as you think to your ridiculous example. But Mr. Truman would have had to fight out the moonlight and roses in his own heart to make it take, and it wouldn't go far toward world peace—maybe no farther than a week of profundity at Lake Success, but it would be in the right direction.

Q. Have you the slightest idea what you're talking about?

A. My mind is clear as a bell. We are all so busy hating what is wrong with the world and trying to patch it up mechanically that we are losing our ability to love anything except our own brilliant selves.

Q. You spoke of Mr. Truman fighting it out with moonlight and roses—what do you mean?

A. It is very difficult to translate something which moves us deeply, such as the beauty of a rose, to our own inner experience, and even more difficult, once the rose has been added to the stockpile of our inner wonder, to bring it out and give it to someone else, but to the extent that we are able to do it—and there are enormous losses in transmission—the procedure makes for acquaintance, comradeship, friendship, and love that transcends even physical passion.

Q. Sheer mysticism! When workers are underpaid and people are starving—your answer is: Let them eat roses!

A. I am not saying that! But I am saying that what we call political action could be served immeasurably if we had more propagandists willing to fight it out with a rose. It is extremely fortunate when love of Nature and love of mankind are combined in the same propagandist.

Q. Who ever heard of such a thing?

A. I have. I have in mind an Englishman who had the guts to stand up for the French revolutionists, who sided with the masses of France when Britain declared war on France, who attacked the British monarchy, the clergy, and the penal code,

who devoted his life to restoring the common man to the literature of the world—and who spent exactly forty-three years of his rebellious life trying to capture the voice of the cuckoo for his stockpile of inner wonder in hope of sharing the cuckoo with all comers, friend or foe. Dorothy Wordsworth noted in her journal in 1802: “William tired himself seeking an epithet for the cuckoo.” William Wordsworth was also knocking himself out over that particular cuckoo in 1807, 1815, 1820, 1827, and 1845 when he finally came as close to capturing the bird as anybody is ever likely to get without a shotgun.

Q. A VERY pretty story, and today Mr. Wordsworth’s cuckoo is out like a light—and what does the word *cuckoo* mean to the masses you say he loved so much?

A. Henry Mencken thinks that *cuckoo* means punch-drunk. A prizefighter goes *cuckoo*.

Q. There’s your answer. It didn’t stick. Wordsworth, you concede, was wasting his time. Might as well have been writing about cuckoos on the grass, alas, or a rose is a rose is a rose. . . .

A. Or “the breathing roses of the wood.” Which reminds me that during the last election a political action leaflet ended with Wordsworth’s lament: “Milton, thou should’st be living at this hour!” May I suggest that “the breathing roses of the wood” come from John Milton, the man who fought the tyranny of the church where men were being buried alive for it, who could not loiter in Italy when his countrymen at home were dying for freedom, who, single-handed, overthrew censorship, who publicly approved the beheading of the king, who became a high official in the revolutionary government, who fought the new king back every inch of the way when fair-weather patriots were running for cover, and whose books were voted by the House of Commons to be burned by the public hangman. To this day nobody knows why Milton himself, after being arrested, was not hanged. Yet before these ordeals, and as much as he could during them, and after them for the rest of his life, the greatest political propagandist of all time was giving us the

breathing roses of the wood, the sounds and flavors of the countryside, the larks, the herds, the people—a sublime integration of man’s agonies and ecstasies with total Nature, including the heavens and hells of his own faith.

Q. Milton and Wordsworth happened to be living in pastoral societies and employed conventional symbols. Today nobody is interested in rural goings-on.

A. Witness *The Egg and I*!

THE hearings on my sonnet, with questions and answers by my various selves, went on indefinitely and will continue, I am sure, as long as I think about anything. The problem is tough and contradictory. Confident as I am that love of Nature, and particularly our drive to communicate her transitory manifestations, helps us to love each other more than we have any inkling of, I sometimes bog down in apparent contradictions. Being close to Nature doesn’t necessarily help. Some naturalists are cruel and mean. Farmers are often bestial. Hitler loved his Bavarian mountains and had himself photographed with children gathering flowers. Nowhere is there a more jealous pack of harridans than the ladies in your garden club.

But I’m not bothered. Against the surly little naturalist picking Nature’s pocket I set the humane magnanimity of Darwin, Wallace, Thoreau, or John Burroughs. The cruel farmer is usually a looter, drifting from one mined-out farm to a worse one. He takes it out on his family and animals. Go to well managed farms where fertility is high and kept high and you will find that these people who understand earth, water, weather, and animals so well, get along with each other better than most of us do. Nor do they go haywire so easily. (Relatively fewer manic-depressives and patients with dementia praecox come from rural backgrounds in New York State.) As for a vicious sadist like Hitler, his love for the Bavarian mountains was undoubtedly real. If the wild beauty of the country stimulated him at all, he probably transferred to himself the normal god-finding traits so common in such situations. You wouldn’t expect him to go the way of Coleridge or Rousseau, ending up with

causation abstractions, but rather toward will to power, like Nietzsche, who dances like a goat through the crags of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* to prove himself a superman. Nietzsche, I suspect, had to conquer mountains because he was the sickly son of a man who bashed his brains out falling down stairs.

The contradictions wash out. I return to the Nature-loving traits in all of us, if we want to use them to our advantage, so magnificently developed in a man like Robert Burns who could write "The Twa' Dogs," "To a Mouse," and "To a Daisy," and who could be ostracized for his revolutionary devotion to the common man and die as a miserable outcast, yet still set multitudes of us rocking to "Auld Lang Syne" on New Year's Eve—burns, barflies, bankers, doctors, economists, arm in arm, everybody loves everybody and where have you been all my life? Sentimentality? Indeed it is! So is war, so is Ku Kluxing; everything wicked about us is sentimental. Robert Burns, who loved all Nature, has done more to make us love each other,

in a world where a little goes a long way, than twenty carloads of well meaning international savants. The only thing he hated was the wickedness that hindered loving. Such a mind would forgive, but not approve, tirades like mine against people who rule out love of Nature from their blueprints for a better world.

But if we must fight for a better world, let's love as much of it as we can as we go along, each and every facet of it. The crusader who says there will be time enough to enjoy Nature when we have made the world itself fit to live in is not only an apologist for his own hatreds, but makes the patent error of conceiving of history as a series of static destinations. He reminds me of some single-minded young couple saving up for a glorious honeymoon trip around the world when they are seventy. Unless we love Nature in sickness and in health, in war and peace, in depression and prosperity, we do not love Nature at all—and once we lose interest in her manifestations we block off a vast avenue to our own comradeship.

Will He Come Back?

MARK VAN DOREN

WILL HE come back, O will he, will he,
Dandelion and yellow daisy?
He will come back to you, tall daughter,
When loving him is easy.

Will he come back to me, O will he,
Midnight moth on the window pane?
He will come back when I, when I do—
Whisk! and I try again.

Will he come back, O will he, will he,
Horses, horses, wild in the meadow?
He will come back with ice in August,
And sunshine in shadow.

Will he come back to me, O will he,
Minnows, minnows, deep in the pond?
He will come back when air is water,
And the high sky is sand.

Will he come back, O will he, will he,
Heart in my body, weakly crying?
He will come back when you can no longer
Hear what I am saying.

THE SECOND AFTERMATH

JOHN McPARTLAND

A GOODLY number of men are fifty-seven years old or thereabouts. It's a nice age—still the prime of life, but old enough to know what it's all about. Such men, for example, were thirty years old in 1920, and are well able to remember both that early World War and the times that followed. They are in a fine position to point out the many parallels, to smile the double-chinned and cold-eyed smile of experience and say, "All this is old stuff to me, boy, I've seen it before." And then, when you're gone, they may think to themselves—"But it's so different."

They are apt to credit the difference to changes in themselves, to the differences between fifty-seven, or thereabouts, and thirty. They remember those nearly three decades between the two aftermaths, the thirty years that included more enthusiasms and more frustrations, more of the seven deadly sins and more precise retributions for such sins, than any generation had enjoyed before. So they admit, if they are given to self-admission at all, that even though there are many broad parallels between 1920 and 1947 they have a different point of view than they once had and it all seems different and more than a little bit worn. Something like the way veterans of the First Punic War may have felt after the Second.

The Right, even though it wasn't called by any such European label, was romping in 1920, just as it is today. Russia was the

menace, organized labor its tool; good management and production were our hopes; the Republican party was the prophet of the Lord and the implement of His works. We were looking ahead to a period of industrial expansion, world trade, and money for each of us. There is even a surprising sameness to the editorials in the *New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times*—to pick two out of a group of similar papers—in 1920 and late 1946. Any comment that such sameness would exist in the editorials of those papers for any other two years is beside the point. The speeches made at banquets and at influential gatherings have the same quality of echoing back nearly thirty years. There is a nostalgia for the brave days of the twenties, the times of "normalcy." The people, however, are quite different.

WE ONCE possessed the modified virtue of simple enthusiasms. It was easy for us to hate the Germans in 1917, to distrust the League of Nations in 1921, to believe in our business men in 1926, to believe in F.D.R. and the Democratic party in 1936. The continuing poll run by the *Des Moines Register* among the informed, literate, and currently prosperous farmers of Iowa indicates the temper of our enthusiasms today. In April and October of last year these questions were asked in this poll, among a group of related queries: "Which party controlling

John McPartland wrote a piece for us last March called "Footnote on Sex," which he tells us has since grown into a book—to be published soon.

Congress next year do you believe would better help keep peace in the world?" and "Which party controlling Congress next year do you believe would help in avoiding a depression?"

The answers showed the expected swing to the Republicans, but they showed something else as well, something probably more important than party preferences. In April, 19 per cent of those responding favored the Democrats on the first question, that of world peace, while 26 per cent favored the Republicans; by October the percentages were, respectively, 13 and 30. On the question of avoiding a depression the Democrats were ahead in April, 25 to 22 per cent; by October they had lost favor 20 to 28 per cent.

Do you notice the disturbing thing? On two questions, international peace and domestic prosperity, more than half of these literate and informed citizens had either "no opinion" or thought it made no difference. On keeping peace in the world 41 per cent had no enthusiasm for either party in the April poll, and this increased to 44 per cent in the October poll. On the question of avoiding a depression those who saw no difference in the two political parties were 38 per cent of those approached in both the April and October polls. Adding in the "no opinion" voters the October poll showed that 57 per cent of these good Iowa folks were unimpressed and unenthusiastic about both parties as far as peace was concerned; 52 per cent were in this mood of little faith on the subject of prosperity or depression. And for those that indicated a choice and a hope there is no adequate measure of the degree of their hope.

The young people in 1920 were hell-bent and heaven-bent. They were crusaders, rebels, reformers. They were about to reshape the world, and they complained loudly that the previous generation had muddled things indeed. There were two groups in particular that made a lot of noise in those faraway early twenties—the "Lost Generation" that had sacrificed its ideals and its hopes in the war (Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Percy Marks are references here) and the young discontented who were about to throw off the shackles of convention, superstition, and

tradition that bound them. Measured in any way you choose, World War I was something of a peanut affair in comparison to the second edition; but its nineteen months and four million men produced a lot of postwar social fireworks that the forty-five months and fourteen million men of World War II have not begun to equal. There are few of these three-year and four-year veterans who talk wearily of the "lost generation," but there are also few youths in any kind of enthusiastic rebellion against the old order.

II

THAT there was to be a difference in the aftermath years was evident in the years of the recent war. We were only slightly abashed when most of us agreed that we, personally, didn't want to get shot at. There were exceptions, men anxious for combat action against the enemy—but these exceptions were regarded by most of us with suspicion and derision. Evading military service by a multitude of subterfuges provoked no general condemnation. There were no cries of "slacker!" as there had been in the simpler times of World War I. White feathers and the annoying young women who had hopped about pinning them on likely young men in civilian clothes during 1917 and 1918 would have been mildly ridiculous in 1943 and 1944.

One firm, one out of thousands of such firms, retitled the occupation of the moderately earnest young men in its sales correspondence department—young men busy mouthing the phrases of peacetime business into dictaphones—"product coordinators" and secured draft exemption for them on the grounds of urgent industrial necessity. And like many other firms this outfit was busy sneaking stainless steel, aluminum, and brass into products for its peacetime customers, using its high military priorities to obtain these war-vital metals. This firm, like other manufacturers, greedily promised quick delivery on essential naval contracts with full knowledge that the promised deliveries were impossible. "It's better than letting our competitors get the business—we can always stall the Navy." The young

men coined a slogan for this particular unit of our industrial might, "Too little, too late, and we get too much for it." Nobody suggested lynching the president, or any of the numerous vice-presidents, of this company even when the chief inspector of the firm was fired for refusing to pass worthless tubing intended for the hydraulic systems of aircraft gun turrets. The tubing was shipped, the young men were content to take their industrial exemptions and their quasi-fraudulent overtime pay, and to avoid thinking about a war that was literally a matter of life and death.

That was pretty much the pattern; we can admit it now without endangering the national morale. It was understandable and forgivable to avoid military service; it wasn't that we didn't want to do our share—of course we did—but, frankly, only a damn fool wants to get shot at, and anyway we were doing important war work, no matter what we were doing. One of the best regarded of that old team of bright young men of Washington was inadvertently drafted. He was sent to the infantry in that democratic process of induction. It may well have been that his talents were of greater value in the walnut veneer foxholes of Washington than they would have been in a rifle company, but it is of the style of the times that he developed a bad back, and spent most of his few months of army life in a hospital sweating out a disability discharge. This bright young man was one of a million men inducted and discharged in the first two years of the war; a number of such discharges were the result of the policy of the military surgeons to recommend discharge rather than to institute court-martial action on charges of malingering.

Such malingering is not new to armies. In Civil War days many a young patriot got back home by inadvertently losing his front teeth, necessary for crimping the cartridges of the time, or by shooting himself slightly; a few of them were shot completely by unsympathetic military courts. The difference seems to be, in these more recent days, that there was little resentment of those who avoided military service by some shrewd stratagem by either the people at home or by the soldiers them-

selves. The soldiers seemed to regard the disability dischargees and the draft exempt with more envy than scorn.

When the Army decided that bedwetting was sufficient cause for discharge the incidence of bedwetting went up twelve hundred per cent in one Texas training camp. The wave of psychoneurotic discharges was abated only by a War Department circular removing this diagnosis as a justification for discharge; the psychoneurotic incidence promptly slumped. MR 1-9, the army manual for spotting malingering, was never better than a lap or two behind the ten to twenty per cent of our troops who hit the sick book in high hopes of home.

IT is unnecessary to point out that these unwilling and unenthusiastic soldiers also were often good soldiers. True, the Germans in Italy were somewhat contemptuous of our caution, and the Japanese commented bitterly on our use of bombing and artillery rather than our infantry to win battles. But the payoff was completely for our side and our methods; we did not use men where we could use materials. Men who hurriedly married in the spring of 1942, greeted their first-born with gratitude in early 1943 or even late 1942, and who quit their good jobs in nonexempt industries for deferment jobs in aircraft and shipbuilding, who appeared so reluctantly at the induction stations, in the end often became good soldiers. But there were more AWOL's than civilian strikers during the war, more hours lost owing to desertion—absence without leave can be punished as desertion during war—than were lost because of strikes. This was not a generation of heroes, which may be to our credit in a passive sort of way. And when these reluctant soldiers were released in the political carnival of discharge they returned to vote—if they were Iowans—"no opinion" or "no difference" on peace and prosperity.

This incredible indifference to the first real war to the death our nation has ever fought was evident in almost everything we did. We were taking a beating in 1942 but only the troops on the slopes of the Owen Stanleys—"fit for duty if the fever

is less than 103° ”—and the routed green-horns of the Kasserine Pass seemed to realize it. We never thought that there was the slightest possibility of our losing the war; only the highest brass knew how close we came. We seemed to worry a little bit about the Japanese, but to regard the Wehrmacht as merely an inferior edition of Wilhelm's *lumpen*. The war was a profitable annoyance—we would win it, and a smart man would utilize it to his own benefit.

“Manpower shortage” was a fine catchphrase, but the Truman Committee found wasted manpower throughout the war boom industries. After the North American plants in Texas had been severely criticized by this committee for overhiring and poor use of manpower, the true situation was spotlighted by the arrest and conviction of a North American time-keeper for widespread fraud on time slips. This arrest revealed a group conspiracy in this aircraft plant to draw pay without working that certainly indicated slovenly supervision, if nothing worse. The bemused employees of the aviation and shipbuilding plants who fell over each other because of overstaffing earned their overtime, at least on the cost accounting rendered to the government for payment, and regarded the war as not an unmixed evil. This overstaffing was a common part of the pattern of our war years, or so it seems on the basis of the Truman Committee reports and the still-fresh memories of the employees of the war industries, particularly shipbuilding and aircraft. At the time the management of these industries justified the practice for these reasons: labor turnover was so high as to force surplus hiring in order to maintain production, it was foresighted to prepare semi-skilled workers for the possibility of still further expansion of production, and the forced-draft schedules of war materials presented entirely different man-hour-production curves than peacetime experience. Two reasons seldom given were these: it ran up costs to overstaff, and thereby often increased profits; it prepared a pool of workers for the expected postwar labor troubles.

We had our publicized heroes of the war years, especially on the War Bond front.

Henry Kaiser was a particular darling of this category—the “West Coast’s greatest industrialist.” He was surrounded by a chorus of cherubim: the famed Kaiser expeditors. These boys were ordered to practice an industrial *laissez-faire* rather remarkable in the rigid jungle of the WPB. Each expeditor was a specialist in procuring materials for the Kaiser shipyards, each was supplied with a practically unlimited expense account and only one rule: “Get the material—no excuses will be accepted.” How would you get materials under such conditions, particularly with an unlimited and unquestioned expense account? Kaiser built his ships, but many another war supplier received only excuses.

It is taken for granted that there was widespread waste of manpower and material during the war, much of it caused by individual greed rather than the confusion of war. But such waste neither surprised nor disturbed us, because we are no longer a simple people. We have learned to shrug our shoulders and smile knowingly about such things as fraud in high places, the hypocrisy of black markets, and similar moral rot. “Well,” we say with a wink, “what would you do if you had the chance?”

The same paradox that applied to our Army—the unwilling, unenthusiastic, and reluctant civilians who became a victorious army—applies to our wartime industrial production. *Fortune* published a study, many months ago, of our truly tremendous increase in industrial output per man-hour during the war; the statisticians of *Fortune* calculated the percentages of increase and drew predictions of an industrial cornucopia in the years to come. The bittersweet irony that pervades our times is evident here also: these remarkable production records were made, too often, by firms more interested in profit than in performance, more interested in the hoarding than in the utilization of manpower. It was much as if the fat and purse-proud merchants of Carthage, interested in the profits of the Punic War, had been blessed with exceptionally fertile and warlike elephants, a mass production of elephants that would win the war in spite of greed and stupidity. The further

irony of our wartime production is that now, without Uncle Sugar paying all the freight, we suddenly discover that our wartime efficiency is not enough for profitable peacetime production.

III

THE Army found these traits of disillusionment and lack of interest a major problem, especially in the latter months of the war. There probably has never been an army so gently treated, or given such delicate consideration, but even Hooker's troops in the Civil War were not as loud in complaint or as sullen in dissatisfaction. Each new move by the high brass to mollify the troops was greeted with distrust and scorn; the farther back the echelon, the greater the scorn. The Information and Education section made vigorous efforts to get the troops angry at the enemy instead of the Army. Large photographs of the heaped corpses in the Nazi murder camps were displayed during the early spring of 1945 in every mess hall, every gathering place of troops. A survey of one regiment then training for combat showed that nearly forty per cent of these trainees believed them to be "only propaganda." The Japanese were disliked by our troops with about the same intensity shown to our own minority groups; the Germans were not quite as unpopular. Even in the spring of 1945 a substantial minority of troops questioned thought the Soviet Union dangerous—this at a time when the Red Army was our active ally. But these same troops indicated a great eagerness for the Soviet Union to enter the war against Japan.

Anti-Semitism was fairly widespread in our Army, a vocal but otherwise passive anti-Semitism. A minority of our troops were tolerant of all races, but hated the Nazi idea; another minority were apathetic on the race or nationality idea, but hated the Germans and Japanese because they were enemies; a minority disliked Jews, Negroes, and Japanese; a minority disliked everybody. This was a stew the Army tried to clarify, but only in actual combat did home-grown prejudices disappear. If the monotonous anti-racial grumbling of the training camp barracks

is any indication, the current attempts to revive the KKK of the twenties are withering because of apathy rather than increased tolerance on the part of our people.

The fortunes of war conspired against the unions, another indication of today that was evident before V-J Day. Earnings were high in the war plants without much benefit of union activity, and the unions were put in the light of a nuisance to the hordes of new industrial workers in the aircraft and shipbuilding plants. The employers were willing to pay big wages—why should the unions interfere? Only the AFL and CIO cardholders who had gone through the late thirties remembered the purposes and the problems of a good labor union, and sometimes even they forgot the old days under the pleasant snowstorm of dollar bills. It was hard to be militant when there was nothing to be militant about except protecting proprietary rights in the job—an attitude quite similar to the proprietary rights in profit that marked the employer.

By the end of the war it was plain that the only people we were really angry at were ourselves. We distrusted the British and the Soviets, we were becoming downright fond of the Germans and the Japanese, and the only people we felt any real animosity toward were the other group of Americans—other than whatever group we belonged to. We were all the illegitimate children of the city slickers and the farmers' daughters—the old joke described us: "I don't know what the rest of you bastards are going to do, but I'm going out and enjoy myself." We knew that we had gone into a war without any great Cause we believed in; we had avoided military service when we could, and were neither ashamed nor criticized for it; we had been notably faithless in love and marriage; we were the kind of soldiers that too frequently wanted to be officers for the privilege of wearing pretty clothes rather than for the privilege of leading men—we were unregenerate, unashamed, and uninterested. We weren't even surprised or too angry when all of the vaunted postwar planning that had been paraded through our periodicals—"Great Day coming!"—had achieved spectacular

failure. We voted Republican but few of us knew what the Republicans planned to do with their new power. Apparently we don't care much.

During the war one of the more honest generals pointed out that Hitler had made only one mistake in evaluating our military potential: he had believed us to be apathetic toward war, unwilling to be hurt or to suffer privation; he had believed us to be badly divided by class and race—but he underestimated how much we would do for a dollar. Now we are beginning to regard even our dollars with some mistrust.

AND that is the difference that the people who remember 1920 find in the parallels of the two aftermaths. Some of it can be attributed to the enthusiasms we once had—we believed in a lot of ideas, programs, and leaders once—but what ideas, what programs, what leaders today? Nobody thought that this war was going to make the world safe for democracy, that this was the war to end war, or that we were going to succeed in our postwar plans. And more than half the good people of Iowa—for example—believe that no men, no party, no program will make much of any difference. Carthage won the war and everyone looked at everyone else with blank faces and lidded eyes.

Without the war, without even the peculiar gyrations of our economy over the past thirty years, we had succeeded in evolving a rather odd culture. As someone, possibly Thomas Stokes, said recently, "We have become an unbelieving people. When the advertisements say 'finest tobacco' or 'greatest picture ever made' or 'this toothpaste will save your teeth' we don't really believe that it's anything like the finest tobacco, or the greatest picture, or that our teeth will be saved. It is just a sort of mutual courtesy; we receive the courtesy of the extravagant lie, and we return the courtesy by buying the merchandise. But we don't expect very much." This strange relationship of the lie, the lie known and discounted, and the incredulous public that doesn't believe and hasn't believed for a long time but goes along anyway, pervades our politics and our religion as well as our commerce. It is a

part of the difference between 1920 and 1947. They believed Harding and "back to normalcy" then, but do you know anyone who believes in any "back to normalcy" today? In Iowa, which is not Missouri, about twenty-five per cent of the people will pay some attention, and that is all.

Possibly an apt comparison of the two aftermath periods can be made by matching *Main Street*, the book so representative of 1920, and Frederick Wakeman's *The Hucksters*, which was a best seller of 1946. *The Hucksters* contained, among other things, a nod toward a war effort that didn't make much sense, a bitter acceptance of our ways of doing business, a faithless marriage, and a complete box score of defeat.

EACH of us individually, as is the nature of our species, goes on with plans for the future—a hope for the best and some considerable enjoyment of the present. But the style of our times, as a people, is quite different. We are the best informed generation in our history, and the least active. We regard UN without interest, the Soviet Union with suspicion and annoyance, the rest of the world with boredom, and our own country with passive pessimism. Neither of our major parties has as much program as a village band.

We went into a war in which we saw no profit except to ourselves as individuals, and now we hold our dollars and our bonds in a petulant miserliness, but we expect to be done out of them. We don't trust labor, but we don't trust management—we don't trust ourselves, but we don't bother to find out why. In the same tradition of high irony that dogs our history we have a President who reflects our national attitude quite perfectly—a leader who expects defeat, doesn't know how to avoid it, and doesn't worry about it.

So, in listless fashion, we are producing a totally new kind of culture; one that will apparently represent the highest achievement of humanity. We are becoming aware of the terrifying acceleration of history, and it may be that we will appreciate the demands of this acceleration. No people will endure apathy and frustration for very long; our mutual selfishnesses will

either produce a Levantine kind of culture with its stipulated credo that a man can have faith only in himself, or we will become pious and placid again, as we were along about 1927.

It is probable that we will drift into the acceptance of new beliefs, we will set up both principles and leaders. We will once again become satisfied with ourselves, and we will remember the war through the glaze of a congealing history. The good people of Iowa will not be apathetic toward their Congress, nor will the rest of us. A loud section of the younger generation—the little kids in the school playgrounds of today—will be in violent rebellion against our ways. John L. Lewis will, presumably, be less active; the Los Angeles

Times will be concerned both in its editorial and in its news columns with the insidious influences of crackpots and theorists; our men now in their late fifties will be in their sixties, and the pattern of our time will once again be clear to them.

The signs of such reacceptance of tomorrow will be small ones—our plays will no longer reflect a nostalgia for other days, our novels will have some optimistic indignation again. And, if in truth we are like those money-shrewd and history-stupid Carthaginians of so long ago, we will regard ourselves and like what we see.

It might also be possible that the equivalent of Rome might be that so-distant city that has a Kremlin instead of a Forum.

Between Two Worlds

IN many ways the new epoch [of manufactured power] must open as an era of destruction. It must from its very nature destroy many of the conditions which give most interest to the history of the past, and many of the traditions which people hold most dear. It will put an end, once and for all, to savage and barbarous races, who must either be elevated to the life of their more civilized contemporaries or must vanish from existence. It must destroy ignorance, as the entire world will be educated, and one of the greatest dangers must come from this very source, when the number of half-educated people is greatest, when the world is full of people who do not know enough to recognize their limitations, but know too much to follow loyally the direction of better qualified leaders. . . . There must be a great destruction, both in the physical and in the intellectual world, of old buildings, old boundaries, and old monuments, and furthermore of customs and ideas, systems of thought and methods of education.

. . . But destruction is always attended with danger; some time may elapse after the old has gone before the new is established in its place. The trouble will lie in the possible gap between the two. The next two or three centuries may have periods of war, insurrection, and other trials, which it would be well if the world could avoid.

Excerpts from *The New Epoch as Developed by the Manufacture of Power*, 1903, written by George S. Morison, civil engineer.

Harper's

MAGAZINE

THIS TIME AND LAST TIME

Postwar Eras I and II

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

ANYONE who remembers well the aftermath of World War I, and who now watches the course of events in America after World War II, feels a little like a railroad passenger traveling on a line which he knew intimately a great many years ago, but has not taken since then. As he looks out the window, he suddenly sees a group of houses every angle and roofline of which he recalls clearly. Then comes a stretch of country vaguely familiar but somehow altered: the hills are the same as ever, but the fields are differently divided and the trees have overgrown former pastures. Then, perhaps, for a while everything seems strange. But presently the traveler's eye catches some houses which follow well-remembered designs, though they don't seem, to his memory, to be standing in the right places. It is all a little puzzling—so familiar in character, so new in detail.

The traveler begins thinking ahead. What was the next village on the line?

Will it be recognizably there? Or have they altered everything completely?

So it is with the similarities and contrasts between 1919–20 and 1946–47—not only in the appearance of things, but in the temper of the two periods and the course of events. The episodes and trends today which give middle-aged people such a lively sense of “Haven't I been here before?” or “But this is where I came in!” have a sharper impact because they are set against a background of manifest transformation.

NATURALLY in twenty-seven years the change in American life has been striking. Take the very aspect of the people one sees on the street. True, the reasonably well-dressed American male of 1919–20 would hardly attract attention if he walked down Park Avenue or LaSalle Street or Market Street today, though his trousers would look oddly narrow, and he would almost surely be wearing a hard

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collar (unless attired for sport), and he would very likely be wearing a derby hat. But this reasonably well-dressed male was not so ubiquitous twenty-seven years ago as now; for then there were millions of recent immigrants, workmen, and farmers who did not possess regulation "city clothes," and the farmer on a visit to town was likely to look conspicuously rustic.

As for the women of 1919-20, they would attract bewildered stares today. They wore long skirts (to within six or seven inches of the ground in 1919, to within a foot or fifteen inches of the ground in 1920, and then somewhat longer again until 1923, when the hem began its unprecedented retreat to the knee). They wore dark lisle or silk stockings (never flesh colored ones—those didn't arrive until a little later); and, in winter, high shoes or spats to protect their ankles against the elements. To the contemporary eye these women would look curiously sloping-shouldered and shapeless, with clothes a little too large for them. Nearly all of them wore their hair long, in a knot—and fluffed out at the sides of the face to hide their ears; short hair, which was still associated in the public mind with radical bohemianism, was just beginning to be worn by some of the younger women. So sparing too was the use of make-up that an advertisement of toilet requisites in Altman's *Book of Styles* for the fall and winter of 1919-20 included no lipstick, no nail-polish—only extracts, toilet water, face powder, creams, sachets, face astringents, and (presumably for delicately disguised use, except by actresses or "fast women") rouge. Women of fashion had never heard of sun-bathing and protected their complexions diligently against the summer glare; and women's bathing suits were ample, skirted, and worn with stockings (while the men wore two-piece suits).

As for feminine underpinnings, they included such now forgotten garments as the corset cover, the envelope chemise, the camisole, the combination, and bloomers; and, naturally, the petticoat and the corset. (The latter was likely to be severely boned; you will look in vain for girdles in the advertisements of those days.) Girls were just beginning to dismay their parents by abandoning their corsets and roll-

ing their stockings below their knees when they went fox-trotting; but so far this revolt was still very young. Little girls were likely to wear middy-blouses, and cotton stockings (preferably black or white ones with their ruffled party dresses); and boys wore knickerbockers until they were in their teens.

IN OTHER ways the visible scene was quite different. For one thing, not only were there no airlines, but the automobile age was only just beginning. There was only one car on the road for every five today, and in 1919 the chances were almost ten to one that it was open. There were innumerable makes of cars (including, among others, the Apperson, Dort, Moon, Franklin, Cleveland Six, Jordan, Kenworthy, Roamer, Jewett, Locomobile, and Owen Magnetic), but the one most frequently to be seen was the stocky, rectangular, efficient, black Model-T Ford, which had one of the virtues we now associate with the jeep: it functioned wonderfully on rocky or muddy roads. And such roads were all too plentiful; as late as 1921 the *Official Automobile Blue Book* advised motorists about to go on a tour to equip themselves not only with tire chains (in all seasons) but also with towlines, single chains or mud hooks, and shovels. Concrete roads were beginning to be built here and there, but there were no six-lane interurban highways, no motor parkways, and for that matter no officially numbered highways: the useful *Blue Book* told you to follow a given road 3.6 miles and then to "turn right at church." There were comparatively few filling stations, no tourist cabins, and no automatic traffic lights; New York considered itself very advanced because traffic on its Fifth Avenue was controlled by policemen perched in high bronze traffic towers in mid-avenue every few blocks, who tried hard to turn on their red lights at approximately the same time.

Only a few diligent wireless enthusiasts possessed anything that could be called a radio, for broadcasting was just coming to birth: the first scheduled broadcast did not take place until November 1920, when the fledgling station KDKA in Pittsburgh sent out election returns in the Harding-Cox Presidential contest. And although

the movies were hugely popular (with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford as the reigning king and queen of the stars), the films were all silent; the actors performed in pantomime, usually at unnatural speed, "registering" their emotions by grimacing, and the action was briefly interrupted from time to time as key bits of dialogue or explanations like "Three years passed, but still Hazel did not forget" were flashed on the screen in print.

SOCIAL conditions, too, were in many ways oddly different. The United States was a much more puritanical country then, in which women were more sheltered than today. To be sure, they were just winning the suffrage by constitutional amendment, and were beginning to be welcomed in responsible business jobs; but public opinion, though it consented to their sharing men's responsibilities, looked askance at their sharing what were considered men's vices. And drinking was certainly classed as a vice. Had not the prohibition amendment just swept through Congress almost without opposition, under a general crusading impulse to make a victorious America a better place to live in? Not only were cocktail parties unknown, not only were no women to be seen in bars, but almost no women yet smoked cigarettes; and a woman who found herself in the club car of a railroad train felt very much as if she had strayed into the men's room.

In many other ways the larger pattern was very different. There were only three-quarters as many people in the United States then as now. There were far fewer suburbanites, for there were few suburban developments for people of limited means except near railroad stations. Business was much freer, income taxes much lower, Wall Street more powerful, labor much less organized than now; and the federal government was not nearly so mighty or so accustomed to intervening in all manner of crises as it is today.

Yet different as the country was then, its postwar adventures in many ways closely paralleled ours today. For human nature at all times is likely to respond in much the same way to similar stimuli, and the stimuli were very similar indeed.

II

TO BEGIN WITH, the Armistice which ended the fighting on the battlefronts in November 1918 did not at once bring amity and order, like a whistle ending a game. Angers and conflicts continued in 1919-20 very much as in 1945-46. Though the job of drawing up a peace treaty was much more rapid that time than this, the deliberations in Paris were difficult and marked by seemingly irreconcilable clashes between the victorious powers, especially over Fiume (right next door to that sore point of the 1946 wrangles, Trieste). And meanwhile all over the world there were insurrections, civil disturbances. It would be wearisome to describe these one by one; perhaps it will be enough to note that in the spring of 1919 an advertisement of *Current History* magazine cited its contents as including:

The Civil War in Germany
The Peril of Bolshevism
The Revolution in Hungary
The Conflicts in Poland
The Warfare in Russia
The Problems of Yugoslavia
The Unrest in Egypt

Because peace in due course did come to the world, by degrees, most of us have half forgotten that World War I was followed by such bitter disputes and by recurring fears of a new outbreak of fighting.

Again, there was a sharp rise in prices after World War I, as the production of goods for peacetime use failed to catch up with a swollen demand. In dollars and cents, the retail prices of 1919 and 1920 do not look high today. But they had started their long upward climb from far lower levels, rising as much as 100 per cent since 1914; and a shirt that people think of as worth \$1.50 looks as expensive at \$3.50 as a shirt that people think of as worth \$2.50 looks at \$6. Soaring prices produced then much the same emotions as now: Mark Sullivan quotes in *Our Times* a comment by the *Buffalo Evening News* when the trend began to reverse itself late in 1920: "How cheerful it is to see a \$4 pair of shoes marked down from \$20 to \$17.98."

Everybody talked about the High Cost of Living—sometimes abbreviating it to the initials H.C.L. It worked such hardships upon people with fixed incomes, especially teachers, that there was an epidemic of college endowment-fund campaigns, in which the money-raising techniques learned in Liberty Loan campaigns during the war were enthusiastically applied. High prices were especially rough on the returned soldiers who had to outfit themselves with civilian clothing. Listen to Dixon Wecter in *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*: "Jokes circulated about men who re-enlisted because they couldn't see any other way to get an overcoat for next winter. Many in fact dyed the old army overcoat blue, attached belts or cheap fur collars to disguise its identity. . . . One saw bootblacks plying their trade in full service uniform, plumbers and window-washers dressed in khaki. . . . Protesting the cost of clothing, an Arizona Legion post in the winter of 1919-20 voted to go back into uniform, until prices fell or the skin shone through."

What was happening was well analyzed by Woodrow Wilson in an address to Congress on August 9, 1919, which we quoted in *Harper's* last spring as an almost perfect description of the situation in 1946. The country, he said, was going through a "vicious cycle" of high prices, then wage demands to meet these prices, and then further price increases. In President Wilson's words: "The laborers who do not get an increase in pay when they demand it are likely to strike, and the strike only makes matters worse. It checks production; if it affects the railways it prevents distribution and strips the markets; so that there is presently nothing to buy, and there is another excessive addition to prices resulting from the scarcity."

THE 1919 strike epidemic—as Mark Sullivan reminds us in *Our Times*—began with a walkout of harbor workers in New York in January. The next month there was a "general strike" in Seattle, and also a threatened strike of packers' employees. In March, the railroads were threatened; but they were under federal control, and the railroad workers were granted increases. So it went on; cigar

makers, construction workers, railroad shopmen, actors, carpenters, and pressmen walked out in succession. The climax came in the autumn of 1919, when the steel workers struck, the Boston police left their jobs, and the United Mine Workers—whose ablest official was a youngish man named John L. Lewis—voted to leave the pits.

Remembering the coal strike of 1946, read carefully Woodrow Wilson's solemn warning to the coal miners on October 25, 1919, twenty-seven years earlier:

This is one of the gravest steps ever proposed in this country, affecting the economic welfare and the domestic comfort and health of the people.

It is proposed to abrogate an agreement as to wages which was made with the sanction of the United States Fuel Administration, and which was to run during the continuance of the war, but not beyond April 1, 1920. . . .

It is recognized that the strike would practically shut off the country's supply of its principal fuel at a time when interference with that supply is calculated to create a disastrous fuel famine. . . . It would involve the shutting down of countless industries and the throwing out of employment of a large number of workers of the country. It would involve stopping the operation of the railroads, electric and gas plants, street railway lines, and other public utilities, and the shipping to and from this country, thus preventing our giving aid to the Allied countries with supplies which they so seriously need. . . . A strike under those circumstances is not only unjustifiable; it is unlawful.

The Presidential warning fell on deaf ears; whereupon the attorney general of the United States filed a bill in equity in the District Court—not at Washington, as in 1946, but at Indianapolis—praying for an injunction to restrain the officers of the United Mine Workers from doing any act in furtherance of the strike; and the court issued a restraining order, followed by a writ of temporary injunction which commanded the union to cancel and revoke the strike orders they had already issued.

The union officers obeyed. But the workers—to quote President Wilson again—"did not return to work in sufficiently large number to bring about a production of coal anywhere approaching normal," and the dispute did not end for some time thereafter.

Washington officials in the autumn of

1946 might almost have been using carbon copies of their statements and legal pleas in the autumn of 1919.

I HAVE BEEN citing specific parallels. The clue to them, and to people's reactions to them, is of course the fact that the effect on people's emotions of coming to the end of a terrific war is likely to be much the same one time as another.

In the first place, nations and groups and individuals are likely to have been held together during the war by somewhat artificial bonds of common loyalty and co-operation. And they also have become accustomed to direct action: in wartime you don't reason with an opponent; you kill him. When the artificial bonds are relaxed, these people are likely to turn quarrelsomely—and violently—upon one another. "*Now we can beat up that fellow next door—he's the fellow we really hate.*" The result is not only insurrection and pitched battles in the countries worst ravaged by the war, but outbreaks of anger and civil disorder elsewhere. Both times the war has been followed by increased race tensions in the United States; in 1919 there were many severe race riots, the worst of which, at Chicago, killed 38 people and injured 537. Both times there has been vigilantism; the Columbians of Georgia, in 1946, were weak imitations of the Ku Klux Klan of the previous post-war years (which in turn imitated a still earlier postwar KKK). The strikes of 1919 were accompanied by bitterness which has hardly been paralleled in 1946-47. The recent fulminations from the Committee on Un-American Activities in Washington, and the current congressional proposals to investigate radicalism in the government, reflect the same sort of angry fear of Communists in particular and strike-inciters in general that rose to a climax on New Year's Day, 1920, when Attorney General Palmer's Department of Justice, with scant regard for civil liberties, raided Communist headquarters in many parts of the country.

In the second place, during a great war everybody has been looking forward to the day when the ordeal will end (looking forward so eagerly, in fact, that the false armistice report which set the United

States to rejoicing prematurely in 1918 was almost duplicated twice in 1945, once in a rumor of German surrender a little before V-E Day, and again in premature celebrations of Japanese surrender). When the joyful moment comes, people want to stop working, take things easy, return to normal.

They have been doing a long, hard job and need a rest, physically and emotionally. They are tired of having to follow important foreign news, of worrying over international crises, of having to take political problems seriously. They are tired of wartime restrictions and regulations. They want to spend their money as they please, have a good time, enjoy trivial things, thumb their noses at the big brass or the boss or anybody else who represents to them the enforcement of duty. So they relax. (Even a strike may be in part due to the same motives that send a vacationist to Florida.)

BUT AFTER the first blissful reaction has worn off, they aren't so satisfied. Peace doesn't bring instant balm. The news continues to be disturbing. They are haunted by nightmares that the war may have to be resumed again. They are irritated by mounting prices and by shortages of goods. When strikes occur—or even when a great many people just take things easy—all sorts of services become disorganized. Annoyances multiply, manners deteriorate, tempers fray. Peacetime begins to look much less efficient, much more quarrelsome, and generally less happy than it had looked in the rosy wartime reveries of homesick soldiers, weary war workers, and lonely housewives. This uncomfortable world of continuing crises and difficulties has become a place they want to escape from—into freedom from foreign involvements, into opposition to authority, and—especially if the administration in power represents (as in 1919 and again in 1946) idealism, reform, and regulation—into a nostalgic conservatism.

So it has been after both World War I and World War II, with modifications and exceptions which I propose to examine in a moment. We have relaxed, let things slide, and decided, when they really began sliding, that the times were very dis-

couraging. Like the man who, when he was ill abed, longed for the happy day when he might sit out in the sun and read, we find on convalescing from our ordeal that we are stiff and weak, that the sun hurts our eyes, that we have brought out the wrong book to read, that people are thoughtless of our comfort, that our recovery is exasperatingly slow, and that altogether the future looks black.

III

SO MUCH is pretty obvious. The really fascinating thing is to examine the complicated interplay of likenesses and contrasts between two such periods—to see what happens when similar emotions go to work in different circumstances, and how in some cases the altered circumstances modify the emotions themselves.

The basic circumstances *have* been different this time, in many important respects. First of all, World War II was a much bigger, longer, and more fully organized struggle than World War I. We Americans were in it for three years and two-thirds, as against only a year and two-thirds. It involved a money expenditure about ten times as great; drew into the armed forces over twelve million men as against less than five million; involved a far more thorough conversion of industry to wartime uses, the building of much more additional plant, and the adoption of a much more comprehensive system of regulations. For example, there was no rationing in World War I, and no direct control of retail prices.

The result was that this time we had to tackle a much bigger job of demobilization and reconversion; and that our recent battle over the relaxation of price controls was without precedent. When, for example, a few months after World War I, Governor Smith of New York met with a group of prominent business men to discuss what to do about the "intolerable situation" in housing, the question before them was not whether rent controls should be relaxed, but whether they should be instituted. In 1919 there were "rent strikes" by tenants; in 1946 there were rent-control strikes by landlords. And obviously the fact that this time we had an

OPA affected the postwar rise in prices (as we shall presently note in more detail).

Again, the very fact that this was our second world war, not our first, enabled us to take advantage of some of the lessons of the first one. One conspicuous lesson was that a President who wants the country to undertake new foreign responsibilities after the war must be careful to tie the opposition party and the leading men in Congress into the process of foreign policy-making. President Wilson, sure that the peoples of the whole world were behind his plans for a League of Nations, had not done this; he had failed to take with him to Paris either prominent Republicans or members of Congress, and thus had invited a partisan attack on the League. This time matters were handled quite differently, for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull had long memories. The establishment of the United Nations was divorced from the settlement of peace terms, being separately undertaken at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco; prominent Republicans and members of the Senate and House were included among the negotiators; and so we avoided the sort of internecine battle that disfigured our policy-making a generation earlier, when Wilson took the leading part at Paris in drawing up the Covenant of the League, tried hard to win American backing for it, toured the country desperately, broke down, and ended his days in the White House an invalid—with both Treaty and League rejected by the United States.

We Americans have felt, this time, at least some of the same war-weariness, the same xenophobia, that caused our revulsion from foreign responsibilities last time. Once more there is isolationism in our instinctive reactions. But so far it has been channeled away from our major decisions. It has not kept us out of the United Nations, though it has kept the United Nations out of Westchester County. And if in the future it should hamstring our foreign policy—which is far from impossible—it is less likely to do so by leading us to repudiate directly any of our new obligations than by leading us to negate them by economizing on them or by writing other legislation—say on tariffs—which will frustrate them. In short, our emotions are at

least partly isolationist, but our minds have learned the lesson that we cannot withdraw from the world.

In other ways, too, the fact that we still remember 1919 has affected our recent history. Our comparative success this time—so far—in preventing race riots has probably been due largely to the fact that many communities have been specifically on guard against them. The fact that organizations like the Columbians of Atlanta have attracted indignant attention has probably been due chiefly to memories of the disgraceful role played by the Klan, which by the mid-twenties dominated the governments of several states. And if, so far, there have been no such wholesale invasions of civil rights as the Palmer raids during the Big Red Scare of 1919–20, this has not been due so much to any greater liking for Communists as to the recollection that we made fools of ourselves then.

OTHER differences between then and now grow out of the fact that a lot of water has gone under the bridge in the past twenty-seven years. Take for example the Big Red Scare that I have just mentioned. It was based upon fears—however fantastic—of a real revolution in the United States led by communists, socialists, and members of militant labor groups such as the IWW. The fervor of these radical groups was for a time kindled, and conservatives' fears of what they might accomplish were sharpened, by the success of the Bolshevik revolution which had just taken place in Russia. To the majority of Americans, therefore, Soviet Russia was then—as now—an object of uneasiness and suspicion; but with a difference. Then it stood in their minds for the sort of proletarian rebellion that might have been symbolized by a wild-eyed, long-haired foreigner with a bomb in his hand, leading a yelling mob. Now Soviet Russia, having long since become a mighty nation, is thought of rather as a rival—and perhaps aggressive—great power. And the American Communist party, though still cordially disliked by most Americans, is under their suspicion less as a potential inciter of mobs at the barricades than as a potential nest of fifth-column foreign agents.

The passage of history has been responsible, too, for a marked difference between the strike wave of 1919 and that of 1945–47. For example, the steel strike of 1919 was a bitter and unsuccessful struggle, by men who had to work unconscionable hours, against employers who refused to negotiate and simply sat tight until the strikers were starved out. In a real sense it was an uprising of the oppressed. Since then the status of labor in the United States has vastly improved. A much larger part of the working population is now unionized; the right to organize is generally taken for granted; and as a result our recent strikes have been not so much uprisings of the oppressed as cool-headed bargaining maneuvers by one set of interested parties against another set; and consequently they have been accompanied by less thuggery and less bitterness. In 1919 John L. Lewis was the vehement champion of the underdog, and so he is still; but now, with his fine executive office, with millions of dollars at his union's disposal, and with his long reputation for getting his way at whatever cost, he himself has become considerable of an upperdog.

So although the recent strike wave has offered many close parallels with the earlier one, and has had, perhaps, an even more disruptive effect on a more tightly knit national economy, it has been fundamentally different in character.

SIMILARLY the current wave of conservatism in politics has started rolling from a very different point from the earlier one. It takes off from a point where New Deal regulations and reforms, and New Deal and war enterprises on the part of the government, have become so firmly established that return to any such "normalcy" as Warren G. Harding represented in 1920 is quite impossible. The most that today's conservatives hope for—at least those who are responsible realists—is a partial relaxation of regulations, a halt in the creation of new governmental enterprises which may compete with private business, and somewhat less government backing for labor. They cannot very well forget that although the New Deal had only a sketchy and partly successful anti-

depression program, nevertheless its major reforms and innovations won such general public acceptance that three successive Republican candidates—Landon, Willkie, and Dewey—campaigns against it without venturing to propose the total abandonment of a single one of them. Today's conservative has come to take for granted, or to accept perforce, many laws and institutions which the conservative of 1920 would have regarded as wildly radical—though his temper is much the same.

The impact of the conservative wave is somewhat different this time for another reason too. The inexorable political calendar provides for biennial congressional elections and quadrennial Presidential elections at stated dates, regardless of when wars end. One can draw a parallel of sorts between Wilson—a liberal and internationalist—breaking down and being unable thereafter to provide any positive leadership, and Roosevelt—a liberal and internationalist—dying and being succeeded by the less imposing and less adroit Truman. In both cases the removal from the scene of a remarkable leader strengthened the resurgent opposition. But the timing has not been the same.

In the earlier case there was a congressional election just before the fighting stopped, in November 1918; and it was then—while Wilson was just approaching his peak of international prestige—that the Republicans won control of both Senate and House. This time the congressional election did not come until almost fifteen months after V-J Day, and by that time Roosevelt had been in his grave for over a year and a half. Last time the Presidential election rolled round just about two years after the end of the war; this time it is not due until three years and a quarter after the end of the war, when we shall be much farther along the peacetime road. There is no reason to suppose that the conservative wave will have spent itself by then; that of the nineteen twenties rolled on and on. But the shift in timing should lend caution to our political soothsayers.

IN ONE important respect, the fact that this was our second world war and the fact that meanwhile we had become an

older and less naïvely hopeful nation have combined to produce a real difference in our emotional attitude. Although since this war we have been irritated, disappointed, angry, frustrated at the course of events, we have been much less disillusioned than last time. For we had gone into and through this war in a very different spirit.

We went into World War I full of crusading ardor. We not only believed our slogans—most of us—but believed—most of us—that they could be lived up to, which is quite a different matter. The letdown after that war, the failure of the peace to satisfy us or almost anybody else, brought a sense that maybe we had been hoodwinked into fighting and that anyhow the tremendous effort had not been worth the cost. A whole generation of Americans were brought up to believe that wars are brought on by bankers and munitions-makers, that they are not worth the candle for anybody, and that brass bands and parades are ingenious devices for whipping up a "war hysteria."

So when war came this time—though there was no escaping it, and nearly all of us believed mentally in our cause, and most of us approved at least lukewarmly of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms—we went into it deadpan. There was so little emotional fervor among us that when a character in any wartime movie began to mouth noble national aspirations you could almost feel the temperature drop in the theater. We were embarrassed about our slogans, we were embarrassed about patriotic speeches, we didn't want to see parades or hear brass bands. No victory brought any public demonstrations of joy; the only two times when the nation as a whole appeared to respond unitedly to profound emotions were on D-Day, when the emotion was one of suspense and prayerful apprehension, and on V-J Day, when the emotion was one of utter delight that the horrible business was at last over.

When, therefore, the ordeal had ended and the postwar bickerings began, we did not feel, as a people, that we had been morally cheated. For we had had few illusions to lose.

This is the point that was argued very

effectively by Mr. McPartland in the last issue of *Harper's*. I thought he exaggerated our cynicism and indifference; but surely his general argument was sound. Last time the returning soldiers were greeted with joyful parades everywhere; this time there were mighty few of them. Parades suggested to the American mind a cheering-section attitude toward the war which seemed now a little childish.

IV

THE railroad traveler, noting the odd interplay of likenesses and contrasts between the scene he used to see from his train window in the old days and the one that confronts him now, decides that he had better not be too sure what the next village will look like when he comes to it. Likewise we had better not be too sure that we can tell now whether or not our next few years in America will resemble the fabulous nineteen twenties. Nevertheless questions insist on forming themselves in our minds; and we find ourselves looking for evidence which will at least hint at the answers.

On the two biggest questions of all, no evidence from the earlier postwar period will do us much good. These questions are, of course: *Are we going to achieve a real international peace?* and *Are we going to achieve industrial peace?* One can reasonably enough point out that international alarms and disorders dwindled slowly after 1919 and that an always insecure peace was established for a considerable time. And one can point out that the strike wave of 1919-20 was followed by a long lull during which strikes were not especially frequent, labor unionism weakened, and progressivism—or radicalism, if you prefer—waned except in the farming areas, where there was continued distress throughout the otherwise prosperous Coolidge years. (By the mid-nineteen twenties, incidentally, most of the young intellectuals had quite lost interest in the condition of the masses; instead, they were hot for the intellectual life, regarded Montparnasse as the center of the universe, and scorned business men not for grinding down the faces of the poor but for being vulgar fellows who didn't appreciate art and litera-

ture.) But conditions have so changed in both the international and the industrial field that clearly new ideas and new techniques will have to be tested, and precedents from a previous period will serve only feebly as indicators.

ON SOME other questions, however, the evidence from the previous time may possibly have some validity. For example:

QUESTION ONE: *What is going to happen to prices?* Last time they turned and broke in 1920, fell more or less sharply for a year or so, sagged for another year, and then leveled out in 1922. The drop was steepest and deepest in the prices of raw materials; for instance, spot cotton fell from 43¾ cents early in 1920 to 14¾ cents at the end of the year, and rubber, from 49 cents early in the year to 19¼ cents at the end of the year. There was no such terrific collapse in the retail prices paid by customers like you and me, but according to a graph prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board the price of clothing fell nearly forty per cent in a year, and the price of food over thirty per cent, while fuel and light, and "sundries," had a delayed and much smaller decline, and rents hardly went off at all. The break in prices was hastened by "buyers' strikes" in various parts of the country—people ostentatiously wearing overalls and patched clothes and vowing that they would not buy until prices came down. It caught a lot of business men with high-priced inventories on hand, caused many business failures, and produced a short minor depression—a "recession"—with several million men out of work for a time. But by 1923 what was soon to be known as "Coolidge prosperity" was accumulating momentum, and for the rest of the decade it roared mightily if feverishly.

Most of the economic forecasters seem to be expecting a similar price drop and recession this year. Perhaps they are influenced by the fact that *if* prices followed the same timetable as last time (in terms of months elapsed since the end of the war), the turn in the average prices of stocks would have come last summer (*which it did*); the turn in average clothing prices would have come about last Christmas; the turn in food prices would come

this spring; while fuel and light, and sundries, and rents would not sag or flatten out until next fall or winter.

If . . . but that *if* is an enormous one. For this time the rise in prices since the war has been braked, slowed, and confused by the fact that for a year or so most prices were kept under controls, that these controls became increasingly ineffective and then were abruptly removed, and that in the general economic confusion caused by the battle over the OPA, and by strikes, and by shortages, reconversion went so slowly that there was a "second round" of wage demands before production could really get going full tilt. Logically, therefore, we should expect the pattern of events from here on—and of course the timetable—to take a different shape from last time. Besides, when all the wise men sagely predict an event, it is not likely to happen quite as predicted; too many people will have changed their plans in accordance with the prediction. Furthermore, we are now living in a political climate in which no "recession" is likely to be allowed to run its natural course without official action: people will expect the government to do something about it, whether wise or unwise.

Just how much allowance should be made for such altered circumstances I leave to the economic seers. But at least I might suggest that if you still possess any of those resplendent catalogues which some of the stores distributed last Christmas—catalogues showing astronomical prices for luxuries—it might be a good idea to hold on to them; they may become museum pieces.

QUESTION TWO: *Will business, with a more or less friendly administration in power, climb into the saddle again?* In the nineteen twenties the big industrialists were regarded with infinitely more awe than public officials, and after the Big Bull Market got under way, a big banker or broker was considered to be about the highest form of life ever produced on this planet. Then came the depression, and the banker and broker fell in public esteem to a place only a little above the insects. Government service rose in favor until toward the end of the nineteen thirties well-born young men who would previously have gone as a mat-

ter of course into bond-selling were gravely considering careers in the State Department. And of course labor gained hugely in power and public influence. Since then the industrialist has regained some of his lost prestige by producing brilliantly during the war; but even when borne forward by a wave of conservative feeling he doesn't look quite yet like the people's choice. He may succeed in persuading the public that his rivals for acclaim, the labor leaders, are the real robber barons of today and that he is the one and only friend of progress; but it will be an uphill fight—and one worth watching.

QUESTION THREE: *Are we going to see, as in the nineteen twenties, a revolt of the younger generation?* In those days so many of the young people of the country scoffed at their elders' puritan conventions, engaged in petting parties in parked sedans, drank freely and raucously in speakeasies, talked knowingly and obsessively about sex, and exhibited bad manners generally, that one might almost have imagined that the moral fiber of the country was coming apart at the seams. Will the same sort of thing happen again? Well, for one thing we must remember that the rebellion of the younger generation was partly a symptom of disillusionment over the results of a great moral crusade. This time—as we have seen—there wasn't any crusade to speak of. For another thing, few of the parents of today are especially puritanical; they belong, after all, to the very generation which rebelled in the nineteen twenties. Besides, many of their children, when very young and impressionable, saw them at their merrymaking and weren't edified. And for still another thing, the puritan code of decorum, once smashed, didn't re-establish itself; though manners are now much better, on the whole, than twenty-five years ago, so much latitude of conduct is permitted in most communities that there may be merit in the remark of a sage young woman of my acquaintance who said coolly, "A rebellion? But what is there to rebel against? And anyhow, the main idea today seems to be to marry and have children. Just look at the marriage rate."

One cannot be positive that she is right, however; for new coteries of young

anarchists have appeared on the West Coast whose obsession with sex makes the Greenwich Village of the nineteen twenties look like the Epworth League—and who knows how far such a contagion might spread?

QUESTION FOUR: *Are we going to have a renaissance in literature and the arts—a sort of cultural coming-of-age—such as took place in the twenties?* One of the most exhilarating things about that period, as World War I retreated into history, was the tingle of excitement in the intellectual air. Take literature alone: try making out a list of the American writers who first came to bloom, or to recognition, between 1920 and 1930, and you will find yourself including most of the leading performers of the present day.

Whether we shall have a second blooming now is anybody's guess. Certainly there has been little sign of it in the books published to date. But one who sees

the manuscripts being submitted to a standard magazine today, and compares them with those which were submitted in the years just before the war, is likely to view the prospect with a cheerful eye. There seems to be a good deal of active and diverse talent on the way. Let us hope it keeps coming—and that the other arts, too, are reinvigorated.

OTHER questions doubtless will spring to your mind as you look toward the future. The answers will probably be just as deeply hidden in the fog of the unpredictable as those which I have been raising. For if history sometimes repeats itself after a fashion, it also produces great surprises. And a surprising event may upset all calculations whatever.

Remember that in this discussion we have pretty well sidestepped international relations. After World War I there was no atomic bomb.

Tourist and Turtle

Gulf of Mexico

BEN BELITT

THERE where the ebb gives phosphor and begins
 Its tender overturn
 A fathom's depth in shale
 Under the mica gardens and the fins:
 A green sojourn:

The palm, the prism, keeping an alternate myth,
 Serene returns,
 Under the sidelong quibble of the gull:
 And turtle fables, iron over pith,
 That worry a marble saddle through the trough,
 And try the water line,
 And rinse a mariner nostril free

and cough,

And strike a strenuous sweetness out of brine.

THE MAN UPSTAIRS

A Story

RAY BRADBURY

HE REMEMBERED how carefully and expertly Grandmother would fondle the cold cut guts of the chicken and withdraw the marvels therein; the wet shining loops of meat-smelling intestine, the muscled lump of heart, the gizzard with the collection of seeds in it. How neatly and nicely Grandma would slit the chicken and push her fat little hand in to deprive it of its medals. These would be segregated, some in pans of water, others in paper to be thrown to the dog later, perhaps. And then the ritual of taxidermy, stuffing the bird with watered, seasoned bread, and performing surgery with a swift, bright needle, stitch after pulled tight stitch.

This was one of the prime thrills of Douglas's eleven-year-old life span.

Altogether, he counted twenty knives in the various squeaking drawers of the magic kitchen table from which Grandmama, a kindly, gentle-faced, white-haired old witch, drew paraphernalia for her miracles.

Douglas was to be quiet. He could stand across the table from Grandmama, his freckled nose tucked over the edge, watching, but any loose boy-talk might interfere with the spell. It was a wonder when Grandma brandished silver shakers over the bird, supposedly sprinkling showers of mummy-dust and pulverized Indian bones, muttering mystical verses under her toothless breath.

"Grammy," said Douglas at last, break-

ing the silence, "Am I like that inside?" He pointed at the chicken.

"Yes," said Grandma. "A little more orderly and presentable, but just about the same. . . ."

"And more *of* it!" added Douglas, proud of his guts.

"Yes," said Grandma. "More of it."

"Grandpa has lots more'n me. His sticks out in front so he can rest his elbows on it, Grammy."

Grandma laughed and shook her head.

Douglas said, "And Lucie Williams, down the street, she . . ."

"Hush, child!" cried Grandma.

"But she's got . . ."

"Never you mind what she's got! That's different."

"But why is *she* different?"

"A darning-needle dragon-fly is coming by some day and sew up your mouth," said Grandma firmly.

Douglas waited, then asked, "How do you know I've got insides like that, Grandma?"

"Oh, go 'way, now!"

The front door-bell rang.

Through the front door glass as he ran down the hall, Douglas saw a straw hat. The bell jangled again and again. Douglas opened the door.

"Good morning, child, is the landlady at home?"

Cold gray eyes in a long, smooth, walnut-colored face gazed upon Douglas. The man was tall, thin, and carried a suitcase,

a brief case, an umbrella under one bent arm, gloves rich and thick and gray on his thin fingers, and wore a horribly new straw hat.

Douglas backed up. "She's busy."

"I wish to rent her upstairs room, as advertised."

"We've got ten boarders, and it's all ready rent; go away!"

"Douglas!" Grandma was behind him suddenly. "How do you do?" she said to the stranger. "Never mind this child."

Unsmiling, the man stepped stiffly in. Douglas watched them ascend out of sight up the stairs, heard Grandma detailing the conveniences of the upstairs room. Soon she hurried down to pile linens from the linen closet on Douglas and send him scooting up with them.

Douglas paused at the room's threshold. The room was changed oddly, simply because the stranger had been in it a moment. The straw hat lay brittle and terrible upon the bed, the umbrella leaned stiff against one wall like a dead bat with dark moist wings folded.

Douglas blinked at the umbrella.

The stranger stood in the center of the changed room, tall, tall.

"Here!" Douglas littered the bed with supplies. "We eat at noon sharp, and if you're late coming down the soup'll get cold. Grandma fixes it so it will, every time!"

The tall strange man counted out ten new copper pennies and tinkled them in Douglas's blouse pocket. "We shall be friends," he said, grimly.

It was funny, the man having nothing but pennies. Lots of them. No silver at all, no dimes, no quarters. Just new copper pennies.

Douglas thanked him glumly. "I'll drop these in my dime bank when I get them changed into a dime. I got six dollars and fifty cents in dimes all ready for my camp trip in August."

"I must wash now," said the tall strange man.

Once, at midnight, Douglas had wakened to hear a storm rumbling outside—the cold hard wind shaking the house, the rain driving against the window. And then a lightning bolt had landed outside the window with a silent, terrific concus-

sion. He remembered that fear of looking about at his room, seeing it strange and awful in the instantaneous light.

So it was, now, in this room. He stood looking up at the stranger. This room was no longer the same, but changed indefinitely because this man, quick as a lightning bolt, had shed his light about it. Douglas backed up slowly as the stranger advanced.

The door closed in his face.

THE wooden fork went up with mashed potatoes, came down empty. Mr. Koberman, for that was his name, had brought the wooden fork and wooden knife and spoon with him when Grandma called lunch.

"Mrs. Spaulding," he had said, quietly, "my own cutlery; please use it. I will have lunch today, but from tomorrow on, only breakfast and supper."

Grandma bustled in and out, bearing steaming tureens of soup and beans and mashed potatoes to impress her new boarder, while Douglas sat rattling his silverware on his plate, because he had discovered it irritated Mr. Koberman.

"I know a trick," said Douglas. "Watch." He picked a fork-tine with his fingernail. He pointed at various sectors of the table, like a magician. Wherever he pointed, the sound of the vibrating fork-tine emerged, like a metal elfin voice. Simply done, of course. He pressed the fork handle on the table-top, secretly. The vibration came from the wood like a sounding board. It looked quite magical. "There, there, and *there*!" exclaimed Douglas, happily plucking the fork again. He pointed at Mr. Koberman's soup and the noise came from it.

Mr. Koberman's walnut-colored face became hard and firm and awful. He pushed the soup bowl away violently, his lips twisting. He fell back in his chair.

Grandma appeared. "Why, what's wrong, Mr. Koberman?"

"I cannot eat this soup."

"Why?"

"Because I am full and can eat no more. Thank you."

Mr. Koberman left the room, glaring.

"What did you do, just then?" asked Grandma at Douglas, sharply.

"Nothing. Grammy, why does he eat with *wooden* spoons?"

"Yours not to question! When do you go back to school, anyway?"

"Seven weeks."

"Oh, my land!" said Grandma.

MR. KOBERMAN worked nights. Each morning at eight he arrived mysteriously home, devoured a very small breakfast, and then slept soundlessly in his room all through the dreaming hot daytime, until the huge supper with all the other boarders at night.

Mr. Koberman's sleeping habits made it necessary for Douglas to be quiet. This was unbearable. So, whenever Grandma visited down the street, Douglas stomped up and down stairs beating a drum, bouncing golf balls, or just screaming for three minutes outside Mr. Koberman's door, or flushing the toilet seven times in succession.

Mr. Koberman never moved. His room was silent, dark. He did not complain. There was no sound. He slept on and on. It was very strange.

Douglas felt a pure white flame of hatred burn inside himself with a steady, unflickering beauty. Now that room was Koberman Land. Once it had been flowery bright when Miss Sadlowe lived there. Now it was stark, bare, cold, clean, everything in its place, alien and brittle.

Douglas climbed upstairs on the fourth morning.

Halfway to the second floor was a large sun-filled window, framed by six inch panes of orange, purple, blue, red and burgundy glass. In the enchanted early mornings when the sun fell through to strike the landing and slide down the stair banister, Douglas stood entranced at this window peering at the world through the multicolored windows.

Now a blue world, a blue sky, blue people, blue streetcars and blue trotting dogs.

He shifted panes. Now—an amber world! Two lemonish women glided by, resembling the daughters of Fu Manchu! Douglas giggled. This pane made even the sunlight more purely golden.

It was eight o'clock. Mr. Koberman strolled by below, on the sidewalk, return-

ing from his night's work, his cane looped over his elbow, straw hat glued to his head with patent oil.

Douglas shifted panes again. Mr. Koberman was a red man walking through a red world with red trees and red flowers and—something else.

Something about—Mr. Koberman.

Douglas squinted.

The red glass *did* things to Mr. Koberman. His face, his suit, his hands. The clothes seemed to melt away. Douglas almost believed, for one terrible instant, that he could see *inside* Mr. Koberman. And what he saw made him lean wildly against the small red pane, blinking.

Mr. Koberman glanced up just then, saw Douglas, and raised his cane-umbrella angrily, as if to strike. He ran swiftly across the red lawn to the front door.

"Young man!" he cried, running up the stairs. "What were you doing?"

"Just looking," said Douglas, numbly.

"That's all, is it?" cried Mr. Koberman.

"Yes, sir. I look through all the glasses. All kinds of worlds. Blue ones, red ones, yellow ones. All different."

"All kinds of worlds, is it!" Mr. Koberman glanced at the little panes of glass, his face all pale. He got hold of himself. He wiped his face with a handkerchief and pretended to laugh. "Yes. All kinds of worlds. All different." He walked to the door of his room. "Go right ahead; play," he said.

The door closed. The hall was empty. Mr. Koberman had gone in.

Douglas shrugged and found a new pane.

"Oh, everything's violet!"

HALF an hour later, while playing in his sandbox behind the house, Douglas heard the crash and the shattering tinkle. He leaped up.

A moment later, Grandma appeared on the back porch, the old razor strop trembling in her hand.

"Douglas! I told you time and again never fling your basketball against the house! Oh, I could just cry!"

"I been sitting right here," he protested.

"Come see what you've done, you nasty boy!"

The great colored window panes lay shattered in a rainbow chaos on the upstairs landing. His basketball lay in the ruins.

Before he could even begin telling his innocence, Douglas was struck a dozen stinging blows upon his rump. Wherever he landed, screaming, the razor strop struck again.

Later, hiding his mind in the sandpile like an ostrich, Douglas nursed his dreadful pains. He knew who'd thrown that basketball. A man with a straw hat and a stiff umbrella and a cold, gray room. Yeah, yeah, yeah. He dribbled tears. Just wait. Just *wait*.

He heard Grandma sweeping up the broken glass. She brought it out and threw it in the trash bin. Blue, pink, yellow meteors of glass dropped brightly down.

When she was gone, Douglas dragged himself, whimpering, over to save out three pieces of the incredible glass. Mr. Koberman disliked the colored windows. These—he clinked them in his fingers—would be worth saving.

GRANDFATHER arrived from his newspaper office each night, shortly ahead of the other boarders, at five o'clock. When a slow, heavy tread filled the hall, and a thick, mahogany cane thumped in the cane-rack, Douglas ran to embrace the large stomach and sit on Grandpa's knee while he read the evening paper.

"Hi, Grampa!"

"Hello, down there!"

"Grandma cut chickens again today. It's fun watching," said Douglas.

Grandpa kept reading. "That's twice this week, chickens. She's the chickenist woman. You like to watch her cut 'em, eh? Cold-blooded little pepper! Ha!"

"I'm just curious."

"You are," rumbled Grandpa, scowling. "Remember that day when that young lady was killed at the rail station. You just walked over and looked at her, blood and all." He laughed. "Queer duck. Stay that way. Fear nothing, ever in your life. I guess you get it from your father, him being a military man and all, and you so close to him before you came here to live last year." Grandpa returned to his paper.

A long pause. "Gramps?"

"Yes?"

"What if a man didn't have a heart or lungs or stomach but still walked around, alive?"

"That," rumbled Gramps, "would be a miracle."

"I don't mean a—a miracle. I mean, what if he was all *different* inside. Not like me."

"Well, he wouldn't be quite human then, would he, boy?"

"Guess not, Gramps. Gramps, you got a heart and lungs?"

Gramps chuckled. "Well, tell the truth, I don't *know*. Never seen them. Never had an X-ray, never been to a doctor. Might as well be potato-solid for all I know."

"Have I got a stomach?"

"You certainly have!" cried Grandma from the parlor entry. "'Cause I feed it! And you've lungs, you scream loud enough to wake the crumblees. And you've dirty hands, go wash them! Dinner's ready. Grandpa, come on. Douglas, git!"

In the rush of boarders streaming downstairs, Grandpa, if he intended questioning Douglas further about the weird conversation, lost his opportunity. If dinner delayed an instant more, Grandma and the potatoes would develop simultaneous lumps.

THE boarders, laughing and talking at the table—Mr. Koberman silent and sullen among them—were silenced when Grandfather cleared his throat. He talked politics a few minutes and then shifted over into the intriguing topic of the recent peculiar deaths in the town.

"It's enough to make an old newspaper editor prick up his ears," he said, eying them all. "That young Miss Larsson, lived across the ravine, now. Found her dead three days ago for no reason, just funny kinds of tattoos all over her, and a facial expression that would make Dante cringe. And that other young lady, what was her name? Whitely? She disappeared and *never did* come back."

"Them things happen alla time," said Mr. Britz, the garage mechanic, chewing. "Ever peek inna Missing Peoples Bureau file? It's *that* long." He illustrated. "Can't tell *what* happens to most of 'em."

"Anyone want more dressing?" Grandma ladled liberal portions from the chicken's interior. Douglas watched, thinking about how that chicken had had two kinds of guts—God-made and Man-made.

Well, how about *three* kinds of guts?

Eh?

Why not?

Conversation continued about the mysterious death of so-and-so, and, oh, yes, remember a week ago, Marion Barsumian died of heart failure, but maybe that didn't connect up? or did it? you're crazy! forget it, why talk about it at the dinner table? So.

"Never can tell," said Mr. Britz. "Maybe we got a vampire in town."

Mr. Koberman stopped eating.

"In the year 1927?" said Grandma. "A vampire? Oh, go on, now."

"Sure," said Mr. Britz. "Kill 'em with silver bullets. Anything silver for that matter. Vampires *hate* silver. I read it in a book somewhere, once. Sure, I did."

Douglas looked at Mr. Koberman who ate with wooden knives and forks and carried only new copper pennies in his pocket.

"It's poor judgment," said Grandpa, "to call anything by a name. We don't know what a hobgoblin or a vampire or a troll is. Could be lots of things. You can't heave them into categories with labels and say they'll act one way or another. That'd be silly. They're people. People who do things. Yes, that's the way to put it: people who *do* things."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Koberman, who got up and went out for his evening walk to work.

THE stars, the moon, the wind, the clock ticking, and the chiming of the hours into dawn, the sun rising, and here it was another morning, another day, and Mr. Koberman coming along the sidewalk from his night's work. Douglas stood off like a small mechanism whirring and watching with carefully microscopic eyes.

At noon, Grandma went to the store to buy groceries.

As was his custom every day when Grandma was gone, Douglas yelled outside Mr. Koberman's door for a full three minutes. As usual, there was no response.

The silence was horrible.

He ran downstairs, got the pass-key; a silver fork, and the three pieces of colored glass he had saved from the shattered window. He fitted the key to the lock and swung the door slowly open.

The room was in half light, the shades drawn. Mr. Koberman lay atop his bed-covers, in slumber clothes, breathing gently, up and down. He didn't move. His face was motionless.

"Hello, Mr. Koberman!"

The colorless walls echoed the man's regular breathing.

"Mr. Koberman, hello!"

Bouncing a golf ball, Douglas advanced. He yelled. Still no answer. "Mr. Koberman!"

Bending over Mr. Koberman, Douglas picked the tines of the silver fork in the sleeping man's face.

Mr. Koberman winced. He twisted. He groaned bitterly.

Response. Good. Swell.

Douglas drew a piece of blue glass from his pocket. Looking through the blue glass fragment he found himself in a blue room, in a blue world different from the world he knew. As different as was the red world. Blue furniture, blue bed, blue ceiling and walls, blue wooden eating utensils atop the blue bureau, and the sullen dark blue of Mr. Koberman's face and arms and his blue chest rising, falling. Also. . . .

Mr. Koberman's eyes were wide, staring at him with a hungry darkness.

Douglas fell back, pulled the blue glass from his eyes.

Mr. Koberman's eyes were shut.

Blue glass again—open. Blue glass away—shut. Blue glass again—open. Away—shut. Funny. Douglas experimented, trembling. Through the glass the eyes seemed to peer hungrily, avidly through Mr. Koberman's closed lids. Without the blue glass they seemed tightly shut.

But it was the rest of Mr. Koberman's body. . . .

Mr. Koberman's bedclothes dissolved off him. The blue glass had something to do with it. Or perhaps it was the clothes themselves, just being *on* Mr. Koberman. Douglas cried out.

He was looking through the wall of Mr. Koberman's stomach, right *inside* him!

Mr. Koberman was solid.

Or, nearly so, anyway.

There were strange shapes and sizes within him.

Douglas must have stood amazed for five minutes, thinking about the blue worlds, the red worlds, the yellow worlds side by side, living together like glass panes around the big white stair window. Side by side, the colored panes, the different worlds; Mr. Koberman had said so himself.

So this was why the colored windows had been broken.

"Mr. Koberman, wake up!"

No answer.

"Mr. Koberman, where do you work at night? Mr. Koberman, where do you work?"

A little breeze stirred the blue window shade.

"In a red world or a green world or a yellow one, Mr. Koberman?"

Over everything was a blue glass silence.

"Wait there," said Douglas.

He walked down to the kitchen, pulled open the great squeaking drawers and picked out the sharpest, biggest knife.

Very calmly he walked into the hall, climbed back up the stairs again, opened the door to Mr. Koberman's room, went in, and closed it, holding the sharp knife in one hand.

GRANDMA was busy fingering a piecrust into a pan when Douglas entered the kitchen to place something on the table.

"Grandma, what's this?"

She glanced up briefly, over her glasses. "I don't know."

It was square, like a box, and elastic. It was bright orange in color. It had four square tubes, colored blue, attached to it. It smelled funny.

"Ever see anything like it, Grandma?"

"No."

"That's what I thought."

Douglas left it there, went from the kitchen. Five minutes later he returned with something else. "How about *this*?"

He laid down a bright pink linked chain with a purple triangle at one end.

"Don't bother me," said Grandma. "It's only a chain."

Next time he returned with two hands full. A ring, a square, a triangle, a pyramid, a rectangle, and—other shapes. All of them were pliable, resilient, and looked as if they were made of gelatin. "This isn't all," said Douglas, putting them down. "There's more where this came from."

Grandma said; "Yes, yes," in a far off tone, very busy.

"You were wrong, Grandma."

"About what?"

"About all people being the same inside."

"Stop talking nonsense."

"Where's my piggy-bank?"

"On the mantel, where you left it."

"Thanks."

He tromped into the parlor, reached up for his piggy-bank.

Grandpa came home from the office at five.

"Grandpa, come upstairs."

"Sure, son. Why?"

"Something to show you. It's not nice; but it's interesting."

Grandpa chuckled, following his grandson's feet up to Mr. Koberman's room.

"Grandma mustn't know about this; she wouldn't like it," said Douglas. He pushed the door wide open. "There."

Grandfather gasped.

DOUGLAS remembered the next few hours all the rest of his life. Standing over Mr. Koberman's naked body, the coroner and his assistants. Grandma, downstairs, asking somebody, "What's going on up there?" and Grandpa saying, shakily, "I'll take Douglas away on a long vacation so he can forget this whole ghastly affair. Ghastly, ghastly affair!"

Douglas said, "Why should it be bad? I don't see anything bad. I don't feel bad."

The coroner shivered and said, "Koberman's dead, all right."

His assistant sweated. "Did you see those *things* in the pans of water and in the wrapping paper?"

"Oh, my God, my God, yes, I saw them."

"Christ."

The coroner bent over Mr. Koberman's body again. "This better be kept secret, boys. It wasn't murder. It was a mercy

the boy acted. God knows what may have happened if he hadn't."

"What was Koberman? A vampire? A monster?"

"Maybe. I don't know. Something—not human." The coroner moved his hands deftly over the suture.

Douglas was proud of his work. He'd gone to much trouble. He had watched Grandmother carefully and remembered. Needle and thread and all. All in all, Mr. Koberman was as neat a job as any chicken ever popped into hell by Grandma.

"I heard the boy say that Koberman lived even after all those *things* were taken out of him." The coroner looked at the

triangles and chains and pyramids floating in the pans of water. "Kept on *living*. God."

"Did the boy say that?"

"He did."

"Then, what *did* kill Koberman?"

The coroner drew a few strands of sewing thread from their bedding.

"This. . . ." he said.

Sunlight blinked coldly off a half-revealed treasure trove; six dollars and seventy cents' worth of silver dimes inside Mr. Koberman's chest.

"I think Douglas made a wise investment," said the coroner, sewing the flesh back up over the "dressing" quickly.

Exile

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

AND now he had his farm safe in his pocket.
 A No door to fix the hinges on or lock it
 Against the snow and rats. All wheels and cogs
 On much machinery sound as seasoned logs
 Against the years. All cows and heifers in,
 Milking done for good. Each crib, each bin
 Closed on decay. His trees saved from slow rot.
 He had sold everything. His fields were not
 Any thicker than the paper folded
 In his pocket now. All would have molded
 In time, the high beams in his barn, the leather
 On his harnesses. The coldest weather,
 The warmest, wind, hail could not harm him more.
 He went out of his house, he closed the door.

He went out, and bitterness came in
 Through all the bones he had, his hard long chin
 Went down upon his shirt. A stranger now
 To the sweet hay, the warm milk, the cold plow,
 To teaching a son to handle young colts right,
 Roses of frost that bloomed an Autumn night,
 The wise tracks of small beasts upon the snow,
 Sharp winds of March that made a good man go
 In to his fire like a bridegroom ready,
 Furrows arching his feet, salt sweat, the heady
 Smell of horses working into his mind.
 He went out an exile, safe and blind,
 To emptiness and ease, old age, a cottage,
 An Esau with lips bitter from his pottage.

BROADWAY AND ITS INTELLIGENTSIA

ERIC BENTLEY

THIS WINTER I saw a couple of dozen New York productions and discussed the theater with a fair number of people who belong to it. These experiences obviously do not entitle me to announce that the truth about Broadway has at last been discovered. I accumulated no statistics. I conducted no elaborate researches. I simply received the impressions and arrived at the conclusions which are here set down.

As after the last war, the theater is in a state of ferment. Ferment implies activity but also disorder. Observers from every point of view would agree that the theater at the moment is in a more than usually uncertain and disordered state. What is one to make of it? What is wrong? I shall approach these questions from the point of view of one interested in all the arts of the theater, and primarily in drama.

Railing against the commercialism and frivolity of the theater is a very old sport among such critics, and people around theaters are tired of it. Tell anyone on Broadway that the theater is dead, and he will reply: "So is Queen Anne." And how right he is! It is only when he proceeds to assume that, since the theater has so often been pronounced dead, it must therefore be alive, that you are entitled to question his logic. You are entitled to ask if he thinks Queen Anne is alive too. The truth,

surely, is that, except at rare moments, the theater always seems artistically "dead." Masterpieces come seldom; but the theater opens its doors nightly. Let us ignore the question whether there are any modern Shakespeares among us and ask what the conditions of production are.

IF THERE is anything surprising about Broadway, it cannot be the fact that the theaters exist to make money by amusing large numbers of people.

We hate to overtax you,
We're here just to relax you

sings the chorus in one of the current shows, and a comedian in the same show says: "As long as business men keep on getting tired, I'll be all right." The intention behind the show—"Burlesque," by Watters and Hopkins—is clear. For those who sell, it is a profitable commodity. For those who buy, it is a way of keeping awake after dinner. *Entertainment, amusement, show*—any of these words seems a clear and adequate description of the thing.

If you have ever listened to a Broadway business man talking, you must have discovered that his ideal is entertainment, amusement, show-business chemically pure, that is, unmixed with "the highbrow stuff," untainted with art. And,

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after visiting the shows he produces, you might think he has succeeded. You are wrong, though. Go and see "Burlesque." The authors of this play were certainly resolute in their attempt to exclude anything that might be taken for dramatic art. The producers, however, were not so resolute. They hired an actor for the leading role who cannot help being an artist and a very good one at that. The result is that the even surface of routine entertainment is broken by eruptions of sheer art. And art carries awful consequences in its train. Mr. Bert Lahr need only show us a tithe of his extraordinary talent and we are transported to a realm that no entertainment-monger could possibly be interested in. Mr. Lahr's performance has about it a very embarrassing quality—beauty. His mere presence on the stage is something more meaningful than anything in the play which he has to pretend to be a part of. Worst of all, his personality—like that of all first-rate comedians—expresses a criticism of life and thus calls into play a faculty even more formidable than the aesthetic sense: the intellect.

WHILE such things go on, the show business cannot be as watertight and foolproof as it wants to be. Bring in the element of art at all, and the element of the unpredictable enters with it. This is one of the causes of the great Broadway headache, the headache of the producer who cannot predict whether a proposed show will succeed or not. "Blithe Spirit" succeeded. "Oklahoma!" succeeded. Why doesn't it follow that every imitation of them will also succeed? "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" succeeded in the movies, why not on the stage? In a business that is a business, you know, within limits, when the commodity you deal in is sound and salable. You can test an automobile by quite objective standards. But what standard has the theater? The verdict of the public? It is a verdict that comes too late—after you have put your money into the show. Hence theater business men are always in hot water. For all their ruthlessness, for all their cynicism, they suffer from the Broadway headache. The trouble is that although you despise "good" plays, you cannot always be sure of "bad" plays.

Some "bad" plays let you down! Some "good" plays make money! If Broadway is an artistic failure, it certainly is not an unqualified success from the business man's standpoint. There are some huge successes. But the chances are better in the automobile business.

When the artistry of a low comedian—Bert Lahr or Ray Bolger—stands out in splendid relief from the frame of a dull musical comedy, one is simply pleased. The low comedian is the least pompous but not the least valuable critic of our civilization. When, however, an important actor, trained in the quite different school of high drama, seeks to amuse us by *condescending* to foolery, the effect also is quite different. In this realm, a Helen Hayes, an Alfred Lunt, a Lynn Fontanne is much inferior to Lahr and Bolger. The laughter of their audiences is cheap, unworthy laughter. They laugh not because a low comedian is funny but because a "serious" star is letting her hair down. Anita Loos's comedy "Happy Birthday" is the perfect example of this sort of bad taste. The central joke of the script is linked to the joke of Miss Hayes's condescension: it is the stale joke of a teetotal spinster getting drunk and amorous. A patronizing joke. Miss Hayes is patronizing towards her role, and we are patronizing towards the whole show. Can the production be defended on the grounds that great actresses have always been fond of plays which are mere vehicles for their talents? The query presupposes that "Happy Birthday" is a vehicle for talent. It is only a vehicle for ham acting—and not even ham acting in the grand manner (which can be enjoyable).

II

IF THE QUESTION of art is beginning to arise even in the "lowest" form of theater, it arises more and more as we climb the scale. "Happy Birthday" has been dismissed for utter triviality: yet half the joke is that we associate the leading actress with Culture. Once one is above the level of "Venus on the Half-Shell" and routine musical comedy, one is faced with the handiwork, not simply of business men and girl-fanciers, but of a group of

people which I propose to call the Broadway intelligentsia. This is as compact and identifiable a group as the Bohemia of Greenwich Village.

What its views are I shall try to explain later. Let me make it clear at once, however, to whom I refer. The inner circle of the Broadway intelligentsia belongs to such organizations as The Theater Guild, The Playwrights' Company, and Theater Incorporated. Its most dignified mouthpiece is *Theater Arts* magazine. To the critic in search of dramatic art this group presents more of a problem than the Billy Roses and Lee Shuberts. Even though the Broadway tycoon has his difficulties and his ambiguities, he is a simpler phenomenon than the Broadway intellectual. He serves Mammon, whereas the Broadway intellectuals serve God *and* Mammon. He ostentatiously dissociates himself from art, where the Broadway intelligentsia regards all serious "theater arts" as very much its own.

Beginning at the bottom of the scale, what productions are regarded as serious? One producer whose first allegiance is to silly plays told me that he had done "serious plays" too. He named "Tomorrow the World," and thereby made clear to me what Broadway thinks of as "serious." A "serious play" is one with a message or at least with modern—preferably liberal—ideas in it. You can easily change any non-serious play into a serious play by changing the color of the heroine and inserting a speech or two against race hatred. The formula for serious drama is: non-serious drama plus a small dose of "modern ideas." "Christopher Blake" and "The Fatal Weakness" are current examples.

The drama of "pure entertainment" and the drama of "modern ideas" are both largely rubbish, the first being in general preferable to the second because it is less pretentious and permits the intrusion of low comedians. One current Broadway production shows what happens when the producers' aims are divided between the two types and also between "art" and "amusement." I refer to "Beggars' Holiday," by Duke Ellington and John Latouche. I gather that Mr. Latouche began with an intelligent musical

satire based on John Gay's "Beggars' Opera," that his overlords thought the job too "highbrow," and called in George Abbott to transform "art" into "amusement." The result is incoherence. The play is neither one thing nor another. The actors cannot fulfill themselves because it is not clear what is demanded of them. Mr. Oliver Smith's fine settings look like a handsome tomb over a play that died during rehearsals. There was a nice irony about the ending. When the action reached the stage of total insignificance, an actor stepped forward and said: "That's the symbolism. That's the highbrow stuff. It gives meaning or something." The curtain fell. I looked the actor up in the program and learned that he was a former lecturer at the Museum of Modern Art.

THE sensation of the season 1946-1947 is a play by one of the most celebrated playwrights of the Broadway intelligentsia, Maxwell Anderson. What sets off the plays of Mr. Anderson from the plays of the unintelligentsia is that they very obviously have both moral and aesthetic pretensions. Mr. Anderson is not abashed by anything. The biggest moral questions, the greatest historical characters, the most difficult theatrical forms—he essays them all. This year he brings to the stage nothing less than the life of Joan of Arc, and in that life he finds one of the great human problems: that of principle and compromise, idealism and realism, integrity and betrayal. All of which would be fine if Mr. Anderson were Shakespeare—or even Shaw (whom Mr. Anderson once declared "no dramatist").

It would, of course, be nice if we could avoid comparison with Shaw's play. Mr. Anderson's conception is quite legitimately different. But the comparison is forced upon us by the parallelism of the action and the sheer dramatic inferiority of Anderson's play at every single point. It is interesting to note that, though Shaw's plays are supposed to be talky and philosophic, the conflict in "Saint Joan" is an awful collision of tremendous forces, while the conflict in "Joan of Lorraine" is too often purely theoretical. A solution is reached when Joan decides that you may compromise on small issues provided

that you don't compromise on large, the practical problem of deciding which issues are small and which large being disregarded. "Why do you believe what you believe?" This is no question for discussion between a heretic and an inquisitor. When Mr. Anderson's discussions are not merely superficial, they are positively ridiculous.

When I said all this to a member of the Broadway intelligentsia, he retorted that, anyway, the technique of the play was interesting and original: Joan's problems are paralleled by those of the actress playing the role, thus giving the old story new meaning. This would be pleasant, if true. Actually the "frame" of the Joan story in this play is neither original nor otherwise admirable. It is not original because just such a frame was recently used by Thornton Wilder in two very well-known plays. It is not admirable because the use of the frame to Mr. Anderson as to Mr. Wilder is as a reach-me-down to an audience that (so it is assumed) can't understand anything. The frame provides tedious explanations of the obvious. All three of the frames just mentioned seem also to express a certain embarrassment on the part of the author at having written a serious play at all.

Perhaps all this is beside the point, the point being that Mr. Anderson's leading role is played by a popular movie star. "Lucky I'm no nearer the stage," whispered a man sitting just behind me in the theater, "or I couldn't keep my hands off her." With Miss Ingrid Bergman on the stage, it is doubtful whether you could have an evening of drama. Her audience, which consists of bobby-soxers of both sexes and all ages, would prevent it. Around every movie star (one notes the same thing with Burgess Meredith in "The Playboy of the Western World") there is a pink aureole of glamor which inhibits dramatic proceedings. Of Miss Bergman it can be said that she tries bravely to ignore all this. Since her charm is very real, since she seems to be the nicest girl in the whole world, the reviewers may almost be excused for pronouncing her a first-class actress. There was little in her actual performance to confirm them, though. Miss Bergman doesn't do

very much acting. She stands in pretty, fetching postures under Mr. Lee Simonson's tastefully modulated lights. Her performance is a series of camera shots. How clever she must be, everyone said, to switch back and forth between Joan and Mary, the actress! Yet how much cleverer than this she would need to be, as Mr. Stark Young acutely commented, to sustain the role of Joan of Arc through a whole evening!

IF MAXWELL ANDERSON is the king of the Broadway intelligentsia, the queen is Miss Lillian Hellman, whose plays can succeed without the help of stars. In "Another Part of the Forest" Miss Hellman attempts neither originality of form nor profundity of thought. Her play is in the vein of nineteenth-century realism. It is nothing if not "well-made." In the theater one immediately feels one's self in the presence of something more fully under control than "Joan of Lorraine." It is a pretty good play, and Miss Hellman had a right to be surprised that not all of the Broadway intelligentsia thought so. The limitation of the play lies in a region which the Broadway intelligentsia is seldom interested in: the center. It is hollow.

The theme—the laying bare of ugly motives—is perfectly dramatic. But the upshot is not a revelation of life but an exciting moment or two, a feeling that Miss Hellman must be frightfully clever. At some of the most hideous moments in Miss Hellman's play the audience laughs, and is not altogether wrong in doing so. Like "The Little Foxes," "Another Part of the Forest" is Grand Guignol in the guise of realism. Despite the outward trappings of seriousness, the spirit of Broadway carries the day.

WHAT OF Eugene O'Neill? He is the Broadway intelligentsia's patron saint. He has faults, no doubt (are we not all human?), but (so they tell me) he is Great. And I could feel for myself that his new play comes out of a bigger head than Mr. Anderson's or Miss Hellman's. Miss Mary McCarthy has compared O'Neill's writings with Dreiser's, and I think the comparison is useful in calling attention to one of O'Neill's elusive vir-

tues: the ability to construct out of pieces of ponderous bad writing a longish passage that makes a favorable impression. There are some impressive passages of this sort in "The Iceman Cometh." Otherwise there is nothing very good about it except the masterly performances of Dudley Digges and Tom Pedi.

Reading the advance proofs last summer I had told myself and my readers that "The Iceman," though deficient as the treatment of a theme, would be effective theater. It isn't. The idea that all O'Neill plays act better than they read is false. I saw nothing on Broadway this season that was more oppressively dull than "The Iceman Cometh." Part of the blame must, of course, rest with the director and, more obviously, with Mr. James Barton, who plays Hickey with such informal naturalness that you never really *see* the character. And, quite literally, you don't hear him: about a third of Mr. Barton's lines were inaudible even in my press seat. Not that I would blame everything on this—after all, I had read the play. Though I have no theoretical objection to a long play and actually like to sit for hours in a theater, I find "The Iceman" tedious. Since most of the characters represent the same thing, why couldn't at least half of them be omitted? Or would the temptation be too great to omit the other half, too?

III

THE foregoing list of "serious" plays is not very impressive. One cannot, of course, condemn authors for not writing masterpieces. All one can complain of is the "Broadwayism" of even those playwrights who are considered poets and prophets. Eugene O'Neill is a sort of exception. He breaks many of the Broadway rules—including the very good rule that a play should not be dull. Yet only among the Broadway intelligentsia could a work as bad as "The Iceman Cometh" be taken so seriously.

What about *good* plays? Was it an accident that the Theater Guild, the Playwrights' Company, Theater Incorporated, and the rest had no room for two of the best plays of the season, plays which stood badly in need of their help? I refer to

"Eagle Rampant" by Jean Cocteau and "No Exit" by Jean-Paul Sartre. I saw "Eagle Rampant" in a pre-Broadway showing at New Haven, and it didn't come off. Miss Tallulah Bankhead was unsuccessfully trying to turn a delicate fantasy into a beefy melodrama: Bankhead and Cocteau cancelled each other out. M. Cocteau has protested, I believe, that Miss Bankhead is doing a play for which she is not suited. Personally, I cannot help admiring her a little for wanting to do a good play which the Broadway intelligentsia dismisses as "continental sophistication" and the like.

"No Exit" fared more happily. The acting was in the main very expert. The settings of Frederic Kiesler contrasted favorably with the elaborate academicism of Donald Oenslager's Cocteau settings. There was, however, in John Huston's otherwise deft directing, one bad shortcoming for which M. Sartre was unjustly blamed by the critics. Mr. Huston let the actors operate throughout on one level of emotion, with the result that those who like to be bored—as so many of the critics do—were bored during the latter half of the performance. Clearly the play should be performed on a steadily rising curve unbroken by anything (least of all an intermission, which the New York production had).

It is rather clear that the best New York productions these days are not new plays at all but what are rather stupidly called "revivals." If you wanted an evening, not of Amusement and Entertainment in quotation marks, but of the gentle, unforced, legitimate pleasure which those words originally signified, you would not go to "Happy Birthday" or "The Fatal Weakness," but to Cecil Beaton's staging of "Lady Windermere's Fan." If you wanted spectacle and swagger and virtuosity, you would not go to "Annie Get Your Gun," but to José Ferrer's "Cyrano." If you wanted fantasy and folk tale and charm, you would not go to "Oklahoma!" but to "The Playboy of the Western World."

The chief source of "revivals" this year has been the newly-formed American Repertory Theater. The new company offers four plays: Shakespeare's "Henry

VIII," Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," Shaw's "Androcles and The Lion," and Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." All four productions are good, and one of them—"Borkman"—was for me the biggest experience of the current season. The Shaw, rather naturally, is the only one that is making much money for the company. It is also the only production which is a misinterpretation. The A.R.T. presents Shaw's emperor and other Romans as effeminate. Now Shaw's Romans are conventional, conservative human beings, just such people, in fact, as attend the Broadway theater. His play presents the contrast between these people and the Christians, who are revolutionaries, that is, people either too good or too bad for conventionality. To make the Romans unconventional is, of course, to destroy Shaw's subject, a destruction aided and abetted in the A.R.T. by unnecessary music and excessive fooling. Shaw's play is funny enough without trimmings.

The A.R.T. should not have chosen to perform "Henry VIII" and "What Every Woman Knows" at all. The Barrie play, I am told, was considered a safe choice: the company could not afford to be too adventurous in their first season. Perhaps the tepid reception which the play received will be a warning to them, however, that the safe choice proved very unsafe. Today Barrie appeals neither to the wide public nor to the small. As for "Henry VIII," a director such as G. Wilson Knight, who has a special interpretation of the play which would be worth testing in production, might be let loose with it. But Miss Webster's method makes the evening little more than pleasant.

I should confess here that I am not fond of Miss Webster's approach to Shakespeare in general. It would be unkind to accuse her of assuming that Shakespeare is a bore until made interesting by Miss Webster—as her formula "Shakespeare without tears" implies. One should not make Miss Webster take the rap for a general failing that has general causes which I shall say more about in a moment. This season Miss Webster the actress makes amends for Miss Webster the director. Her part in "Henry VIII" is one of the best small performances to be seen at pres-

ent in New York. Her part in "Borkman" is one of the best big ones.

But New York does not consider the "Borkman" production a great success. It does not even consider the play itself a great "script." And if we look into this matter we shall discover what are the problems of the A.R.T. and any serious theater that is faced with the Broadway public—and the Broadway critics.

IV

THE story is circulating in Manhattan that a certain well-known critic attended the first night of "Borkman," was perceptibly drunk, went home long before it was over, wrote that the play falls off toward the end, and reported inaccurately what happens in the last scene. True or not, this is not the crux of the matter. Sober and conscientious critics, critics who praised the play otherwise, reiterated the condemnation of the last act. Can it be that they are right? A re-examination of the play forbids us to say so. My own impression is that the drama critics cannot see below the surface of any play. "Nothing happens," they say of Shaw and Chekhov. "It falls off toward the end," they say of Sartre and Ibsen. They see the theatrical quality of Sartre's hell and approve. They see the theatrical quality of Ibsen's expository opening. Beyond that they haven't the faintest idea what Sartre and Ibsen are up to. And they cannot imagine that this might be their own fault.

To illustrate my point, I need not quote the critics of the popular dailies who professedly try to represent only the average playgoer. I need not quote the critic of the *New Yorker* who, when the mood takes him (and the mood usually takes him), is patronizing not only to Sartre and Ibsen but to Chekhov, Shakespeare, and Sophocles. I will quote from *Theater Arts*. Here is the one sentence which it devotes to the extraordinary scene in which Ibsen leaves the musty atmosphere of the problem play so far behind:

"With the exception of the last scene on a mountain top—when Ibsen seems almost at his worst—the whole production . . . is coherent and atmospherically effective."

And here is something even more inter-

esting from an almost wholly favorable review of the production by Mr. Brooks Atkinson:

"Toward the end Ibsen's venerable drama does give off a few turgid sentiments that now smack of sophomoric melodrama. When John Gabriel Borkman faces death, he consoles himself with a word or two of old-fashioned bombast. But that is the only sign of literary age in this bitter chronicle of a houseful of baleful illusions. . . ."

In the casual, rather weary, and above all, condescending tone of these simple sentences is the whole attitude of the Broadway intelligentsia. How can a sentiment be "turgid"? Is *all* bombast old-fashioned, in which case is the world getting less bombastic all the time? If not, why is the alleged bombast of Borkman *old-fashioned* bombast? Is a sign of age a bad thing? When one arrives at the word *sophomoric*, applied to the most refined work of one of the subtlest minds the theater has ever known, one can appreciate very fully all the heavy irony of the word *venerable* that precedes it.

Yet this is newspaper criticism at its highest—by an alumnus of Harvard and in the *New York Times*. What is the background of such criticism? It began—did it not?—with common sense, otherwise known as compromise. It was said of old time: "Show business is show business and must be judged by its own standards." Special commercial standards were set up for special low forms of art. The higher types of art were not completely banished from the stage, but gradually they also came to be judged by the very commercial standard which had been created for their opposite. This standard was thrust upon the actors and directors who had to make their living in the theater. Hence the fact that so many Shakespeare "revivals"—not only Miss Webster's—are Broadway shows, and as such nearly as good as "Oklahoma!" Hence the fact that the highest praise one critic could find for "Androcles" recently was that its dialogue is "still as funny as the latest Broadway show." The question asked consciously or unconsciously about each play considered for revival is: is it a Broadway show? And if not, can it be made into one? Thus, when Mr. Lee Simonson tells us that Broadway performs good plays as well as bad, one

ought to ask him *how* the good plays are performed.

The standard thrust upon the actors and directors was accepted by the critics, and today it is the only standard most of them know. It was also accepted by the professors, whose function all too often and in all too many fields is to make piffle plausible—or at least pretentious. The standard became a Doctrine, the central doctrine, of drama in the schools and universities today: that drama is not primarily a form of poetry, a vision of life, an expression of the dramatist's nature, or anything comparable to other works of art, but a matter of theatrical technique in which the chief factor is the existence of an audience. Theater was a means of communication, and nobody was to ask *what* was communicated.

V

TO ME this Doctrine—I call it theatricalism—seems terribly wrong. It seems to make central what is peripheral and vice versa. It seems to leave out so many things, to leave so many questions unasked. Though one cannot by pure theory remove a confusion that has non-theoretical origins, let me specify here three questions that the Broadway intelligentsia badly needs to ask: What is the dramatic repertoire? what is a good play? what is the state of culture today?

First, the repertoire. It is surprising how few Broadway intellectuals have an adult acquaintance with, let us say, one-tenth of the great plays of the Western world. It is true that a play by a Greek or by one of Shakespeare's great contemporaries occasionally rears its head on Broadway. But I have often been appalled to hear how casually those responsible stumbled upon a particular play and how they did not leave it until it was a Broadway show with every breath of the Greek or Elizabethan spirit squeezed out of it. The great complimentary epithet on Broadway, as among the cheaper book reviewers, is *timely*, a word which gives us to understand that no time is of interest except this very moment. There is no time like the present.

Of course, to know the repertoire is in itself of little use. Those who do "know" the repertoire are often about as effectual

as an engineering student would be if he had seen all the bridges in the world and had memorized their names without ever learning how a bridge is built. Less common, nowadays, than a surface knowledge of the repertoire is a knowledge of what a play—or any work of art for that matter—is. How, it might be asked, can someone constantly occupied with plays avoid knowing this? It is very easy. A historian of the drama can avoid it by fixing his attention on facts, such as names, titles, dates, stories. Someone in the practical theater can avoid it by fixing his attention on activity, such as the technique of acting, putting on makeup, wearing costumes, constructing scenery. Granted, a historian who merely chronicles events may not be a good historian, an actor who does not study drama may not be a good actor. That is another matter. You have only to talk to professorial people or to theater people to discover that the drama has got lost in the data.

AND MAKE no mistake about it, the new approach to drama through theatercrafts is just as external as the old historical academicism. In my experience no students have less idea of the significance of, say, "Candida" or "Lear" than those whose approach has been exclusively through production. We shall rediscover what plays are only when we transcend both the narrowly theatrical and the narrowly academic (miscalled "literary") approach and see a play as a whole, that is, as the work of a writer designed for the theater. It must be performable. It must be able to reach its fullest meaning in production. But it also is a treatment of a subject and an expression of an artist's mind. The playwright conceives the whole thing as it should be on the stage, just as a composer conceives a symphony which is later transmitted to us from the concert platform. The notion that the playwright simply contributes a "script" to a work of art that is largely created by others cannot have happy results. Yet the Broadway intelligentsia is still far from understanding this. "The actor does just as much to create a play as the writer," a critic said to me recently. I replied: "Well, but there is a distinction between the achievement of

an actor who helps out a bad play by creating a character himself and the achievement of an actor who manages to express more of what Shakespeare put into Hamlet than his colleagues have done. The second may well be a greater actor than the first; he is less creative." But my friend did not seem interested.

Perhaps he didn't even want to be. Some Broadway intellectuals are merely complacent: nitwits buy their tranquillity cheap. But few Broadway intellectuals are nitwits. They are uneasy. They sense that beneath the aesthetic matters which we argue about are social pressures which force one into a certain view whether it is true or not. Some tell you they are getting old. Others make a to-do. "The theater," one said to me, "is like prizefighting—just a social pursuit among many others—a rough and tumble affair. If you don't approve its being this way, don't get mixed up with it. Oh, of course, I'm not denying that an occasional play may be a work of art. But don't regard the theater as an artistic institution . . ." Another said: "You seem to expect playwrights to be intelligent and have ideas. You forget that they have to speak to a mass audience. Profound ideas and new ideas are outside their province. Marx and Freud percolate into the theater, much diluted, a generation after Greenwich Village reads them. Watch how even Shaw keeps the bulk of his ideas for his prefaces . . ."

SUCH is the viewpoint of the Broadway intelligentsia. It can be incorporated into either a pessimist or an optimist outlook. The pessimist backs up his belief in an unchangeable *status quo* with a sharp criticism of middle-class society and democratic ideals. The greatest critic on this side of the fence is still Alexis de Tocqueville who spoke of the theater in his *Democracy in America*:

In democracies dramatic pieces are listened to but not read. Most of those who frequent the amusements of the stage do not go there to seek the pleasures of the mind but the keen emotions of the heart. . . . If the effect of democracy is generally to question the authority of all literary rules and conventions, on the stage it abolishes them altogether and puts in their place nothing but the whim of each author and of each public.

De Tocqueville was skeptical about de-

mocracy itself. The optimists of the Broadway intelligentsia are voluble democrats. "Never speak disrespectfully of the public," one New York designer tells his pupils, "they are, after all, our clients and our judges." Yet this attitude—even more popular (naturally!) in Hollywood than on Broadway—is in my view neither democratic nor undemocratic but merely commercial. Losing sight of our common humanity, a thing that cannot lightly be ignored, we have stumbled into believing in something called the Common Man which is most often either a pure abstraction or a symbol of our own mediocrity. By such phrases we exploit the ethics of Christianity and the philosophy of democracy to excuse our weaknesses. The view that the average, untrained mind is the best judge in aesthetic matters cannot seriously and in good faith be defended.

Why should we even try to defend it? If the Hollywood people really believed so touchingly in the public's independent judgment they would not attempt to influence the public mind with gigantic advertising campaigns. More important, the alleged respect of the democratic optimist for the public's opinion is not actually so different from the contempt of the anti-democratic pessimist. Both take the public's opinion as something fixed and given, as something one must rest content with. Both assume that the public—let us say rather, humanity—has to be taken for what it is. In other words, neither believes that human beings have potentialities.

Thus the real situation is grossly oversimplified. When the audience is taken as something fixed and given, as indeed the one fixed and given thing in the theater, the problem of drama is simply one of adaptation to the audience: hence the whole theatricalist heresy. The audience is assumed to be The People, and The People is defined as everybody with less taste and education than yourself. Of course it is true that the Broadway audience is *not* noted for taste and education. It is also not chiefly composed of Common Men. The New York theater audience, so far from being a cross-section of the population, is a rather special group. Whether it was the characteristics of this group that

gave us the Broadway play or the Broadway play that brought this group into the theater one cannot say. But one need not believe that in displeasing this crowd of late-coming, tattling, coughing snobs one is insulting the American people.

VI

THE TASK of the intelligent theater in New York is neither to please the present run of the theatergoers nor to address all 140 million Americans in one breath. It is to find its own public. "The general public" is as much of an abstraction as "the common man." Today there are dozens of publics separated by differences of interest as well as by levels of taste, intelligence, and education. There are many people interested in drama who at present never go to the theater because they know how bad it is. These are the people whom any theater above the level of Broadway must grasp at. It may fail—but there are two ways of failing, the heroic and the unheroic. On Broadway the unheroic failure is the abandonment of the ideal end for pecuniary gain. By turning toward ordinary show business a Theater Guild, a Playwrights' Company, or a Theater Incorporated can become a huge success—that is to say, an unheroic failure. The heroic failure is to keep standards up as long as possible, come what may.

What signs are there that anyone in the New York theater is willing to be heroic? Among the large-scale enterprises undoubtedly the most heartening is the A.R.T. Lest anyone think that there is no idealism in New York, let me mention that the actors in this company voluntarily work on limited salaries. (Actors are by far the finest group of people connected with the theater today. In a "Broadway Talks Back" discussion which I took part in, the actors were the only people who spoke of art without embarrassment, who took themselves seriously as servants of art.) But, as I have tried to show, the A.R.T. is still too much a part of the Broadway system. It must learn to choose its plays more carefully, to make its "revivals" less showy and more substantial, to seek out the best among new plays.

There are enough smaller theatrical organizations in New York today to constitute a sort of dramatic *avant-garde*. Of these the most talked-of is the Experimental Theater, which will probably have several productions on the record by the time this article is in print. The Experimental Theater is the love child of the Broadway intelligentsia and may be expected to have all the limitations of its parents. True, it will be experimental in the simple and crude sense that plays will be tried out in it. But what kind of plays? Broadway plays that the producers are not quite sure about? The word *experimental* these days operates as a cover for all sorts of things, many of them stupid. We must wait and see.

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATER, The Dramatic Workshop of the New School, Theater Ubu—these still smaller organizations all perform good plays in New York. Are any of them satisfactory? Equity Library Theater started out with very ambitious plans and this season lists such exciting offerings as Webster's "White Devil" and James Joyce's "Exiles"; yet already their repertoire contains a growing number of plays that have been performed *ad nauseam* on Broadway, in summer theaters, and in such colleges (the majority) as have lost interest in serious dramatic art. The Dramatic Workshop of the New School has perhaps a more ambitious program than any other theater in the country; I was not impressed, however, with the two productions I saw; and people I trust tell me that they have little faith in this unit. Theater Ubu is a new theater which plans to stage one performance a month in the Old Knickerbocker Music Hall. I saw the first production: "The Key" by Ramon Sender, directed by Herbert Berghof. The occasion was rather a successful one. Theater Ubu is certainly quite independent of the orthodox Broadway intelligentsia. But half-an-hour's acting a month is more of a cocktail than a meal.

The *avant-garde* theaters bear witness to the zeal and seriousness of a new generation in the theater. In general, however, they seem lacking in organization and leadership. The acting of individuals is al-

most invariably on a higher level than the direction. And this is strange, though symptomatic, when the actor is a pupil and the director a teacher. At Juilliard School of Music I saw the great musical melodrama "Der Freischütz." The singing actors showed a good deal of ability, those in charge of the orchestra and the production little or none. This is the story of education in the arts today: abundant student talent, inadequate teachers, and few non-commercial opportunities.

ONE CANNOT, then, point to any academic or *avant-garde* group as the likely saviour of the New York theater. Often the small theaters do less to solve the problem than to complicate it. You might think, for instance, that they would stick to the kinds of drama for which they are most evidently fitted. But they are no more intelligent in their choice of work than the big theaters. It is a rank absurdity to find Equity Library Theater doing plays of proven popularity like "Our Town" while it is left to the A.R.T. to do plays that could never be popular like "John Gabriel Borkman." (At this latter play a lady behind me remarked: "I thought at least it would have a nice ending.")

The inability to make necessary distinctions between mass art and minority art is part and parcel of the Broadway complex. The ordinary Broadway bosses are not interested in the distinction because they are exclusively interested in the popular. The Broadway intelligentsia seems not to understand it either. One of their most respected leaders explained to me (it seems to be the only idea the Broadway intelligentsia has) that one must consider drama in terms of audience, etc., etc., etc. I said yes, but that the audience needn't be a mass audience, that there were many different kinds of audiences, and that no play has to please all kinds. He said: Hm. I gathered that he regarded any gathering of less than a couple of thousand people as undemocratic.

As I see it, a conscious division of function would make the theater more efficient and more able to reach high ends. There should be theaters for the mass audience and theaters for the small audi-

ence: people's theaters and art theaters. The A.R.T. would not have to lose money on "Borkman" if they possessed also a smaller house for such plays. We need small art theaters for certain types of plays both old and new. And this is not to deny that a large-scale repertory company like the A.R.T. has a real and immediate function—which is to stage good plays that have more popular appeal than art theater plays but less than the current Broadway hits.

PEOPLE'S THEATERS and art theaters should be distinct from each other, and both should be distinct from Broadway. By this I do not mean that the two higher types of theater can be completely severed from all capitalist enterprise. At present they have to exist within the capitalist system. I mean that they should not demand to be, or expect to be, capitalistic successes. As the actors of the A.R.T. have been, they should be prepared for sacrifices. And the monetary sacrifice is the simplest of the abstentions that are called for. The artistic theater has to be distinct from Broadway in much subtler ways. So far as it can, it has to escape the tremendous *moral* pressure of the commercial theater. For it is this moral pressure which the prestige of Broadway enables it to exert that sooner or later turns every new theatrical enterprise toward vulgarity, that makes of every work of art—from Cocteau to Shakespeare—a Broadway show. It is this moral pressure that confuses the Broadway intelligentsia and, through them, thinking people all over the country. Money and prestige carry an awful authority with them. We are all made

to feel unimportant, snobbish, arty, naïve, starry-eyed, unless we are part of Broadway.

The Broadway intellectuals are the most guilty, if only because they had most to gain. They will also be the hardest to convince of whatever truth there is in my argument, if only because they have most to lose. But I honestly cannot place much faith in such things as the Experimental Theater and the American National Theater and Academy while so many of the people in them are, though half-consciously, Broadwayites. There are some, for example, who, when they argue for the "professionalizing" of the non-commercial theater, mean nothing more nor less than the commercializing of the non-commercial theater. The contradiction is not one of terms merely. It is a flat contradiction of purposes.

Such suggestions as I have made are incomplete and very general. They reflect a belief that something can be achieved, but not everything. And this is an unfashionable view. Talking with two representatives of the New York theater, both of whom opposed all plans to change the theater, I found that one thought you needn't change it because Broadway was the true friend of great drama, and that the other thought it silly to change only Broadway (which, he admitted, needed changing) because the whole world needed changing too. All the good arguments are always either for changing everything or changing nothing; yet all good actions are directed at changing something in particular. There are millions of things about the New York theater today that one does not like. Hundreds of them, surely, could be changed.

Postscript: Since the above was written, I learn that the A.R.T. has abandoned its schedule of three to four plays a week. "To insure its theatrical existence" it will offer "single plays on a four to six week basis." Thus the A.R.T. ceases to be a repertory theater in the proper sense and becomes even more fully a part of the Broadway system. What next?—E. B.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

JUST AS last month's "Easy Chair" recessed the debate with Dr. Lawrence Kubie on the sources of fiction the Oxford University Press published a small book by the Irish novelist, Elizabeth Bowen. It is called *Anthony Trollope* and is in the form of a radio play. Anyone will read it with delight, whether or not he belongs to the group of Trollope idolaters that is increasing by the square these days. I mention it here, however, because Miss Bowen deals skillfully with both sides of the issue I was discussing last month.

In her fantasy a young English soldier, an idolater, borrows one of Trollope's books from his uncle, who cannot understand why a novelist dead to his generation has begun to live again for the younger one, and gets on a train to rejoin his regiment. Presently "a big, clumsy man with a bushy square beard" comes into his carriage. Explaining that the countryside through which the train is traveling is one he added to the map of England, Mr. Anthony Trollope begins to chat about the men and women whom he added to British remembrance, his characters.

He likes those characters, Mr. Trollope says, a good deal better than himself and prefers their company to his own. But he has learned about himself from them, as a father learns to recognize bits of himself in his children. And they have made up to him for lacks and griefs and humiliations in his own life. His political ideal seems to be expressed in Plantagenet Palliser, the Duke of Omnium, who by exhausting labor rose to be Prime Minister—but also that political career fulfills the one closed to Mr. Trollope

when he lost the Beverley elections. Archdeacon Grantly was a "bad, bad man—overambitious, hard, self-important, in love with power" who was also "a decent fellow, loyal to those he loved, humane, even kindly, in some situations just." He raised questions that Mr. Trollope has not been able to answer. So he will pass no judgment on him—the Archdeacon "was the product of my moral consciousness." As for the Warden, old Mr. Harding, he was the personification of Mr. Trollope's own "muddled wish to do right at any cost."

So it goes with many companions of these characters in the novelist's collected works, people who mostly came out more definite, more sure of themselves, more active than Mr. Trollope was ever able to be. They confidently drew on him for "desires, scruples, aspirations, and day-dreams" which, before their coming, he had not known that he possessed. "The best of them," he says gently, "were what, without knowing, I should have liked to be. The worst of them—in the moral sense, that's to say—were what, without knowing, I'd somehow avoided being."

With that last remark Miss Bowen brings her novelist closer to William Blake than it is easy to imagine Trollope venturing by himself. But with a few light strokes she has sketched a theory of fiction that would have the approval of Dr. Kubie, the psychiatrists in general, and anyone who has both written fiction and reflected on the ferments that made him do so. She does not stop there, however, as I accused the psychiatrists of wanting to. Just as lightly and surely she has her novelist make the boast whose truth the

psychiatrists are reluctant to admit: that the business was in his hands, that he controlled what was going on, that he imposed his will on the stuff which the psychiatrists insist must impose its necessities on him in defiance of his will. Writing his novels was a hard job, Mr. Trollope says. Putting those characters through the experiences he had conceived for them was "like driving pigs to market—you have one of them making a bolt down the wrong lane, another won't get over the right stile." But, though Mr. Trollope does not think he had a particularly good head, he knows it was a steady one. "I stick to it—and, by Gad, I made the pack of 'em stick to it." He drove his pigs. "We all got home in the end." What has psychiatry got to say about that?

Thus, incidentally to her charming sketch, Miss Bowen has composed a theory of fiction. For good measure she has her novelist make a remark that underscores what she has done. Just before he returns to the elsewhere, Mr. Trollope alludes to the pain his autobiography caused people who had fine feelings, who "felt that writers ought to be artists, and so on." Such people didn't like the frankness with which he talked about the novelist's sweaty, unromantic labor. He thinks, however, that Thackeray, if he had not gone on ahead, would have understood. Miss Bowen understands. It is the professionals who understand.

THAT IS WHY I find alarming a suggestion that another professional, Miss Phyllis Bentley, has in all innocence made in a book on the techniques of fiction. Though there are, Miss Bentley observes, innumerable treatises on the esthetics and mechanics of other forms of literature, there are remarkably few on fiction. There are many books about what novelists have done and how it accords with various people's ideas of the good and the beautiful but practically no books about how they did it. She doesn't know when she is well off. Let her write as many books as she may please about how novelists write novels; she knows, for she is one; she can speak with authority and the pros will know what she is talking about. But

if she convinces academic minds that they have missed an opportunity she is likely to find out why, though the art of fiction flourishes, drama is nothing much these days and the poets have had to go off by themselves and lock the door behind them. We mustn't let English departments start discussing how fiction is written. How anything is written.

I have spent my life among writers and professors in about equal numbers and have found them amiable, interesting people, people with pretty good minds, with some wisdom, with something to say about life and the world. But when English professors start talking about writing they don't seem able to make sense. Books, yes; writing, no. They produce useful historical studies. Their biographical and linguistic investigations are admirable. The theoretical structures by which they correlate books with ethics, metaphysics, and the future of society or of the atom have as much architectural elegance as those of nonacademic critics. They work hard and they know a lot. But when they talk about writing as writing they don't seem to know what they are talking about. The explanation appears to be the nature of a writer's skill plus something specific in the English departments.

ANY SKILLFUL man, the professional or the expert or the veteran, is (within the function of his skill) a different kind of man from the amateur or the duffer or the novice. The difference is not of degree but of kind. He has a different nervous and muscular and psychological organization. The metabolism of his mind is different. He has different patterns of thought and emotional response, both conscious and unconscious. All professors understand the bearing of this fact on tennis or piano playing and all professors outside the English department seem to understand its bearing on writing. They know that when they write anything they are amateur writers. But that is exactly what the English professor does not realize.

He has written a good many sentences and probably a number of treatises; the sentences are not prose and the treatises are not books, but no matter. He thinks

of himself as a writer and as, potentially at least, a pro. The kept weeklies and the academic quarterlies print his stuff. Irita Van Doren or Amy Loveman sometimes sends him a book to review. (I once edited a literary review. You send an English professor a book when you've got one that has to be treated decorously and can't think of a pro who knows its field.) Clearly he could set up as a writer any time, could move to New York and crash the gate. I have seen a good many academic eyes warm with that vision in March, the dreary season of the college year. But something in the Id always restrains him.

"When you say that a scholar writes well," the head of a Midwestern English department recently remarked to me, "you do not mean in any respect what you mean when you say that a writer is a good one." Right. The professor is not a writer at all, any more than the club-woman who writes such interesting letters to her friends is a writer. The professor has skills of his own, but not the skills of a writer. He does not understand them from the inside and so cannot understand them, or usually even perceive them, from the outside. He does not know what a writer's job consists of, still less how the writer goes about doing it.

Fiction shows up his ignorance most spectacularly, of course. A professor of English has as vivid phantasies as a novelist—and, judging by my friends, more violent ones—but he is unable to give them the organization and coherence of fiction. He has the same emotions as a novelist but he does not know how to project them on imaginary characters. And he has no understanding at all of craftsmanship, the complex, interdependent skills that the novelist must use on every page. He has a terminology but it does not describe fiction as a novelist writes it, and he has to fasten it from without on something he has never known from within. Commonly, he cannot see what is happening before his eyes when he reads a novel. You speak a language which he does not know when you try to talk to him about novelists' writing. Ask him why a scene comes where it does, or what choice the novelist had to make there, or how long a scene should be, or what curve it

should have, or on what screen it should be projected, or how it can be given overtones of the novel as a whole, or what parts of it to leave untold, or how to dramatize it, or whether to leave it undramatized—pose for him any of the elementary problems that a novelist solves as he writes, and what he says will be on a wholly different circuit. He may have something sagacious to say about the novel after it is written but what he says about the writing of it is unapprized.

EQUAL expertness is required for so simple a job as a magazine article; the pros know how to write it, the amateurs don't. (This article will annoy a number of English professors and some of them will answer it. Don't look for their replies in *Harper's* or any other competently written magazine, for they won't make the grade. They will appear in the academic quarterlies.) Surely, the assumption is, surely anyone can write for a magazine—but when they send that forthright piece (only they call it an essay) to *Harper's*, it bounces back. The use of the word "journalism" as an epithet in English classes begins right here. But other things enrich it.

Campus provincialism, for instance. The professor's ignorance of how magazines are edited, printed, and published gives him altogether fantastic ideas. You cannot even bring him to understand that an editor may assign a writer to one job and then pull him off it to work on another one, or that a single issue must not contain twelve pieces about Russia. You cannot make him understand that a magazine writer has to be just as right in three weeks as a research scholar has to be in seven years. You cannot possibly make him understand that a writer is a man who is read, that he is not a writer unless he is read, that being read is part of his job.

Not consciously, that is. A roadblock interferes. For the professor intends to publish his stuff in the academic quarterlies that are the coterie magazines of this less amusing age, and perhaps to collect it for a university press or for the coterie publishing house that a former student of his subsidizes. His phantasy is of a late dinner, few but select guests. He addresses

himself to the intellectual aristocracy who alone can relish stuff so uncompromising, so highly charged, so discriminating—the Modern Language Association and eventual immortality in a footnote. A colleague who does not have to pay the publication costs of his treatise is to be suspected of commercialism and any book by anyone that sells ten thousand copies is a potboiler. “Journalism” is contemptible. And journalism narrows down to being read by someone outside the trade union.

I USED TO dissent when writers who were the targets of this condescension explained it as simple envy. But I have seen too much of it and have ended by deciding that it is just as simple as the writers say it is. “Journalism” and cognate terms in an English professor’s conversation merely mean writing that he cannot do and readers whom he cannot get. You see it in its purity when you run into a case history.

Sometimes a young man leaves the shelter of the elms and turns out to be a writer. If his publisher had had to remainder his book after selling seven hundred of the fifteen hundred copies he printed, it would have been a contribution to learning, but it sells fifty thousand. There are not fifty thousand people in America capable of reading a serious book—that is, interested in what academic amateurs write—and so this one is self-evidently written down, a potboiler, a popularization, full of holes. Then the young man begins to appear in the magazines and the observer sees a new kind of gleam come into the academic eye. Young Joe, it develops, always did throw his weight

around; he is a grievous egotist, a meretricious popular success has swelled his head. Even in his undergraduate days the faculty reserved a doubt: perhaps his qualities were not quite fine enough for scholarship. And now Joe is proving how right they were. His stuff is getting pretty feeble. He is spreading himself thin. He is writing himself out. It is a mistake to publish so much. Too bad, for he was a likable boy, and sadness comes into the professor’s voice while he rubs his hands. At a rumor that Joe intends to come back to the elms for a while—though any bystander can predict that he will not want to stay long—the axes begin to sharpen. The first job will be to cut him down to size.

Maybe there is pathos in this automatic response of older, tired, disappointed men but I can’t see it that way. It looks protective, it looks defensively vindictive, and Joe’s preceptors, I think, would be wise to pipe down. Joe is doing something they cannot do. He has written a book that people have read, that people have liked, that may influence people’s actions; it is clear to me that his preceptors never have and never will. He has been appearing in magazines which they could not possibly get into. He has a skill they have not got. He has proved himself a different kind of man. That should not threaten their serenity if they had confidence in the kind of men they are, the work they do, the skills they have. But it looks as if such belief is denied them, for they find solace in the immortal attitudes of amateurs. Someone should tell them that a pro can spot an amateur as far as his voice carries.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF BURTON K. WHEELER

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

SENATOR ALBEN W. BARKLEY, Democratic majority leader, smilingly waited for the applause to subside after his introduction to a capacity crowd in Helena, Montana. This was the Democrats' big show of the 1946 campaign in the capital of what was regarded as a key—but virtually "sure"—state, and Barkley was the star.

"Mr. Chairman," said the Kentuckian, and bowed to him. "My colleague, Senator Wheeler. . . ."

The second bow was never completed. The rustling hall was suddenly, horribly stilled. Barkley turned a little pale, coughed, recovered. ". . . and my colleague, Senator Murray!" He rushed on into his speech.

Senator Wheeler wasn't there. But some of Barkley's listeners had distinctly felt a cold draft; it was as if a ghost with fore-thrust head and shambling gait, familiar to everyone in the house, had slouched down the aisle and mounted to the stage to take the usual chair, the one reserved for the guest of honor. A few may have started nervously and peered again at all the faces on the stage, half expecting to encounter the dreaded icy glare through octagonal spectacles. This ghost, as they had had occasion to learn, never forgot and never forgave.

Barkley was speaking on behalf of Leif

Erickson, young liberal former associate justice of the state Supreme Court whose upset victory over Wheeler in the July primary had been called the Montana miracle. It was a good speech, but it didn't elect Erickson; Montana, like most of the rest of the country, went Republican. Still, the state had some claim to uniqueness—Wheeler, a Democrat, by some judicious nudging and a kick or two had helped the GOP landslide along.

BURTON KENDALL WHEELER served longer than any other Montanan ever elected to either house of Congress, and when he retired last January 3, only three senators—McKellar, Capper, and George—boasted tenure exceeding his. The Wheeler record was the more remarkable because no other senator of his generation had been the center of such violent controversy. Few American politicians since the earliest days of the republic had climbed so swiftly to positions of national eminence; and Wheeler's climb earned him the additional distinction of being the subject of two of the worst books ever written in one man's lifetime. Probably no political figure had ever been more frequently or more prematurely "counted out." Surely none had more defiantly flouted the will of his own party or fought more implacably against his party's leader—who in Wheel-

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er's era was the strongest-willed President of modern times.

Montana first elected Wheeler to the United States Senate in 1922. He had a local reputation for radicalism—largely acquired in an unsuccessful governorship campaign in 1920—but hardly anyone outside of the state had ever heard of him. Yet two years later he was a candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Progressive ticket headed by Robert M. LaFollette and shared with "Fighting Bob" a nation-wide protest vote of six million. He had already won a leading position in the beleaguered little garrison of Congressional liberals.

Before Wheeler had been in the Senate a week, he upset precedent by initiating a floor fight over chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce Committee, which in later years he was to head. Encouraged by the youngster's brash insurgency, the Progressive bloc joined him and won this fight. Then the reckless Montanan introduced a resolution to send a senatorial delegation to Soviet Russia, with the ultimate objective of recognizing that new revolutionary world power. The resolution failed, so Wheeler went alone, to be joined later by several colleagues. He returned to campaign vigorously for Russia's recognition, and at the same time to start his attack upon the Department of Justice; his ultimate triumph in this, forcing resignation of Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, still stands as the most spectacular achievement of Wheeler's career.

Despite his accomplishments, throughout his early years in Congress Wheeler was hedged about with distrust because of a reputation for unreliability in respect to party obligations. His radical record, which had won him the derisive nickname of "Bolshevik Burt," and his desertion of the Democratic party to run with LaFollette were not forgotten at home, either; but by 1928 these were outweighed by his new national renown and he won re-election easily. He repeated in 1934 and 1940. In that last year he received the greatest vote given to any political candidate in Montana, topping the record established by Franklin D. Roosevelt four years earlier. Yet in the Senator's final bid for office in 1946 he lost humiliatingly in

the primary, to a comparative youngster whom "the Wheeler crowd" thought they had eliminated in a governorship scrimmage two years before.

In 1938, when Erickson, then only thirty-two, leaped from a county attorney's office in a small prairie town to the Supreme Court, Wheeler told a Montanan: "That boy is coming up fast; he's the only one who can beat me." Those were not the only words which he may now ruefully regard as prophetic.

There was, for instance, his boast in his 1920 campaign for the Montana governorship, a defiant phrase which he—but not the people of Montana—had almost forgotten: "If you ever see my picture on the front page of the Company press you'll know I've sold out." The picture appeared on page one of Butte newspapers owned by "the Company"—Anaconda Copper—in 1946. Anaconda and Montana Power are Montana's twin industrial masters, and in alliance with the big stockmen who share their interest in low taxes and exclusion of competing industry, they dominate its political life. Anaconda Copper owns most of the state's major daily newspapers.

WHEELER could boast that when he went down the Democratic party in Montana went down with him, but it is unlikely that he has acknowledged his own role in the party's disaster. It was the inevitable consequence of years of plan and counterplan in which "the Wheeler crowd" demoralized both major parties and finally captured the government of the state and converted it into a bipartisan machine. Montana had no effective Republican or Democratic parties for several years before 1946. It had Wheeler and anti-Wheeler juntas, conspiratorial groups which worked impartially in both major parties—and even, occasionally, among the Socialists and Communists. After 1940 the Wheeler junta ran the show. Its Republican governor, a Wheeler associate for a quarter of a century, worked serenely with Wheeler Democrats in key state jobs. His program, eminently satisfactory to the livestock, mining, and utility interests, called for maintenance of the status quo and reduction of property taxes; he was required to raise his voice but rarely and

then only to denounce the proposed Missouri Valley Authority or appeal for a sales tax.

The old-timers, the traditionalists of politics, reminded Montana voters year after year that when Burt Wheeler accepted the indorsement of the radical agrarian Nonpartisan League for the governorship in 1920 he had assured the League that he'd seek the office in any guise it dictated: he'd be a Republican, a Democrat, an independent. A man like that, they argued, had no basic social philosophy; he was a political opportunist and not to be trusted. The liberals scoffed. Wheeler, they said, "put principle above party." (That's what Wheeler said, too.) In later years, however, the liberals had begun to wonder about the integrity—from their point of view—of that principle.

It is significant that when Wheeler was finally beaten both he and his conqueror in post-election public statements attributed the outcome to the veteran Senator's frankly acknowledged contempt for party loyalty. And one of the old-timers, Dan Whetstone, Republican national committeeman, wrote this in his *Cut Bank Pioneer Press*:

I am more inclined to credit his defeat to a factor which is being discussed but little . . . that was his cavalier disregard of party regularity and his very evident ambition to dominate both major parties in the state, employing as an instrumentality a group in the state capitol. . . .

Senator Wheeler fell between two stools which were yanked out from under him just when he thought he had them securely anchored and while he was busily attempting to convert them into a bench. He was convinced that he was bigger than any one party—big enough for two.

II

A MONTANA political commentator once remarked that politics in his state had always been more personal than partisan, that outstanding leaders had been few and their terms brief. Wheeler lasted twenty-four years to refute the latter part of that judgment; otherwise he fitted perfectly into the Montana pattern, for he was above all a personal, rather than partisan, politician. But as the name of the

angry Montanan disappears from the *Congressional Record* and perhaps from the front pages, some questions are left unanswered. They constitute the Wheeler puzzle.

Just how liberal was Wheeler—was he motivated by genuine liberal conviction? If he was not, he at least certainly *appeared* to be a liberal. Why, then, and how, did he change?

Without attempting immediately to assay the Wheeler "color" and determine whether that glittering stuff was gold or just iron pyrites, it is possible to affirm that a change did occur. That began to be apparent by 1934 to everyone, including his most enthusiastic supporters, for even his manner altered. The professional kindness faded; he became brusque and impatient. He began to show symptoms of what Marquis Childs has called "Potomac fever," causing illusions of power and statesmanship; the victim "tends to identify the sound of his own voice with the infallible voice of the people." His trips back to Montana were less frequent, often limited to brief vacations in his cabin on Lake McDonald in Glacier National Park. He talked more and listened less. Democratic colleagues complained that he rarely bothered to make the traditional appeal for votes for others with him on the ticket. On the platform he spoke only of his own achievements and struggles. These topics were worked over in greater detail in his hotel room, where he would pull his chair up and sit knee-to-knee with his visitor, emphasizing points with a tap on the leg or a gesture with the ever present cigar. Then the husky campaign voice would soften to a confidential whisper, while in the waiting room of his suite his aides assigned appointments with "the Senator" to the agents who served him in most of the state's communities, men and women whose job it was to report gossip and check up on officeholders.

In 1934 Wheeler had not yet openly broken with President Roosevelt but signs of strain were appearing. In public he praised; privately he voiced bitter complaint. He had gone into sixteen states before the 1932 Chicago convention to drum up support for F.D.R. and had been a leader of the convention group backing

him, but the President was ungrateful. J. Bruce Kremer, who despised Wheeler and was despised by him, had Mr. Roosevelt's ear. Kremer was a conscious aristocrat, Kentucky-born, long a "regular," a party leader. He, too, was a Butte lawyer, but philosophically and temperamentally he and Wheeler were poles apart. Kremer was chairman of the rules committee of the 1932 convention and quit Butte for Washington when Roosevelt took office.

On the eve of inauguration, Thomas J. Walsh, just named attorney general, died en route to Washington. Walsh had been Montana's senior senator and an ardent champion of Wheeler; the latter almost certainly—and with some excuse—expected to succeed to the cabinet post. Instead the President hurriedly selected Homer Cummings of Connecticut. He was a conservative and was mediocre cabinet material, but a loyal Democrat; also he was a close friend of Kremer, who was rumored to have declined the President's offer of the job. It was the first of many disappointments for Burt Wheeler, who needed the friendship and guidance of Walsh. The older man had helped win acceptance for his ambitious but wayward young protégé among the suspicious men of the Senate, but he was not here to persuade the President. And perhaps Mr. Roosevelt had heard of that Nonpartisan League incident.

IN 1934 James E. Murray took office as junior senator from Montana, elected to serve out the unexpired Walsh term. This was another blow to Wheeler, who preferred John E. Erickson, a former governor. Erickson was older, willing to work with Wheeler; "B. K." could have assumed the toga of the revered Walsh without challenge. Murray, on the other hand, was a convinced New Dealer, not yet aggressive but as stubborn as they come, and he was wealthy—he could afford to defy "the Company" and the Wheeler machine. Besides, he was from Butte, Wheeler's home town; this held political hazard for Wheeler because many Montanans resented such unequal representation.

Yet in the face of Wheeler's mounting hostility and that of the Montana industrial interests, Murray won re-election in

1936 and 1942. He and Wheeler were rarely to be found on the same side of any issue. Murray invariably sided with the administration; Wheeler more and more frequently was aligned with Republicans and Southern Democrats. Their feud was soon public and ferocious. Wheeler enticed Montana political hopefuls to run against his colleague and was furious when the likeliest prospect, Leif Erickson, refused. When Erickson ran against Wheeler in 1946, his campaign chest contained two \$1,000 checks bearing Murray's signature.

With the advent of the New Deal, Montana Democrats rejoiced in the party's return to power after many lean years and looked forward happily to hundreds of jobs in the new federal agencies. Their man Wheeler, with two terms behind him, knew his way around in the patronage scramble and could be counted upon for great things.

They were considerably astonished, therefore, when they observed that a lot of the plums were dropping into Republican laps. They remonstrated; Wheeler retorted that he couldn't help it. But some of the lucky Republicans acknowledged that he had put in a word for them. A cloud of suspicion, as yet no bigger than the Senator's expressive hand, formed in the Montana sky. Conservative Democrats worried about this unorthodox distribution of patronage. The liberals complained that some stories praising Wheeler had begun to appear in Anaconda Company newspapers. The Senator told these old friends in the progressive camp that "the Company," unable to beat him, had finally decided to "jine" him, but they were still uneasy; "the Company" had never found it necessary to do that before.

The Republicans sat back and laughed—until their next state convention, when Wheeler jobholders suddenly descended to battle for control of the party. Strategically placed throughout the state and even able to offer a few jobs to fellow fugitives from a rampant New Deal, ultimately they won. In 1940 the Republicans nominated a senatorial candidate whom Wheeler could lick without half trying, and then elected as governor an old personal friend of the Senator's. Supported by Wheeler, the Anaconda's press, and a

state-wide array of billboards, this governor, Sam C. Ford, was re-elected in 1944 in one of the costliest campaigns in years. Ford was once a deputy United States district attorney under Wheeler, was one of the Senator's counsel in a famous trial, and shared with him the Non-partisan League's endorsement for public office in 1920. The Governor, say his Montana liberal critics, is like Wheeler a "tired radical"—and he tired, they add bitterly, with phenomenal rapidity.

THE WHEELER EMPIRE, thus established in 1940, survived for six years. Republican Ford obligingly retained in important state posts two Wheeler Democrats—J. Burke Clements, who had been vice-chairman of the state Democratic central committee, and Barclay Craighead. The fact that they had headed the Wheeler-for-President Club in 1940 apparently did not prejudice Ford against them, but it was remarked by Montanans—as was also the presence, on the executive committee of that club, of the names of several Anaconda Company attorneys or lobbyists.

J. Burke Clements is chairman of the Montana Industrial Accident Board, which rules upon compensation for injured workers. Next to the tax bureau, this is the agency in which Anaconda is most urgently interested. His political longevity is remarkable: appointed by Governor John E. Erickson, Democrat, he has served happily through four subsequent administrations, equally divided between the two major parties.

Craighead, who is chairman of the State Unemployment Compensation Commission, shares with Ed Craney of Butte the direction of a group of Northwestern radio stations. Since both of these men have been closely identified with Wheeler campaigns, influence over the stations is popularly attributed to the Senator. Four of them are in Montana, two in Washington, and one in Oregon, and applications were filed for more.

Wheeler, writing in the *Progressive* in 1944, charged that the American radio industry had "restricted free expression of opinion," had "proven partial," and had "yielded to political pressure." In the 1946 general election campaign in Montana

the network managed by his lieutenants broadcast special "news" programs by ultra-conservative commentators including one, Fulton Lewis, whom it did not regularly carry. Some of these speakers attributed Wheeler's primary defeat by Erickson to "a Communist smear" and told Montanans that the victor, who was now standard-bearer for Wheeler's party, was "endorsed by Moscow."

A Rocky Mountain Rip Van Winkle, awakening after a quarter-century nap, might have been puzzled by this new political device, the radio—but so far as the content of the broadcasts was concerned he would have heard it all before. Undoubtedly he would have concluded that "Bolshevik Burt," his name somehow become Erickson, still was running for governor of Montana.

III

AFTER ALL THE dramatic incidents of Wheeler's career have been reviewed, all the intemperate praise and furious censure reheard, he who asks the answer to the Wheeler puzzle must look beyond the events themselves to intangibles of character and personality. Some of the Wheeler traits had their origin in his Washington experience, but more emerged from the dog-eat-dog political struggle in his state, which was not far removed from feudalism when he entered politics in 1910 and is still within shouting distance of it now.

Wheeler is a skeptic, and skepticism is usually a trait of the reasonable man—yet he was never wholly reasonable. Many incidents of his career—especially his habit of personally typing raging letters to critical constituents—testify that his motivation was always basically emotional, despite the political shrewdness with which he was credited. His sincerity may have been suspect—but as one score for sincerity, chalk up those letters. Very few politicians have dared to "tell off" the voters back home as he did.

Chalk up a score for courage, too. Denied a hall in Miles City, Montana, he led his crowd into the country and spoke from a hayrack. Denied one in Chinook, he faced down a hostile audience in the courthouse after a local supporter got a judge's

order permitting use of the building. Denied one in Dillon and threatened with tar and feathers, he escaped on a freight train. But all that was a quarter of a century ago, when he was "Bolshevik Burt."

FEW MEN in public life have engendered so much hatred or replied so heartily in kind. In his twenty-four years in the Senate his "press" rang all the changes from derision to adulation and back to denunciation; the papers never knew where they stood on B. K. Wheeler. Every major magazine including *Harper's* ("Wheeler of Montana," by Richard L. Neuberger, May 1940) had stories on him; most of these appeared before World War II and were friendly in tone. And, there were those two books.

Only hatred, it would seem, could have fostered these two incredible volumes, separated by twenty-one years. One indicted Wheeler as a "tool of America's Red enemies," the other as "America's Number One Fascist." Both were published with avowed intent to "get" him. Neither succeeded, for obvious reasons; both books—especially the last—were so bad that no sane reader would put any credence in them.

The first, published in 1925, was *The Red Web* by Blair Coán, which portrayed Attorney General Daugherty as the innocent victim of a Moscow conspiracy managed by Wheeler; it was obviously biased but at least intelligible. The other, which appeared in 1946, was *The Plot Against America: Senator Wheeler and the Forces Behind Him* by David George Kin; it was a farrago of conjecture, half-truths, sly pornographic hints, and naïve idealization of Communism—certainly the worst book of its year. The Senator tried to fix the blame for his primary defeat upon this book, but actually only a handful of copies came into the state and they could not have affected the vote. A senate investigation which he angrily initiated proved beyond doubt that his opponents in the 1946 election had had nothing at all to do with the book.

Kin's mélange was duck soup for Wheeler, whose cries of persecution sounded more and more querulous as the years wore on. He had been a militant liberal, he said, when such militancy was danger-

ous. The dwindling and hard-pressed band of militant liberals back home was willing to grant him this, but its members looked sourly upon news reports that he had hastened to New York to act as counsel for a labor union. They wondered audibly, through their few weekly newspaper spokesmen, when he was going to lend his great prestige as a prosecutor to the struggle against industrial oligarchy in his own state.

WHEELER was a critic, an inspired prosecutor, effective only in aggression. It was this which won him the "militant liberal" tag; dangerous or not, that was the only way to become a national figure in an era of reaction.

The charge that he was lazy was only half true. Wheeler was not noticeably studious. Associates of his prepolitical days remembered his reluctance to make exhaustive preparation of his legal cases, and newspapermen—though granting him great skill as a cross-examiner—reported that his senatorial investigations were much less carefully planned than Walsh's. He was more effective in committee than on the Senate floor, because he was better at interruption and pertinent questioning than in sustained speaking effort of his own. But when it came to the "business" functions of the senatorship, he was the most efficient parliamentary agent Montana ever had. His long tenure, his prestige, and the scare he had thrown into the bureaus by his early triumph over the mighty Department of Justice—plus a skilled office staff—all these gave him and his constituents prompt hearing and usually immediate action. He won Montana its one-hundred-million-dollar Fort Peck Dam, and though he is still criticized because irrigation and power were not adequately provided for, it was the biggest public works job in the state's history.

But Burt Wheeler hankered after more than the gratitude of Montana's handful of citizens for whom he had rendered such efficient service. He was ambitious—and so was his wife. Lulu White Wheeler was a music teacher, daughter of a prosperous Illinois farmer; Wheeler sold *Dr. Chase's Recipe Book* to her when he was working his way through the University of Michigan's

Law School, and hurried back to marry her in 1907 after he had established himself in Butte. She exerted a profound influence. Even more outspoken than her husband, at the height of his feud with the President she resigned from the Women's Democratic Club in Washington and dedicated herself to a one-woman crusade against Mr. Roosevelt, his family, and all their works.

Mrs. Wheeler became a member of the national executive committee of America First and treasurer of the Washington chapter. She applauded when her husband cried, on the American Forum of the Air, on January 12, 1941: "The lend-lease-give program is the New Deal's triple-A foreign policy; it will plow under every fourth American boy." But the President said: "That is really the rottenest thing that has been said in public life in my generation."

When they attended Montana political rallies, Mrs. Wheeler knitted with calm absorption while her husband's fellow candidates spoke; but when the Senator arose to address the crowd she put her knitting away and listened, rapt, to the familiar hour-and-a-half peroration which had changed little in twenty years. It was a good act, but Montana Democratic hopefuls didn't enjoy it, and after one of them finally had been goaded into commenting upon it from the platform, Lulu Wheeler left her knitting at home.

THE SENATOR's campaign tactics and platform method changed hardly at all in all the years, though he became increasingly difficult for Democrats to see. His reception committees were "bipartisan," the crowds surrounding him were often made up predominantly of Republicans, and his hosts were bankers. But he still liked to give long speeches, liked to doff his coat occasionally. He was a solid man on the platform, nearly six feet tall with broad shoulders and a big head; he wore comfortably rumpled suits with ill-fitting coat collars. He would bring his knees together, weave almost to the floor, and thrust his hands out beseechingly—or gesture with fingers spread just above the footlights, as if he were playing on a concealed piano keyboard. He was never a

good speaker, but he was entertaining—a good campaigner. His effective use of pauses, seeming to grope for phrases and then repeating them, lent his words an air of sincerity.

In his last campaign, the quarter-century-old mannerisms seemed a little out of date, and perhaps his audiences paid a little more attention to the content of his speech, or lack of it, than they had in other years. Then, too, it was noticed that for the first time he seemed scared. He was irascible, then conciliatory; but apology did not become him. His listeners recalled his most famous performance—when as LaFollette's running mate he had addressed sardonic queries to "Silent Cal" in an empty chair beside him on the stage. The *New York Times* had solemnly deplored his "bad taste," but Wheeler's audiences had loved it. In contrast, this 1946 show was a sorry thing indeed. The old master, the mighty prosecutor, had lost his punch.

IV

ACTUALLY THE PUNCH had been lost years before. Wheeler's real frustration may be found in the fact that just when he had established himself as America's loudest, most-to-be-feared guardian of the "common man's" welfare, he suddenly found himself only one member of a roaring chorus. His own party took over—under command of a leader whose vision was broader than Wheeler's, whose political acumen was greater, and whose self-esteem was certainly no less conspicuous. He would not admit Wheeler to his councils, and the Montanan had nowhere else to go.

There should be no disparagement of Wheeler's real achievements in the Senate—the removal of Daugherty, reduction of the farm debt, drought relief, cuts in telephone rates, the important series of investigations of railroad financing (though his railroad reorganization bill was vetoed by President Truman as inadequate to remedy the evils his inquiry had disclosed). Above all there was his magnificent generalship on the Senate floor in forcing through the public utilities holding company act, in the face of the President's rebuffs; this was probably the hardest

fight of the Roosevelt domestic program.

Despite all this, however, it must be admitted that the Montanan did not give much evidence of original or creative statesmanship. After twenty-four years in Washington he left no monument such as Norris did in TVA. Indeed, when his Montana colleague, Murray, urged creation of TVA's counterpart in the Missouri Valley, Wheeler denounced the proposal in terms which seemed to have been lifted straight out of the propaganda pronouncements of the power companies.

Throughout the twenties Wheeler's votes were liberal and thus consistent with his avowed sympathies: against Mellon's tax reduction, against reduction of the income levy, against private operation of Muscle Shoals. But in the thirties and forties his position was harder to determine.

He voted against the Smith-Connally antistrike bill, opposed by the liberals; but he also voted against closing debate on the bill to outlaw the poll tax and thus lined up with the Southern Democrats. In 1946 his alleged maneuvering of the President's emergency antistrike legislation, the so-called "slave labor bill," to a quick report by his committee without hearings invoked the wrath of railroad workers and helped to defeat him—as did President Truman's ill-advised endorsement of his candidacy immediately after this incident.

His battle in 1937 against the Roosevelt plan for Supreme Court reorganization brought Wheeler angry letters, reminding him that when he campaigned for the Vice-Presidency in 1924 court reform had been a plank of his platform. But he won that fight and Montanans were grudgingly proud of him when Garner said, "Burt, you can write your own ticket." And his liberal supporters were split on the issue.

THEN war approached. There was nothing inconsistent or unexpected about Wheeler's opposition to involvement in that conflict or any other, no reason to doubt the sincerity of his conviction that all war is futile. Montanans knew his Quaker family tradition, recalled his pacifism of 1917. But they greeted first with disbelief and then with dismay the

disclosures of the devious bypaths into which resentment of Roosevelt's slights had led their senior Senator—disclosures of muddy straws grasped by a desperate politician, even of near-traitors whom his words had served.

He made perfunctory denial that he had been paid for his America First speeches—in answer to persistent reports that he received five to eight hundred dollars for each of them. Accused by ex-Secretary of War Stimson of "near treason," he acknowledged that he had turned over to America First a million cards bearing his frank. But he denied that the appeals which were thus sent postage free to voters, urging them to write the President and their congressmen opposing our entry into the war, were likely to create dissension in the newly formed conscript Army. The *New York Times* viewed it as an "indiscretion" which could "give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States"; but this was June 1941, and as yet—officially, at least—there were no enemies.

Wheeler went to dangerous lengths in his war against the Roosevelt foreign policy. But when Wheeler insisted that American democracy could not survive embroilment in another World War, which may have been one of the few wrong guesses of a long career (he would say the war is not over yet), he probably believed what he said. He had reasons—reasons, again, born of Montana experience.

V

THE YOUNG Massachusetts lawyer had been practicing in Butte for five years when, in 1910, he won a seat in the Montana Legislature. Senators were still elected by that assembly; he voted for Thomas J. Walsh in the face of "Company" orders not to do so. Walsh lost, but three years later the people elected him and the grateful Senator made Wheeler the United States District Attorney for Montana.

Wheeler was not alone in opposing American participation in World War I. Butte had a Socialist anti-war government and there were demonstrations and at least one draft riot. The big mining camp had other troubles, too—bitter strife be-

tween the Anaconda and its workers, and battles within the union. The I.W.W. moved in and Frank Little, a Wobbly organizer, was lynched. Out on the dry prairies the farmers were restless. On February 2, 1918, they held a Co-operative Congress in Great Falls and later turned the meeting over to the Nonpartisan League—in its day a more frightful specter for conservatives than the PAC is now. Wheeler attended this meeting and sat on the platform. Three weeks later a resolution demanding his removal from office was offered in an extraordinary joint session of the Montana Legislative Assembly. It failed to pass—by one vote.

IN MAY AND JUNE the State Council of Defense, a body organized to handle such home-front problems as fuel and crops, met—ostensibly to investigate two other fellows, suspected of sedition, actually to “try” Wheeler for his failure to arrest Frank Little, or better still to hang him before the Butte lynchers did it. (One “order” tells all that needs to be known about this Council. It decreed that suspects brought before it for hearing might employ counsel, but they could offer testimony in their own behalf only if it were agreed to by a majority vote of the Council!)

N. T. Lease, a contractor, rebuked Wheeler:

You are aware of the fact that the verdict of the State of Montana [is that] if the federal officials of Butte had been doing their duty it would not have been necessary for the citizens of Butte to hang Mr. Little?

But there had been no evidence of sedition against Little. The Council finally had to accept this fact, reluctantly; but that did not divert it from its essential purpose: it adopted a resolution demanding that Wheeler be denied reappointment. It “did not desire to impugn his integrity or professional ability, but officials must be vigorous and enthusiastic in the suppression of internal disorders.” Its own decrees, a 1918 blueprint for fascism in Montana, were offered as suggestions: idleness of more than two days in any week made one subject to registration and prosecution for vagrancy; processions and demonstrations (strikes and picketing)

were “outlawed.” These and other “orders,” few of which had any basis in law, were signed by the Council’s chairman, the then governor of Montana.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY WHEELER quit, not by choice but because the attack upon him threatened the political future of Senator Walsh. In 1920 he ran for governor and lost by 37,000 votes, a crushing total in Montana; that campaign still ranks as the dirtiest in the state’s history.

But by 1922, when he sought the senatorship, sentiment had changed. The Miners’ Union had been smashed by martial law, Butte’s mines had closed for a year and reopened with wage cuts. The farmers were desperate after several years of drought, and banks were closing. Wheeler rolled into office on a prairie gale of discontent, to join his great patron, Walsh. The latter was readying his explosive Teapot Dome inquiry and he “cut Wheeler in” on the Harding scandals. The younger man shared a nation’s cheers for routing “the Ohio gang” and cleaning up the office of the Attorney General.

But the Justice Department fought back. Two newspapermen found in a file in Great Falls, Montana, a legal document which bore Wheeler’s name as counsel. They built a story on it and sent it to the *National Republican*, a party organ. Blair Coán, an investigator employed by the magazine, hurried to Great Falls, trailed by Daugherty’s agents. Wheeler was indicted for using his senatorial position to negotiate federal land permits for Gordon Campbell, a Montana oil geologist and promoter. The Senate exonerated him in an unusual procedure (it preceded his trial) and later he was acquitted in federal court. The jury reached its verdict on the first ballot, in less than twenty minutes.

Wheeler returned in triumph to Washington. He had served only half of his first term, but in that brief time he had established himself as a major figure. He was a hero, a martyr (almost), and indispensable to the liberal cause. To protect him against further harassment by the forces of evil, notable progressives banded together in a Wheeler Defense Committee. Norman Hapgood was chairman; members in-

cluded Basil Manly, Donald Richberg, Sidney Hillman, Norman Thomas, and Roger Baldwin.

VI

AS THE YEARS wore on, the Wheeler formula seemed to be one of liberalism in Washington—up to a point—and silence at home. By 1940 *Time* could see in him “a Washington landmark, not just another cow country Senator. . . . First grade, first rank Democratic material.” He wanted the Presidency, but Roosevelt’s decision to seek a third term blasted his hopes. He said he had refused the President’s offer of second place on the ticket; had he accepted, he might today be the nation’s Chief Executive.

Then came the war, in which he alienated millions of Americans and lost the friendship of thousands of his Montana constituents. Before it was over he was suddenly confronted, for the first time, by a scorching, widely publicized issue which was both local and national, upon which there could be no equivocation. It was the Missouri Valley Authority, proposed by his detested Montana colleague, Murray.

Wheeler had voted for TVA and publicly acclaimed it; now he denounced MVA in furious letters which were widely republished. The governor and the rest of the Senator’s Montana machine fought it tooth and nail, alongside Montana Power and Anaconda. Said Wheeler, the erstwhile “fighting liberal,” once the champion of labor and the farmer, once “Bolshevik Burt”: “The C.I.O., the ultra radical group in the Farmers’ Union, and the Communists are behind MVA.”

His opposition to MVA did not defeat him, but it helped. It cost him the support of the powerful Farmers’ Union, whose friendship he had once enjoyed. It cost him the last of his liberal supporters who had remained loyal through the years, though beset by grave doubt. After this there could be no doubt. Montana had not had so clear-cut an issue since Wheeler went to Washington.

A FEW OF HIS constituents with long memories found the MVA argument startlingly reminiscent. They recalled the hearings held in Montana in 1930 when

the Montana Power Company and Walter H. Wheeler, a Minneapolis consulting engineer, battled for the right to develop the Flathead River power site on an Indian reservation. The site was the third largest power source in the United States. Montana Power wanted to feed the energy created there into its existing system, to serve the Anaconda Company and its other customers. The competing bidder offered higher rental to the Indians, guaranteed to produce three times as much energy, and promised vast new Montana industrial enterprises to exploit, with cheap power, the five billion tons of phosphate deposits located within four hundred miles and the state’s rich chrome and pulpwood resources.

Chester H. Gray, a founder of the American Farm Bureau Federation, testified that Walter Wheeler’s proposals pointed the way to ultimate development of Muscle Shoals, which was the nucleus three years later of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Into the record went a resolution of the Flathead Tribal Council charging that Montana Power had been “a corrupting, blackmailing, and unscrupulous influence” on the reservation. John Collier, subsequently to become Commissioner of Indian Affairs, charged that the Indian Bureau and the Federal Power Commission had prejudged the case in Montana Power’s favor, “perpetuating the dog-in-the-manger monopoly advantages of the Anaconda Copper Company and the serfdom of the Montana consuming public to the Montana Power Company.”

Senator Wheeler attended some of the hearings and for once the great prosecutor was in good form on his home grounds. But it was not the Montana Power Company, his old enemy, which felt the lash of his scorn—it was Walter H. Wheeler, to whom, he was careful to explain, he was not related. The Minneapolis man, he said, was “just a promoter.” Applicant Wheeler momentarily lost his temper. “Do you,” he asked the Senator, “want competition in Montana, or don’t you?”

The Senator said he did; but he protested that Applicant Wheeler was attempting to “tie up” the site for three years, whereas Montana Power would

build immediately. He was reminded that Montana Power had had a preliminary permit for seven years and had done nothing until the competing bidder appeared. Finally the committee chairman, Senator Lynn Frazier of North Dakota, addressed the Montanan:

"It seems to me, according to your statement, Senator Wheeler, the only chance open for anybody to come in and develop would be for some big power company that is in the business."

That's the way it worked out, too: Montana Power won. And six years after it received the license to build—three years longer than Walter Wheeler had asked to lay the groundwork for vast industrial development—it actually started construction of a unit providing only a fraction of the power he had promised to produce.

The Flathead incident was little publicized in Montana. No daily newspaper carried more than fragmentary accounts of the hearings. Fifteen years later Senator Wheeler thought it safe to write a constituent: "My record on the power issue ever since I have been in Montana stands out far ahead of some of these new converts who have come along when they think it is popular."

THE SAME self-assured note—willingness to "stand on the record"—appeared in the Senator's final message to the people of his state. First he thanked them for support through nearly forty years of political life. (But he was less magnanimous in a letter to a Butte union leader who asked him to help certain legislation. "You have

your nerve," he wrote, "to ask me to vote for anything. I am for America first but you are not. You and your fellow travelers may have felt that you did a fine job defeating me.") He concluded his public statement with this: "I am proud of the record I have made and I am confident that time will vindicate that record and my predictions about the future."

The record we have now reviewed. As for the predictions, time already has vindicated at least one. In a radio speech in 1937, he said: "True liberalism always opposes one-man power." Few ever tried any harder than he to achieve and retain such power. In his career there may be a lesson for the politically artless of all persuasions, who are occasionally a little too quick to acclaim indifference to party responsibility as an unqualified virtue. Burton K. Wheeler demonstrated how low is the hurdle separating indifference from contempt, and how short the step—hardly more than a stubbing of the toe—from that point to overmastering personal ambition. "True liberalism" as he defined it in that quoted phrase was really only basic democracy—and it finally caught up with him.

In 1940 the Senator made another prediction. "I am convinced," he said then, "that sooner or later dictatorships will fall of their own weight."

That one can hardly be said to have had adequate testing. Burton K. Wheeler's constituents, like the rest of the people of the United States, did not choose to leave solution of an intolerable situation to the precarious processes of time.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH AMERICA

NORMAN THOMAS

Most of my yesterdays have been spent telling what's wrong with America—always, I hope, with suggestions for constructive change. Most of my tomorrows will be similarly employed. Today I am writing about some of the things that are right with America.

I do not retract my criticisms of American foreign policy or lack of policy since Pearl Harbor when I say that I know no remote historical parallel to the fact that a nation has emerged victorious in two world wars, unequaled in economic and military might, with so little desire for aggressive, imperial power as America has yet shown.

Consider the record. We not only raised and equipped enormous forces as they never were equipped before, while at the same time we fed our civilians on an average better than in peacetime; we also gave to our Allies in lend-lease, according to the latest figures, fifty and a half billion dollars and received back less than seven and a half billion in reverse lend-lease. Now—and here is the point—our government has not demanded in return either from its former enemies or its debtor associates any territory or special trade and economic concessions. (Even the Pacific island bases now in controversy are only partially an exception to this statement since they were held by Japan only on mandate or by occupation, and the United States has proposed some recognition of

the trusteeship of the United Nations. The problem would disappear under the universal national disarmament with international supervision which I have advocated.)

So far from demanding material rewards for victory we made a further three-billion-dollar loan to Great Britain and extended generous credits to France. Not too graciously or adequately we have carried the main burden of allaying famine. The record is not all that the highest wisdom or the most enlightened humanity would have dictated, but when in history has it been remotely paralleled by any tribe, state, or nation in ancient, medieval, or modern times?

It was not thus that mighty powers from ancient Rome to modern Britain and France gathered and held their empires. It is not thus that the Soviet dictatorship has utilized victory. On the contrary Stalin has annexed some 270,000 square miles of territory, mostly at the expense of nations with which he had treaties of nonaggression; established his rule through puppet states from the Baltic to the boundaries of Greece and the Adriatic Sea; quartered his armies on starving peoples; stripped them of machinery; extorted more than the Czar's imperial "rights" in Manchuria and taken from this territory more than two billion dollars' worth of machinery necessary to any recovery of Chinese economy.

Nor is this all. We carried through our promise of independence to the Philippines

Norman Thomas, five times Socialist candidate for the Presidency, is more accustomed—as he himself says—to lambasting than to defending American policy and the conditions of American life.

and seem likely to correct the just grievances of Filipinos at the conduct of American troops still quartered in unnecessary numbers in the islands. In Japan MacArthur enjoys a respect and popularity heretofore unheard of in the temporary rule of a conqueror over a defeated foe.

AFTER the first World War America showed a similar disinclination to aggressive imperialism, but also in disappointment over the results of the war it refused to accept the responsibility of membership in the League of Nations. After World War II there was no such attempt at isolation. America fostered and joined the United Nations and all its subsidiaries. Our Senate ratified the Bretton Woods agreement. Most remarkable of all, our government voluntarily proposed to turn over to a properly constituted international authority its temporary monopoly of atomic energy, the greatest physical force in the world. Say, if you will, and as I do, that we ought also to have suspended the making of bombs, and that our action is only what wisdom dictates. So rare is such wisdom in politics that it should count as unprecedented virtue. There was never, of course, a situation remotely like our monopoly of atomic energy, but I could safely offer a reward far beyond my ability to pay for a citation of any action by any other nation since the dim dawn of history which might have suggested such a sharing of power.

It is true that despite these things we and the world drift toward war rather than peace. Our good has not been good enough. But it is a fantastic distortion of truth when a Labor M.P. in England charges that "ignorant and well-off Americans are talking quite gaily of another war." Most Americans dread a war, which cannot be avoided simply by frantic appeasement of either Russian or any other imperialism. A few Americans—scarcely gaily—think and even talk about preventive war. But nothing is more certain than that the American people will tolerate no such war. Indeed, a recent poll taken by the National Opinion Research Center of Denver University shows that, taking the country as a whole, slightly less than fifty per cent would be willing to attack first

with atomic bombs even if they should "ever suspect that a certain country is planning to make a surprise attack on our country within a few days." How would our English critics vote on a similar question?

I had got so far in writing this article when the coal strike and its consequences temporarily dampened my ardor for discussing American virtue and intelligence. Yet even this crisis helped to prove the force of public opinion, and the miners went back to work without any such interlude of violence or drastic repression as have characterized similar crises in much of Europe and have stained some pages of our own history.

By and large, civil liberties in America have survived a second World War better than almost any prophet feared. The reason, I suspect, is less our virtue than the fact that in the recent war, unlike any of its predecessors, there was no organized political opposition. After Pearl Harbor such opposition seemed impossible. Hence there was little provocation to drastic repression. There were individual conscientious objectors, and they were not as well treated as the public supposes. The alternative service in the camps was really unpaid slave labor. The objectors had to support themselves or get help from friends and pacifist groups. There has as yet been no amnesty for imprisoned objectors.

Nevertheless, the record stands that we and we alone of the major powers got through the second World War without conscription of labor or any major infringement on the rights of free speech, free press, and assemblage. Our worst blunder—I should rather call it a crime—was our evacuation of the Japanese and Japanese-Americans on the West Coast on terms wholly inconsistent with the finest traditions of Anglo-American justice. Nothing in the first World War equaled this departure from well-established principles of civil liberty in the number of people that it affected or in its danger as a precedent. Unfortunately, the Supreme Court went far to validate it.

But here again it must be recorded that most of the evacuees have been allowed to return to their homes; that at the last session of Congress the Senate voted partial

monetary compensation for their losses; and that in the November election California voters in a referendum rejected proposals for stiffening the land laws to the hurt of the Japanese-American community.

In race discrimination the American record is bad—perhaps the worst made by any nation, always excepting South Africa. Yet as I look back over thirty years of fairly intimate contact with the American scene I take courage because of the genuine progress that has been made in plain human decency and regard for human rights, even in the South. In the light of our history the outstanding fact is not Bilbo and all that he typifies but the growing opposition to him and our sense of shame when we contemplate his version of a master race. We have not lived up to the Four Freedoms nor even to the Bill of Rights of our own Constitution, but our failures would be virtues over large areas of the globe. It is perhaps less a commentary on our own virtue than on the degradation of the world that by comparison Americans walk in such great freedom from the restrictions of a police state upon their conscience and their liberties. We need fear no spies wherever two or three are gathered together. And no police state can compel us to work under conditions at which Simon Legree might have shuddered.

AMERICAN history has its shameful passages of ruthlessness. Let the Indians, the slaves imported from Africa and bred in America, the Mexicans, victims of a brief imperialist war, bear witness. Yet, in spite of this, the United States has proved on an immense scale the capacity of men of quarreling nationalities to live and work together. We have gone through two world wars during which men and women, the children of warring nations, lived together in American cities without untoward incident while their sons fought side by side in American armies.

From its early beginnings down to the passage of restrictive immigration laws in the second decade of this century, this country was a land of asylum. After 1789, a young nation predominantly, although not exclusively, Protestant and British in its antecedents, imposed no restrictions on religion and opened its doors to all

comers from Europe and even for a time from Asia. Its hospitality was less than perfect, but exclusiveness and anti-foreign riots were very definitely the occasional exception and not the rule in our history. The descendants of Puritans acquired a tolerance which was not proof of decadence. In very many parts of America even today it is true that the only groups which can be attacked with complete impunity are Americans with this Puritan or Protestant background. And in saying this I do not forget the Ku Klux Klan, which, by the way, does not trace its lineage to the Pilgrims or Puritan fathers, much less to the men who wrote our Declaration of Independence and our federal Constitution.

There is, moreover, even today, less caste feeling, less snobbery in human relations in America than in any other great nation, not excluding some of those with more radical economic creeds. I came away from Moscow with a feeling that there was far more good fellowship between all kinds and conditions of men, far more social democracy, in New York. And New York is not my ideal.

Nor is ours a democracy with no higher standards than run-of-the-mill Hollywood films. All over our country there is a saving quality of family life, of good-humored and good-neighborly responsibility, that someday a modern novelist may discover. For myself, I have even a good word for church suppers and grange fairs.

For all this relative freedom and fellowship in America there are various explanations in terms of the hospitality of a new, uncrowded land, its climate, its geographic position, its fertility, and its economic conditions. We are of the same blood as less fortunate Europeans. Modesty becomes us, and thankfulness for the extraordinary opportunity that has been ours. But it is not self-righteous for us to be genuinely proud of the great American tradition of liberty, which in the stormy crisis of our time still has strength and validity.

Tomorrow I shall go back to pointing out some of the things wrong in America and to suggesting how they may be made right. I shall do it with more confidence because we have a heritage and a history which justify faith in man's capacity for freedom and fair play.

THE PEACETIME ARMY: WARRIORS NEED NOT APPLY

ERIC LARRABEE

Pictorial Comment by Anne Cleveland

THE emergence in wartime of fire-eating professional soldiers like Halsey and Patton has encouraged us in one of our fondest myths. We like to think of the peacetime soldier as a warmonger, as a sort of unemployed menace. Actually, of course, no profession could be as unwarlike as the regular Army. No one has better summed up its attitude than the British colonel, in 1918, who is supposed to have said, "Well, I'm glad that's over. Now we can get back to soldiering."

Soldiering is what soldiers do when they aren't fighting; getting back to it is what the American Army is doing today. It would be a difficult transition to spot and no one can say when it began or when it will be completed. You might say that it began on V-E Day and that it will be finished the day every soldier wears civilian clothes off duty. That was one of the marks of the "old Army," the Army that nurtured the ideal of pride in the uniform and never wore a uniform when it could possibly help it. The explanation usually given by an old soldier is that in peacetime the public snarls at a uniform, that in his job you are a hero for five years and a public nuisance for the next twenty-five. Perhaps it is no wonder that he wants most to be left alone.

For the United States Army is a very different thing from the Army of the

United States. It is the difference between the real prewar Army and the rabble of civilians in uniform that was dragged in to fight Germany and Japan. The United States Army is the regular Army, the corps of dedicated men that keeps the rust out of the guns between wars. As such, it does practically no fighting at all. Entire units composed of regulars have participated only in the minor campaigns: Nicaragua, Mexican Border, Boxer Rebellion—the little wars civilians forget about. The regular Army is chiefly concerned with maintaining itself and growing old gracefully—plus such odd and infrequent jobs as mending levees and enforcing martial law. Its function is to serve as a "cadre," a highly-trained skeleton crew that will stiffen up the masses of untrained civilians in the event of another draft. A small number of its best men will have spent years planning against that day, the "M-Day" that used to cause so much excitement before we had heard of D-Day and V-J Day. Until then, the regular Army marks time.

It is not surprising that many find this life attractive. Aside from mere salaries, allotments, pensions, it is a profession of unequaled security. You can join the Army, as the recruiting posters tell you, and be taken care of for life. For enlisted men, bed, board, and clothing are pro-

Before exchanging the Army for Harper's editorial staff, Mr. Larrabee observed the return to prewar ways as finance officer in an army post recruiting office.

vided free; added to pay this produces the equivalent for a rock-bottom private (according to an army estimate) to a civilian income of \$210 a month. For officers, the Army is not only a profession but a specialized and luxurious club. The peacetime garrisons of the regular Army exude an atmosphere of ordered somnolence that cannot be found elsewhere outside of an expensive resort in an off-season.

IN ONE of the large training camps in the South, where I was last stationed, there were many varied units in operation. A replacement training center was turning out a steady trickle of citizen soldiers. There was an induction center, a separation center, and a few scattered remnants of combat divisions pitifully understrength—some of them airborne, with venerable names. The camp had originally been intended to house this variety and was split into many segments, clustered around the permanent section, the main post, as gravitational center.

The satellites look like the Army most veterans will remember: two-story, white wooden barracks, lined up in precise rows in a rigid, arbitrary pattern. They pay no attention to the terrain but stretch on, up hill, down dale—like a platoon marching into a ditch because nobody has told it to stop. These wartime camps represent a rather wonderful explosion of energy, but they are now deserted. Soot has corroded away the tall metal chimneys and the paint is peeling universally.

On the main post, instead of the jerry-built wooden barracks, you will find stately brick buildings, surrounded by shrubbery and green lawns. The post theater is small and quietly attended, a contrast to the cavernous barns once filled with howling GI's. The post chapel would be the pride of a small town. Decently apart, on the other side of the polo field, are the officers' club, their golf course, and their homes—a settlement of stucco houses carefully graded according to rank on a sweeping pattern of curved drives. Warrant officers and the more elevated varieties of sergeant can have bungalows in another sector, where the rectangular street pattern indicates a lower level of aesthetic sensibility. This is the local home

of the United States Army, the peacetime Army, occupied by the most important headquarters in the area and the officers of the highest permanent grade. Colonels and generals from the nearby ghost camps vie with each other for quarters on the main post, where all is quiet, comfort, and the steady life.

II

THE peacetime Army combines the best (and worst) features of the Civil Service, the Boy Scouts, and a medieval monastery. It is separated from the rest of us not by its nominal devotion to the arts of violence but by a natural clannishness and a sequestered mode of life. There is much more to this common bond than the similarity imposed by uniforms, which—like saluting—has very little to do with it. It seems to consist partly in a common stamp of personality which army men recognize in each other, and partly in a liking for male companionship on the Rotary Club or fishing-trip level. It contains a healthy dose of sentimentality and camaraderie.

Esprit de corps has come to mean more than "pride in the unit," but in any form it is essential to the peacetime Army. The infantry replacement, coming up to the front after months of being shoved around, was told that he was the happy inheritor of the traditions of a division he had never heard of—he didn't get it. But in peacetime men stayed in the same unit year after year. There was a certain validity in the parochial devotion of peacetime soldiers to their outfits. The unit was a home; it stayed in the same place from three to five years; companies grew gardens to supplement their rations.

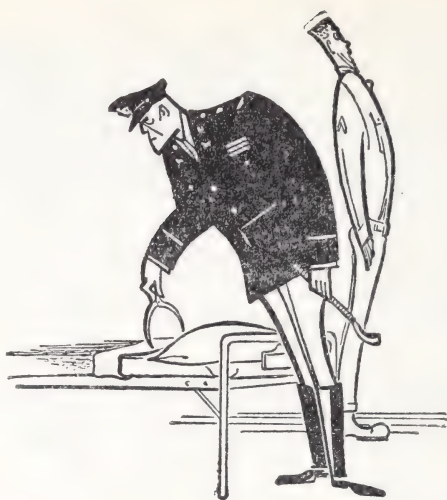
The unit was a small one, for the Army was small and well scattered. Years ago, I spent a summer at an army post in the West: I don't remember seeing more than a regiment at any one place at one time. On paper, of course, there were divisions, corps, even armies; but to the ordinary soldier the day after day, year after year routine was that of his company—a small closely-knit society of a few hundred men. Long experience in this monastic living activates most of the things professional soldiers say about army life.

After you have spent several hours talking with old enlisted soldiers you realize that you have crossed over into a dreamland of reminiscence. Their Army is the life of past companies they have been a part of, the memorable personalities, the odd events that made the routine bearable. They suffer great nostalgia for old friendships; the greatest bond is to have "soldiered together." Their tales are either of great hardship or notable ease—both are exaggerated. They will tell you about the "old outfit": all the officers were unobtrusive gentlemen, seen about once a week; the sergeants were venerable dragons, who cursed furiously and never made a mistake; it took a good man five years to make corporal.

According to an old army folk-saying, "there are only two good outfits: the one you just left and the one you're going to next." That amounts to a frank admission that in the Army the present is unbearably dull, and the peacetime Army is organized to protect itself from that reality. It guarantees each of the four military freedoms: freedom from risk, freedom from responsibility, freedom from ideas, and freedom from civilians. It is a pleasant, stupefying, Newtonian universe, in which everything fits into its appointed place and revolves beautifully according to custom and the appropriate regulation.

OVER the prewar years the Army developed many ways of keeping up the appearance of activity. Now and then it has really seemed to be hustling, but veterans are not likely to be impressed. Even the wartime Army, running on a closer time schedule than it is yet pleasant to think, spent many man hours in formalized attempts to kill time and keep everyone busy—hours of useless "instruction," hours of "policing the area," hours of clerical doubletalk. General Eisenhower says there isn't going to be any more "made-work" in the peacetime Army; he will have to stay Chief of Staff for a long time to make that stick—and he will have to find something more absorbing for the Army to do.

So far, the Army has managed to take the curse off this ennui by devoting itself to ritual and routine. A considerable



amount of time and effort can be used up getting everybody to do the same thing at the same time. In the battery of daily bugle calls there are some that no longer mean anything but are kept in just to fill out the day. There is a lot of bustle, and professional soldiers get a great reputation for having an innate love of uniformity. But the love for uniformity is not really an aesthetic quality; it is a blind for the compulsion to kill time—the amount of time (and it's a lot) that the achievement of uniformity requires. The attempt to meet the schedule and still have your leggings laced properly produces the huggermugger that—in the Army—passes for activity.

A similar function is performed by parades, although they serve an additional one: that of reinforcing the idea that all this running back and forth is somehow honorable and valid. It has been widely held that parades inculcate a warlike spirit in the young—which is pardonably confusing what professional soldiers like to do with what they are supposed to do. (The civilian soldiers, when asked what they wanted on their return, specified "no parades.") Parades and formations, especially daily "retreat," are dramatic and cumulatively impressive. They make devotion to duty and country as deceptively concrete as anyone could ask. Like most ritual they are intended to enhance and strengthen an organization whose chief purpose is self-perpetuation. That is what we ask of the Army and that is what we get.

Admittedly, we put our peacetime Army in an impossible position. We spend the intervals between wars calling professional soldiers all the dirty names we couldn't use in wartime; we punch holes in all their pet absurdities but never get around to giving them anything better. We pare their budgets to the bone and then wonder why they have to begin each of our wars with obsolete weapons. Our wars, that is. Wars are started by civilians. In this country the Army is subservient to civilians; it depends for its money and its policies on civilian superiors. And civilians continue to think that the Army is none of their business.

It is time we gave up the convenient illusion that the peacetime Army is nothing but an organized conspiracy to get civilians back into uniform. Part of that illusion is the myth of the bloodthirsty professional soldier and it should be the first to go. We have been making the military a scapegoat for the wrong sins. It has many faults, but they are the faults of innocence and stodginess—not the faults of warmongering.

III

THE regular army officer is a Galahad in Dehner boots; he may be stupid, but he lives up to a hard code. His secret image of himself borrows much from shaving lotion ads and bad novels: the bristly moustache, the riding crop, the pink tinge of good health and healthy drinking. Outwardly, he has an air of briskness and satisfaction that may come of being able to live out his phantasy. In the Army, as in few other professions, the self-dramatics of the youthful daydream are part of the daily job: orders given are snappily obeyed, the part to play is actually taken seriously, and in the evening it can all be gone over in an atmosphere of mutually-approving male conviviality. The army officer can do the job of a third-rate clerk and still end each day feeling like a man of action. He thus survives as one of the few practicing romantics.

The regular army enlisted man is another of the same stripe; he likes to think of himself as a hard-bitten campaigner. The eternal private rarely enters into this

picture; he drifts in and out of the Army for reasons best known to himself and to recruiting officers; the *mores* expected of him can be judged by the things listed as punishable in the Articles of War. The army life may change him from a callow, drifting youth into a hardened goldbrick, adept at the art of evading work. But it is only when he stays on for several hitches and becomes a non-commissioned officer that he becomes a conditioning factor in the military climate.

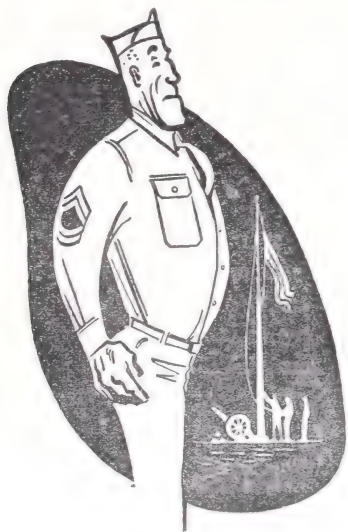
The non-com is the focal point of competence; he does the real handling of men. He is a good man himself, but his primary quality is that he doesn't want to be an officer. (His highest ambition is to be a warrant officer, a rank that has all the advantages and none of the responsibilities.) He cultivates the seamed, weather-beaten face, the frozen look of minor authority—the honest, clean-cut vacuity of the perennial cop. He has no desire to rise higher, because he doesn't want to have to compete with college educations and social graces. So he goes through the gyrations of drill with the aplomb of a Lord Chancellor and his salute is a masterpiece of condescension. He has nothing to worry about; all he has to do is look tough.

During what veterans now call the "late struggle," the relationship between officers and enlisted men was one of undeclared war—both sides being essentially civilian and unable to fit into the molds the peacetime Army set for them. Ex-GI's have tended to agitate about the lack of democracy in the Army and forget that the peacetime Army liked it that way. The most stirring defenses of the caste system I have ever heard have come from regular army enlisted men who had become officers and weren't entirely happy. The official army reactions, the "gripe" boards and the adoption of the same uniform for all ranks, show what the Army tends to do under pressure. It will gladly sacrifice superficially; there has been no fundamental change. The old colonels still sit in their quarters and cuss at the "agitators" they hold responsible: Mauldin and Hargrove and other "communists." The prevailing attitude was well expressed by one colonel over whose head many young generals had been promoted: "I'm glad

they're having this 'gripe' board, because now nobody can say we didn't have one."

So the officers and enlisted men of the peacetime Army are but two representatives of the same thing; and of the two, it is the officers that set the tone. Too much criticism of the Army concentrated on the caste system can divert attention from more serious weaknesses; it is neither fair to the Army nor fair to the public to whom the Army is responsible. This is not to say that the peacetime Army is not entangled in social frippery that it could very well do without, or that it could possibly function without the conveniences and assumptions of the officer class. As the Army is set up now—and there is no indication of coming reform—the moral and spiritual qualities of the "officer" are part of its routine functioning. We are stuck with the officer for many years to come.

ADMINISTRATION comes down pretty quickly to paperwork. Only one administrative technicality keeps the glacier of army paperwork in motion: the premise that the officer's signature is the equivalent of a fact. His Word is His Bond. Along with this goes the assumption that all enlisted men are fundamentally dopes who can't be blamed if anything goes wrong. An officer is by definition somebody who can be blamed, somebody who has something to lose. The trappings of rank can be largely interpreted as an effort to make it worthwhile to sign correct statements.



During the war this incentive wasn't enough.

Too many civilians came into the Army who cared more about getting things done than they cared about getting them done right. In their haste to get on with the war they discovered that most of the traditional "made-work" didn't really *have* to be done; all that was needed was an officer's signature on the statement that it had been done last week. This worked out two ways. Among the results must be counted graft, embezzlement, black-marketeering—yet also most of the speed and energy with which we fought the war. Regular army officers generally looked the other way while this efficiency was being hatched; it was inspired short-cutting, but the cool dishonesty of it must have given them the horrors.

As an enlisted man and junior officer of several years in and out of grade, I would rather serve under a regular army officer than any other. At least you know which way they're going to jump. There is much to be said for working for someone whose whims are predictable, whose sense of proportion is part of a coherent (though archaic) system. Most regular officers—and I think this is to the credit of West Point—have a strong sense of honor. The bumbling obstructionism, most of the corruption and deliberate sadism of wartime brass belong to the semi-professionals: the stale relics from the National Guard, the reservists, the directly-commissioned—and to that most tarnished of all ranks, lieutenant colonel. Many of the officer candidate school graduates also managed to forget that they had ever been enlisted men. It is a minor injustice that these sins should be laid at the door of the regular Army, whose only crime was the attempt to perpetuate a class that had ceased to exist outside military gates.

As the Army expanded, everyone managed to have some innocent fun with the idea that the officer was *ipso facto* a gentleman. The behavior of wartime officers seemed to prove that it takes more than an Act of Congress to make the two interchangeable. The old-line officers made sporadic efforts, but they never managed to get the idea across—it seemed to be something they had always taken for

granted. The regular officer's idea of a gentleman was all bound up in intricate friendships, polo, classmates at the Point, debt, good whiskey, and what was and was not done. He knew a good officer when he saw one and did not need to analyze what he had grown up with. Being accustomed to privilege, he used it without abusing it; he had mastered the technique of being professionally direct but socially remote. Above all, he knew that the first duty of the officer is to care for his men, to see that they are fed and sheltered—and administered with fairness and impartiality. He had been through the years of strict grooming that sometimes manage to produce a Stilwell or a Marshall. They cannot be produced overnight, and the only conclusive demonstration of the officer candidate schools (which tried to do so) was that in this country we had too few people who had been in contact with a similar tradition. We have no officer class.

THE very qualities that make the regular officer reliable have also made him devoted to inertia. Years of growth within this rigid framework—reinforced by the conviction that the calling is honorable—bring out the worst capabilities of the weak. And the flaw in all systems based on seniority is that no way has been found to dispose of the careful bungler, the man who never does anything right and never does anything technically wrong. The military culture is still maintained at the proper heat and moisture for the development of this virus; it matures into a mass of colonels and chief warrant officers.

From the start, there is no way of keeping deadwood out of the profession. Most young men go to West Point to get an education at government expense—and a social education, a reputable hallmark. (Many of them drop out of the Army as soon after graduation as possible.) It is one of the best ways to rise in the world without any specific talent and it is widely respected. There is no way of exercising selectivity except by entrance exams, and there are as yet no tests for potential warriors—or even potential gentlemen. West Point must take pretty much what congressmen send to it.

Later on, the man who never belonged in the Army becomes painfully conspicuous. Every outfit has one: the inept extra, the colonel who just couldn't make brigadier, the fat boy, the terror on wheels. Why is it that the elder rank of the American Army so often exhibit the traits that are least of all those of a warrior? The fussiness, the temper-tantrums, the high-pitched voice—what do these have to do with a leader of men? Why do so many old colonels behave like shrewish old women?

Essentially because few become army officers with the intention of fighting about anything—and because thereafter the army way of doing things puts a premium on indecision and inactivity. The fact that so much army administration is based on the need to pin down responsibility is an index of how many professional soldiers have always feared and avoided responsibility. In a stratified organization built around rank there is nothing to be gained by taking the matter onto your own shoulders—and if something should go wrong, there is a whole career to lose.

(The reasons for having this kind of system are many, and they are not all examples of obsolescent feudalism. In war somebody has to tell somebody else to go get himself shot, and in recent years we have decided that such complete command must include personal liability. The old army idea has always been that the commander took complete responsibility for everything that happened in his unit. That takes considerable moral courage—the kind that General Marshall showed when he claimed responsibility for Pearl Harbor, the kind that General Eisenhower showed when before each invasion he wrote out, for possible subsequent use, a communiqué saying that the operation had failed and that any blame was his and his alone. The Army is an opportunity for men with broad moral shoulders, for responsibility is there for the asking and there are very few takers.)

So when in doubt the army officer is likely to do the safe thing—and the Army is full of men who have been doing *only* the safe thing for many years. It is the occupational disease, and there doesn't seem to be anything that can be done about it

short of quietly retiring (General Eisenhower's estimate) about 1,500 officers a year. Their existence is the stumbling block to all attempts to make the Army what it is meant to be: an effective instrument of American policy, as fluid and adaptable as the country it is from time to time called upon to defend.

IV

BY THIS coming July, the Army hopes to stabilize at 1,070,000 men. It will have to go on taking in 40,000 volunteers a month to do so, since many present enlistments are to expire during the year. As a result the Army is increasing its effort to appear attractive as a lifetime career, comparable to others in pay and prestige. It has always thought of itself as a very special profession, but never before has it tried so hard to convince the public. Its performance is revealing and so far its success is dubious.

Much of the appeal is being based on the idea that in the postwar Army every man will be a technician, skilled in radar and presumably nuclear physics. Recruiting posters frequently show the smiling soldier handling some complicated gadget; it is assumed that he is learning a glamorous trade—with boundless civilian applications. Official army pamphlets assure you that, even in the infantry, "he will learn about radio transmitters, welding, foundry working, electronics, ballistics, and simple engineering. He will have an opportunity to specialize in motors, carpentry, band music, office work, and many other subjects." Anyone who has had the remotest connection with the Army knows what nonsense this is. After seven months' duty in a recruiting office, I came to the conclusion that even the poor guys who were enlisting didn't believe it. They were sold on the Army, but not because they confused it with a vocational school.

The announced intention of the recruiting program is to enlist quality rather than mere numbers; the inducements being offered will tend to produce exactly the opposite result. Over a thousand men went through the recruiting office where I worked, and the only reason for enlisting

they all had in common was that they wanted the money—the cash payments of one kind or another we were authorized to make. The army private now gets three times the pay he had before the war and no one would begrudge him a cent of it; but with his essentials provided free it can hardly be said that he suffers from the high cost of living. The Army is plugging this angle hard. The other angle it is working is that overseas service is now a Cook's Tour at government expense—with notes in small type about the availability of civilian actress technicians. The Army is advertising that never before has it been such a soft touch, and it is getting the men to whom a soft touch appeals.

Either the peacetime Army privately wants that type or it doesn't know how to get a better one. It will have to learn how if it is ever to achieve real status as a profession. There are periodic announcements that the recruiting program has been a great success—just a few hundred thousand more and the Adjutant General will be completely happy. Short of peacetime conscription (which is now out of the question), the regular Army will continue to be dependent on volunteers. In advertising for them, it will continue to run up against the cynical indifference of a public critically composed of men who know the Army too well to take its press releases at face value. The whole veteran population thinks of the Army's non-fighting occupations as part of a bad joke; and until they recognize signs of business-like intent in regular army activity the veterans will go on spreading that skepticism to the non-veteran public. The problem for the peacetime Army is to acquire real functions that call for real talents—with relevance, either to warfare or to something else.

For publicity purposes, the Army is already aware that it must be respectably and productively employed. The Corps of Engineers (which has always been the most active branch in peacetime) has embarked on a program of flood control—the kind of general public service that will please everybody. At regular intervals there are announcements of either winter maneuvers in Colorado or some equally technical and photogenic pro-

gram. The Army is also making a serious effort to ally itself with science by subsidizing pure research, and that dangerous partnership may be fruitful for the Army in something more than bigger and more devastating weapons. But the volunteer soldier is not likely to have any contact with the funds being poured into universities and industrial laboratories—and the same goes for these other well-meant efforts to get down to business. You can't keep a million men busy going to the North Pole in a skimobile or sending up rockets in New Mexico. This makes good public relations copy and high echelons can be kept busy dreaming up new projects; it remains to be seen how much effect they will have on the life of the ordinary GI.

BUT ONE task more vital than any of these is inescapably the Army's—the military occupation of the defeated enemy countries and of areas of tension like Korea and Trieste. So far, the tendency of our occupation troops has been to degenerate into colonialism, to transplant to Yokohama or Frankfurt the quiet ease of the prewar army post—with all its trappings. What is now only a leaning toward old habits may become established practice if the civilian public leaves the Army alone, as it did after the last war—as the regular Army has always expected to be left alone. Civilian opinion may not be capable by itself of reforming the Army, but it can lend support to the one man who is in a position to reform it.

General Eisenhower is unlike any Chief of Staff we have had before. He stands for nearly everything the regular Army is not; he even looks forward to the day when armies will no longer exist. Though he is in command of the world's most highly-developed military machine, he has frequently expressed himself in terms that were once called pacifist. General Eisenhower has become the most popular general of the Western Allies, chiefly by behaving the way European (and up to now, American) generals are not supposed to behave. He is human and humble; he genuinely believes that the war was won by ordinary soldiers. His wartime statements are a record of tact and sincerity—



and he seems to have written them himself.

There is some doubt as to whether the spirit of one man can percolate down far enough to affect the Army vitally, even when that man is its titular head. Between the enlightened directive and the lieutenant or sergeant who can understand it lies the bloc of worn-out rank, where indifference keeps enlightenment forever separated from action. General Eisenhower has already initiated a program to clear the Army of deadwood, an "up-or-out" policy similar to the one the Navy has had for years. Judging from the effect it has had on the Navy, we may still go on having the Army we had before the war—a lethargic, smoothly-run museum, to which we return periodically to learn how the last war was fought.

Perhaps we should be satisfied with the miracle that the wartime leaders in high echelons were picked almost entirely on the basis of merit. They directed a successful war, a war that—more than any other—was dominated by skill and technique. If the present Chief of Staff were to be followed by some of his bright protégés like Bradley and Wedemeyer, we might even develop a democratic military tradition.

But surely the Army will not reform itself if civilians sit back, do nothing, say nothing—content to forget all about the Army until they need it again. We learned between the last two wars that an indifferent public gets an indifferent Army. In Germany and Japan we need a good Army now. We need the energetic and purposeful direction that will give meaning and validity to a peacetime army career.

UNDERGROUND IN PALESTINE

How the Jewish Resistance Movement Works

MOSHE BRILLIANT

ZERO HOUR was before midnight. In the plains of Galilee, Samaria, and Sharon and through citrus groves near Tel Aviv, strapping young Jews of the elite Palmah, the Haganah's crack striking force, crept in the dark, moonless night. They had been assigned to demolish installations in four bases of the Police Mobile Force, the mechanized arm of the hated British Police.

Three raids went off according to plan. In the fourth, someone had blundered. The squad assigned to attack Sarona, east of Tel Aviv, arrived at their objective behind schedule. Meanwhile, the moon had risen. The Jews crept up to the barbed wire entanglements encircling the camp and deftly cut through the wires. The raiders began to crawl through the gap.

Suddenly, the stillness of the night was broken by rapid bursts of machine-gun fire. The British, alerted by reports of the earlier attacks in other parts of the country, had laid an ambush. They concentrated crossfire across the gap cut by the raiders and trapped them. The element of surprise, usually on the side of the Jewish underground, was that night with the British. They won the field.

The next day, a police truck drove up to the mortuary of the Hadassah Hospital with the bullet-riddled bodies of four young Jews.

All of Tel Aviv mourned the dead. Their obituaries were published in all the Hebrew newspapers surrounded by black borders. Every shop in the city closed down and some fifty thousand people, amounting to a quarter of the population, marched in the funeral procession and brazenly identified themselves with the underground.

A day later, the more extreme Irgun Zvai Leumi in collaboration with the fanatic Stern Group attacked four British air bases. They administered the heaviest blow hitherto sustained by the British, leaving some thirty heavy and medium bombers ablaze. One Jew was killed.

This victim was buried quietly in a nameless grave in a remote Jewish village. Ten mourners whose presence at the funeral was required by Jewish religious law for the burial service were assembled from among gravediggers and officials of the Burial Society. The farmers of the neighborhood went ahead with their ordinary work and ignored what was going on.

I put an obvious question to an official of the Haganah: "What was the difference between the two attacks? Why should the boys killed raiding a police base receive martyrs' funerals, while the lad killed attacking an air base was buried like a dog? Surely they had all given their lives for the same cause."

Moshe Brilliant is now southern Palestine correspondent for the United Press and head of the Tel Aviv bureau of the Palestine Post. He was born and educated in this country but has lived chiefly in Palestine since 1933.

In his answer, the Haganah official put his finger on a point that has perplexed many observers of the Palestine scene. "We do not claim that attacking a police base is right and raiding an air base is wrong," he said. "But the police base was attacked by the Haganah. The Haganah is the Jewish People's Army and subordinates itself to the elected leaders of the Jewish people. Hence, our boys died as soldiers carrying out the will of the Jewish people. We therefore owe them a debt.

"As for the others, they recognize no authority. They do not hold themselves responsible to the Jewish people for their actions. The Jewish people are therefore not responsible to them for their losses."

These dissident groups have from time to time been denounced by the Haganah as "terrorists." Aside from the basic question of insubordination, the Haganah frequently disapproves of the drastic methods employed by the extremists.

II

IT is never admitted by a responsible Jewish leader, but the Haganah is regarded in Palestine as the militant arm of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, recognized in the League of Nations' mandate as the official representatives of world Jewry in all matters pertaining to the Jewish National Home. The Haganah has no policy of its own. It strictly follows the Jewish Agency's.

Top priority is given by the Jewish Agency to its struggle for unrestricted Jewish immigration. As a legal organization, the Agency combats the British restrictions by legal means. As an illegal organization, the Haganah is less inhibited.

Members of the organization, a number of whom operated in Europe as British commandos during the war, shepherd Jewish survivors in Europe to secret waterfront rendezvous. There, the Haganah supervises their clandestine embarkation upon ships bound for Palestine. Haganah radio experts on the ships maintain contact with headquarters in Palestine over a prearranged air wave to obtain landing instructions. This particular phase of the Haganah's operation has the solid support

of Jewish public opinion in Palestine.

But the Haganah goes much further. Armed formations guard the beaches during the unauthorized landings to obviate any interference. Once they raided the concentration camp at Atlith, near Haifa, and liberated a few hundred uncertificated Jewish immigrants, including some from Iraq and Syria. The Haganah intelligence service had received information that these Jews were to have been deported to those hostile Arab countries.

Installations and equipment used by the British to hunt refugee ships were demolished by Haganah saboteurs. These included a valuable radar station in Haifa used to locate refugee ships at sea; coast guard stations at Sidna Ali and Givat Olga which had signaled the positions of refugee ships to British destroyers; and motor launches used by the police to patrol the coast. Jewish "frog-men" also mined a steamer, *Empire Heywood*, which the British had employed to transfer uncertificated arrivals to the concentration camps in Cyprus, the island off the coast of Syria. These operations, too, have enjoyed the support of the overwhelming majority of Palestine Jews.

OCCASIONALLY, the Haganah has carried out operations which were not directly connected with the struggle to keep the gates of Palestine open for immigrants. A great stroke by the Haganah was the bloodless occupation of the Negev, the sand wastes in southern Palestine. A dozen new settlements were established there last year on the night after Yom Kippur, the Jewish Day of Atonement. The British were presented with a *fait accompli*.

On another night, while the British were considering the evacuation of their troops from Egypt to Palestine, the Haganah sabotaged every bridge and railway line connecting Palestine with Egypt, Trans-Jordan, Syria, and the Lebanon. Their secret radio, which goes on the air every afternoon at two o'clock, explained to listeners that the sabotage had been designed to manifest to the British that they were strong enough to disrupt communications with all neighboring countries. Official Zionists had previously

warned the British that if they expected to transfer their bases from Egypt to Palestine, they had better consider the Jews. The Haganah presumably felt that the Zionist warning had required an illustration.

Not always does the Haganah explain to the public the reason for every particular operation. Nevertheless, the majority of the Jews are loyal supporters of the organization and approve of everything they do. "If they did it, they must have had a good reason," they say.

While the trained members of the Haganah number some 60,000, it is felt that in an emergency practically every Jew in Palestine would accept its authority and execute its orders. This has led some observers to give the virtual membership of the organization as 600,000, equivalent to the total Jewish population of Palestine.

III

BUT the Zionist leaders to whom the Haganah extends allegiance are denounced as "quislings" by the more extreme group known as the Irgun Zvai Leumi. This organization of more than 5,000 members has a philosophy which is illustrated by its emblem: a map of Palestine and Trans-Jordan, over which is superimposed a hand gripping a rifle, with the inscription "Only Thus!"

These extremists refuse to subordinate themselves to Jewish leaders who patiently petition the British for their rights. They are cynical; no nation has acquired statehood through the benevolence of another nation, unless their claims were also backed by the sword, they argue. They back their theory with historical facts, citing as examples neighboring Egypt and Iraq as well as Ireland and the United States.

Hence, whereas the Haganah employs force to reinforce the Jewish Agency's policy, for the Irgun, force is a policy.

As their targets, they have chosen symbols of British authority in Palestine. Police headquarters in all principal cities except all-Jewish Tel Aviv have been blown up repeatedly. Income tax offices, the government's Immigration Department, the Public Information Office, rail-

way stations and rolling stock and other property of the Palestine government have been mined. The King David Hotel, which was wrecked, was the headquarters of the British Army and the government. Army camps were raided and arms seized while equipment of the police, Army, and Air Force was sabotaged.

The Irgun's strategy is laid down by a high command, of whom only a few are known by name. The commander is Menahem Beigin, a Polish refugee who deserted from Anders' forces to go underground with the Irgun. The British have offered eight thousand dollars for his capture.

TO THE still more extremist Stern Group, even the Irgun does not go far enough. They claim that Jewish aspirations in Palestine and British imperial aims are incompatible, and that the British are out to destroy the National Home. The Sternists hate the British with the same fanaticism with which they hated Hitler.

They disapprove of the "humanitarianism" of the Irgun Zvai Leumi, which, like the Haganah, warns British personnel to evacuate objectives before they blow them up. To the Sternists, every Briton in Palestine by his mere presence in the country is an enemy of the Jews.

Comparing themselves to the partisans of Yugoslavia, they ask: "Did the Partisans inquire every time they shot a German whether he was a Nazi or not?" The Sternists do not quite go gunning for every Briton in Palestine, but their activities usually take the form of assassination. Sometimes they make careful choices, as when they killed Lord Moyne, British Minister in the Middle East. More frequently, they are indiscriminate about their victims.

WHILE public support of the Haganah is consistent and steady, the attitude toward the extremist groups varies from time to time. After callous deeds by the British, such as the deportation of uncertificated Jewish immigrants to the Cyprus concentration camps, support for the extremists swells. By nature, the Jewish man-in-the-street abhors violence and

bloodshed. But when he is driven to desperation, he condones it.

The British are aware of this. Once I stood with an intelligence officer viewing the malicious damage to Jewish property caused by British troops who had occupied Tel Aviv for twenty-four hours during a curfew. "Just watch the ranks of the Irgun swell," he observed sadly.

On the other hand, sympathy for the extremists declined after the King David outrage, which took a toll of almost a hundred lives. The Jews have accepted the perpetrators' claim that they had exploded a warning bomb and had telephoned orders to evacuate the building before the mines went off. But public opinion nevertheless did not absolve them of responsibility for the disaster.

The Irgun Zvai Leumi has flooded Palestine with literature designed to prove that Sir John Shaw, former Chief Secretary of the Palestine government, had received the telephone warning but ordered officials to stay at their desks with the tart remark: "I don't take orders from these bloody Jews. I give orders."

The extremists admit that they are a minority, but that does not dissuade them. Every revolutionary movement is started by a minority, they claim. This argument they also back with irrefutable historical analogies.

But the Irgun Zvai Leumi is making a determined effort to win over Jewish public support. Aside from their illegal broadcasts twice a week and their publications which they post on billboards and walls and shower over crowds in explosions of pamphlet bombs, they employ other means of propaganda.

Once, they stole a page from *Robin Hood*: they had seized a large quantity of textiles in a raid upon government stores, and a few days later they left parcels of cloth at the doorsteps of poor Jews in slum quarters, enclosing complimentary cards. Another time they exploited Hollywood. They posted notices in Tel Aviv reading, "See 'This Land Is Mine,'" an inspiring and instructive film." That picture, starring Charles Laughton as a schoolteacher in occupied France who turned patriot, had a message which in the opinion of the Irgun corresponded with theirs.

IV

FOR the Haganah, its present aggressive role is an unwonted one. The organization was started a few decades ago strictly for defense.

My first encounter with the Haganah took place in Tel Aviv during the Arab riots of 1936. Shots were heard from the direction of Harakeveth Quarter on the periphery of the town, and I accompanied two policemen bound for the scene.

We walked in the moonlight down a dirt road, with a row of houses on our left and an orange grove on our right. As we passed the end of the grove, we heard shots. I dove into the nearest yard and took shelter behind a stone fence. My police companions ignored the convenient hiding place and sped around the corner.

I soon understood why. Crouched in that yard behind the stone fence were armed Jewish boys in civilian clothes. They held their fire, but were ready for the Arabs if they should decide to attack. The police had known of their presence. Had they seen the boys, it would have been their duty to arrest them as the rifles they carried were unlicensed. Illegal possession of firearms was a capital offense. But the police really welcomed the presence of the Jews; for without the aid of the Haganah, the British would have been unable to defend the quarter until reinforcements should arrive.

That unexpected experience illustrated to me the character of the Haganah in those days and its curious relationship with the British authorities. Later, the British were to maintain more direct relationship with the illegal organization. It was from the ranks of the Haganah that the Jewish Settlements Police were enrolled to fight the Arab bands. Orde C. Wingate, who was later to gain fame as the head of the Chindits in Burma, chose men from the Haganah for the Special Night Squads which finally crushed the brigands. Wingate had been an intelligence captain in Palestine.

During the war, the Haganah supplied volunteers for an amphibious raid against the Tripoli refineries in Vichy-occupied Syria. Twenty-two Jews who sailed under the command of a British commando

major were lost at sea. Haganah volunteers also crossed into Syria in advance of the British and Free French invasion armies to act as scouts and to mark roads. The first enemy outpost in Syria was captured by these Jewish irregulars and held for the advancing British troops.

Men and women of the illegal Jewish organization were parachuted into Nazi-occupied Europe to organize uprisings there. A number of them, including two young women, were captured and executed by the Nazis.

Before Montgomery checked Rommel's advance in North Africa, the British in Palestine trained choice members of the Haganah for partisan work in Palestine if the country should be occupied by the Germans. These boys, only a few of them over the age of twenty, formed the Palmah, Hebrew commandos.

THE first friction between the British and the Haganah occurred late in 1943. The danger of an enemy occupation of Palestine had passed and the date was approaching when, according to the White Paper of 1939, Jewish immigration should cease completely. To Sir Harold MacMichael, the then high commissioner for Palestine, the Haganah had not only outlived its usefulness but had become a thorn in his government's side.

The High Commissioner sent the striking force of the British police to disarm the Haganah. For a start, he chose the agricultural settlement of Ramat Hakovesh in the Sharon. This outpost settlement had had its membership decimated during the Arab riots. Obviously, it was now well stocked with arms.

The police searching party explained that they had come to look for deserters from the Polish Army. But they proceeded to dismantle walls and to dig up fields. The men and women of the settlement realized what was happening and tore into the police with bare hands, furniture, kitchen utensils, and even hot soup from the communal kitchen. The police sent their rifle butts crashing over the Jewish heads. They were unable to find the hidden arms and departed, leaving behind one dead Jew.

This outrage was followed by a great

outcry in Palestine and in Great Britain. Sir Harold MacMichael was recalled shortly afterwards. During the administration of Lord Gort, who was the most popular high commissioner the country had, nothing hostile was done against the Haganah.

The present high commissioner, Sir Alan Cunningham, has not been hostile to the Haganah, but at first he was influenced by his subordinates to undertake an unprecedented wave of searches for Haganah arms. Last spring, he also issued a warrant for the detention of Dr. Moshe Sneh, a member of the Jewish Agency Executive who was alleged by the government to be the head of the Haganah. The arms searches failed to disarm the Haganah, and Dr. Sneh went into hiding and then slipped out of the country.

At this writing General Cunningham appears to have given up the struggle against the Haganah. The second and third ranking men in his government, Sir John Shaw and Mr. Robert Scott, have been transferred. They had counseled the action against the Haganah. The searches for arms have ceased, and Dr. Sneh has been informed that he would not be molested if he returns to Palestine.

At one time the Palestine government wanted to legalize the Haganah. Perhaps they would still like to. But the Jews will not agree. Legalization would entail centralizing the Haganah's arms in armories under government control, and the Jews will not accept this. They recall that in 1929 a high commissioner, Sir John Chancellor, submitted to Arab pressure and withdrew licensed shotguns the Jews had been issued for self-defense. With a whoop of "The government is with us," the Arabs thereupon set upon the Jews, slaughtered the helpless communities in the Holy Cities of Safed and Hebron, and razed five agricultural settlements to the ground.

Never again, decided the Jews, would they trust British officials with the keys to their arsenals.

DURING the 1936 riots, the Jewish Agency laid down a policy of non-retaliation. The Haganah, of course, followed that course. They repulsed Arab

attacks but never pursued the attackers or took revenge against the Arab population. This restraint was lauded by the British in their press and in Parliament.

That was where the Irgun Zvai Leumi came into the picture. Followers of the bellicose Vladimir Jabotinsky, the late leader of the nationalist Revisionist Party, preached a policy of "an eye for an eye." They broke away from the Haganah and formed the Irgun to carry on a campaign of counter-terror against the Arabs. They planted land mines in Arab market places, killing scores at a time.

When Chamberlain's "Munich" cabinet promulgated the 1939 White Paper, the Irgun followers were able to say, "I told you so," arguing that violence had paid off for the Arabs and that all the Jews had got for their restraint were compliments and useless sympathy. The Haganah had to admit a moral defeat.

Nevertheless when war broke out against Germany, the Irgun like the Haganah decided to join ranks with the British. This decision, however, led to a split in the ranks of the Irgun—and this led to the formation of the Stern Group. A faction of die-hards led by a Polish Jew named Abraham Stern refused to become allies of Great Britain, whom as the occupants of the National Home they considered as arch-enemies.

This group, which numbers about three hundred, now calls itself the Fighters for the Freedom of Israel; though it is generally known as the Stern Group. Stern himself was killed by British police when he was trapped unarmed in his hideout.

V

THE relationship between the Haganah, the Irgun, and the Sternists has varied from time to time. The Haganah in principle regards the dissident groups as upstarts and feels that they should subordinate themselves to the parent body. At one time, when the Jewish Agency depended upon a promise of Winston Churchill and the pledges of the Labor party of Britain to the effect that Jewish aspirations would be satisfied after the war, the Haganah actually co-operated with the Palestine Police to round up extremists.

Later, however, the Haganah themselves adopted some of the dissident groups' methods. After Bevin, the British foreign minister, stated in the House of Commons that he could not allow the entry of 100,000 Jews into Palestine because it would require a division of troops, the Haganah answered: "We'll show you that you'll need two divisions to keep them out."

In their campaign of sabotage and pin-pricking which followed, the Haganah worked in collaboration with the extremists. This worked two ways, as the moderates had been able to persuade the dissidents to curb some of their more extreme plans.

The co-operation ended last year. Two members of the Irgun had been condemned to death by a British military court for participating in a raid against an army camp. The Irgun argued that the captives should be regarded as prisoners-of-war. They kidnapped five British army officers and held them as hostages for the condemned Jews. The Haganah in a peremptory manner ordered the Irgun to release the abducted officers, stating that they were opposed to personal terror. Resenting the tone of the Haganah's ultimatum, the Irgun held the Britons captive until the death sentences against their members were commuted.

Before this breach between the groups was healed, the Irgun blew up the King David Hotel. That act was unequivocally denounced by the Haganah.

Recently, the Haganah has relaxed its own sabotage activities. At least two cases are known of the Haganah's obstruction of Irgun sabotage. One officer of the Haganah was killed while trying to prevent Irgun raiders from blowing up a railway station; and near Givat Brenner in southern Palestine, a Haganah squad abducted a party of Irgun members who were laying a mine on a railway track.

There has been some talk of a civil war between the groups, but neither side wants it and the threat is not serious. The Haganah will not turn over abducted Irgun members to the British police.

The future of the two groups depends upon the political situation. The grimmer it gets, the stronger the extremists become.

ARE WE AN INTERNATIONAL MENACE?

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

AMERICA the menace rides again. Those ancients whose memories reach back to the distant nineteen twenties need no detailed introduction to this favorite hobgoblin of international relations. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Today the Moscow press, radio, and diplomatic service are its most ardent celebrants, socialist leaders in Britain bring it out for a canter every now and then, and assorted patriots of other countries testify to their firm belief that it is real and formidable.

As no two observers agree in their description of this beast, the skeptic is left in something of a quandary. What shall he attack? It is the old story of the blind men and the elephant: does the elephant resemble a flexible hose, the trunk of a tree, the tassel of a stocking-cap, or a slightly corrugated blank wall?

But at least the main outlines of the hobgoblin seem reasonably clear. The basic, sweeping indictment is that the United States is a capitalist, imperialist country bent on subverting the whole world to its nefarious purposes.

Now of course the United States is a capitalist country. There are probably not more than a quarter million persons in the nation who seriously believe it should be anything else. It is also, in a limited way, an imperialist country, and has been ever

since the Spanish-American War at least. But its capitalism and imperialism are of a very special kind; and before anyone can decide whether or not they really menace the rest of the world he must be sure that he sees them as they are—not as epithets, but as complexes of economic and political method which follow their own particular habit-patterns and often arrive at results which make the epithets applied to them look ridiculous.

TO BEGIN WITH, we must of course realize that usually those foreigners who call America a menace are talking with at least one eye on their own constituents at home. When the Soviet spokesmen invoke the hobgoblin, their obvious purpose is to solidify the position at home of their own dictatorship, which is imposing a heavy load of duties and sacrifices upon the Russian people; the latter are expected to bear this load more cheerfully if they believe that Russia is surrounded by hostile villains. When the laborites of Britain invoke it, they are trying to strengthen British support for their own domestic policies, and to drum up support for foreign policies which they believe should accompany the domestic ones. But presumably the Soviet leaders also are genuinely uneasy about the future policies of an America of booms and

Mr. Grattan, contributing editor to Harper's, wrote several articles for us last year on Britain's socialist experiment and in the December issue called for action to prevent a future depression in this country.

slumps; and certainly the British socialists are. Being socialists, they naturally think, for various interesting if not wholly convincing reasons, that such an America will continue—now roaring into inflation, now collapsing into deflation—as long as this country rejects the light that illumines British socialist policy. For like the Russians—though less virulently—they are anti-capitalist; and a capitalist country is therefore a challenge to them. They expect the shocks of our capitalist instability to be transmitted across the ocean to them via foreign trade, and so they are inevitably jittery about our foreign trade policies. All this is natural enough. It is also natural that the British, finding themselves caught in the middle between two powerful and potentially hostile forces, United States capitalism and Soviet communism, should dread the very idea that these two forces might clash in another fearful world war; and that some of their dread should express itself in sharp verbal attacks upon an America which so stubbornly refuses to follow Britain along the highroad of socialism.

But a reaction can be very natural without being wholly logical. And there are certain aspects of this particular hobgoblin which seem somehow to challenge logic. For one thing, capitalism is nowadays supposed by its detractors to be not only socially evil but decadent as well. That is why a semi-socialist country like Britain is so often described as “advanced” in politics and economics, and why a non-capitalist dictatorship like the USSR is alleged to be more advanced than either. But not only is the United States the seat of a decadent capitalist system, it is also the seat of a threatening imperialism. This imperialism is the expression on the foreign scene of capitalism at home. And imperialism implies considerable, if malignant, strength. As R. J. Cruikshank, a British skeptic, has put it, “America is presented in the same breath as the dinosaur of capitalism, doomed by the march of evolution, and as the new god of the machines clothed in the terrible flames of atomic energy, and riding the thunders of Bikini. To be at once an effete monster and a rising menace is a singular destiny for any nation.”

Nevertheless that is our destiny and we are stuck with it. Or are we?

II

EVEN the bitterest communist will admit that capitalism, with all its dreadful faults, real and imaginary, represents a tremendous advance in both production and human welfare over the feudalism which preceded it. I should go on from that admission and contend that American capitalism has carried both production and human welfare to higher planes than any other capitalism. Many radicals admit as much, but nevertheless contend that their alternative economic system would do even better. That remains to be proved. I would further insist that the key reason for the exceptional success of capitalism in the United States is that in our country the capitalist forms, never tangled to any crippling degree in the survivals of feudalism, have from the beginning been firmly embedded in the strongest of democratic traditions. It is impossible to understand the United States today without taking account of the effect upon our capitalism of our long and virile democratic tradition.

I have traveled a good deal in the past twenty years, and I have found during these travels few foreigners who really grasped the way in which the democratic ideas held by the great majority of our people have influenced the way in which capitalism works in the United States. Americans rarely think of capitalism, nakedly separate, but of capitalism as interpenetrated by democratic conceptions. That is why indictments of the United States, drawn on the basis of the alleged character of a capitalist economy taken alone—and largely theoretically—are often wide of the mark.

Once in a while a foreign leader gives clear evidence that he understands this and is prepared to give it proper weight. Prime Minister Clement Attlee did so when he declared, in replying to the rebels against Ernest Bevin's foreign policy:

In matters of economic planning, we agree with Soviet Russia. In certain specific points of world economic planning, we find the United States in agreement with us, but generally speak-

ing they hold a capitalist philosophy which we do not accept. *But when it comes to a matter which we consider to be democracy, a matter of freedom of thought and the individual, we agree with the Americans and we disagree with the Russians.*

In contrast to this careful and reasonable statement of a socialist position, are the remarks of Tom Driberg, speaking for the rebels against Bevin:

I must warn the Foreign Secretary that . . . the people of this country will certainly not follow him to war now or in five years' time against Soviet Russia in partnership with the barbaric thugs of Detroit or the narrow imperialists of Washington or Wall Street.

Driberg gives a wonderful illustration of what happens when passionate dislike so distorts judgment that insult becomes a substitute for analysis. The implication that American democracy counts for nothing, as against its (violently caricatured) capitalism, is obviously grotesque. But it is on that basis that Driberg and his associates would found British foreign policy. That the rebels commanded so much support within the Labor party simply illustrates the fact that the party has in its ranks many intemperate people who are more concerned to exhibit their hatred of capitalism than to advance the democratic values Mr. Attlee thought worth emphasizing.

I am not interested in whitewashing either American capitalism or American democracy; rather I am trying to understand a complex situation. Both American capitalism and American democracy are guilty of more lapses from virtue than it is pleasant to recall. But one of America's favorite pastimes is calling strident attention to these lapses, and an immense amount of time and energy goes into doing something about them. Do-gooders form a sizable proportion of the population and do-good organizations are without number. They toil and spin twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. It is one of the many ironic aspects of the general situation we are discussing that the most passionate indictments of America made by foreigners are based on indictments of America by Americans. No country more successfully publicizes its faults. (No doubt Driberg got his idea of the thugs of Detroit from some American publication.) But the point is not, at

this time, whether the indictments are true or false, or a mixture of both, as is usually the case. The point is that they are made at all. I should say that as long as Americans continue busily to publicize their faults and do something about them, there is hope that they will one day be corrected and the world will escape suffering from them. Some foreign critics manage to imply that the faults are permanent, ineradicable, and completely unrecognized in the United States. That, of course, is poppycock. One of the outstanding characteristics of American democracy is the tradition of protest. The day it dies will be a sorry day for America—and the world. But the time for funeral plans is not just yet.

ONE of the many useful things that some of our critics abroad could do is to study American intellectual history. I still recall the note of astonishment in the voice of a distinguished foreign professor who was telling me how much he had learned about our country from reading Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*. He hadn't known that Americans had thought so much about life and destiny, politics and economics, capitalism and democracy, and mostly so critically; he hadn't realized that Americans really had an intellectual tradition which strongly supported views he had supposed were simply idle vagaries of the speech-making hours. I know that few foreigners have had even his glimpse of what makes Americans American. That is one of the tragedies of our time.

It takes a reasonable amount of effort to know us. Recalling the unsympathetic and nonsensical remarks about the United States that Harold Laski recently made while temporarily chairman of the British Labor party, it may seem odd to cite him for the defense. But the truth is that Laski the politician consistently talks on a far lower plane than Laski the scholar. Some years ago, in the latter role, he wrote:

American tradition and American institutions are very different from the British; and they cannot be grasped without an effort of mind and heart, which it requires considerable energy to make. . . . It is even possible that the common language tends to inhibit understanding rather than promote it. For it prevents in many the

realization that the United States, despite the history we have shared in common, is a foreign country, to be judged by its own standards and its own purposes and not by ours. Until this is realized, the basis for a true insight into the American attitude is absent.

If that is true of Britain and the United States—and I am sure it is—then it is doubly true of the United States and the other Western democracies, quadruply true of the United States and the eastern European countries, and true to a monumental degree of the United States and Russia.

That our capitalism is unruly, that it is riven by internal dissension between management and labor, that some of its practices are barbaric and some of its practitioners are greedy, that it operated so badly in the depression as to cause suffering to millions, and that its ability to regulate itself well enough to survive in the future is at least open to question—all these things are obviously true. One can hardly glance at an American newspaper without becoming aware of them. But that our capitalism is also dynamic, constantly adapting itself to meet new conditions and new demands, and under incessant critical review here at home; and furthermore that the great majority of the American people want and hope it can be made the instrument not only of prosperity but of democracy too—these things are true also, though they are not always clear to people who have not been steeped in the American tradition.

III

IN WHAT WAYS are we imperialists? Let us turn to J. A. Hobson's classic study of imperialism, from which all subsequent studies take off, and paraphrase his definition. In the 1938 edition Hobson argues that what makes a nation imperialistic is producing more goods than can be disposed of at home, and therefore having to sell them abroad. He sees but three ways to offset excess production: (1) to try to redistribute the national income through trade union and government action so that more of the national product can be consumed at home; (2) deliberately to restrict production; and (3) to have "a pushful economic foreign policy" designed to gain

special favors in foreign markets—a policy which may include forcible annexation of territory to guarantee the durability of those special favors. On the latter point he says that "capitalism, to maintain its profitable character, by utilizing its new productive powers as fully as possible, is impelled to seek the help of the state in the various ways that are now so much in evidence: tariffs, embargoes, subsidies, and the acquisition or retention of colonies where the home capitalist can have advantages both for his import and export trade, with such securities in monetary matters as can be provided by imperial control."

This definition does not exactly fit the United States today. For one thing, the distribution of income inside our country, despite its distressing unevenness between classes and sections of the nation, is not too utterly bad. It is constantly being changed for the better, though painfully slowly, and can be further improved within the capitalist system if efforts are conscientiously made. For another thing, territorial expansion is not today a characteristic American policy. Even if it were decided to annex without further ado all the Pacific Islands allegedly needed for our defense system, it would be stretching a point to assert that the United States had embarked on territorial imperialism in a search for markets. The significance of the islands as markets is largely mythical. But a close look at Hobson's point about excess production, on which his entire structure rests, is certainly in order.

It is well known that the great strength of American capitalism is its free access to an immense and rich domestic market. Almost all our industries are founded on that market. Few of them expect to sell abroad more than a small fraction of what they produce. It is this circumstance that limits the horizon of most American business men to the boundaries of the United States. But the trouble is that the small percentage of American production that does seek export outlets in many instances represents a tremendous percentage of the world's present capacity to purchase. What runs over the edge of the American dish is often sufficient to frighten both foreign producers and consumers. World

War II has increased the productive capacity of the United States, and many foreigners fear that our excess production has reached such a volume that it can be disposed of only by imperialism of the Hobsonian variety. Their fears are intensified by the widespread belief that only through exporting can otherwise inevitably heavy unemployment at home be liquidated. They believe, in short, that we will try to export our unemployment and will use imperialistic methods to do it.

The question immediately arises, when does a nation's foreign trade cease to be a legitimate export of goods, based on the principle of the international division of labor, and become an illegitimate racket interfering with the rights and privileges of other people? This is a difficult distinction to make in a fashion acceptable to everybody, but if current thinking is a satisfactory guide, the line should be drawn at the point where exports are balanced by imports. On this basis, it is legitimate to produce as large an export surplus as is needed to pay for the imports necessary to national economic well-being. When exports consistently exceed imports, and where there is exceptional pressure on foreign consumers to buy those exports willy-nilly, then the bounds of legitimate trade have been overstepped and we have imperialism. On this reasoning imperialism is an illegitimate effort to control markets for the benefit of the exporter regardless of the interests of the importer. This is the kind of imperialism of which the United States is ordinarily accused.

It is also accused of imperialism when, by exporting capital, it takes control of industries in backward countries, or builds branch factories in them, and then allegedly misuses its power to direct economic development along lines that favor the foreign (i.e., American) capitalist, not the people of the country. As American investments abroad increase, this accusation will be heard ever more frequently. Here again there must somewhere be a valid distinction between legitimate investment abroad and illegitimate use of the power such investment creates. That such a distinction exists in the minds of many is obvious, for more people than

"hard-faced capitalists" feel that America should export capital. We all realize that backward countries must have capital if they are to progress. Since they cannot supply it out of their own resources, it follows that it must come, if at all, from abroad. The legitimacy of the use of foreign capital would therefore turn on whether or not it makes a measurable contribution to raising living standards in the receiving nation.

THERE is no use dodging the fact that in logic the *opportunity* to "go imperialist," by trading and investing abroad in ways that will not raise living standards there, is wide open to the United States today. Many foreigners are convinced that opportunity is synonymous with action. It seems to me, however, that they overlook four points.

(1) The official policy of the United States with regard to trade includes a campaign *against* the very devices that Hobson says accompany imperialism—namely preferences, quotas, embargoes, subsidies, and excessively high tariffs. By contrast, the nations allegedly opposed to American imperialism defend some of these devices most vigorously. This is a curious reversal of expected roles. Of course neither side is absolutely consistent. We ourselves, for example, already have high tariffs, while we campaign against the general raising of tariff barriers. But the confusion perhaps shows that the Americans, for their part, are rather poor hands at imperialism.

(2) To be successful, imperialism requires victims. There remain very few areas to serve as passive victims and therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the resistance to an American imperialism would be very great indeed. The revolt against imperialism is one of the conspicuous facts of the world today. The British, French, and Dutch empires are being forcibly remodeled and the opportunity to establish a new empire is rather small. Independent countries as different in character as Argentina and Yugoslavia are today engaged in dislodging foreign imperialists from their domains and we shall see more of this in the future. I strongly doubt that this

generation of Americans could or would stand the odium inseparable from making a try at imperialism on a grand scale.

(3) A successful imperialist adventure by the United States would require the destruction, by-passing, or radical perversion of the international institutions for governing the world economy—the International Monetary Fund, the International Bank, and the prospective International Trade Organization. In all instances the Americans have definite ideas about how these organizations should be run, but that they can in international conferences succeed in forcing all other nations to accept policies the only purpose of which is to advance American imperialism is ludicrous to suppose. I should say that these organizations are formidable impediments to an American imperialism, and that the time to get worried is not while they exist but when the United States officially acts to abandon them. I do not think that time is just yet.

(4) Perhaps the most fundamental indictment of the United States' trade policy, and therefore the strongest argument for the nation's indictment as imperialist, is that the nation still thinks of foreign trade largely as a seller. We have been very slow to acquire the buyer's outlook and we still have an enormous distance to go. The very great power of seller psychology frightens foreigners. This is shown by their harping on our tariff. The tariff does not interfere with the movement of goods out of the country but it does impede the movement of goods into the country. Foreigners therefore argue that in attempting to sell its excess production, while preserving the domestic market inviolate, the Americans will be driven to imperialist methods—indeed that their whole position is "objectively" imperialist in character. They therefore tend to discount a hundred per cent all American professions of a desire to correct the anomalies in their traditional outlook. The argument is that Americans, an ignorant lot anyway in international economics, show no signs of tincturing their simon-pure ignorance with common sense.

But surely it is excessively willful to sweep aside as meaningless all American efforts to get their foreign trade policy

on a new and sounder basis, from the reciprocal trade program to the ideas we have proposed to embody in a charter for an International Trade Organization. In the light of these efforts and ideas, it is entirely possible that American foreign trade policy will be far better in the future than after World War I. If my hunch is correct, I'd say that the chances are good that American foreign trade will be as legitimate as can be expected of an economy of such magnitude. The United States, I think, will menace the world less by its imperialism than by the very size of its legitimate operations and perhaps especially by any degree of instability they may have. But even on this point it is within the bounds of possibility that action may be taken to smooth out the fluctuations. Is it not a little arbitrary to rule out the possibility entirely?

IV

THE victory of the Republicans in the recent elections seems to have disturbed our foreign critics deeply, especially those of the left who are avid for evidence that the United States is incurably reactionary. Yet it is as much nonsense to say that the American people are all reactionaries because the Republicans won the election as to say that all Englishmen are Laborites because Labor won on a famous occasion. It is even nonsense to say that all Republicans are reactionaries; and equal nonsense to say that all their opponents are "progressives." American political parties are mixed grills.

The consternation abroad at the Republican victory appears to be partly real and partly feigned. It is real insofar as the election created uncertainty about future American political and economic policies; it is feigned insofar as it has led to the allegation that the nation will now move to out-and-out imperialism abroad and unalloyed *laissez-faire* capitalism at home. Although political prophecy is dangerous, it seems to me likely that the Republicans will follow a much more moderate course in power than they threatened while out. Political talk in America is always tougher than political practice. Every party has its follies and the Republican follies will

differ in kind and intent from the Democratic, but that they will be more foolish is impossible to believe. They couldn't be.

Running through foreign reactions to the election is a nostalgia for Roosevelt. The implication is that if only Roosevelt were alive, everything would be lovely. The if's of history are amusing toys with which to play, but surely it has all along been clear that Mr. Roosevelt was not immortal, either in the political or the physical sense. One of the if's that needs a little exploration is this: if there had been no war, would Roosevelt's power have lasted beyond 1940? A good case can be made for asserting that it would not have. Without the war, the probability is that Wendell Willkie would have won the Presidency. The New Deal probably reached its peak around 1938 and the incoherence of its component parts was by then becoming excessively obvious. It was being borne in on the people that Mr. Roosevelt was not laboring to realize a vast, carefully thought out, and profoundly creative plan; but rather that he was a gay improviser, a skillful broker of ideas and men who had a fine conceit of his own hunches and his skill in playing them. Once he was gone, the men and ideas he could keep together by a fascinating display of political virtuosity, inevitably flew apart. And then there was the more or less inevitable reaction against the party that waged the war.

The truth, it seems to me, is not that the voters were intent on throwing away any so-called social gains made under Roosevelt. It is rather that they were beset by the conviction that there was no true heir to Roosevelt in the Democratic party and that his political successors simply could not manage the show worth a hang. A complete shift was therefore indicated, to begin in 1946 and to be completed, perhaps, in 1948. The voters, it seems probable, were seeking domestic peace, tranquillity, and prosperity—not reaction; peace, and not a war-breeding imperialism abroad. That the Democrats had exclusive possession of the secrets of prosperity and peace was something the voters did not believe. Of course, predicting disaster if there is a shift in the party in power is an old American pastime. Apparently for-

eigners equally enjoy it. But the evidence in both cases is inconclusive, and in politics a good rule is to wait and see.

The big point for our friends abroad to keep in mind is a very simple one: the two-party system guarantees that power will, at unpredictable intervals, be swapped between them. Since the United States cannot very readily be subtracted from world affairs, foreigners must be prepared to deal with either party. Nothing will more quickly anger the Americans than the implication that only one party—or worse, only one man—is acceptable to the world. Any attempt to quarantine the United States if the “wrong” party comes to power will do more to destroy international good will than anything the “wrong” party is apt to do. It is admittedly difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile American Republican and British socialist economics, but the path of wisdom—for both of us—is surely to seek the most workable compromise possible and at the same time to make the most of those democratic identities on which Mr. Attlee placed such emphasis. And what applies to the United States *vis à vis* the United Kingdom applies with equal force to the rest of the world. As long as compromise and accommodation play a role in international affairs, there is hope for the future.

MEANWHILE, on the basis of all the evidence to date, is it quite fair to take at face value the picture of America the menace that is sometimes handed about among our friends abroad? The picture shows us with our eyes reduced to slits, our foreheads lowered, our chins jutted, pistols in our hands. It shows us cast in the role of international gangsters, prowling where we are not wanted (now that the war is over), with nothing in our minds but swag, nothing for hearts but stones. For domestic political purposes abroad, this picture may come in very handy. And probably we here at home can profit from taking a good look at it now and again, to remind ourselves of what we must not become. But surely reasonable people, not only here but abroad, might agree that it is a gross caricature. Any resemblance between it and reality is purely coincidental.

THE JAZZ CULT

II. War Among the Critics

ERNEST BORNEMAN

IN APRIL 1944, within two weeks after the appearance of my first innocent contribution to the *Record Changer*, the trade journal of the jazz collectors, I received eighty-six letters from angry readers telling me that I was strictly from nowhere with my quaint ideas of what made jazz tick. All I had been asked to do by the editor, and all I had tried to do in good faith, was to write a short piece on the African roots of American Negro music in general and of jazz in particular. What my readers read into it was something like an attempt to set off a small atomic bomb at 52d and Broadway.

In a humble way I had said that I liked the early kind of jazz much better than some of the later kinds, because it seemed to have preserved a good deal of the dignity of rural folk music, but that the attempt to revive it now seemed to me as funny as the organized revival of folk dancing among the rural citizens of Greenwich Village. This innocuous piece of logic was my downfall; it landed me flat on my rear in the most exposed position between the contending forces of jazz—the Fundamentalists and the Modernists.

Jazz, according to the Fundamentalists, began in the eighteen-eighties with the playing of blues and ragtime by the Negro brass bands of New Orleans. The first of the jazz cornetists was a barber named

Bolden, born in 1863, whose band, according to Bunk Johnson, his second cornet player, was the best jazz band there ever was "because it did not read at all." The music, say the Fundamentalists, began to decline when the musicians learned to read and gave up collective improvisation on blues and ragtime themes for written arrangements of Tin Pan Alley tunes. The fact that solo improvisation continues in modern swing music is of small importance to the Fundamentalists because, in their interpretation, the accent of importance rests upon the *collective nature* of improvisation; the solo, they say, is a form of vanity in which all the indulgence of jazz survives without any of the discipline which is its organic counterpart. This discipline, in the best of jazz, is derived from the individual performer's need to build his melodic line in such a manner that each note he plays will be in harmony with each note that the next man will simultaneously improvise.

Since the elementary laws of harmony require a minimum of three notes to form a chord, the essential jazz orchestra should have three wind instruments—no less and no more; and since jazz is essentially rhythmic music, a rhythm section made up of drums, bass, and guitar or banjo should be added. The piano is optional, and the sole function of the rhythm section

Mr. Borneman, besides being a novelist and a maker of movies, is an editor of the Record Changer. Edward Melcarth made the accompanying sketches of musicians in a 52d Street night club.



should be to mark the beat and the basic chords. The modern tendency of the piano, the bass, the guitar, and the tuned drums to act as solo instruments and play whole melodies on their own is abhorred by the Fundamentalists as an essentially unorganic use of jazz instrumentation. The organic use of the basic instruments calls for the cornet or trumpet to play the melodic lead, the clarinet to play a syncopated obbligato, and the trombone to fill in the harmony with propulsive glissandi. This, the Fundamentalists say, with profound faith in the vanished perfection of man before the Fall, was exactly the shape of the band and the style of performance in the good old days before commercialization killed the cat.

It is a neat, persuasive, and musicianly argument with all the loose ends prettily tucked in. Alas, the counter-argument of the Modernists is equally neat, persuasive, and musicianly; it grants the historic part of the argument and says *so what*: New Orleans jazz may or may not have been as good as you say, but it is a dead music now; the founding fathers of the music have grown old and can't play any more; the youngsters are trying to do something new. Encourage them instead of telling them to play like their granddaddies; let them learn to read and write

music; teach them all about harmony and counterpoint and give them proper instructors so that their instrumental technique may become as accurate and reliable as that of academically trained musicians.

Ah, says the Fundamentalist in reply, that sounds pretty as an argument but it sounds awful as music. Just listen to those youngsters who have learned all about harmony, notation, and instrumental technique. All they do with their fine academic equipment is imitate the worst mannerisms of the European romantics—chromatic runs, whole tone scales, triplets, successions of eighth notes, and the facile exoticism of impressionist timbres and tone colors. At best they are *almost* as good as the Europeans whose work they ape. The New Orleans jazzmen, by distinction, were good precisely because they neither knew nor cared for the European tradition. Since they didn't know the rules, they triumphantly accomplished the impossible, laying the foundations of what might well have become the only native school that American music has ever been likely to produce. Instead of this, your modern rebop musicians have sold their birthright for a stale mess of European pottage.

II

THAT is where the battle stands today, and it is a stand as hopelessly stalemated as any controversy between adversaries who know more about their opponent's motives than about their own. Each camp has gone a long way toward breaking down the logic of the other camp into its component elements, and often enough the devil of calumny has raised his ugly head among the philosophers. Advocates of the New Orleans school have charged for some time that the most literate advocates of the modern school, while posing as objective critics, have in fact been paid all along by certain musicians of the modern school as their personal agents, and that the whole argument of the novelty-for-novelty's-sake school therefore has no more critical significance than a publicity blurb. They have charged, in detail, that the music critic and jazz yearbook editor of a certain pin-up magazine has been and

still is on the payroll not only of a famous New York night club owner and jazz promoter but also of one of the large music publishing houses; that a new song, specially commissioned and plugged by his magazine, has been composed by one of the "critic's" favorite pianists, published by the brother of the pianist's employer, and recorded by his client; and finally that one of the oldest and most respectable magazines in the dance music field has recently become a thinly veiled puff-sheet in the hands of one or two slick operators whose strong line in defense of the "modern" school has at times been motivated less by aesthetic than by financial considerations.

All this may be a somewhat unkind view of what is in reality a happy coincidence of certain critical and economic factors. There is really no reason why one of the editors, who also acts as tunesmith, verse doctor, and recording supervisor for a number of phonograph companies, should not be genuinely enough enamored with his own work to give specially favorable marks to it whenever he acts as co-editor of the magazine's monthly record review section.

And it is, of course, quite possible that an artist who is reviewed in one issue of the magazine as "an agonized and agonizing girl singer" might have improved so much while singing one of the editor's tunes that he may justly review her three months later as "a hefty sounding, earthy blues singer"; but this sort of thing is always likely to give rise to false impressions among the cynics.

At one time, one of the editors said: "You can listen to each of the five trumpet players in Lionel Hampton's band, and every one of them will take a chorus which, had it been discovered on some obscure old record, would be hailed as a genius by the Jelly Roll Network." This caused a great deal of bewilderment among the Fundamentalists, not only because of the odd grammatical structure of the sentence but also because of the fact that the editor had just become Lionel Hampton's press agent and the happy coincidence of economic and aesthetic considerations placed a gentle strain on the credulity of the faithful.

THESE hard thoughts, however, should not be taken too seriously. The more adult minds in the Fundamentalist camp have long discovered that the real link between the economics and the aesthetics of the dance band business is far stronger than the odd sample of the itchy palm or the straight payoff might lead you to believe. What really matters is the old jazzbander's profound shame for the years of poverty, illiteracy, bad hootch, and bad company from which he has happily emerged at long last. Certain rackets—bootlegging, illegal narcotics, gambling, and prostitution—have always been associated with the early history of jazz. Add to this, in the case of the Negro musician, the whole aura of shame, misery, and subjugation that surrounds the history of jazz in the South, and you get a profound complex of early humiliation that can be most skillfully exploited by any white man who offers a neat scheme of moral rehabilitation based upon a disparagement of the old jazz and a glorification of the new school which, at the small expense of a good press agent's salary, will guarantee admission to the ranks of musical respectability.

The question of purpose and content has been completely eliminated from the critical standards of the modern school. The only criteria of value are novelty, accuracy of technique, and complexity of harmonic structure. To this has been added, with a shamelessness unprecedented in musical history, the criterion of financial success. "Take a good look at Louis Prima," says *Metronome*, "at Lionel Hampton. At Benny Goodman. And, of course, at Duke Ellington. Who has more fun making a living? Who's making more money?" Then compare these local-boys-who-made-good with those failures, those old-timers who are frustrated by the fact that Art Tatum "is gaining yearly in prestige, earnings, and success; and is playing concert dates, while their own favorite pianist is still working in a Greenwich Village cellar."

"At last we know," said the Fundamentalists when this dramatic new criterion of value was revealed. "Walt Whitman was a bum in the poetry racket; his *Leaves of Grass*, which he spent his whole

life writing, didn't net him what a radio jingle writer pulls down for one job. Now take the author of *Super Suds* ditties—*there's a poet! He sells!*" Or take the defenders of the modern school themselves, adds the Fundamentalist, getting hot under the collar. Look at what musical giants they proved themselves when they hit upon the guaranteed-success idea of the national jazz music poll. "Look at Mr. F.," says Art Hodes, editor of the *Jazz Record*, whose feud with Mr. F. is one of the noble myths of the modern era. "Mr. F., an influential writer on 'le Hot' (meaning the mags that employ him reach many souls) also considers himself quite a pianist. He becomes a member of the musicians' union, which gives him the right to mix and mingle with all and sundry. This turns out to be a good investment. Mr. F. looks up Mr. S., who is in the recording business, and lets him in on a secret. 'How would you like to record the winners of the nation wide poll that the Looking-Forward-to-the-Future Mag is conducting?' Mr. S., being in the business for other reasons than health, answers 'who wouldn't.' Mr. F. now approaches each musician who is soon to be declared a

winner on his respective instrument, and offers him a record date. They accept. Why not? They're immediately glorified, their incomes increase, and they're sure to get good reviews."

Shifting his weight from the economic to the aesthetic scale, Mr. Feather replied in *Esquire* with one of his famous blindfold tests. What's all this nonsense about Art, he said sternly. "Jazz, seen from the inside looking out, is a matter of notes, chords, and facts . . . expert analysis in place of emotional ecstasies." And what is "overwhelming" about Edmund Hall playing "a B Natural against an F Seventh chord?"

"Ah," said the *Jazz Record* sadly, "you might equally ask, Mr. Feather, what is so particularly caloric about 'Full fathom five thy father lies' since it is made up of but six common words, four of them in simple alliteration. . . . You have cast your lot with those who insist that a sunset is nothing more than the diffusion of light by suspended dust particles—and I'm sure you want to know what's so 'overwhelming' about that."

"Really, Mr. Feather," said the *Record Changer*, "you're much too bright to plead this sort of thing with your tongue all the way out of your cheek. Could it be that your whole argument in praise of the 'modern' manner is motivated less by your honest musical conviction than by the fact that you were still in your short pants when the real thing was going strong? If I told you that you and I could build a pretty little million-dollar business out of selling ye olde jazze musick to the suckers, would you come over and join me in my streamlined new antique shop?"



THE Modernists, always fast on the uptake, were quick to see the double-edged nature of this most unkind cut. Turning around at the aggressor they asked severely: "And where was you, daddy, when Buddy Bolden stomped 'em down? Could it be, Jack, that your strange passion for the olden times is just a veiled attempt to recreate the things you missed when you were in your cradle?"

Couldn't it be, the Modernist asks, pressing on, that your whole argument is motivated not by true musical conviction

but by an endeavor to derive vicarious satisfaction from an association with the tough, nostalgic, fabulous characters of the red light district days? You, whose own experience of life's purple patches has always been limited by moral education and natural timidity, couldn't it be that what you're really after isn't music at all but the spurious sense of action you get by identifying yourself with men whose music has become a symbol of the sinful life to you?

And they quote the case histories that tend to substantiate their theory: John Hammond, Jr., one of the earliest and most influential jazz "critics," came from an extremely wealthy family and after years of slumming among Harlem musicians found himself in the almost insoluble dilemma between an increasingly strong identification with the left wing of the labor movement and a tempting offer from a major recording company to act as their professional talent scout and recording supervisor. The company knew that more than a small share in the modern vogue of swing music was due to Hammond, who sponsored the first of the modern swing bands, Benny Goodman's, in 1934, and whose sister later became Goodman's wife. They knew that Hammond had brought Count Basie's Orchestra from Kansas City to New York and had thus started the first of the modern Negro jump bands on its way. They remembered, with particularly mixed emotions, the most instructive story of the lot—the story of John Hammond and the boogie.

Hammond, so the story goes, had found an old beat-up Paramount record named *Honky Tonk Train Blues* in a junk shop and had vainly advertised for two years in all Negro newspapers for any information leading to the discovery of its composer and performer, Meade Lux Lewis. One night in 1936, on a talent scouting tour in Chicago, he heard a pianist named Albert Ammons, whose style reminded him vaguely of Lewis. He asked Albert whether he could play a tune named *Honky Tonk Train Blues*, and whether he'd ever heard of a pianist named Lewis. "Why, man," said Albert, "Lux's my very best friend."

Lewis, it appeared, had left the music business years ago to work with Ammons as taxi driver for a company that had in-



stalled an old upright piano in its office to keep its drivers away from the ginmill across the street. Hammond found him working in a south side garage and whisked him off to New York to play a concert at the Imperial Theater. When Café Society opened in 1938, Hammond got him to play the opening together with Ammons and a third pianist from Kansas City, Pete Johnson, whose praises Basie and Ellington had sung for many years. This was the famous boogie woogie trio which started the whole modern rumpus.

Small wonder that this sort of *deus ex machina* existence, which may change the musical taste of a whole nation, has a way of giving the critic a feeling both of omnipotence and of an almost overwhelming identification with the musician upon whom the Pygmalion act has been performed. Hammond's recent breach with Goodman has therefore been interpreted as something more than a symbolic attempt to break away from the statue to which he thinks he has given life and which, with apparent ingratitude, has deserted the counsel of its mentor.

III

THREE of the founding fathers of the Fundamentalist cult have recently gone through the first stage of this experi-

ence: William Russell, the dean of New Orleans jazz collectors, a skilled performer on many rare oriental instruments and a composer of percussion music within his own right; Eugene Williams, the editor of the first American jazz magazine, *Jazz Information*, and until recently a recording supervisor for the Decca Company; and Rudi Blesh, a San Francisco architect who after a series of jazz lectures at the San Francisco Museum of Art was persuaded to give up his practice so as to devote all of his time to jazz. These three men, and a few others whose names have appeared among the contributors to the *Record Changer* and the *Jazz Record*, have been closely associated with the recent "rediscovery" of such old-timers as Bunk Johnson, Kid Ory, Mutt Carey, Bertha Chippie Hill, Montana Taylor, and Mr. Freddie Shayne. Of these case histories, the Bunk Johnson story is by far the most instructive.

SUCH GRADUATES of the New Orleans school as Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Clarence Williams, and Richard M. Jones had mentioned for many years that one survivor of the original Buddy Bolden band, the primal horde of jazz, might still be around somewhere in the deep Southwest. No one remembered his name for sure. All they had to go by was a nickname, "Bunk." Some thought he was in Electra, Texas; others were sure he had moved to the West Coast. Louis Armstrong suggested New Iberia, Louisiana, and the boys decided to play a long chance and send a letter to the postmaster of New Iberia, requesting that he "deliver the enclosed letter to a Negro cornetist known to all musicians in New Orleans, whence he came, as 'Bunk.'" A month later, the first of the fabulous Bunk Johnson letters hit New York. It was one of the most moving things that had ever happened in the rich cavalcade of the music. There was in it the dignity of an Old-Testamentarian lament and the fierce authenticity of the Scottsboro story. It was the real thing.

Dear Friend, your letter was received and was more than glad. . . . Now a picture of mine is what you want and that is something I haven't got. . . . I am here only making out now. For we have work only when Rice Harvest is in, and that over, things goes Real ded until Cane Har-

vest. I drive a truck and trailer and that only Pays me a \$1.75 a day and that do not last Very Long. So you all know for sure just about how much money that I makes now. I made up my mind to work Hard until I die as I have no one to tell my troubles to and my children they can not Help me out in this case. I have been Real Down for about Five years. My teeth went bad in 1934 so that was my finish playing music. I am just about to give it up. Now I haven't got no other way to go, but put my Sholder to the wheel and my noise to the grinding Stone and put my music down. . . .

Now for the taking of the picture of mine you can have one or six now six will cost \$5.00 and if you care to pay for six I will be glad because Armstrong wants one. I would like to give Williams one, Foster one, Bechet one, and I would like to keep one which would be the six. Now if you only want me to take one I will do so. So you can send me what you think about it for one or six. Now if there is some things that you would want to know about music please let me know when you answer.

There were a great many things the boys wanted to know about music, but they had to wait a long time for the answer:

My dear kind Friend only a few words I want to say to you about my delay in sending you these pictures and these letters. Now I'm pretty sure that you all know just how everything is down south with the poor colored men. The service here is really poor for Colored people we have no colored studios. This a cajun town and in these little country towns you don't have a chance like the white man so you just have to stand back and wait until your turn come. That is just the way here so please do not think hard of me, you think hard of the other fellow. You all do your Very Best for me and try and get me on my feet once more in life. Now here is just what I mean when I say the word on my feet I mean this, I wants to become able to play trumpet once more as I know I can really stomp trumpet yet. Now here is what it takes to stomp trumpet, that is a real good set of teeth and that is just what I am deep in need for. Teeth and a good trumpet and then old Bunk can really go. . . . Now I truly thank you for the treet of the money. They come in need time. I did not have a penny in my house or no place else. Do tell my dear old pal Clarence Williams to write me and to send a few late numbers of his. Now I can not play them but I can think them. Oh Boy that will make me feel good anyway if I have not got no teeth I can have some thing to look at when I get to thinking about the shape I am in and have no good way to go but work just as I could get it, some weeks nothing at all. Now you tell Louis to please send me a trumpet as he told me that he would and you all do your best for me. From a old good kind Friend as ever and will all ways be so answer me at once.

The boys raised money for a trumpet and a set of teeth. Sidney Bechet, the New Orleans clarinet player, wrote to his brother who was a dentist in New Orleans and asked him to fix Bunk with the best denture money could buy. Bunk went to New Orleans and wrote:

Just a few lines to let you here From me and also to let you know that I did Received the money order. . . . Here was the thing that I had to do to get something to play on. Now I had to start out hussling my Fare to New Orleans and I did Real good and made a good Bargain with the money that was sent to me. Now I got two instruments. I got a cornet and a trumpet. Now they are cheap made instruments I bought them at Fink's Pond Shop on South Rampart near Perdido St. second handed. Now I am able to make my Start. Now I'm able to play at home Everyday until my lip gets in Shape. So do write me at once and let me here from you and I thank you all ever so much for the fixing of my mouth and for all you have done for me. Your Kindness will never be forgotten By Me and my Family. Here is our Very Best Regards to you and all of my dear Friends. I will close all from your true friend

BUNK JOHNSON.

RUDI BLESCH, who was lecturing on design at the San Francisco Museum of Art, was asked by the curator, who had played drums in an amateur jazz band during his university days, to give a series of lectures on jazz, featuring Bunk Johnson. On the day before the scheduled concert, Blesch still didn't know whether Bunk was going to make it. There was a sharp fifteen-minute train connection in Los Angeles, and Blesch was worried that the old man would miss it. But Blesch didn't know about the jazzmen's underground organization.

Coming through Texas, Bunk couldn't get a seat on the train, and he had to sit in the aisle. He sat on his trumpet case so it wouldn't be stolen, but he went to sleep and someone stole his new shoes and hat. Then, along somewhere in New Mexico, one of the porters from the Pullman cars came through and said, "What are you doing here, man?" Bunk looked up and saw Papa Mutt Carey, the only other surviving New Orleans trumpet player of his age. They had not seen each other in twenty years and each of them thought the other was dead.

Then and there, Papa Mutt took Bunk

under his wing, found him a seat, and saw to it that he made his train in Los Angeles. Bunk arrived only four hours before curtain time. He was then sixty-four years old. He had never spoken through a public address system, but he stepped up to the microphone and gave the capacity audience a flawless history of New Orleans jazz. "He had all the poise in the world," Blesch says.

They put on another concert and had over a thousand standing in the halls and in an overflow room. They hired the Geary Theater and brought in Mutt Carey from the Pullman Company and Kid Ory from Los Angeles. NBC put out the



last half hour on their Pacific Coast network. The OWI transcribed and broadcast it overseas. *Esquire* magazine put on a concert and the New Orleans Jazz Foundation put on another. Blesch tried to keep Bunk in San Francisco to form a permanent band, but the AFL local didn't like the idea of a mixed band, and so the CIO offered them their union social hall. White and Negro musicians from all over America dropped in to play with the band, but in the end the AFL found a way to break this up on the color line issue.

Gene Williams found a hall in New York,

the old Stuyvesant Casino, built a band of New Orleans old-timers around Bunk's trumpet, lodged the band in his old brownstone apartment where they cooked red beans and rice in a bucket every night, and stood back waiting for the big things to happen. They happened simultaneously in *Time*, the *New Yorker*, and the *Herald Tribune*. After that there was no stopping it. Decca, Victor, and Blue Note picked up the band for recording sessions. Gene Williams wrote a review of the band which was so studded with superlatives that it was embarrassing to behold. The Fundamentalists gathered in a solid phalanx and said: *This is it. We have arrived.*

But watch what happened among the Modernists. *Metronome* said, "These records are laughably out of tune, unmusical and anti-musical. Anybody who tells you otherwise, be he William Russell or Charles Edward Smith or Buddy Bolden himself, is guilty of gross deception, net deception, and self-deception. *Metronome* says, 'Bunk is the bunk.' You can quote us."

When the Fundamentalists read this review, they were delighted. "Look," they said, "you see what happened? At long last the slick boys have lost their smugness. Now they've got nothing to say but a few epithets. And you know why? We've touched the one point they respect. We've made a financial success of the band!"

"Yes," said the Modernists in reply. "You've made a small sort of success out of the band, but you didn't make it out of the music. You dramatized a personality, as you always do, and this time you got the public to identify itself with Bunk Johnson and his riches-to-rags-to-riches story. As far as you are concerned, he might just as well have been the overlord of the New Orleans tenderloin and not the King of the New Orleans trumpeters." And to prove their point, they quote the story of the boys at Wethersfield.

FOUR OR FIVE years ago, a Chicago collector named Preston Flower received a letter from Connecticut State Prison asking him where second-hand records might be bought most cheaply. Flower quoted typical collectors' prices ranging from an average of two dollars to a maxi-

mum of two hundred dollars and sent eighteen records of his own—with his compliments.

Two years later, a new American discography was published—in Connecticut State Prison. Hundreds of collectors had contributed records from their own stockpiles to help the boys at Wethersfield in their labors. A young white trumpeter tipped off a pianist friend of his to a bargain in a second-hand horn. A famous Negro trumpeter tried it out, and the editor of a small jazz magazine shipped it off to Wethersfield. A letter came back that had the same feel to it as the first Bunk Johnson letters:

Yesterday afternoon I took the horn out in the yard where I could play it and though my lip is far from being in shape, I found that the horn has a wonderful tone, it is easy to blow, slurs easy, and high C and D are easy to get. Am I happy? To tell you the real honest truth, I don't believe a pardon could have made me any happier. I really mean that. Here I have a horn that is a beauty and everything a guy could ask for. . . . You might make arrangements for me to get some kind of work to do, so I could pay you back. Well, I say, send the work on to me; this horn is worth anything I can do for you.

This story had a great many repercussions. Some of the Modernists said that the collectors would never have bought the trumpet if the man at Wethersfield had not purchased their favor first by currying to their collectors' fancies, and that the collectors' whole interest in him was probably motivated less by genuine charity than by a spurious quest for the great spiritual father whose sinful world of tough masculine action was forever barred to them by the poverty of their own timid and academic minds.

This made the Fundamentalists extremely angry. It seemed in bad taste and it smacked of something which everyone thought had happily been buried at Nuremberg. Art Hodes, in the *Jazz Record*, said wearily, "And so the New Order boys go merrily on their way, increasing the sale of the mags they write for. They're happy—they've found a minority to pick on, just as Hitler made use of a minority in his country. . . . They haven't wasted their time fighting for beliefs that didn't pay off in cash. That register rang loud and lustily for them. . . ."

The Modernists, not to be outsmarted, turned the lance right back at the Fundamentalists. They found a good publicity slogan for the enemy — the “Moldy Figs” — and off they went. “The Moldy Figs,” said Leonard Feather in *Metronome*, “are to music what Rankin and Bilbo are to politics and Pegler to the press. They are the extreme right-wingers of jazz, the voice of reaction in music. Just as the fascists tend to divide group against group and distinguish between Negroes, Jews, Italians, and ‘Real Americans,’ so do the Moldy Figs try to categorize New Orleans, Chicago, swing music, and ‘the real jazz.’ Just as the fascists have tried to foist their views on the public through the vermin press of *Social Justice*, *The Broom*, and *X-Ray*, so have the Figs yapped their heads off in *The Jazz Record*, *Jazz Session*, and *Record Changer*. Just as the Gerald L. K. Smiths regard America as a private club to which refugees and members of various races cannot be admitted, so does the right-wing jazz group limit itself to a clique in which a nineteenth century birth certificate from New Orleans is almost the only admission ticket, while all young, aspiring musicians of today are barred and branded as ‘riff musicians’ or jump and jive men.”

THERE is a certain truth to this. Such high priests of “Dixieland” and “Chicago” jazz as Eddie Condon have often allowed their wit to run away with their discretion. When Hugues Panassié, the French apostle of New Orleans jazz, failed dismally to rank Eddie among the dozen top guitar players, Eddie smartly rapped Panassié across the knuckles with a quip that has become history: “How come the French cats are telling us how to play jazz? Do I tell Panassié how to jump on a grape?”

When Eddie, in *PM*, of all places, used terms like “Gellis dialect” and “watermelon accent,” the Jewish and Negro musicians became a little restive. But, significantly enough, the worst offenders in this pretty little game of patriotic name-calling have been the Modernists themselves. “For a critic who has hardly ever heard the real jazz, read Panassié’s *The Real Jazz*,” says Leonard Feather in a lop-

sided recommendation in *Metronome*. Next someone named “Hope” picks up the *Metronome* cudgels for America First by aiming another good blow at the fur-riners: “With Europe in the toils of reconstruction, the jazz cult is again beginning to rear its curiously deformed head in numerous centers, notably the French capital. The *Hot Club de France*, whose purpose before the war seemed to be nothing more than to make confusion more confounded, is appearing once more in Paris in . . . the kind of muddy, ill-informed thinking that is going to befuddle the French public as to what is and is not the real jazz. Barney Bigard’s description of Panassié’s first book on jazz as ‘without doubt the worst book I ever read in my life’ might go double for . . . the appallingly misguided French pseudo-critic. . . . It is difficult to regard Panassié’s view with anything but mild amusement.”

And then, without a visible trace of amusement, Mr. Hope proceeds to beat the life out of poor Panassié. “Caldonia, Caldonia, what makes your big head so hard?” asks the balladist, and the answer, of course, is the little round shellac disc with the hole in the center.

IV

SINCE the European jazz lover is almost entirely dependent on phonograph records, he finds himself automatically in sympathy with collectors in other countries, including the U. S. A. All collectors are Fundamentalists. The disciples of the modern school may pile up a small collection of their favorite records, but since their standard of value is largely based on novelty, they rapidly get tired of yesterday’s records and as a result they generally give up collecting before they have really begun. The Europeans, on the other hand, or the non-American jazz lovers in general, are the collectors *par excellence*. Nowhere, except among the European collectors, will you find tidbits like these:

There are several distinct kinds of Gennett records, including a green labeled semi-classical series (10,000 up), the dark blue 4,500 popular series, which ended about 5,700 in 1925, the red

3,000 series, similar to the blue, which followed the latter through to 1927, and the black electrically recorded type (6,000) known as Electro-beam Gennett which was mostly a 'popular-only' series from 1927 to 1930. Interesting jazz is to be found on all but the first-named, of course, and, as everybody knows, it was for Gennett that three great pioneer jazz bands first recorded—King Oliver, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, and the Wolverines.

While dealing with Armstrong, those resolute souls like myself who dream of a complete Armstrong collection, can start searching again. Two sides, made immediately after the *Knee Drops* session under the name of Carrol Dickerson & his Band have Armstrong solos. Titles are *Symphonic Rapps* (400992) and *Savoyager's Stomp* (400993). They were only issued on Argentine Odeon. Another new item is the German Brunswick *Tiger Rag* and *St. Louis Blues*. I recently obtained this and find that the former is a different master to the French Brunswick versions, while the latter, bearing masternumber 1478, is a new version. While on the subject of second masters, the English Brunswick *Down in Honky Tonk Town* is from a different master to the American release, while Swiss Decca F8055 of Louis' *Swing That Music* is a different master to both the U. S. and English release.

And here is a major tragedy from an English jazz magazine named *Record Information*:

Peter Tanner's inclusion of Bessie Smith's *Young Woman's Blues* as an example of the late Jimmy Harrison must have come as a shock to those who knew that glorious record. It certainly did to me! It so happens that there is not the slightest trace of trombone on the record, though it does contain some of Joe Smith's finest, broad-toned, low register cornet. *The label of the U.H.C.A. reissue wrongly lists Harrison*. I have never heard a Bessie Smith which features Jimmy; when she used a trombone, it was almost always the late Charlie Green. At any rate, Green is responsible for most of the accompaniments which were at one time credited to Harrison. But that hardly excuses Peter, who has chosen as an example a record which contains no trombone at all!

THIS has an old, familiar sound to me. The first piece of solemn prose of this sort that I ever saw was the dance music section of a German phonograph record catalogue of 1931 or 1932 which was signed by someone named Dietrich Schultz-Koehn, Königsberg, East Prussia. It struck me at the time as a most characteristic sample of the German professorial mind in action, but it never occurred to me to associate it with the jazz cult until fifteen years later, when Allan Morrison,

in *Stars and Stripes*, described his meeting, in the no-man's-land between the lines at St. Nazaire, with a German officer named Dr. Dietrich Schultz-Koehn. Morrison was almost overwhelmed by the absurdity of the situation, that a commissioned soldier of the master race should have no greater demands upon his enemy than the most agonized desire for news from 52d Street. A year later, when Charles Delaunay, the son of the cubist painter, came to New York to record some American jazz musicians for the French *Swing* label, he told the rest of the story.

The French jazz collectors, he said, had converted their whole organization into an underground network with American jive talk as code for underground messages; some operations were carried out with the knowledge and co-operation of a few German officers including one Dietrich Schultz-Koehn, whose whole political thought had been influenced by his study of American Negro music.

The Paris Hot Club, the federal headquarters of the Hot Club of France, at that time owned a three-story building in the Rue Chaptal where American and British agents, under the guise of record collectors and jazz fans, could easily mingle with the underground members of the Hot Club. This setup worked well as a



message center until October 1943, when the Gestapo raided the building and took all persons found on the premises to the Fresnes Prison. Two of them, including the president of the Marseilles Hot Club and a secretary of the Paris club, were killed off in the gas chambers. Delaunay was held for four weeks and then released for lack of evidence. When he came out of jail, he finished editing the fifth edition of his encyclopedia of jazz, *Hot Discography*. The German authorities had forbidden publication of more than 500 copies, but a group of Belgian jazz collectors had provided Delaunay with sufficient black-market paper to print 2,500 copies, and as a result he decided to publish five separate editions, all of them numbered from 1 to 500 but each of them distinguished from all others by a diminutive printer's mark. These five underground editions have since become collectors' items of more than sentimental value, not only among the jazz collectors but among bibliophiles of all nations.

The Modernists were not pleased with this at all. They decided to query the whole show:

"Before one can place much faith in the claims of Panassié and his cohorts, it might be desirable for someone to clear up the mystery of the critic's activities during the occupation. A couple of stories have reached the United States that do not reflect well on Panassié, but they are unconfirmed."

When Panassié, in a letter to the editor of the magazine that carried the article, asked gently for an apology or a verification of the charge, the editor gallantly printed this elegant specimen of double-talk:

"To be entirely blunt about it, jazz circles in the United States were alive with rumors that M. Panassié was a Vichyite during the years following Marshal Pétain's capitulation to the Germans. We are glad to print here the fact that Hugues Panassié was in no way a collaborationist. But as for rumors—M. Panassié's *Bulletin du Hot Club de France* has printed some honeys—such as the report that Harry Carney (Duke Ellington's baritone sax player) had been discovered in Marseilles!"

This pretty exchange of courtesies is offered here not as an example of virtue on one side and vice on the other but merely as a mild sample of the bitterness and confusion to which the jazz cult has given rise. As if to stress the irreparably schizoid nature of its argument, the magazine that had printed the attack upon Panassié found it incumbent to print on the next page a glowing report on the heroic stand of the Belgian jazz fans who had supplied Delaunay with paper for the *Hot Discography*.

TO GET AROUND the German ban on dancing, the Belgians had organized some forty Swing Clubs and Hot Clubs which covered the whole country with a network of musical relay stations. Their total membership reached 10,000; they organized concerts, gave record recitals, and formed music appreciation groups. Since American songs were *verboden*, such titles as *Tiger Rag* and *Honeysuckle Rose* became *La rage du tigre* and *Rose de miel*; *Exactly Like You* became *Exactement comme vous*; *Tea for Two*, *L'heure du thé*, and so on. In 1941 the *Propaganda Abteilung Belgien* became suspicious and began to monitor the meetings of the Hot Clubs. A tea dance of the Hot Club de Belgique held at the Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels on April 13, 1941, elicited such program annotations as "*Swing = Jew*" and "*Anglo-American Music without control*" left behind by an incautious Gestapo officer.

He had good reasons to be suspicious: the general manager of the Decca Company of Belgium had equipped his car, a new Packard Super Eight, as a traveling recording studio for the leaders of the Belgian resistance movement. When the Gestapo queried him about the car, which would have come in handily for their own purposes, he produced a certificate of sale to a man who had died one month after the purchase and claimed that he had no idea what had become of the car since.

Meanwhile, at night, the studio went on recording American jazz (sung in English) and employing Jewish musicians on the Gestapo black list. One night, when the Gestapo raided and sealed the building for a thorough search, they forgot one special elevator leading from the base-

ment into the factory; with this elevator, the Belgians removed all matrices and other incriminating evidence. Three days after the retreating Germans had smashed up what they thought was all available recording equipment, the Decca people had the studio sufficiently well in shape again to record Pierlot, Gutt, Spaack, Van Zeeland, and other leaders of the Free Belgian Government.

The accent of importance here is not the fact of heroism which, during the war, became so universal as to be taken for granted, but the transformation of something as bland and apparently asocial as jazz into a powerful spring of action. Jazz, which began as the American Negro's music of protest and assertion, and which, in the hands of white tune-smiths and arrangers, had long been debased from a powerful stimulant to a poor soporific, thus proved that in times of action it still held the power to sway man's will against his overlord.

THAT the Teutonic conquerors were by no means unaware of the latently rebellious nature of jazz became particularly evident in the Netherlands where the *Propaganda Abteilung Holland* issued an amazing document to all members of the Dutch musicians' union. In its knowledge of technical terms and its awareness of their musical significance, this manifesto is not likely ever to be equaled by any other government department; in its racial, social, and religious overtones it will, we hope, never be attempted again by any government in mankind's future history. It is hard to imagine the mechanics of a human brain which in the midst of a life and death struggle can find the perverse thoroughness of mind to say "licks and riffs repeated more than three times in succession by a soloist or more than sixteen times for one section or for two or more sections" are forbidden, but a special permit may be granted "where such music is interpreted by persons having two or more Negroid to Negritic grandparents."

Yet some of this utter solemnity and single-mindedness of purpose emerges from the work of the European jazz fans themselves, and if any human explana-

tion can be found to make the Nazi jazz manifesto intelligible, such explanation will probably have to be derived from the give-and-take relationship between the maniacal lack of humor of the European jazz lovers and the corresponding lack of humor among their wartime overlords. A few brief passages quoted verbatim from European jazz magazines may serve to illustrate this point:

From England, where there are more than fifteen periodicals exclusively devoted to jazz:

Members of the *Jazz Sociological Society*, which leans towards the anarchist party in politics, and members of the *Jazz Appreciation Society*, which is affiliated to the Communist party, have recently fallen out over the social interpretation of certain 'jazz, blues, and boogie records. . . .

From Spain:

Little news of jazz activities have reached us from this country since the end of the civil war. It is now known that one of the prominent Spanish collectors, Pedro Casadeval, will shortly edit a jazz review and issue records by Spanish musicians. . . . It is hoped that the once flourishing hot clubs will soon be able to reform under less unhappy conditions.

From Holland:

The well-known Dutch orchestra, The Ramblers, was recently banned from radio broadcasting and other engagements for collaborating. . . . It is feared that the most prominent European critic after Panassié, Joost van Praag, was murdered by the Germans. . . .

From France:

Nancy Cunard, who is now in Paris, reports that there is a great interest in jazz amongst the French intelligentsia. Picasso has a considerable collection of blues records, including many extremely rare items which a number of collectors would very much like to own.

From Turkey comes the following letter to the editor of an American magazine:

First of all we would like to introduce ourselves. We are jazz-fans, in fact, if you wish, jazz-maniacs, to perfection. . . . By no means think that we are unrighteously praising you. . . . We cannot help admiring the great frankness and excessive knowledge in your band reviews. . . . For heaven's sake carry on with your so-called 'disfavorable comments' on people like the Andrews Sisters, Bing Crosby, and especially what you classify as 'Mickey Mouse' bands, or else we are sure to perish! We simply cannot imagine why you Americans still listen to the sickening music of Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye, Freddie Martin, Ted Lewis, Wayne King, Blue Barron

and Lawrence Welk. Whenever we have the misfortune of coming across the discordant music of these mediocre gentlemen, we find no alternative but to commit suicide. . . .

It is significant to notice that among the front rank "American" jazz critics there are the two sons of the late Turkish Ambassador to the U. S.; the five-foot-tall son of a wealthy Javanese planter whose pretty girl friend, towering a couple of inches over him, used to refer to him as "my son"; a Danish baron; an English journalist; and half a dozen others whose birthplace is far beyond the radius of Buddy Bolden's cornet.

A FEW DAYS AGO, I received a letter which began, "Dear Mr. Borneman: You, as a leading American jazz critic, might be able to . . ." This was the end. I knew I had gone too far. The ranks of the collectors had closed in around me. Only two courses remained open—desertion or lifelong servitude. The next day, a single mail delivery brought four letters: one from an irate Fundamentalist, attacking me savagely for showing insufficient sympathy with Bunk Johnson's clarinet player; one from a bitter Modernist, addressed to Old Moldy Fig Borneman, expressing scathing surprise at my attempt to consider Bunk Johnson's clarinet player as a *musician*; one from a happy Modernist congratulat-

ing me for putting the Moldy Figs in their place with my strong criticism of Bunk Johnson's clarinet player; and one from an enthusiastic Fundamentalist praising me for my strong stand in favor of New Orleans clarinetists in general and Bunk Johnson's clarinet player in particular.

This co-ordinated display of strong-arm stuff gave me the blue shakes. But in the same mail I also received a reassuring post card that calmed my rising fears for the future of mankind. It reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Borneman,

For only 1 United States dollar bill and a self-addressed stamped Envelope I will send you the following information:

(1) Where to get records of Boogie piano, Blues, spirituals, etc., etc., for only 20 cents a piece. Old records but in good playing condition.

(2) Where to buy nationally advertised cigarettes at only \$1.13 a carton. These are freshly packed cigarettes.

(3) Where to get razor blades, 100 to a carton, at only 80 cents a carton.

Hoping you appreciate our service and that we will hear from you soon.

Yours truly,

JAMES FITZPATRICK
21 Barnes Street,
Waterbury 62, Conn.

This did the trick. I am not deserting. I have taken up smoking. I have begun to shave twice a day. I have become a collector. I even play boogie woogie. God help my poor wife.



Edward Melcarth

DID THEY TRY TO BOMB NEW YORK?

ANDY ROONEY

WHILE newspapers in the United States were sending civilian war correspondents to Europe to cover the war, the Army's own daily, *Stars and Stripes*, was sending soldier peace correspondents back to the States two at a time for sixty days to file American news slanted for GI's in Europe.

In November 1944, I left the First Army near Aachen, Germany, as a *Stars and Stripes* reporter and returned to New York for two months on this reportorial rotation system. The second day back, before I had any intention of going to work, I met a friend on the crosstown shuttle who told me in an excited subway whisper that the previous afternoon, election day, the Germans had launched a projectile against New York City from the deck of an outlying U-boat. He said that he had actually seen the missile en route on the radar screen but that it had either been shot down by alert coastal patrol planes or had fallen short. The V-1 weapon the Germans used on London traveled about two hundred fifty miles per hour and could be overtaken and knocked down by fighter planes.

We shuttled between Grand Central and Times Square twice while I listened to his story before I finally got off where I got on and, half believing the story, hurried back to the *Stars and Stripes* office on East

42d Street. I immediately called the Associated Press and while they had heard the rumor they knew nothing more about it. Later that same afternoon I went out to Mitchell Field, air force operational headquarters for the New York area, and approached intelligence officers there. When I got in to see the colonel in charge of the section—I was a sergeant—I asked him first about the possibility of getting a pilot training story out of the field. He guessed that would be all right. Then I casually mentioned the other incident as though it was common knowledge around town and asked if he had any more dope on it yet. The colonel jumped up from behind his desk, closed the door, and looked around the office as though it might have been wired.

"Look," he said, the way colonels said *look* to sergeants, "where did you hear this silly story. Don't ever repeat it." He was trying to shout at me in a whisper. "Now get out of here and don't say a word about it to anyone. It isn't true, I don't know a thing about it. I don't even deny it."

The following morning the *New York Times* was eight pages deep in pure election news before it mentioned the weather. On page nineteen there was an obscure little story with a Washington date line which quoted War Department spokesmen as saying that, while this "is not a warning,"

Mr. Rooney was co-author (with Bud Hutton) of The Story of Stars and Stripes. Both were members of the staff of that semi-military newspaper published in the European theater.

robot attacks on either Washington or New York City "are entirely possible."

On page fourteen of the same paper there was an apparently unrelated story about the appointment of Admiral Jonas H. Ingram to a navy board of no particular importance. The story said that Ingram was not available for questioning because he had left Washington suddenly early that morning.

The next day I went back to Mitchel Field to look around. Overnight they had moved in most of the army and navy fighter plane strength from all up and down the East Coast. No one seemed to know why.

BECAUSE the story of the bombing—or attempted bombing—of New York was such an important one for the overseas soldier readers of *Stars and Stripes*, I kept after it. I went to Washington and to the office of a Major General Clayton Bissell, at that time Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2 (intelligence). There I got no farther than some colonel guarding the General's door. He gave me about the same treatment I'd had at Mitchel Field. Where did I get my information? Who else had I told about it? Don't breathe a word of it to anyone and it's too absurd to talk about seriously. It was the same vigorous "nondenial."

There was nothing more about the incident until January 8. That day Admiral Ingram, then C-in-C of the Atlantic Fleet, stated in a press conference aboard ship that, "It is not only possible, but *probable*" that both New York and Washington would be the target of robot bomb attacks "within thirty to sixty days."

"The thing to do is not to get excited about it," the Admiral said. "It might knock out a high building or two. It might create a fire hazard. It would certainly cause casualties in the limited area where the bomb might hit, but it could not seriously affect the progress of the war."

Immediately after the story began going out over the news wires and the radio, a War Department denial was issued.

"There is no more reason now to believe Germany will attack us with robot bombs than there was November 7, 1944," the statement said.

The denial was buried in the same column under Ingram's story in most morning papers. The reason it was issued so hurriedly, public relations officials admitted later, was that it had an almost immediate effect on the already overcrowded transportation systems—planes, trains, buses—leaving Washington and New York.

The story was filed several times in the New York office of *Stars and Stripes*, but never, not even as a rumor, did it pass the censor; so it was forgotten until I had been back in Europe several months. The day after the German surrender I was sitting around the Paris office in the *Herald Tribune* building when it occurred to me that since all censorship had been lifted the story of the attempt to bomb New York would make a good now-it-can-be-told feature piece. The paper printed the story, saying that as far as it had been able to find out there had been an attempt to bomb New York with a rocket launched from the deck of a submarine on election day, November 7, 1944.

The wire services picked up the story and it was boxed on the front pages of most New York dailies. The War Department denied any knowledge of the story again.

That, I thought, was where the story would be buried. It never occurred to me that I would have a chance to disinter the remains more than a year later when I returned to Germany—this time as a civilian correspondent.

A few days before I was ready to come home I went out to the resort lake, Wannsee, just outside Berlin. There the U. S. Army had pretty well taken over, where formerly Nazi leaders had lived in luxury. At one Army-run yacht club I got an English-speaking German, who was helping around the place, to take me on one of those and-on-your-right tours of the lake. This young German had spent two years studying medicine at Columbia on some exchange scholarship basis. We talked about a lot of things before I decided it would not be bad taste to ask him what he had done during the war.

"I started as an ordinary sailor," he said, "but I ended up as a submarine commander."

He was proud of two trips he had made

to Japan in a two thousand-ton freighter submarine carrying drugs which he had exchanged there for silk to be made into parachutes. He felt he was on safe ground talking with an American about those freighter trips because they hadn't involved any combat.

"There is something I've been wondering about for a long time," I said finally. "Maybe you're the man who really knows. Did you people ever try to launch rockets from the decks of submarines against New York City?"

At this point he answered the question by telling me that he hadn't really wanted to fight the war, that he liked Americans, that he had had to fight. All of those things might have been true, but I repeated the question and he said, simply enough, "Oh, yes."

"As a matter of fact," he said a little proudly, "mine was one of the freighter subs in the Atlantic which was refueling the smaller subs lying off the coast of America.

"They had ramps set up on the decks of

several submarines and they planned to hit both New York and Washington with them. I have heard from my friends that they launched the first projectile before they were caught but they don't know what happened to it.

"Their submarine was located with radar and somehow I think the Americans immobilized their ship with some sort of radio beams which interfered with their electric motors. They couldn't move and they were all captured alive."

BACK home again I was telling the story to a friend at dinner one night a short while ago. He told me that he had been in the control tower at Mitchell Field and had helped direct the frantic fighter plane activity in mid-November of 1944. All he knew was that the fighter pilots were directed to be on the lookout for pilotless robot planes flying toward New York.

Exactly what did happen I don't know yet, and I have given up hoping for any light on the subject from Washington. I'd like to know the real answer.

Peace by Theft

THERE is no war potential loose in the world today except the gathering tension between Anglo-Saxondom and Russia. Except between these two, there can be no major war. And there is no basis for conflict between these two, except the notion, widely propagandized, that the two systems of alleged democracy cannot coexist in the same world. Something over a hundred years ago, when the Holy Alliance of absolute monarchs was founded, the theory was rife that absolute monarchies and republics could not coexist in the same world. The truth was, they could not. The monarchies became constitutional and the republics became efficient. But they never needed to fight it out.

In the next hundred years, if the Soviets have anything good, we'll steal it. If we have anything good, the Soviets will steal it. But neither of us need take recourse to arms, to make our ideas count.

—Alvin Johnson, "Two Sides of the German Problem," *The Yale Review*, Autumn 1946.

THE SAILOR

A Story

V. S. PRITCHETT

HE WAS lifting his knees high and putting his hand up, when I first saw him, as if, crossing the road through that stringing rain, he were breaking through the bead curtain of a Pernambuco bar. I knew he was going to stop me. This part of the Euston Road is a beat of the men who want a cup of tea or their fare to a job in Luton or some outlying town.

"Beg pardon, chum," he said in an anxious hot-potato voice. "Is that Whitechapel?"

He pointed to the traffic clogged in the rain farther down where the electric signs were printing off the advertisements and daubing them on the wet road. Coatless, with a smudged trilby hat on the back of his head so that a curl of boot polish black hair glistened with raindrops over his forehead, he stood there squeezing the water in his boots and looking at me, from his bilious eyes, like a man drowning and screaming for help in two feet of water and wondering why the crowd is laughing.

"That's St. Pancras," I said.

"Oh, Gawd," he said, putting his hand to his jaw like a man with toothache. "I'm all messed up." And he moved on at once, gaping at the lights ahead.

"Here, wait," I said. "Which part of Whitechapel do you want? Where have you come from?"

"Surrey Docks," he said. "They said it was near Surrey Docks, see, but they put me wrong. I bin on the road since ten

this morning."

"Acton," he read a bus sign aloud, recalling the bottom of the day's misery. "I bin there," and fascinated, watched the bus out of sight.

The man's worried mouth dropped open. He was sodden. His clothes were black with damp. The smell of it came off him. The rain stained from the shoulders of his suit past the armpits over the ribs to the waist. It spread from dark blobs over his knees to his thighs. He was a greasy looking man, once fat and the fat had gone down unevenly like a deflating bladder. He was calming as I spoke to him.

A sailor, of course, and lost. Hopelessly, blindly lost. I calculated that he must have wandered twenty miles that day exhausting a genius for misdirection.

"Here," I said. "You're soaked. Come and have a drink."

There was a public house nearby. He looked away at once.

"I never touch it," he said. "It's temptation."

I THINK it was that word which convinced me the sailor was my kind of man. I am, on the whole, glad to say that I am a puritan and the word temptation went home, painfully, pleasurably, excitingly and intimately familiar. A most stimulating and austere gregarious word, it indicates either the irresistible hypocrite or the fellow-struggler with sin. I couldn't let him go after that. Presently we were in

a café drinking acrid Indian tea.

"Off a ship?" I said.

He looked at me as if I were a magician who could read his soul.

"Thank Gawd I stopped you," he said. "I kep' stopping people all day and they messed me up, but you been straight."

He gave me his papers, his discharge paper, his pension form, official letters, as he said this, like a child handing himself over. Albert Edward Thompson, they said, cook, born '96, invalidated out of the service two years before. So he was not just off a ship.

"They're clean," he said suspiciously when I asked him about this. "I got ulcers, riddled with ulcers for fourteen years."

He had no job and that worried him, because it was the winter. He had ganged on the road, worked in a circus, had been a waiter in an Italian restaurant. But what worried him much more was getting to Whitechapel. He made it sound to me as though for two years he had been threshing about the country, dished by one job and another, in a less and less successful attempt to get there.

"What job are you going to do?" I said.

"I don't know," he said.

"It's a bad time," I said.

"I fall on my feet," he said, "like I done with you."

We sat opposite to each other at the table. He stared at the people in the café with his appalled eyeballs. He was scared of them and they looked scared too. He looked as though he was going to give a yell and spring at them; in fact, he was likelier to have gone down on his knees to them and to have started sobbing. They couldn't know this. And then he and I looked at each other and the look discovered that we were the only two decent, trustworthy men in a seedy and grabbing world. Within the next two hours I had given him a job. I was chum no longer, but "Sir." "Chum" was anarchy and the name of any twisty bleeder you knocked up against, but "sir" (for Thompson, out of the naval nursery) was hierarchy, order, pay day, and peace.

I was living alone in the country in those days. I had no one to look after me. I gave Albert Thompson some money,

I took him to Whitechapel and wrote down the directions for his journey to my house.

THE bungalow where I lived was small and stood just under the brow of a hill. The country was high and stony there. The roads broke up into lanes, the lanes sank into woods and cottages were few. The oak woods were naked and as green as canker. They stood like old men, and below them were sweet plantations of larch where the clockwork pheasants went off like toys in the rainy afternoons. At night you heard a farm dog bark like a pistol and the oceanic sound of the trees and sometimes, over an hour and a half's walk away, the whistle of a train. But that was all. The few people looked as though they had grown out of the land, sticks and stones in cloth; they were old people chiefly. In the one or two bigger houses they were childless. It was derelict country; frost with its teeth fast in the ground, the wind running finer than sand through a changeless sky or the solitary dribble of water in the butts and the rain legging it over the grass—that was all one heard or saw there.

"Gawd!" said Thompson when he got there. "I thought I'd never strike the place." Pale, coatless again in the wet, his hat tipped back from a face puddingy and martyred, he came up the hill with the dancing step of a man treading on nails. He had been lost again. He had traveled by the wrong train, even by the wrong line, he had assumed that, as in towns, it was safest to follow the crowd. But country crowds soon scatter. He had been following people—it sounded to me—to half the cottages for miles around.

"Then I come to the common," he said. "I didn't like the look of that. I kept round it."

At last some girl had shown him the way.

I calmed him down. We got to my house and I took him to his room. He sat down on the bed and told me the story again. He took off his boots and socks and looked at his blistered feet, murmuring to them as if they were a pair of orphans. There was a woman in the train with a kid, he said, and to amuse the kid he had

taken out his jackknife. The woman called the guard.

After we had eaten and I had settled in I went for a walk that afternoon. The pleasure of life in the country for me is in its monotony. One understands how much of living is habit, a long war to which people, plants and animals have settled down. In the country one expects nothing of people; they are themselves, not bringers of gifts. In towns one asks too little or too much of them.

The drizzle had stopped when I went out, the afternoon was warmer and inert and the dull stench of cattle hung over the grass. On my way down the hill I passed the bungalow which was my nearest neighbor. I could see the roof as pink as a slice of salt ham, from the top of my garden. The bungalow was ten years old. A chicken man had built it. Now the woodwork was splitting and shrinking, the garden was rank, two or three larches, which the rabbits had been at, showed above the dead grass and there was a rosebush. The bush had one frozen and worm-eaten flower which would stick there half the winter. The history of the bungalow was written in the tin bath by the side door. The bath was full of gin, beer and whiskey bottles, discarded after the weekend parties of many tenants. People took the place forever and then, after a month or two, it changed hands. A business man, sentimental about the country, an invalid social worker, a couple with a motor bicycle, an inseparable pair of schoolteachers with big legs and jumping jumpers; and now there was a woman I hardly saw, a colonel's daughter, but the place was said to belong to a man in the Northampton boot trade.

A GRAMOPHONE was playing when I walked by. Whenever I passed, the colonel's daughter was either playing the gramophone or digging in the garden. She was a small girl in her late twenties, with a big knowledgeable-looking head under tobacco-brown curls, and the garden fork was nearly as big as herself. Her gardening never lasted long. It consisted usually of digging up a piece of the matted lawn in order to bury tins; but she went at it intensely, drawing back the fork until her

hair fell over her face and the sweat stood on her brow. She always had a cigarette in her mouth, and every now and then the carnation skin of her face, with its warm, dark-blue eyes, would be distorted and turned crimson by violent bronchial coughing. When this stopped she would straighten up, the delicacy came back to her skin and she would say, "Oh, Christ. Oh, bloody hell" and you noticed at the end of every speech the fine right eyebrow would rise a little and the lid of the eye below it would quiver. This wink, the limpid wink of the colonel's daughter, you noticed at once. You wondered what it meant and planned to find out. It was as startling and enticing as a fish rising, and you discovered when you went after it that the colonel's daughter was the hardest drinking and most blasphemous piece of apparent childish innocence you had ever seen. Old men in pubs gripped their sticks, went scarlet and said someone ought to take her drawers down and give her a tanning. I got a sort of fame from being a neighbor of the colonel's daughter. "Who's that piece we saw down the road?" people asked.

"Her father's in the Army."

"Not," two or three of them said, for this kind of wit spreads like measles, "the Salvation Army." They said I was a dirty dog. But I hardly knew the colonel's daughter. Across a field she would wave, utter her obscenity, perform her wink and edge off on her slight legs. Her legs were not very good. But if we met face to face on the road she became embarrassed and nervous; this was one of her dodges. "Still alone?" she said.

"Yes. And you?"

"Yes. What do you do about sex?"

"I haven't got any."

"Oh, God, I wish I'd met you before."

When I had friends she would come to the house. She daren't come there when I was alone, she said. Every night, she said, she locked and bolted up at six. Then the wink—if it was a wink. The men laughed. She did not want to be raped, she said. Their wives froze and some curled up as if they had got the blight and put their hands hard on their husbands' arms. But the few times she came to the house when I was alone, the colonel's daughter stood

by the door, the full length of the room away, with a guilty look on her face.

When I came back from my walk the gramophone had stopped. The colonel's daughter was standing at the door of her bungalow with her sleeves rolled up, a pail of water beside her and a scrubbing brush in her hand.

"Hullo," she said awkwardly.

"Hullo," I said.

"I see you got the Navy down here. I didn't know you were that way."

"I thought you would have guessed that straight away," I said.

"I found him on the common crying this morning. You've broken his heart." Suddenly she was taken by a fit of coughing.

"Well," she said. "Every day brings forth something."

When I got to the gate of my bungalow I saw that at any rate if Thompson could do nothing else he could bring forth smoke. It was traveling in thick brown funnel puffs from the short chimney of the kitchen. The smoke came out with such dense streaming energy that the house looked like a destroyer racing full steam ahead into the wave of hills.

I went down the path to the kitchen and looked inside. There was Thompson, not only with his sleeves rolled up but his trousers also, and he was shoveling coal into the kitchener with the garden spade, the face of the fire was roaring yellow, the water was throbbing and sighing in the boiler, the pipes were singing through the house.

"Bunkering," Thompson said.

I went into the sitting room. I thought I had come into the wrong house. The paint had been scrubbed, the floors polished like decks, the reflections of the firelight danced in them, the windows gleamed and the room was glittering with polished metal. Doorknobs, keyholes, fire-irons, window-catches were polished; metal which I had no idea existed flashed with life.

"What time is supper piped—er ordered," said Thompson, appearing in his stockinged feet. His big round eyes started out of their dyspeptic shadows and became enthusiastic when I told him the hour.

A CHANGE came over my life after this. Before Thompson everything had been disorganized and wearying. He drove my papers and clothes back to their proper places. He brought the zest and routine of the Royal Navy into my life. He kept to his stockinged feet out of tenderness for those orphans, a kind of repentance for what he had done to them; he was collarless and he served food with a splash as if he allowed for the house to give a pitch or a roll which didn't come off. His thumbs left their marks on the plates. But he was punctual. He lived for "orders." "All ready, sir," he said, planking down the dish and looking up at the clock at the same moment. Burned, perhaps, spilling over the side, invisible beneath Bisto—but on time!

The secret of happiness is to find a congenial monotony. My own housekeeping had suffered from the imagination. Thompson put an end to this tiring chase of the ideal. "What's orders for lunch, sir?"

"Do you a nice fried chop and chips?" he said. That was settled. He went away but soon he came back.

"What pudding's ordered, sir?" That stumped both of us, or it stumped me. Thompson watched me to time his own suggestion.

"Do you a nice spotted dick?" So it was. We had this on the second day and the third, we changed on the fourth, but on the fifth we came back to it. Then Thompson's mind gave a leap.

"Do you grilled chop, chips, spotted dick *and* custard?" he said. That became almost our fixed menu. There were bouts of blanc-mange, but spotted dick came back.

Thompson had been sinking towards semi-starvation, I to the insidious Obolomovism of the country. Now we were reformed and happy.

"I always fall on my feet," he said, "like I done with you." It was his refrain.

THE winter dripped like a tap, the fog hardly left our hill. Winter in England has the colorless, steaming look of a fried-fish shop-window. But we were stoking huge fires, we bunkered, the garden spade went through coal by the hundredweight. We began to talk a more tangy dialect.

Things were not put away; they were "stowed." String appeared in strange knots to make things "fast," plants were "lashed" in the dying garden, washing was "hoist" on the lines, floors were "swabbed." The kitchen became the "galley." The postman came "along-side," all meals were "piped" and at bedtime we "piped down." At night, hearing the wind bump in the chimneys and slop like ocean surf in the woods, looking out at the leather darkness, I had the sensation that we were creeping down the Mersey in a fog or lumping about in the Atlantic swell off Ushant.

I was happy. But was Thompson happy? He seemed to be. In the mornings we were both working, but in the afternoons there was little more to do. He sat on a low chair with his knees close to the bars of the range or on the edge of his bed, darning his clothes. (He lived in a peculiar muddle of his own and he was dirty in his own quarters.) In the evenings he did the same and sometimes we talked. He told me about his life. There was nothing in it at all. It was buried under a mumble of obscurity. His memories were mainly of people who hadn't "behaved right," a dejecting moral wilderness with Thompson mooching about in it, disappointed with human nature. He didn't stay to talk with me much. He preferred the kitchen where, the oil-lamp smoking, the range smoking and himself smoking, he sat chewing it all over, gazing into the fire.

"You can go out, you know," I said, "whenever you want. Do what you like."

"I'm O.K.," he said.

"See some of the people," I said. Thompson said he'd just as lief stand by.

Everyone knows his own business best. But I was interested one night when I heard the sound of voices in the kitchen. Someone had come in. The voices went on on other nights. Who was it? The milker from the farm probably or the cowman who cleaned out cess pits by lantern light at night and talked with nostalgia about burying bodies during the war. "If there hadn't been a war," this man used to say, "I wouldn't have seen nothing. It was an education."

I listened. Slow in question, slow in answer, the monotonous voices came. The

woodcutter, the postman? I went into the kitchen to see who the profound and interminable crony was.

There was no one. There was only Thompson in the kitchen. Sitting close to the fire with all windows closed, a sal-low, stupefied, oil-haired head in his own fug, Thompson was spelling out a story from a *Wild West Magazine*. It was old and dirty and his coal-blackened finger was moving from word to word.

SO FAR Thompson had refused to go out of the house except as far as the coalshed, but I was determined after this discovery that he should go out. I waited until payday.

"Here's your money," I said. "Take the afternoon off."

Thompson stepped back from the money. "You keep it," he said, in a panic. "You keep it for me."

"You may need it," I said. "For a glass of beer or cigarettes or something."

"If I have it I'll lose it," he said. "They'll pinch it."

"Who?" I said.

"People," Thompson said. I could not persuade him.

"All right, I'll keep it for you," I said.

"Yes," he said eagerly. "If I want a bob I'll ask you. Money's temptation," he said.

"Well, anyway," I said, "take the afternoon off. It's the first sunny afternoon we've had. I'll tell you where to go. Turn to the right in the lane . . ."

"I don't like them lanes," said Thompson, looking suspiciously out of the window. "I'll stay by you."

"Well, take a couple of hours," I said. "We all need fresh air."

He looked at me as if I had suggested he should poison himself; indeed as if I were going to do the poisoning.

"What if I do an hour?" he began to bargain.

"No, the afternoon," I said.

"Do you half an hour?" he pleaded.

"All right, I don't want to force you," I said. "This is a free country. Go for an hour."

It was like an auction.

"Tell you what," he said, looking shifty. "I'll do you twenty minutes." He thought

he had tricked me, but I went back into the kitchen and drove him to it. I had given him an overcoat and shoes, and it was this appeal to his vanity which got him. Out he went for his twenty minutes. He was going straight down the lane to where it met the main road and then straight back; it would take a smart walker about twelve minutes on a winter's day.

When an hour passed I was pleased with myself. But when four hours had gone by and darkness came I began to wonder. I went out to the gate. The land and the night had become one thing. I had just gone in again when I heard loud voices and saw the swing of a lamp. There came Thompson with a laborer. The laborer, a little bandy man known as Fleas, stood like a bent bush with a sodden sack on his shoulders, snuffling in the darkness, and he grinned at me with the malevolence of the land.

"He got astray," he said, handing Thompson over.

"Gawd," exclaimed Thompson, exhausted. His face was the familiar pale suety agony. He was full of explanations. He was sweating like a scared horse and nearly hysterical. He'd been on the wrong course. He didn't know where to steer. One thing looked like another. Roads and lanes, woods and fields, mixed themselves together.

"Woods I seen," he said in horror. "And that common! It played me up proper."

"But you weren't anywhere near the common," I said.

"Then what was it?" he said.

That night he sat by the fire with his head in his hands.

"I got a mood," he said.

THE next morning cigarette smoke blew past my window and I heard coughing. The colonel's daughter was at the kitchen door talking to Thompson. "Cheero," I heard her say and then she came to my door and pushed it open. She stood there gravely and her eye winked. She was wearing a yellow jersey and looked as neat as a bird.

"You're a swine," she said.

"What have I done?"

"Raping women on the common,"

she said. "Deserting your old friends, aren't you?"

"It's been too wet on the common," I said.

"Not for me," she said. "I'm always hopeful. I came across last night. There was the minister's wife screaming in the middle of it. I sat on her head and calmed her down and she said a man had been chasing her. 'Stop screaming,' I said. 'You flatter yourself, dear.' It was getting dark and I carried her shopping bag and umbrella for her and took her to her house. I often go and see her in the evenings. I've got to do something, haven't I? I can't stick alone in that bungalow all day and all night. We sit and talk about her son in China. When you're old you'll be lonely too."

"What happened on the common?"

"I think I'm drunk," said the colonel's daughter, "but I believe I've been drunk since breakfast. Well, where was I? I'm losing my memory too. Well, we hadn't gone five minutes before I heard someone panting like a dog behind us and jumping over bushes. Old Mrs. Stour started screaming again. 'Stand still,' I said, and I looked and then a man came out of a tree about ten yards away. 'What the hell do you want?' I said. A noise came back like a sheep. 'Ma'am, ma'am, ma'am, ma'am,' it said."

"So that's where Thompson was," I said.

"I thought it was you," the colonel's daughter said. "'There's a woman set about me with a stick on the common,' he said. 'I didn't touch her, I was only following her,' he said. 'I reckoned if I followed her I'd get home.'"

When they got to the wood Thompson wouldn't go into it and she had to take his hand; that was a mistake. He took his hand away and moved off. So she grabbed his coat. He struggled after this, she chased him into the thicket and told him not to be a fool, but he got away and disappeared, running on to the common.

"You're a damn swine," the colonel's daughter said to me. "How would you like to be put down in the middle of the sea?"

She walked away. I watched her go up the path and lean on the gate opposite to

stroke the nose of a horse. She climbed into the field and the horses, like hairy yokels, went off. I heard her calling them but they did not come.

When she was out of sight, the door opened behind me and Thompson came in.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "That young lady, sir. She's been round my kitchen door."

"Yes," I said.

He gaped at me and then burst out:

"I didn't touch her, straight I didn't. I didn't lay a finger on her."

"She didn't say you did. She was trying to help you."

He calmed down. "Yes, sir," he said.

When he came back into the room to lay the table I could see he was trying to catch my eye.

"Sir," he said at last, standing at attention. "Beg pardon, sir, the young lady . . ."

His mouth was opening and shutting, trying to shape a sentence.

"The young lady—she'd had a couple, sir," he said in a rush.

"Oh," I said, "don't worry about that. She often has."

"It's ruination, sir," said Thompson evangelically.

She did not come to the house again for many days, but when she came I heard him lock both kitchen doors.

ORDERS at the one extreme, temptation at the other, were the good and evil of Thompson's life. I no longer suggested that he go out. I invented errands and ordered him to go. I wanted, in that unfortunate way one has, to do good to Thompson. I wanted him to be free and happy. At first he saw that I was not used to giving orders and he tried to dodge. His ulcers were bad, he said. Once or twice he went about barefoot, saying the sole was off one of his boots. But when he saw I meant what I said, he went. I used to watch him go, tilted forward on his toes in his half-running walk, like someone throwing himself blindly upon the mercy of the world. When he came back he was excited. He had the look of someone stupefied by incomprehensible success. It is the feeling a landsman has when he steps off a

boat after a voyage. You feel giddy, canny, surprised at your survival after crossing that bridge of deep, loose water. You boast. So did Thompson—morally.

"There was a couple of tramps on the road," Thompson said. "I steered clear. I never talked to them," he said.

"Someone asked me who I was working for." He described the man. "I never told him," he said shrewdly. "I just said 'A gentleman.' Meaning you," he said.

There was a man in a roadside garden who had asked him for a light and wanted to know his business.

"I told him I didn't smoke," said Thompson. "You see my meaning—you don't know what it's leading up to. There warn't no harm, but that's how temptation starts."

What was temptation? Almost everything was temptation to Thompson. Pubs, cinemas, garden lots, chicken-runs, tobacconists—in these, everywhere, the tempter might be. Temptation, like Othello's jealousy, was the air itself.

"I expect you'd like to go to church," I said. He seemed that kind.

"I got nothing *against* religion," Thompson said. "But best keep clear. They see you in church and the next thing they're after you."

"Who?" I asked.

"People," he said. "It's not like a ship."

I was like him, he said, I kept myself to myself. I kept out of temptation's way. He was glad I was like that, he said.

It was a shock to me that while I observed Thompson, Thompson observed me. At the same time one prides oneself, the moment one's character is defined by someone else, on defeating the definition. I kept myself to myself? I avoided temptation? That was all Thompson knew! There was the colonel's daughter. I might not see her very often; she might be loud, likable, dreary, or alarming by turns, but she was Temptation itself. How did he know I wasn't tempted? Thompson's remark made me thrill. I began to see rather more of the colonel's daughter.

AND so I discovered how misleading he had been about his habits and how, where temptation was concerned, he made a difference between profession and prac-

tice. So strong was Thompson's feeling about temptation that he was drawn at once to every tempter he saw. He stopped them on the road and was soon talking about it. The postman was told. The shopkeepers heard all his business and mine. He hurried after tramps, he detained cyclists, he sat down on the banks with road-makers and ditchers, telling them the dangers of drink, the caution to be kept before strangers. And after he had done this he always ended by telling them he kept himself to himself, avoided drink, ignored women and, patting his breast pocket, said that was where he kept his money and his papers. He behaved to them exactly as he had behaved with me two months before in the Euston Road. The colonel's daughter told me. She picked up all the news in that district.

"He's a decent, friendly soul," muttered the colonel's daughter thickly. "You're a prig. Keep your hair on. You can't help it. I expect you're decent, too, but you're like all my bloody so-called friends."

"Oh," I said hopefully, "are prigs your special line?"

I found out, too, why Thompson was always late when he came home from his errands. I had always accepted that he was lost. And so he was in a way, but he was lost through wandering about with people, following them to their doorsteps, drifting to their garden lots, backyards and, all the time, telling them, as he clung to their company, about the dangers of human intercourse. "I never speak to nobody"—it was untrue, but it was not a lie. It was simply a delusion.

"He lives in two worlds at once," I said to the colonel's daughter one morning. I had sent Thompson to the town to buy the usual chops, and I was sitting in her bungalow. This was the first time I had ever been in it. The walls were of varnished match-board like the inside of a gospel hall and the room was heated by a paraffin stove which smelled like armpits. There were two rexine-covered chairs, a rug and a table in the room. She was sorting out gramophone records as I talked and the records she did not like she dropped to the floor and broke. She was listening very little to what I said but

walked to the gramophone, put on a record, stopped it after a few turns and then switching it off, threw the record away.

"Oh, you know a hell of a lot, don't you?" she said. "I don't say you're not an interesting man, but you don't get on with it, do you?"

"How old are you? Twenty-five?"

Her sulking, ironical expression went. She was astonished.

"Good God!" she exclaimed with a smile of sincerity. "Don't be a damn fool." Then she frowned. "Or are you being professionally clever?"

"Here," she said. "I was damn pretty when I was twenty-five. I'm thirty-nine. I've still got a good figure."

"I would have put you at twenty-seven at the most," I said truthfully.

SHE walked towards me. I was sitting on the arm chair and she stood very close. She had never been as close to me before. I had thought her eyes were dark-blue but now I saw they were green and gray, with a moist lascivious haze in them and yet dead and clock-like, like a cat's on a sunless day. And the skin, which had seemed fresh to me, I saw in its truth for the first time. It was clouded and flushed, clouded with that thickened pimpled ruddiness which the skin of heavy drinkers has and which in middle-age becomes bloated and mottled. I felt: this is why she has always stood the length of the room away before.

She saw what was in my mind and she sat down on the chair opposite to me. The eye winked.

"Keep control of yourself," she said. "I came down here for a rest and now you've started coming round."

"Only in the mornings," I said.

She laughed. She went to a bookshelf and took down a bottle of whiskey and poured out half a tumblerful.

"This is what you've done coming in here, early bird," she said. "Exciting me on an empty stomach. I haven't touched it for ten days. I had a letter this morning. From my old man."

"Your father?"

I had always tried to imagine the colonel. She gave a shout of cheerful laughter and it ended in coughing till tears came to her eyes.

"That's right. God, that's rich. Keen observer of women! No, from my husband, darling. He's not my husband, damn him, of course, but when you've lived with someone for ten years and he pays the rent and keeps you, he is your husband, isn't he? Or ought to be. Ten years is a long time and his family thought he ought to be married. He thought so too. So he picked up a rich American girl and pushed me down here to take it easy in the country. I'm on the dole like your sailor boy. Well, I said, if he felt that way, he'd better have his head. In six months he'll tire of the new bitch. So I left him alone. I didn't want to spoil his fun. Well, now, he writes me, he wants to bring his fiancée down because she's heard so much about me and adores the country. . . ."

I was going to say something indignant.

"He's nice too," she said casually. "He sells gas heaters. You'd like him all the same. But blast that bloody woman," she said, raising her cool voice. "She's turned him into a snob. I'm just his whore now."

"Don't look so embarrassed," she said. "I'm not going to cry."

"For ten years," she said, "I read books, I learned French, educated myself, learned to say 'How d'you do,' instead of 'Pleased to meet you,' and look down my nose at everything in his sort of way. And I let him go about saying my father was in the Army too, but they were such bloody fools they thought he must be a colonel. They'd never heard of sergeant-majors having children. Even my old man, bless his heart," she smiled affectionately, "thought or let himself think they did. I was a damn silly little snob."

"I don't know him," I said. "But he doesn't sound much good to me."

"That's where you're wrong," she said sharply. "Just weak, poor kid, that's all. You don't know what it is to be ashamed your mother's a housemaid. I got over it—but he didn't, that's all."

She paused and the wink gave its signal.

"This is more embarrassing than I thought," she said.

"I am very sorry," I said. "Actually I am in favor of snobbery, it is a sign of character. It's a bad thing to have, but it's a bad thing not to have had. You can't help having the diseases of your time."

"There you go," she said.

The suffering of others is incredible. When it is obscure it seems like a lie; when it is garish and raw, it is like boasting. It is a challenge to oneself. I got up from my chair and went towards her. I was going to kiss her.

"You are the sentimental type," she said.

So I didn't kiss her.

THEN we heard someone passing the bungalow and she went to the window. Thompson was going by. The lock of black hair was curling over his sweating forehead and he gave a hesitant staggering look at the bungalow. There was a lump of fear on his face.

"He'd better not know where you've been," she said. She moved her lips to be kissed, but I walked out.

I was glad of the steady sense of the fresh gray air when I got outside. I was angry and depressed. I stood at the window of my house. Thompson came in and was very talkative. He'd been lost, of course. He'd seen people. He'd seen fields. He'd heard trees. He'd seen roads. I hardly listened. I was used to the jerky wobbling voice. I caught the words "legion" and "temptation," and thought he was quoting from the Bible. Presently I realized he was talking about the British Legion. The postman had asked him to go to a meeting of the British Legion that night. How simple other people's problems are! Yet "No" Thompson was saying. He was not going to the British Legion. It was temptation.

I ought to have made love to her and kissed her, I was thinking. She was right, I was a prig.

"You go," I said to Thompson, "if you want to. You'd enjoy it."

But how disgusting, obvious, stupid, to have made love to her then, I thought.

"Do as you like," I said.

"I'm best alongside you," said Thompson.

"You can't always be by me," I said. "In a month, perhaps less, as you know, I'll be leaving here and you'll have to go."

"Yes," he said. "You tol' me. You been straight. I'll be straight with you. I won't go to the Legion."

We ate our meal and I read.

"In every branch of our spiritual and material civilization we seem to have reached a turning point," I read. "This spirit shows itself not only in the actual state of public affairs . . ."

Well, I thought, I can ask her over tonight. I needn't be a fool twice. I went out for an hour. When I returned Thompson was fighting Temptation hard. If he went to the Legion how would he get back? No, best not. He took the Legion on in its strength. (She is a type, I thought.) At four he was still at it. At five he asked me for his money. (Well, we are all types, I was thinking.) Very shortly he brought the money back and asked me to keep his pension papers. At half-past six I realized this meant that Thompson was losing and the Legion and all its devils winning. (What is a prig, anyway?) He was looking out at the night. Yet, just when I thought he had lost, he had won. There was the familiar sound of the Wild West monologue in the kitchen. It was half-past eight. The Legion was defeated.

I was disappointed in Thompson. Really, not to have had more guts than that! Restlessly I looked out of the window. There was a full moon spinning on the tail of a dying wind. Under the moonlight the fields were like wide-awake faces, the woods like womanish heads of hair upon them. I put on my hat and coat and went out. I was astonished by the circle of stars. They were as distinct as figures on a clock. I took out my watch and compared the small time in my hand with the wide time above. Then I walked on. There was a sour smell at the end of the wood where, no doubt, a dead rabbit or pigeon was rotting.

I came out of the wood on to the paved road. Suddenly my heart began to beat quickly as I hurried down the road, but it was a long way round now. I cut across fields. There was a cottage and a family was listening to a dance band on the wireless. A man was going the rounds of his chickens. There was a wheelbarrow and there were spades and steel bars where a water mill was being built.

Then I crossed the last fields and saw the bungalow. My heart throbbed heavily and I felt all my blood slow down and my

limbs grow heavy. It was only when I got to the road that I saw there were no lights in the bungalow. The colonel's daughter, the sergeant's daughter, had gone to bed early like a child. While I stood I heard men's voices singing across the fields. It must have passed ten o'clock and people were coming out of the public house. In all the villages of England, at this hour, loud-voiced groups were breaking up and dispersing into the lanes.

I GOT to my house and lit a candle. The fire was low. I was exhausted and happy to be in my house among my own things, as if I had got into my own skin again. There was no light in the kitchen. Thompson had gone to bed. I grinned at the thought of the struggles of poor Thompson. I picked up a book and read. I could hear still the sound of that shouting and singing. The beer was sour and flat in this part of the country but it made people sing.

The singing voices came nearer. I put down the book. An argument was going on in the lane. I listened. The argument was nearing the cottage. The words got louder. They were going on at my gate. I heard the gate go and the argument was on my path. Suddenly—there could be no doubt—people were coming to the door. I stood up, I could recognize no voice. Loud singing, stumbling feet, then bang! The door broke open and crashed against the wall. Tottering, drunk, with their arms round each other, Thompson and the colonel's daughter nearly fell into the room.

Thompson stared at me with terror.

"Stand up, sailor," said the colonel's daughter, clinging to him.

"He was lonely," she said unsteadily to me. "We've been playing gramophone records. Sing," she said.

Thompson was still staring.

"Don't look at him. Sing," she said. Then she gave a low laugh and they fell, bolt upright on the sofa like prim, disheveled dolls.

A look of wild love of all the world came into Thompson's eyes and he smiled as I had never seen him smile before. He suddenly opened his twitching mouth and bawled:

"You've robbed every tailor,
And you've skinned every sailor,
But you won't go walking Paradise
Street no more."

"Go on. That's not all," the colonel's daughter cried and sang, "Go on—something—something, deep and rugged shore."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. He gaped at her with panic and looked at her skirt. It was undone.

He pointed at her leg in consternation. The sight sobered him. He pulled away his arms and rushed out of the room. He did not come back. She looked at me and giggled. Her eyes were warm and shining. She picked leaves off her skirt.

"Where's he gone? Where's he gone?" she kept asking.

"He's gone to bed," I said.

She started a fit of coughing. It strained her throat. Her eyes were dilated like an animal's caught in a trap, and she held her hand to her chest.

"I wish," she cried hysterically, pointing at me in the middle of her coughing, "I wish you could see your bloody face."

She got up and called out.

"Thompson! Thompson!" And when he did not answer she sang out, "Down by the deep and rugged shore—ore-ore-ore."

"What's the idea?" I said.

"I want Thompson," she said. "He's the only man up here."

Then she began to cry. She marched out to his room, but it was locked. She was wandering through the other rooms calling him and then she went out, away up the path. She went calling him all the way down to her bungalow.

IN THE morning Thompson appeared as usual. He brought the breakfast. He came in for "orders." Grilled chop, did I think? And what about spotted dick? He seemed no worse. He behaved as though nothing had happened. There was no guilty look in his eyes and no apprehension. He made no apology. Lunch passed, teatime and the day. I finished my work and went into the kitchen.

"Tell me," I said, "about last night."

Thompson was peeling potatoes. He used to do this into a bucket on the floor, as

if he were peeling for a whole crew. He put down the clasp-knife and stood up. He looked worried.

"That was a terrible thing," Thompson said, as if it was something he had read about in the papers.

"Terrible, sir. A young lady like that, sir. To come over here for me, an educated lady like that. Someone oughter teach her a lesson. Coming over and saying she wanted to play some music. I was took clean off my guard."

"It wasn't right," said Thompson. "Whichever way you look at it, it wasn't right. I told her she'd messed me up."

"I'm not blaming you. I want to know."

"And she waited till you was out," Thompson said. "That's not straight. She may class herself as an educated young lady, but do you know what I reckon she is? I reckon she's a jane."

I went down to the bungalow. I was beginning to laugh now. She was in the garden digging. Her sleeves were rolled up and she was sweating over the fork. The beds were thick with leaves and dead plants. I stood there watching her. She looked at me nervously for a moment. "I'm making the garden tidy," she said. "For Monday. When the bitch comes down."

She was shy and awkward. I walked on and, looking back, saw her go into the house. It was the last I ever saw of her. When I came back, the fork she had been using was stuck in the flower bed where she had left it. She went to London that night and did not return.

"Thank Gawd," Thompson said.

THERE was a change in Thompson after this and there was a change in me. Perhaps the change came because the dirty February days were going, the air softer and the year moving. I was leaving soon. Thompson mentioned temptation no more. Now he went out every day. The postman was his friend. They used to go to the pub. He asked for his money. In the public house the laborers sat around muttering in a language Thompson didn't understand. He stood them drinks. At his first pint he would start singing. They encouraged him. He stood them more drinks. The postman ordered them for

him and then tapped him on the pocket book. They emptied his pockets every night. They despised him and even brought complaints to me about him after they had emptied his pockets.

Thompson came back across the common alone, wild, enthusiastic and moaning with suspicion by turns. The next day he would have a mood. All the countryside for ten miles around knew the sailor. He became famous.

Our last week came. He quieted down.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'll stay by you."

"You can't," I said. "I'll be going abroad."

"You needn't pay me," he said. "I'll stay by you." It was hard to make him understand he could not stay with me. He was depressed.

"Get me out of here safe," he pleaded at last. "Come with me to the station." He could not go on his own because all the people he knew would be after him. He had told them he was going. He had told them I was saving his pension and his last fortnight's pay. They would come creeping out of cottage doors and ditches for him.

SO I PACKED his things and got a taxi to call for us. How slowly we had lived and moved in these fields and lanes. Now we broke through it all with a rush as the car dropped down the hill and the air blew in at the window. As we passed the bungalow with the sun on its empty windows I saw the fork standing in the neglected bed. Then we swept on. Thompson sat back in the car so that no one

should see him, but I leaned forward to see everything for the last time and forget it. We got to the town. As the taxi slowed down in the streets people looked out of shops, doors, a potman nodded from the pub. "Watcha, Jack," the voices called.

The police, the fishmonger, boys going to school, dozens of people waved to him. I might have been riding with royalty. At the station a large woman sweeping down the steps of the bank, straightened up and gave a shout.

"Hi, Jacko!" she called, bending double, went into shrieks of laughter and called across to a friend at a first floor window. It was a triumph. But Thompson ignored them all. He sat back out of sight.

"Thank Gawd I've got you," he said. "They skin you of everything."

We sat in the train. It was a two-hour journey.

"Once I strike Whitechapel," he said in the voice of one naming Singapore, "I'll be O.K." He said this several times, averting his face from the passing horror of the green fields.

"Don't you worry," he said. "Don't fret yourself for me. Don't you worry." His optimism increased as mine dwindled as we got nearer London. By the time we reached London he was almost shouting. "I'll fall on my feet, don't you worry. I'll send you my address."

We stood on the curb and I watched him walk off into the yellow rain and the clogged, grunting and mewing traffic. He stepped right into it without looking. Taxis braked to avoid him. He was going to walk to Whitechapel. He reckoned it was safer.

Harper's

MAGAZINE

ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN CIVILIZATIONS

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

WHAT will be singled out as the salient event of our time by future historians, centuries hence, looking back on the first half of the twentieth century and trying to see its activities and experiences in that just proportion which the time-perspective sometimes reveals? Not, I fancy, any of those sensational or tragic or catastrophic political and economic events which occupy the headlines of our newspapers and the foregrounds of our minds; not wars, revolutions, massacres, deportations, famines, gluts, slumps, or booms, but something of which we are only half-conscious, and out of which it would be difficult to make a headline. The things that make good headlines attract our attention because they are on the surface of the stream of life, and they distract our attention from the slower, impalpable, imponderable movements that work below the surface and penetrate to the depths. But of course it is really these deeper, slower movements that, in the

end, make history, and it is they that stand out huge in retrospect, when the sensational passing events have dwindled, in perspective, to their true proportions.

Mental perspective, like optical perspective, comes into focus only when the observer has put a certain distance between himself and his object. When, for example, you are traveling by air from Salt Lake City to Denver, the nearest view of the Rockies is not the best one. While you are actually over the mountains, you see nothing but a maze of peaks, ridges, gullies, and crags. It is not until you have left the mountains behind you and are looking back at them as you fly over the plains that they rise up before you in their magnificent order, range behind range. It is only then that you have a vision of the Rockies themselves.

With this vision in my mind, I believe that future historians will be able to see our age in better proportion than we can. What are they likely to say about it?

Arnold J. Toynbee, "the boldest historian" of Granville Hicks' recent article, has been delivering the Mary Flexner Lectures at Bryn Mawr College. This article contains the meat of his introductory lecture.

FUTURE historians will say, I think, that the great event of the twentieth century was the impact of the Western Civilization upon all the other living societies of the world of that day. They will say of this impact that it was so powerful and so pervasive that it turned the lives of all its victims upside down and inside out—affecting the behavior, outlook, feelings, and beliefs of individual men, women, and children in an intimate way, touching chords in human souls that are not touched by mere external material forces—however ponderous and terrifying. This will be said, I feel sure, by historians looking back on our times even from as short a time hence as A.D. 2047.

What will the historians of A.D. 3047 say? If we had been living a century ago, I should have had to apologize for the fantastic conceit of pretending to speculate about anything that might be said or done at so immensely remote a date. Eleven hundred years was a very long time for people who believed that the world had been created in 4004 B.C. But I need not apologize today; for, since our great-grandfathers' time, there has been so great a revolution in our time scale that, if I were to try to plot out to scale, on one of these pages, a chart of the history of this planet since its birth, I should not be able to make so short a period as eleven hundred years visible to the naked eye.

The historians of A.D. 3047, then, may have something far more interesting than those of A.D. 2047 to say, because they, by their time, may know much more of the story of which we, today, are perhaps in a rather early chapter. The historians of A.D. 3047 will, I believe, be chiefly interested in the tremendous countereffects which, by that time, the victims will have produced in the life of the aggressor. By A.D. 3047, our Western Civilization, as we and our Western predecessors have known it, say, for the last twelve or thirteen hundred years, since its emergence out of the Dark Ages, may have been transformed, almost out of all recognition, by a counter-radiation of influences from the foreign worlds which we, in our day, are in the act of engulfing in ours—influences from Orthodox Christendom, from Islam, from Hinduism, from the Far East.

By A.D. 4047 the distinction—which looms large today—between the Western Civilization, as an aggressor, and the other civilizations, as its victims, will probably seem unimportant. When radiation has been followed by counterradiation of influences, what will stand out will be a single great experience, common to the whole of mankind: the experience of having one's parochial social heritage battered to bits by collision with the parochial heritages of other civilizations, and then finding a new life—a new common life—springing up out of the wreckage. The historians of A.D. 4047 will say that the impact of the Western Civilization on its contemporaries, in the second half of the second millennium of the Christian Era, was the epoch-making event of that age because it was the first step toward the unification of mankind into one single society. By their time, the unity of mankind will perhaps have come to seem one of the fundamental conditions of human life—just part of the order of nature—and it may need quite an effort of imagination on their part to recall the parochial outlook of the pioneers of civilization during the first six thousand years or so of its existence. Those Athenians, whose capital city was no more than a day's walk from the farthest frontiers of their country, and those American contemporaries—or virtual contemporaries—of theirs, whose country you could fly across from sea to sea in sixteen hours—how could they behave (as we know they did behave) as if their own little country were the universe?

And the historians of A.D. 5047? The historians of A.D. 5047 will say, I fancy, that the importance of this social unification of mankind was not to be found in the field of technics and economics, and not in the field of war and politics, but in the field of religion.

II

WHY do I venture on these prophecies about how the history of our own time will appear to people looking back at it several thousand years hence? Because we have about six thousand years of past history to judge by, since the first emergence of human societies of the species we call "civilizations."

Six thousand years is an almost infinitesimally short time compared to the age of the human race, of mammals, of life on earth, of the planetary system round our sun, of the sun itself, and of the star-cluster of which our sun is a not particularly conspicuous member. Still, for our present purpose, these last six thousand years—brief though they are—do provide us with other examples of the phenomenon we are studying—examples of encounters between different civilizations. In relation to some of these cases, we ourselves, in our day, are already enjoying the advantage—which the historians living in A.D. 3047 or 4047 are going to have in looking back at us—of knowing the whole story. It is with some of these past encounters in mind that I have been speculating on how our own encounter with our own contemporaries is likely to turn out.

Take the history of one of our predecessors, the Græco-Roman civilization, and consider how this looks to us in the fairly distant perspective in which we are now able to see it:

As a result of the conquests of Alexander the Great and of the Romans, the Græco-Roman civilization radiated over most of the old world—into India, into the British Isles, and even as far as China and Scandinavia. The only civilizations of that day which remained untouched by its influence were those of Mexico and Peru, so that its expansion was not incomparable to our own in extent and vigor. When we look back on the history of the Græco-Roman World during the last four centuries B.C., it is this great movement of expansion and penetration that stands out now. The wars, revolutions, and economic crises that ruffled the surface of Græco-Roman history during those centuries, and occupied so much of the attention of the men and women who were struggling to live through them, do not mean much to us now compared with that great tide of Greek cultural influence invading Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, India, China.

on the Græco-Roman World.

This counterattack was partly delivered in the same style as the original Græco-Roman attack: that is, by force of arms. But we are not much interested today in the forlorn hope of Jewish armed resistance to Greek and Roman imperialism in Palestine; or in the successful counter-attack of the Parthians and their Persian successors under the Sassanian Dynasty east of the Euphrates; or in the sensational victories of the early Muslim Arabs, who in the seventh century of the Christian era liberated the Middle East from Græco-Roman rule in as short a number of years as it had taken Alexander the Great to conquer it a thousand years earlier.

But there was another counterattack, a non-violent one, a spiritual one, which attacked and conquered, not fortresses and provinces, but hearts and minds. This attack was delivered by the missionaries of new religions which had arisen in the worlds which the Græco-Roman civilization had attacked by force and submerged. The prince of these missionaries was Saint Paul, who, starting from Antioch, made the audacious march on Macedonia, Greece, and Rome which King Antiochus the Great had once attempted unsuccessfully. These religions were different in kind from the native religion of the Græco-Roman World. The gods of Græco-Roman paganism had been rooted in the soil of particular communities; they had been parochial and political: Athene Polias, Fortuna Praenestina, Dea Roma. The gods of the new religions that were making this non-violent counterattack on Greek and Roman hearts and minds had risen above their original local origins. They had become universal gods, with a message of salvation for all mankind, Jew and Gentile, Scythian and Greek. Or, to put this great historical event in religious terms, one might say that the One True God had taken this opportunity of the opening of men's minds through the collision and collapse of their old local traditions; He had taken advantage of this excruciating experience in order to illuminate these momentarily open minds with a fuller and truer vision of His nature and purpose than they had been capable of receiving before.

BUT why does the Græco-Roman impact on these other civilizations matter to us now? Because of the counterattack of these other civilizations

Take the two words "Jesus Christ," which are so very important for us, and which, we may venture to prophesy, will still be important for mankind two or three thousand years hence. These very words are witnesses to the encounter between a Græco-Roman civilization and a Syrian civilization out of which Christianity came to birth. "Jesus" is the third person singular of a Semitic verb; "Christ" is the passive participle of a Greek verb. The double name testifies that Christianity was born into this world from a marriage between those two cultures.

Consider the four higher religions, with a world-wide mission, which exist in the world today: Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, and the Mahayana form of Buddhism which prevails in the Far East. All four are, historically, products of the encounter between the Græco-Roman civilization and its contemporaries. Christianity and Islam arose as alternative responses of the Syrian World to Græco-Roman penetration: Christianity a non-violent response, Islam a violent one. Mahayanian Buddhism and Hinduism are the gentle and the violent responses of the Hindu World to the same Græco-Roman challenge.

LOOKING back on Græco-Roman history today, about thirteen hundred years after the date when the Græco-Roman civilization became extinct, we can see that, in this perspective, the most important thing in the history of the Græco-Roman World is its meeting with other civilizations; and these encounters are important, not for their immediate political and economic consequences, but for their long-term religious consequences. This Græco-Roman illustration, of which we know the whole story, also gives us some idea of the time-span of encounters between civilizations. The Græco-Roman World's impact upon other contemporary civilizations, which corresponds to the modern Western World's impact on its own contemporaries since the turn of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, started with the conquests of Alexander the Great in the fourth century B.C.; and the Middle Eastern World was still translating the classical works of Greek philosophy and

science some five or six centuries after the liberation of the Middle East from Græco-Roman rule by the early Muslim Arabs in the seventh century of the Christian era. From the fourth century B.C. to the thirteenth century of the Christian era, it took the best part of sixteen hundred years for the encounter between the Græco-Roman civilization and its contemporaries to work itself out.

Now measure against that span of sixteen hundred years the duration, to date, of the encounter between our modern Western Civilization and its contemporaries. One may say that this encounter began with the Ottoman attack on the homelands of the Western Civilization and with the great Western voyages of discovery at the turn of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of our era. That makes only four-and-a-half centuries to the present.

Let us assume, if you like, that people's hearts and minds move rather faster nowadays (though I know of no evidence that the unconscious part of the human psyche ever greatly varies its pace)—even so, it looks as if we were still only in an early chapter of the story of our encounter with the civilizations of Mexico and Peru and Orthodox Christendom and Islam and the Hindu World and the Far East. We are just beginning to see some of the effects of our action on them, but we have hardly begun to see the effects—which will certainly be tremendous—of their coming counteraction upon us.

IT is only in our generation that we have seen one of the first moves in this counteroffensive, and we have found it very disturbing; whether we have liked it or not, we have felt it to be momentous. I mean, of course, the move made by the offshoot of Orthodox Christendom in Russia. It is momentous and disturbing not because of the material power behind it. The Russians, after all, do not yet possess the atom bomb; but they have already shown (and this is the point) the power to convert Western souls to a non-Western "ideology."

The Russians have taken up a Western secular social philosophy, Marxism; you might equally well call Marxism a Chris-

tian heresy, a leaf torn out of the book of Christianity and treated as if it were the whole gospel. The Russians have taken up this Western heretical religion, transformed it into something of their own, and are now shooting it back at us. This is the first shot in the anti-Western counter-offensive; but this Russian counterdischarge in the form of Communism may come to seem a small affair when the probably far more potent civilizations of India and China respond in their turn to our Western challenge. In the long run India and China seem likely to produce much deeper effects on our Western life than Russia can ever hope to produce with her Communism. But even the comparatively feeble native civilization of Mexico is beginning to react. The revolution through which Mexico has been passing since A.D. 1910 may be interpreted as a first move to shake off the top-dressing of Western Civilization which we imposed on Mexico in the sixteenth century; and what is happening today in Mexico may happen tomorrow in the seats of the native civilization of South America: in Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Colombia.

III

BEFORE leaving off, I must say a word about one question which I have begged up to this point, and that is: what do we mean by a "civilization"? Clearly, we do mean something, for even before we have tried to define what our meaning is, this classification of human societies—the Western Civilization, the Islamic, the Far Eastern, the Hindu, and so on—does seem to make sense. These names do call up distinct pictures in our minds in terms of religion, architecture, painting, manners, and customs. Still, it is better to try to get closer to what we mean by a term which we have already been working so hard. I believe I do know what I mean by a civilization; at least, I am sure I know how I have arrived at my own idea of it.

I mean, by a civilization, the smallest unit of historical study at which one arrives when one tries to understand the history of one's own country: the United States, say, or the United Kingdom. If you

were to try to understand the history of the United States by itself, it would be unintelligible: you could not understand the part played in American life by federal government, representative government, democracy, industrialism, monogamy, Christianity, unless you looked beyond the bounds of the United States—out beyond her frontiers to Western Europe and the other overseas countries founded by West Europeans, and back beyond her local origins to the history of Western Europe in centuries before Columbus or Cabot had crossed the Atlantic. But, to make American history and institutions intelligible for practical purposes, you need not look beyond Western Europe into Eastern Europe or the Islamic World, nor behind the origins of our Western European civilization to the decline and fall of the Græco-Roman civilization. These limits of time and space give us the intelligible unit of social life of which the United States or Great Britain or France or Holland is a part: call it Western Christendom, Western Civilization, Western Society, the Western World. Similarly, if you start from Greece or Serbia or Russia, and try to understand their histories, you arrive at an Orthodox Christendom or Byzantine World. If you start from Morocco or Afghanistan, and try to understand their histories, you arrive at an Islamic World. Start from Bengal or Mysore or Rajputana, and you find a Hindu World. Start from China or Japan and you find a Far Eastern World.

While the state of which we happen to be citizens makes more concrete and more imperious claims on our allegiance, especially in the present age, the civilization of which we are members really counts for more in our lives. And this civilization of which we are members includes—at most stages in its history—the citizens of other states besides our own. It is older than our own state: the Western Civilization is about thirteen hundred years old, whereas the Kingdom of England is only one thousand years old, the United Kingdom of England and Scotland less than two hundred and fifty, the United States not much more than one hundred and fifty. States are apt to have short lives and sudden deaths: the Western Civilization

of which you and I are members may be alive centuries after the United Kingdom and the United States have disappeared from the political map of the world like their late contemporaries, the Republic of Venice and the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary. This is one of the reasons

why I have been asking you to look at history in terms of civilizations, and not in terms of states, and to think of states as rather subordinate and ephemeral political phenomena in the lives of the civilizations in whose bosoms they appear and disappear.

The Eagle Screams—with Gestures

DECLAMATION.

[DIRECTIONS.—Words in *Italic* should be emphasized; words in SMALL CAPITALS should be strongly emphasized; words in LARGE CAPITALS should be *very* strongly emphasized. The numbers refer to the cuts illustrating gesture. The sign *plus* indicates that the gesture is to be continued to the next number. The gestures are marked to come upon emphatic words, and the motion of the hands should correspond with the stress laid upon the words.]



THE YOUNG GIANT OF THE WEST.

BY A. L. STONE.

SOMEBODY has called us the YOUNG GIANT OF THE WEST. He hasn't many of the graces of the ⁶*exquisite*—this young giant—so the ⁸*foreign* artists have drawn him. The *shirt-frill* and the patent leather and the patent *airs* of the French ⁴*dandy*, he doesn't much affect. His *clothes* are thought not to sit well, to be a little awkwardly ⁴*made* and awkwardly ⁴*worn*. But he gets up *early* in the *morning* and dresses in *haste*. He doesn't spend much time before the ¹*glass*. He runs his *fingers* through his hair instead of a *comb*—his only *anxiety* being to keep it out of his *eyes*—and neglects the ⁵*pomatum* entirely. In the portrait his ⁹*shoes* are *broad* and *thick soled*, but he stands *firm* in them, and when he swings them they have ¹⁰*momentum*. . . .

—A lesson in declamation from *Student and Schoolmate*, and *Forrester's Boys & Girls Magazine*, edited by William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), January 1861.

HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

EDITH IGLAUER

Pictorial Comment by Steinberg

THE PHONES never stop ringing at the information desk in the main entrance hall of United Nations headquarters at Lake Success, Long Island. Within ten minutes one of the information girls recently gave a detailed explanation of the veto to a youngster doing his homework, listed in French the last four countries to become members of the United Nations, and forwarded to the reference library a question about the present official flag of Germany. She picked up another phone, listened for a moment, and said: "I'm sorry, Madam, but I'm afraid I can't give you the names of all the unmarried men among the UN delegates . . ."

These were typical of the questions that the girls sitting behind the long information desk are expected to answer. All of them are college graduates who speak at least two languages. A sign proclaims that Chinese, English, Spanish, French, Dutch, Polish, Portuguese, and Russian "are spoken here"; but most frequently they speak French and English. These two languages are in such constant use that the girls have now begun to chat among themselves in a strange private jargon that they like to call "Fringlish".

Answering queries from the curious

public is one of the smaller details of housekeeping for the family of nations. For behind the United Nations General Assembly, and the current meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the like, is a tightly-knit, smoothly-running force of 2,700 international civil servants, who already have begun to develop the characteristics of a family group. They form the UN Secretariat. Without them, the United Nations could not operate for a single day.

In one year the Secretariat has grown from a handful of experts into a complex community—self-sufficient in economists, lawyers, electricians, plumbers, political experts, and sociologists. It has its own carpenter and paint shops, post office, print shop, branch bank office, restaurant and cafeteria, clinic, and bus terminal.

Late last summer the Secretariat set up housekeeping about eighteen miles from New York in what had formerly been part of the Sperry Gyroscope factory at Lake Success, Long Island. For most UN workers this means at least two hours of traveling each day from their homes to the sprawling cluster of flat-topped, rectangular factory buildings where the UN will remain until its permanent headquarters are built along Manhattan's East River.

Since last April Miss Iglauer has been at the UN as special correspondent for the Cleveland News. Mr. Steinberg was out there one rainy afternoon.

The barren grounds and tan brick walls of Sperry have been somewhat relieved by a cautious scattering of trees. The fifty-five UN flags neatly circling a grass plot at the main entrance add a much-needed splash of color. But the first glimpse of the UN is the impression that sticks—the drab, vast parking space, the ugly buildings with their harsh line of glass brick above the small windows.

Inside is a claustrophobe's nightmare. What was once a huge open factory space with skylights has been broken up, foot by foot and layer by layer, into three floors of cubbyholes. The result is a labyrinth of cream-and-green concrete walls, steel partitions, low ceilings, and endless corridors. Few of the offices have outside windows, and their atmosphere is hardly cheery.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company and the UN now live side by side, friendly but aloof neighbors, whose only common problem is fire protection. Sperry still pursues its mysterious business on the larger part of the factory grounds—presumably manufacturing bomb sights and other precision instruments. Its plant is separated from the UN by an eight-inch fire wall and a tile barrier topped with wire fencing.

II

FROM their first day on American soil, Secretariat officials were beset by demands which might make the boldest executive quiver. Meetings of the Security and Economic and Social Councils were called immediately requiring expert interpreters, stenographers, and typists in four languages: English, French, Russian, and Spanish. A small army of clerks, mimeograph operators, guards, and ushers had to be mobilized overnight.

The miracle of gathering such a staff—which subsequently operated with amazing efficiency—was accomplished by hiring people already located in the New York area. Consequently more than half the Secretariat employees are Americans, a fact which has brought loud complaints from other nations. Americans are now being slowly replaced by people from other countries, and recruiting offices have been opened in England, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, Canada,

South Africa, and India. Personnel officials estimate it will take two years to organize a competent, geographically-balanced staff.

Housing the personnel who have come from other countries has already become a problem. UN employees—including many with four and five children, and one brave South American who arrived with his wife and eight sons—are scattered in makeshift quarters in hotels, rooming houses, private homes, and apartments all over Long Island and the neighboring metropolis. A large number simply left their families back home for the present. Three special UN housing projects are under construction; when completed they will accommodate 1,100 families. UN has also taken a lease on the Lido Beach Hotel, a Long Island resort with a private beach and rooms facing the ocean. Four hundred employees have been housed there. Single rooms cost them \$3.50 a day, with suites running as high as \$20. Chartered buses haul them in about thirty-five minutes from the beach to Lake Success.

ONE LARGE section of the Secretariat in which Americans do *not* predominate is the Languages Division, the pivot of all UN activities. Here, in tiny, cell-like offices, dwell the interpreters—a truly astonishing collection of mental wizards and linguistic virtuosi. Because of their haughty manner and high-strung temperaments they are often referred to by other members of the Secretariat as “*les diplomates ratés*,” or (freely translated) “the-diplomats-who-flubbed-it.” Many worked for the League of Nations. Most are French or have lived in France for some time. Those who speak Russian are usually the children of Russian parents who lived in France or are themselves émigrés from the Soviet Union, since the Soviet has been unable to spare any linguists to UN.

French and English are the working languages of UN, which means that every last one of the millions of words officially written or spoken must be in both languages. Since Spanish delegates frequently, and Russian delegates almost always, speak in their native tongues at public meetings, tri-lingual interpreters are highly



prized. Although Chinese is never spoken by the Chinese delegates, all of whom handle English fluently, it is the fifth "official" language.

The acknowledged master among the interpreters, at least in graces and flourishes, is Andrew Kaminker, a short, stout, bald Frenchman. He has been known to rise immediately after an hour-long speech and translate it without a note or whimper of pain, speaking with such gestures and dramatic force that listeners frequently get the illusion that he delivered the speech in the first place. Equally talented, if not quite so colorful, is his brother Georges, a small, soft-spoken gentleman famed for his extraordinary ability to translate with awesome precision the most complicated technical data. Both operated freelance until they joined UN, and have attended all international conferences worth attending for the last twenty-five years.

None of the interpreters takes notes in shorthand. They say it would only confuse them. As a rule, they take surprisingly few notes. Each interpreter has his own system, some jotting down a few disjointed sen-

tences here or a word or two there, but they rely almost entirely on their phenomenal memories. Although they try to reproduce speeches virtually verbatim, their goal is to render the gist of the argument correctly and lucidly.

"We are not the cigarette machine where one deposits the coin, and a box of cigarettes and matches slides out," one interpreter explained. "We try to avoid possible incidents, we look for suitable words without being offensive. This is particularly true with the Russians, who like to quote proverbs and sayings. A literal translation would not make sense."

For him, the atmosphere around New York, in contrast to that at Paris last summer, has been calm.

"One day at Paris for example," he said, "the New Zealand delegate became very angry with what he regarded as Russian delay tactics, and made a vehement speech. We conveyed the general idea that he wasn't terribly pleased, but avoided translating the assorted epithets. Although practically everyone understood English, the worst edge was removed. Another

time, the Yugoslav delegate, in the fire of debate, spilled a glass of water on the head of his interpreter, sitting just below him. What did the interpreter do? Of course he went right on speaking!"

A GUERRILLA war is currently being waged at UN between two schools of interpretation. The group to which the Kaminker brothers belong, for instance, are known technically as "consecutive" interpreters. They wait until a delegate is finished speaking to translate his speech. When the original speech is in Russian, it must be translated twice—into French and English.

The other group, the "simultaneous" interpreters, are viewed strictly as carpet-baggers by the consecutive school. In simultaneous interpretation, the original speaker's words are translated *while* he talks by a team of interpreters, sitting in glass-enclosed booths and speaking through microphones, in the other four official languages of the UN. Listeners are equipped with headphones and a radio-like dial so that they can tune in on the language they understand best.

Despite the disapprobation of their consecutive colleagues, the simultaneous interpreters, with their chief, Colonel Leon Dostert, were firmly entrenched by the end of the last Assembly, though they remain officially outside of the Languages Division. Since simultaneous interpretation is only a word or two behind the original speaker, a one hour speech with simultaneous interpretation can be disposed of in an hour flat. Consecutive interpretation, on the other hand, may take up to two and a half hours for the same speech. The one committee room at Lake Success outfitted with the expensive equipment necessary for simultaneous interpretation saved one hundred and fifty hours, and all six committees competed for its use during the recent Assembly meetings. Before the next Assembly, four more rooms will have simultaneous interpretation equipment.

Dostert is now experimenting with individual radio receiving sets to be worn on a strap around the listener's neck, for use in large halls where the Assembly or Security Council meet. Each set, weighing

less than a pound, will have seven channels, individual volume control, and earphones attached. With such a device, a listener can walk around the room, step outside the door a few feet, or even eat a sandwich in the corridor, and still hear the proceedings. The Colonel is afraid of only one thing: listeners with kleptomaniac proclivities would find it simple to slip the set under their coats and walk out, carrying part of the UN with them. Dostert, a small, lively Frenchman with a dapper black moustache, is now an American citizen. As a colonel in the U. S. Army, he was in charge of simultaneous interpretation at the Nuremberg trials (they were conducted in four languages.) Although simultaneous interpretation was tried twenty-five years ago at the League, he feels that the UN provided its first real chance to prove its worth.

"Every new idea has to struggle, especially when it strikes against the interests of certain groups of people," he says cheerfully. "At the beginning people used to smile and think we were linguistic parrots."

He admits his interpreters have less language elegance because they must go right along with the speaker, reflecting in their translations any awkward choice of words on his part. But Dostert believes his system to be more reliable, since it does not depend on memory, but on agility.

"Our opponents say that the mechanical business of earphones dehumanizes speeches," he will argue, "but we have found that with head sets, you look at the speaker. They also say that simultaneous interpretation does not give delegates time to reflect; but we say that delegates are sufficiently alert not to need such time. We do believe that about fifteen per cent of the time—when an amendment, say, is being drawn that requires absolute accuracy—consecutive translation is better. The interpreter can step down in that case from his booth and do a consecutive translation quite easily."

DOSTERT's translators are younger than the consecutive interpreters and get paid less; about \$5,000 to \$6,000 a year, as against about \$8,000 for the older linguists. Using all five languages,

he requires twenty people for one team. He has found Chinese interpreters the hardest to get; translators from Russian into Chinese so far are non-existent. Nobody listens to the Chinese translations now, except occasionally a curious Chinese delegate; but Dostert is looking forward to a time when delegates from China may be selected from a broader group than the present handful of American- or British-educated Chinese.

Several of his interpreters were with him at Nuremberg, and he has also drawn on the language departments of American universities. Two of his youngest and best interpreters are a twenty-three-year-old Russian prince, Georges Vassilchikov, a dreamy-looking youth who has spent most of his life in France and England, and twenty-one-year-old Jeanne Streit, the daughter of *Union Now's* Clarence Streit. Unlike the consecutive interpretation branch, which had a stable of internationally known interpreters to depend upon, Dostert is continually searching for qualified personnel. Only about ten per cent of those who apply are promising. Knowledge of languages is only the beginning. Interpreters must have intelligence, a broad culture, a good voice, and clear enunciation. He believes they operate best when they work as if they were in a trance. At the last Assembly, an interpreter translating Senator Connally from English into Russian was so completely wrapped up in his work that when Connally banged on the table the interpreter banged on *his* table, practically bursting the eardrums of his headset listeners.

The Secretariat's language experts also undertake a number of less public chores. In language research, they try to match words and phrases in the five official languages for the written record, so that their meanings will be exactly the same. Frequently this requires the invention of new words; classical Chinese, for instance, has no words for many atomic doodads. An international glossary of new words and tricky phrases is in the works, to gather up language additions and clarifications as they are produced.

They are also co-operating with the Personnel Division in the conducting of classes in the five official languages for Secretariat

employees. Although it is hoped that eventually all personnel will be competent at least in both UN working languages, so far training has been after hours and voluntary. Nine hundred employees have enrolled for the first sixteen-week course, to end May 22. Of these, more than fifty per cent elected French, with 110 taking Russian, and twelve, Chinese.

On call is a small battalion of translators who can handle not only the five official languages but practically every other tongue used today. They are prepared to translate any document from any language—including Urdu and Pushtu. Some are also verbatim reporters, who sit at official meetings near the interpreters to take the speeches down in shorthand. Each language spoken at a meeting has its own verbatim reporter, who is relieved by a colleague so that he can leave the room to dictate his notes to a typist. He then returns to relieve his alternate, and the cycle continues until the speech is completed. Meanwhile the typist has cut the dictation on a mimeograph stencil, and five minutes later the newsmen begin to get their copies of the speech. If Gromyko, for example, begins to talk at 3:00 P.M., the press begins to receive the speech, in sections, by 3:30. A mimeographed verbatim of his complete speech—in English, French, and Russian—will be out by 6:00 that evening.

The mimeographing of official speeches and committee reports—the only form of mass printing done at Lake Success—is dropped in the overflowing lap of the



three-shift Documents Division. During last fall's General Assembly alone, the Documents Division clocked off 6,300,000 words, and it is proud of the fact that no meeting of the Assembly was held up for lack of necessary documents. This was accomplished only because everyone on the staff put in fifteen hours daily, seven days a week. (Several of the division's employees suffered nervous collapses.) The Documents Division requires two hours to run off 2,000 copies of the average four- to five-page document, but it has turned out as many as 1,062 pages in twenty-four hours.

III

AS FAR BACK as last fall, while the General Assembly was still meeting, a small group of men at Lake Success in a second floor office marked "Conference Co-ordination" was already assigning space for UN's meetings in 1947.



Behind a barricade of graphs and charts they juggle conferences, conference rooms, hours, days, and delegates as skillfully as the late W. C. Fields maneuvered a billiard cue—their aim being, as a young Belgian statistician, Jean Taupin, expressed it, “to make absolutely sure that every international conference won’t be held at the same time, on the same day, on the same morning, in the same room.”

Taupin unexpectedly turned into a sleuth while he was making a study of the 1946 General Assembly. Oddly enough, he could find no master list of when and where each conference had been held. Any gathering, however small, is supposed to become an official meeting the minute its members issue an official document; but one mysterious subcommittee of Committee Five was missing. It had issued a beautiful document, but where and when did it meet? No one could remember. Taupin finally unearthed a man who recalled seeing four delegates from Committee Five huddled in a corner of a room after a meeting one day, with their hats and coats on. The huddle turned out to be the only meeting the elusive subcommittee ever had.

A classic joke around Lake Success, which especially tickled the efficiency-minded Conference Co-ordination people, was the fact that a Canadian proposal to cut down the time of the last Assembly was one of the concluding items on the Assembly's agenda. “By the time the delegates got around to considering it,” Taupin chuckles, “there was nothing left to cut down.”

PROBABLY the most complicated job in the Secretariat is that of feeding the thousands of employees, delegates, and sightseers who spend the day (and sometimes part of the night) at Lake Success. The cafeteria, a vast cavern on the main floor which serves around 10,000 meals a day, never closes. The delegates' restaurant, where the Secretariat personnel may also eat before 1:00 P.M., is tucked away between a long string of administrative offices on the second floor; it is open from 11:30 A.M. to 3:00 P.M., or later if a morning meeting drags on past that hour.

The food in the cafeteria is no worse than in most mass eating places, though possibly it seems less tasty because of the noise and poor ventilation. Nevertheless, each day 250 gallons of coffee and 400 gallons of milk, 1,500 pounds of meat, 1,200 pounds of green vegetables, and 1,250 pounds of potatoes are consumed. As many as sixty dozen bottles of yogurt have been eaten in a single day; this unusual kind of milk product is a favorite with employees from the Balkans. Cafeteria eaters, no matter what country they hail from, seem to prefer American food. The British asked that Coca-Cola be sold, and the Russians put in a request for fresh fruit on the counters—especially apples, tangerines, and bananas.

Europeans frequently peer uncertainly at an unknown dish and ask for a listing of its contents. Inexplicably, French girls seem particularly confused by lamb stew. The Chinese used to ask for chow mein and chop suey, but after taking a look at the gummy mixture purveyed at the cafeteria they lost interest.

Cafeteria employees find most of their customers easy to please, but turn pale at mention of a certain French girl who never has mastered the basic principles of the place. She insists on going behind the counter to select her food, although she has been forcibly removed a dozen times by cafeteria workers and finally by UN guards. Once an Englishman lost a twelve-year-old pipe in the cafeteria, and had six members of his staff over and under tables for hours in search of it. Whole hams, bacon, eggs, and dried fruits are sold at a special counter, and the British delegate to the Assembly, Sir Hartley Shawcross, bought three hams there. He dropped around once a week to make sure the hams were still on ice. Then, in a fast sprint for his boat at the end of the Assembly, he left the hams on the dock. The cafeteria manager, Charles Williams, is still wondering who finally ate them.

The delegates' dining room is to the cafeteria as Antoine's is to Nick's Diner. Delegates and anyone else who can afford a two-dollar lunch sit at pleasant small tables with starched white cloths and attractive blue china, where they are served by quiet, efficient waitresses. The sense of

being in an exclusive luncheon club is augmented by green plants at the windows, attractive hangings against the neat beige walls, modernistic wooden chairs, and slick brown linoleum. Only Senator Connally and Mrs. Roosevelt seem to have preferred the cafeteria atmosphere and diet. Gromyko is a steady customer of the dining room; so was Bernard Baruch.

According to Anne Corcoran, the dining room's pretty hostess, the average delegate eats his lunch on the run, rarely taking more than thirty minutes. She was particularly gratified by the enthusiasm with which her guests attacked a buffet table, piled with great platters of lobster; potato, vegetable, and chicken salads; cole slaw; herring; one hot dish; all kinds of cheese; and a great mound of fruit which took Mrs. Corcoran an hour to build into a triumphant centerpiece. European delegates said they hadn't seen such food in five years.

Only the chef, a smiling Italian, has a complaint. "I try to have a European dish every day," Cavallo says, "but they like our food better. The Russians shun caviar. I had sturgeon and caviar on the buffet table, think of it, and Gromyko's secretary never even looked! They go for turkey, ham, and pork in a big way, and we never can give enough rice. I could have ten tons of rice, but still not enough!"

Gromyko, described as a "very quiet and pleasant customer," is a fruit and tea fan. Contrary to expectations, the British drink quantities of coffee, but scarcely any tea. ("Those awful bags!" one Englishman remarked.)

THE big upset in the management's calculations has occurred in the bars. There are three of these, located in the comfortable delegates' lounge, with its rust-and-beige overstuffed chairs and soft green hangings, in the bare reaches of the press lounge, and in the "penthouse" Secretariat lounge atop the Administration building. The largest bar sales are not of whiskey, but of orange juice, which disappears at a rate of twenty to twenty-five gallons daily, and Coca-Cola, with forty to fifty cases consumed on an average day.

"Them people never had orange juice

and it seems they can't get enough of it," the head bartender, Arthur Rice, is apt to say with a puzzled shake of his head. "And what do you think is our slowest seller? Vodka! We haven't sold three bottles of vodka since we opened." The only time Gromyko came to the delegates' bar, he asked for a glass of milk.

The heaviest drinking, of course, is in the press bar. The English like their pink gins, and the French indulge in imported champagne and wines, especially with their meals. Cocktails are the most popular items—next to orange juice and Coca-Cola—with Martinis heading the list. Altogether, Rice figures, the bars at Lake Success use about thirty cases of hard liquor and fifteen to twenty cases of bottled beer a day. "There are no drunks during business hours"; he says, "to preserve peace, one must have a clear head and be on one's toes."

But bartenders are disturbed by the careless way some delegates handle American money. The currency apparently confuses them, since they always pay with big bills.

Restaurant employees are often startled by the way some of their customers dress. They are entranced with the fancy white robe and gold-and-white headdress of His Royal Highness Prince Feisal of Saudi Arabia, for example, and they were amazed to learn that turbans are not hats and therefore are not removed during meals.

IV

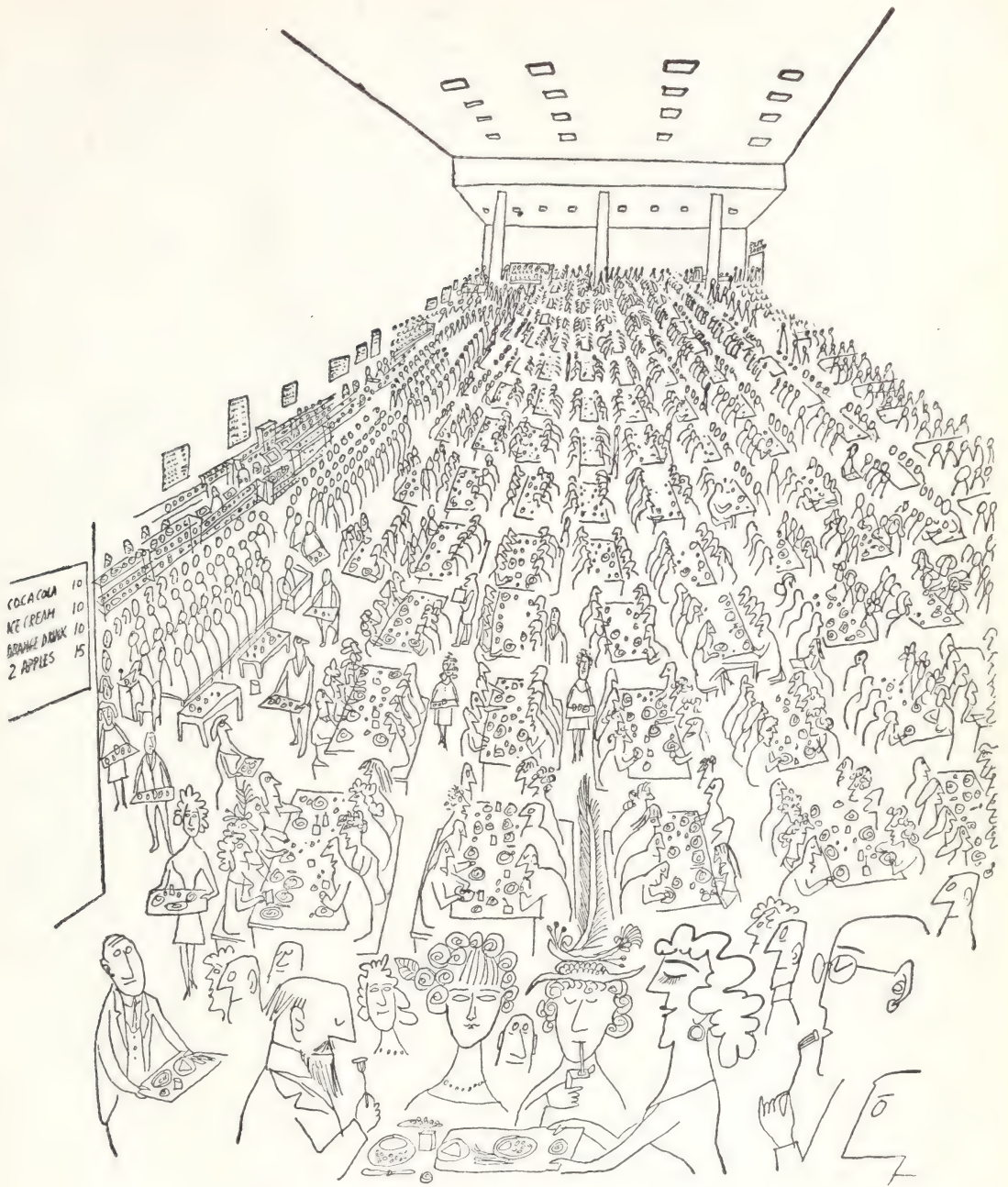
THE most thankless work in the Secretariat is that of the UN's Security Division. Hidden in two small offices around the corner from the main entrance, it supervises the guards; arranges credentials for delegates, the Secretariat, and the public; and is in charge of fire protection, ushers, and escorts. It also is responsible for police enforcement, in which it has the co-operation of the New York City and State police, and the FBI. Also, when such important officials as President Truman, Bevin, and Molotov are at Lake Success, it works with the White House Secret Service, Scotland Yard, and the NKVD.

"It's just a cop's job on a high level," is the way Security Chief Frank Begley describes his duties. "If it's done well and strictly, you irritate somebody. You lose, even when you win."

Begley, a young looking, thoughtful man, who formerly worked with Connecticut's State Police, has a staff of approximately a hundred men and women; only fifty-four of these are guards. Begley—easily one of the most popular officials at Lake Success—is happiest when no one notices that the UN has a security section. He feels that in a world organization like the UN it must be assumed that the public is entitled to free access to meeting chambers and all UN areas—until something happens to prove him wrong. So far, he does not feel that his confidence in the public has been misplaced.

The public and press suffered from too stringent security rules only in the opening days of the fall Assembly. This was due to the presence of President Truman, Molotov, and Bevin, who brought their own security officials with them. Although thousands of visitors attended the sessions, there were only two real disturbances during the Assembly, and both involved people who were removed so rapidly and quietly that few spectators were aware of what happened. One woman felt she could help Secretary Byrnes solve the veto problem if she could only speak to him personally. Refusing to send him a note, or get in touch with him through the U. S. delegation office at the Hotel Pennsylvania, she tried repeatedly to stop him in the halls. She finally stood up in the audience at a meeting. "May I speak?" was as far as she got. Again, when Molotov was discussing world disarmament at the Political Committee meetings at Lake Success, a man suddenly rose from the seats set aside for spectators and started towards him. His muttering attracted the attention of the guards assigned to Molotov, and out he went.

Begley figures that in the normal course of events there will be one unpleasant incident a week. Religious fanatics, persons aroused by racial issues, psychopaths, and drunks who bring a bottle in their coat pocket are the chief nuisances. Women are much worse than men because they are



more difficult to ease quietly off the premises. The usual method is to let them talk on the way to the fence line and then quickly close the gates behind them. Mostly, they try to sound off on their pet political theories in the lobbies, or to argue that the UN can't succeed without their special personal type of God. A number of persons have the mistaken impression that since the UN opened for business all laws are international. They demand that the UN aid them in problems of immigration,

labor disputes, in obtaining a higher standard of living, or even in getting veterans' rights when they cannot obtain satisfaction through national channels.

ANOTHER type of pest who invariably lands in Begley's office is the person bringing gifts to delegates. These are usually hand-worked personal items such as doilies or jewelry, or honor scrolls that the donor is anxious to award to someone he thinks will support his cause.

These people are all referred to the individual delegation headquarters. Equally annoying are souvenir hunters who walk off with desk markers bearing the names



of delegates' countries, pen sets, memos or doodles delegates have made, or water glasses and pitchers certain delegates have used. So far, fifty delegates' signs and about a hundred pens have disappeared.

Minor crackpots as well as people on legitimate quests for knowledge are referred to the information desk. Someone recently called to ask who were the delegates from the Ukraine, Poland, and New Jersey, and another caller wanted to speak to the man in charge of Long Island. A woman swathed in furs rushed in not long ago demanding assistance to drive off "Communists who are tearing up the trees on my front lawn," and a builder putting up a house on Long Island wanted a floor plan of closets from the UN because he understood "you handle such matters."

Many people, confusing the UN with UNRRA or other relief agencies, have inquired about relatives in displaced persons' camps or in workers' camps in Russia. After 5:30 every afternoon, without fail, dozens of school children phone for scraps of UN information required for their homework. People are apt to feel a personal ownership in UN; one man who called for information on some obscure

document became impatient and said, "Don't give *me* the runaround. I'm the boss of these here United Nations!" Many people come in person, demanding to see high UN officials, almost invariably asking for Mr. Lie, Mrs. Roosevelt, or Mr. Gromyko. Only the stubborn ones are turned over to Begley.

One of the most unexpected queries, however, came to George Barnes, the exceptionally personable and able director of the UN's press division. A fifteen-year-old boy named Henry Jarecki appeared in front of his desk one day in blue jeans and a red plaid shirt, demanding that he be accredited to the United Nations as a working newspaperman. He said he represented a magazine for teen-age boys run by a handful of youngsters in Queens.

Barnes, with a vision of several hundred school kids swelling the ranks of the eight hundred adult correspondents already accredited, was momentarily taken aback when the boy blurted out: "Say, this organization is for the next generation, isn't it? Well, I'm the next generation! We're the men of tomorrow, see?"

Although Henry was not accredited he has come out several times to check on the way things are running. Writing later about his experiences in his magazine, *Picture Story*, he expressed the hope that "the country will be as well informed about the proceedings of the UN for the next two or three generations" as it is now, and suggested a floor show with the "incomparable Hildegard" to keep the reporters on the job.

That the world is kept well informed about UN is indicated by the busy press teletype machine operated by Barnes' competent reporting staff. Even with hundreds of reporters from the daily press covering every facet of UN, the press division has sent out as much as 25,000 words a day to local bureaus of newspapers all over the earth. In addition it maintains a clip service for small newspapers in French, English, and Spanish, and sends out hourly releases on every meeting conducted at Lake Success. What distinguishes Barnes' office from the traditional government information agency is that he and his reporters adhere to an absolutely open press policy, with emphasis on re-

leasing as much news as possible rather than presenting a handout of carefully selected items. The strict objectivity with which the Secretariat's press division handles UN news got a backhanded testimonial recently when a delegate refused to give them an advance copy of a speech, because he felt that the press division would handle it "too objectively."

V

BETWEEN the employees of the Secretariat and their genial chief, Trygve Lie, there is a feeling of considerable affection. This is due in part to Lie's ready acceptance of a system by which staff members help make decisions on such matters as cuts in pay, housing, bus schedules, appointments, and promotions. The idea came from employees with trade union backgrounds, and subsequently eleven members of the staff were elected by the various Secretariat departments to represent them on a staff committee. In January this gave way to a larger bargaining agency, the Association of the Staff of the UN.

Staff members generally—and the majority are tough realists—regard Lie, an old trade union man himself in Norway, as a democratic and competent chief. There are plenty of beefs about administration, but Lie appears to inspire the same kind of loyalty among his staff that Franklin Roosevelt used to invoke among his colleagues.

Although Lie is a master politician, rather than an administrator, he loathes inefficiency and has a violent temper when he feels his instructions are not being followed out. "It is like an earthquake," one of his colleagues commented. "The doors bang and there is a great noise. But it doesn't last long, thank heaven!"

Lie, who prefers to tell subordinates what he wants done and then leave them free to work it out in their own way, goes at a terrific pace himself. He is at his office by nine every morning, and though he leaves at six whenever possible, he usually takes work home with him. His one unbreakable rule is that no matter what state the world is in he must get eight hours' sleep every night.

The Secretary-General works in a large cool room with long windows and a soft green rug. A couch and comfortable chairs are grouped around an enormous desk. One wall is covered by a huge map of the world. The only other decorations are two pictures of the great Norwegian explorer, author, and statesman, Fridtjof Nansen. A small conference room is next to Lie's office, gay with red leather chairs, where he meets with his assistant secretary-generals at 9:30 every morning.

WORKING for the UN Secretariat is regarded as more than just a job. Even the most sophisticated employees will admit pride in being part of UN in its pioneer days. Despite the fact that salaries are tax-free, it is not the type of work where advancement comes easily, or where huge sums of money can ever be made. More than half the twenty-seven hundred employees make less than \$3,500 a year with some as low as \$1,350; fewer than fifty make more than \$10,000. Rumbles of discontent over wages are frequently heard from the lower income groups and from employees supporting families abroad, in spite of cost-of-living increases and generous per diem allowances for employees trapped by high hotel expenses.

Nevertheless, the demand for UN jobs is tremendous and world-wide. An average of one thousand applications a week for Secretariat jobs still come to Lake Success, in virtually every known language. The majority are from Americans, a large number veterans. Many applicants from France, Belgium, Norway, and the Netherlands are former members of the underground, who still cling to the wartime psychology of secrecy and refuse to tell what they did during the occupation. Frequently applications from Europe carry a tragic "unknown" where the names and whereabouts of relatives should be.

"I am animated by a deep yearning for peace and adjustment between nations," reads a typical letter written by a Polish woman. (She was imprisoned by the Nazis and her family was murdered.) "I would work for the UN, not with the mentality of a salaried employee, but with zeal and idealism."

The UN gets its share of eccentric applications. One woman, who listed her dependents as two white mice and a cat, sent in a photograph of herself in a black chemise, and several have enclosed pictures of themselves in bathing suits. A middle-aged lady describing herself as an ex-ballerina submitted a series of photographs in provocative dancing poses. Another listed her present job as "associate mother." Several applicants claiming to be ex-opera stars have applied for language jobs. Astrologers have offered their services, and one man arrived in person with a United Nations hymn of his own composition, which he sang in full voice in a corridor outside the office.

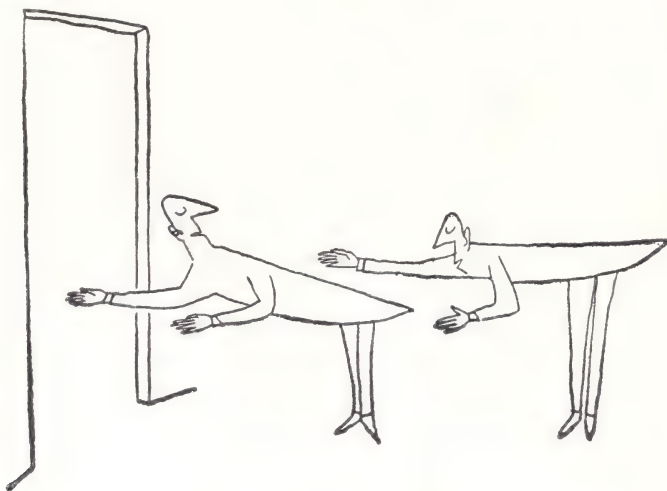
An applicant need not be sponsored by his government to be considered for a UN job. Many Balkan subjects apply on their own, and some have been hired; but there have been no applications from Russia except those sponsored by the government. The Soviet Union is extremely reluctant to part with any of her trained people, in spite of repeated requests from UN personnel officials. Everyone agrees that the UN does not have the representation it should have from the Soviets, and departments have been known to leave a position vacant for as long as a year on the possibility of filling it with a colleague from Russia.

Employees are frequently hired on the strength of their qualifications without any previous consultation with officials of

their countries. Lie insisted on this vital principle from the beginning, and talked the member nations into agreeing to it. Every new employee must take an oath to regulate his conduct "with the interests of the United Nations only in view." He must further pledge himself "not to seek or accept instructions in regard to the performance of [his] duties from any government or any authority external to the [United Nations] organization."

Officials admit that some employees do not yet have an entirely international outlook; their feelings may range from general sympathy for their own country to direct use of UN facilities to further their own national interests. Those who come from government service are especially hard to wean from such nationalistic impulses.

UN officials hope, however, that acceptance of the basic idea that the UN employee owes his primary loyalty to the United Nations will grow over the years, as nations and people gain confidence in the UN as an agency for keeping world peace. For this principle of loyalty first to the world, and second to one's country, is the keystone of the entire United Nations organization. Unless it is accepted not only by the UN Secretariat but by the UN delegates, and their home governments—unless it finds favor in the hearts of men everywhere—no amount of efficient housekeeping can save the United Nations from the same slow, fatal paralysis that struck the League of Nations.



THE WHITE CIRCLE

A Story

JOHN BELL CLAYTON

As soon as I saw Anvil squatting up in the tree like some hateful creature that belonged in trees I knew I had to take a beating and I knew the kind of beating it would be. But still I had to let it be that way because this went beyond any matter of courage or shame.

The tree was *mine*. I want no doubt about that. It was a seedling that grew out of the slaty bank beside the dry creek-mark across the road from the house, and the thirteen small apples it had borne that year were the thirteen most beautiful things on this beautiful earth.

The day I was twelve Father took me up to the barn to look at the colts—Saturn, Jupiter, Devil, and Moonkissed, the white-face. Father took a cigar out of his vest pocket and put one foot on the bottom plank of the fence and leaned both elbows on the top of the fence and his face looked quiet and pleased and proud and I liked the way he looked because it was as if he had a little joke or surprise that would turn out nice for me.

"Tucker," Father said presently, "I am not unaware of the momentousness of this day. Now there are four of the finest colts in Augusta County; if there are four any finer anywhere in Virginia I don't know where you'd find them unless Arthur Hancock over in Albemarle would have them." Father took one elbow off the fence and looked at me. "Now do you suppose," he asked, in that fine, free, good humor, "that if I were to offer you a little token

to commemorate this occasion you could make a choice?"

"Yes sir," I said.

"Which one?" Father asked. "Devil? He's wild."

"No sir," I said. "I would like to have the apple tree below the gate."

Father looked at me for at least a minute. You would have to understand his pride in his colts to understand the way he looked. But at twelve how could I express how *I* felt? My setting such store in having the tree as my own had something to do with the coloring of the apples as they hung among the green leaves; it had something also to do with their ripening, not in autumn when the world was full of apples, but in mid-summer when you *wanted* them; but it had more to do with a way of life that had come down through the generations. I would have given one of the apples to Janie. I would have made of it a ceremony. While I would not have said the words, because at twelve you have no such words, I would have handed over the apple with something like this in mind: "Janie, I want to give you this apple. It came from my tree. The tree stands on my father's land. Before my father had the land it belonged to his father, and before that it belonged to my great-grandfather. It's the English family land. It's almost sacred. My possession of this tree forges of me a link in this owning ancestry that must go back clear beyond Moses and all the old Bible folks."

Father looked at me for that slow, peculiar minute in our lives. "All right, sir," he said. "The tree is yours in fee simple to bargain, sell, and convey or to keep and nurture and eventually hand down to your heirs or assigns forever unto eternity. You have a touch of poetry in your soul and that fierce, proud love of the land in your heart; when you grow up I hope you don't drink too much."

I didn't know what he meant by that but the tree was mine and now there perched Anvil, callously munching one of my thirteen apples and stowing the rest inside his ragged shirt until it bulged out in ugly lumps. I knew the apples pressed cold against his hateful belly and to me the coldness was a sickening evil.

I PICKED a rock up out of the dust of the road and tore across the creek bed and said, "All right, Anvil—climb down!"

Anvil's milky eyes batted at me under the strangely fair eyebrows. There was not much expression on his face. "Yaannh!" he said. "You stuck-up little priss, you hit me with that rock. You just do!"

"Anvil," I said again, "climb down. They're my apples."

Anvil quit munching for a minute and grinned at me. "You want an apple? I'll give you one. Yaannh!" He suddenly cocked back his right arm and cracked me on the temple with the half-eaten apple.

I let go with the rock and it hit a limb with a dull chub sound and Anvil said, "You're fixin' to git it—you're real-ly fixin' to git it."

"I'll shake you down," I said. "I'll shake you clear down."

"Clear down?" Anvil chortled. "Where do you think I'm at? Up on top of Walker Mountain? It wouldn't hurt none if I was to fall out of this runty bush on my head."

I grabbed one of his bare feet and pulled backwards, and down Anvil came amidst a flutter of broken twigs and leaves. We both hit the ground. I hopped up and Anvil arose with a faintly vexed expression.

He hooked a leg in back of my knees and shoved a paw against my chin. I went down in the slate. He got down and pinioned my arms with his knees. I tried to kick him in the back of the head but could only flail my feet helplessly in the air.

"You might as well quit kickin'," he said.

He took one of my apples from his shirt and began eating it, almost absent-mindedly.

"You dirty filthy stinkin' sow," I said.

He snorted. "I couldn't be a sow, but you take that back."

"I wish you were fryin' in the middle of hell right this minute."

"Take back the stinkin' part," Anvil said thoughtfully. "I don't stink."

He pressed his knees down harder, pinching and squeezing the flesh of my arms.

I sobbed, "I take back the stinkin' part."

"That's better," Anvil said.

He ran a finger back into his jaw to dislodge a fragment of apple from his teeth. For a moment he examined the fragment and then wiped it on my cheek.

"I'm goin' to tell Father," I said desperately.

"'Father,'" Anvil said with falsetto mimicry. "'Father.' Say 'Old Man.' You think your old man is some stuff on a stick, don't you? You think he don't walk on the ground, don't you? You think you and your whole stuck-up family don't walk on the ground. Say 'Old Man.'"

"Go to hell!"

"Shut up your blubberin'. Say 'Old Man.'"

"Old Man. I wish you were dead."

"Yaannh!" Anvil said. "Stop blubberin'. Now call me 'Uncle Anvil.' Say 'Uncle Sweetie Peetie Tweetie Beg-Your-Pardon Uncle Anvil.' Say it!"

"Uncle Sweetie . . . Uncle Peetie, Tweetie Son-of-a-bitch Anvil."

He caught my hair in his hands and wallowed my head against the ground until I said every bitter word of it. Three times.

Anvil tossed away a spent, maltreated core that had been my apple. He gave my head one final thump upon the ground and said "Yaannh!" again in a satisfied way.

He released me and got up. I lay there with my face muscles twitching in outrage.

Anvil looked down at me. "Stop blubberin'," he commanded.

"I'm not cryin'," I said.

I was lying there with a towering, homicidal detestation, planning to kill Anvil—and the thought of it had a sweetness like summer fruit.

THERE were times when I had no desire to kill Anvil. I remember the day his father showed up at the school. He was a dirty, half-crazy, itinerant knickknack peddler. He had a club and he told the principal he was going to beat the meanness out of Anvil or beat him to death. Anvil scudded under a desk and lay there trembling and whimpering until the principal finally drove the ragged old man away. I had no hatred for Anvil then.

But another day, just for the sheer filthy meanness of it, he crawled through a classroom window after school hours and befouled the floor. And the number of times he pushed over smaller boys, just to see them hit the packed hard earth of the school yard and to watch the fright on their faces as they ran away, was more than I could count.

And still another day he walked up to me as I leaned against the warmth of the schoolhack shed in the sunlight, feeling the nice warmth of the weatherbeaten boards.

"They hate me," he said dismally. "They hate me because my old man's crazy."

As I looked at Anvil I felt that in the background I was seeing that demented, bitter father trudging his lonely, vicious way through the world.

"They don't hate you," I lied. "Anyway I don't hate you." That was true. At that moment I didn't hate him. "How about comin' home and stayin' all night with me?"

So after school Anvil went along with me—and threw rocks at me all the way home.

Now I had for him no soft feeling of any kind. I planned—practically—his extinction as he stood there before me commanding me to cease the blubbering out of my heart.

"Shut up now," Anvil said. "I never hurt you. Stop blubberin'."

"I'm not cryin'," I said.

"You're still mad though." He looked at me appraisingly.

"No, I'm not," I lied. "I'm not even mad. I was a little bit mad, but not now."

"Well, whattaya look so funny around the mouth and eyes for?"

"I don't know. Let's go up to the barn and play."

"Play whut?" Anvil looked at me truculently. He didn't know whether to be suspicious or flattered. "I'm gettin' too big to play. To play much, anyway," he added undecidedly. "I might play a little bit if it ain't some sissy game."

"We'll play anything," I said eagerly.

"All right," he said. "Race you to the barn. You start."

I started running toward the wire fence and at the third step he stuck his foot between my legs and I fell forward on my face.

"Yaannh!" he croaked. "That'll learn you."

"Learn me what?" I asked as I got up. "Learn me what?" It seemed important to know that. Maybe it would make some difference in what I planned to do to Anvil. It seemed very important to know what it was that Anvil wanted to, and never could, teach me and the world.

"It'll just learn you," he said doggedly. "Go ahead, I won't trip you any more."

So we climbed the wire fence and raced across the burned field the hogs ranged in.

WE SQUEEZED through the heavy sliding doors onto the barn floor, and the first thing that caught Anvil's eye was the irregular circle that father had painted there. He wanted to know what it was and I said "nothing" because I wasn't yet quite ready, and Anvil forgot about it for the moment and wanted to play jumping from the barn floor out to the top of the fresh rick of golden straw.

I said, "No. Who wants to do that, anyway?"

"I do," said Anvil. "Jump, you puke. Go ahead and jump!"

I didn't want to jump. The barn had been built on a hill. In front the ground came up level with the barn floor, but in back the floor was even with the top of the straw rick, with four wide, terrible yawning feet between.

I said, "Nawh, there's nothin' to jumpin'."

"Oh, there ain't, hanh!" said Anvil. "Well, try it—"

He gave me a shove and I went out into terrifying space. He leaped after and upon me and we hit the pillowy side of the straw rick and tumbled to the ground in a smothering slide.

"That's no fun," I said, getting up and brushing the chaff from my face and hair.

Anvil himself had lost interest in it by now and was idly munching another of my apples.

"I know somethin'," I said. "I know a good game. Come on, I'll show you."

Anvil stung me on the leg with the apple as I raced through the door of the cutting room. When we reached the barn floor his eyes again fell on the peculiar white circle. "That's to play prisoner's base with," I said. "That's the base."

"That's a funny lookin' base," he said suspiciously. "I never saw any base that looked like that."

I could feel my muscles tensing, but I wasn't particularly excited. I didn't trust myself to look up toward the roof where the big mechanical hayfork hung suspended from the long metal track that ran back over the steaming mows of alfalfa and red clover. The fork had vicious sharp prongs that had never descended to the floor except on one occasion Anvil knew nothing about.

I THINK Father had been drinking the day he bought the hayfork in Staunton. It was an unwieldy involved contraption of ropes, triggers, and pulleys which took four men to operate. A man came out to install the fork and for several days he climbed up and down ladders, bolting the track in place and arranging the various gadgets. Finally, when he said it was ready, Father had a load of hay pulled into the barn and called the men in from the fields to watch and assist in the demonstration.

I don't remember the details. I just remember that something went very badly wrong. The fork suddenly plunged down with a peculiar ripping noise and embedded itself in the back of one of the work horses. Father said very little. He simply painted the big white circle on the barn floor, had the fork hauled back up to the

top, and fastened the trigger around the rung of a stationary ladder eight feet off the floor, where no one could inadvertently pull it.

Then he said quietly, "I don't ever want anyone ever to touch this trip rope or to have occasion to step inside this circle."

So that was why I didn't now look up toward the fork.

"I don't want to play no sissy prisoner's base," Anvil said. "Let's find a nest of young pigeons."

"All right," I lied. "I know where there's a nest. But one game of prisoner's base first."

"You don't know where there's any pigeon nest," Anvil said. "You wouldn't have the nerve to throw them up against the barn if you did."

"Yes, I would too," I protested. "Now let's play one game of prisoner's base. Get in the circle and shut your eyes and start countin'."

"Oh, all right," Anvil agreed wearily. "Let's get it over with and find the pigeons. Ten, ten, double ten, forty-five—"

"Right in the middle of the circle," I told him. "And count slow. How'm I goin' to hide if you count that way?"

Anvil now counted more slowly. "Five, ten, fifteen—"

I gave Anvil one last vindictive look and sprang up the stationary ladder and swung out on the trip rope of the unpredictable hayfork with all my puny might.

The fork's whizzing descent was accompanied by that peculiar ripping noise. Anvil must have jumped instinctively. The fork missed him by several feet.

For a moment Anvil stood absolutely still. He turned around and saw the fork, still shimmering from its impact with the floor. His face became exactly the pale green of the carbide we burned in our acetylene lighting plant at the house. Then he looked at me, at the expression on my face, and his Adam's apple bobbed queerly up and down, and a little stream of water trickled down his right trouser leg and over his bare foot.

"You tried to kill me," he said thickly.

He did not come toward me. Instead, he sat down. He shook his head sickly. After a few sullen, bewildered moments

he reached into his shirt and began hauling out my apples one by one.

"You can have your stinkin' old apples," he said. "You'd do that for a few dried up little apples. Your old man owns everything in sight. I ain't got nothin'. Go ahead and keep your stinkin' old apples."

He got to his feet and slowly walked out of the door.

Since swinging off the trip rope I had neither moved nor spoken. For a moment more I stood motionless and voiceless and then I ran over and grabbed up the nine apples that were left and called, "Anvil!

Anvil!" He continued across the field without even pausing.

I yelled, "Anvil! Wait, I'll give them to you."

Anvil climbed the fence without looking back and set off down the road toward the store. Every few steps he kicked his wet trouser leg.

Three sparrows flew out of the door in a dusty, chattering spiral. Then there was only the image of the hayfork shimmering and terrible in the great and growing and accusing silence and emptiness of the barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Court

Tackle the Housing Shortage

From a recent report sent out by teletype by the United Press:

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THE NEW CULT OF SEX AND ANARCHY

MILDRED EDIE BRADY

CALIFORNIANS are telling each other confidently that the bulk of our young people is sound and that the new bohemia in our midst is simply another manifestation of the fringe that has always seemed to cut a little deeper into West Coast communities than elsewhere. Quite naturally, since the ways of bohemia furnish lively dinner table talk, there is a good deal of anecdotal conversation about them; but the talk is light, for the most part, and the socially accepted attitude toward the phenomenon is summed up in some such generalization as: "After all, it's only a small minority and this is the postwar. You've got to expect something like this after a war. It always happens. Remember the twenties."

For their part, the young intellectuals and literati who are the beneficiaries of such an admirable tolerance agree heartily on their minority status. In fact, they insist on it. How could it be otherwise? Whenever was the vanguard of the artistic and intellectual world a majority? Here in northern California they are shaping up the cultural mecca of the twentieth century. This is "the new Paris." No longer does the young writer head for New York or the Left Bank. This time the modern, the new, the truly creative, will ride out the coming depression in the coastal hills of California.

And as you drive along the coast, up state highway number one, you can see, if you look for them, the shacks, even tents, where literary immigrants have already set up typewriters. They are scattered over a wide area extending some twenty miles or more below Carmel which is, in turn, two to three hours below San Francisco. Their jerry-built cabins are not yet an obvious rash on the countryside, hidden as they are in shrubbery and scattered along such a long stretch of road. It is dramatically beautiful country they have settled in. The highway winds in and out along cliffs that drop sheer to the Pacific where deep arroyos, dark with evergreen, sweep down between the hills. Here and there the road straightens inward to cut under towering redwood forests. This is the Big Sur country, the *Continent's End* of Robinson Jeffers. It has long been one of California's many prides and the town of Carmel, just above it, has been host to the nation's retired, or vacationing, artists for years—the ones with money.

But these newcomers are a different crowd. They don't have money and most of them are young, with no clamoring public to hide from nor any agent to drum up a demand for their stuff. When you first come upon them in their countryside shacks they are a surprise. You

Mildred Edie Brady of Berkeley, California, economist and free-lance writer, has observed at close range the groups of whom she writes.

recognize them instantly, for even here in this forest by the ocean the stamp of young bohemia is as unmistakable as a trade mark. But it is their apparent isolation that bothers you. Their beards and sandaled feet, their corduroys and dark shirts; the barren clutter in the one or two uncarpeted rooms: abstract paintings against rude board walls, canned milk and pumpernickel on a rough table, ceramic ashtrays and opened books on a packing box—all this is familiar. Except for the bright daylight and the absence of city soot and noise, you'd think you were in a Greenwich Village apartment of twenty years ago. But it is decidedly unlike young bohemia to turn hermit or to take upon itself the disciplined demands of rural self-sufficiency. It doesn't fit.

The key to this puzzle is simple, almost too obvious to grasp. It lies in that greatest of California boasts—the mild coastal climate. These new settlers, it turns out, are as gregarious and dependent on urban services as their ancestors in Paris or New York. It is simply that they, with an enviable instinct that has characterized bohemia the world over, have been able to find *the* spot where, during a nation-wide housing shortage, a mild climate makes an amateur shack adequate year-round shelter, and where highways free of snow in an automobile-owning age offer year-round transportation via the thumb. Along the California coast a sweater and a fireplace will keep you warm in a cabin minus foundations, or even a floor, and the highway by your door is never stilled by snow or ice. Thus a rural, hitchhiking bohemia enjoys the beauty of a vacation country plus the services of the city and not so much as a nickel for subway fare is required to get to the center of town.

It does take time to get to San Francisco, but the few hours on the highway, once a week or so, are no hardship, and the generosity of the highway can usually be counted on. The town of Carmel is close by and in the city, either in San Francisco or Berkeley, there are concerts, bookstores, restaurants, and galleries to collect around. There are also kindred spirits there who haven't yet found a hut in the hills and whose apartments afford meeting places for poetry-reading sessions and parties.

Also in the city are the girls, the seekers who have come west this time from Wisconsin or Illinois to read proof or take dictation by day; but to spend their evenings, and not infrequently their earnings, in earnest nurturing of new genius.

The parties are not plush affairs, as a rule. Neither food nor drink is lavishly plentiful. And the poetry-reading sessions are serious and solemn occasions. They are held weekly in both San Francisco and Berkeley, where thirty or forty at a time can be found crowded together listening gravely to language patterns that are all but incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Poetry is far and away the most popular medium of these young writers, and their poems make no compromise with old standards of communication. Poetry, they hold, "transcending logic, invades the realm where unreason reigns and where the relations between ideas are sympathetic and mysterious—*affective*—rather than causal."

Remember that word "*affective*." It, along with a few others like "*fecund*," "*orgastic*" (*stet*), "*magical*," "*fluid*," and "*natural*," reveal the distinguishing mark which binds them, ardent individualists though they are, into a group as definite as the bobby-soxers. For, while not all of them wear beards and some of them live in the city and still others live in the Russian River country (another vacation land about as far north of San Francisco as Carmel is south) and some of them write and others paint, and some just talk or listen, and others simply hang-on, and some pay the bills and others panhandle, and all are split into tiny, ingrown cliques—there is a substratum view of man and art and the nature of the world we live in that binds them into a fraternity.

YOU could describe it, in brief, as a combination of anarchism and certain concepts related to psychoanalysis which together yield a philosophy—holding on the one hand that you must abandon the church, the state, and the family (even if you do it, as James Joyce preached, "by treachery, cunning, and exile"); and on the other offering sex as the source of individual salvation in a collective world that's going to hell.

Your first reaction to all this is almost sure to be: "Anarchism! I suppose we'll all be playing mah jongg next," or, "Sexual salvation, heaven help us, this is where I came in a quarter of a century ago." But to dismiss it simply as nothing more than a stale replica of the twenties, a kind of intellectual measles that every generation has to go through, is to overlook some differences. If it is indeed true, as some are inclined to believe, that what we are witnessing out here on the coast is the characteristic pattern of the postwar bohemia of World War II then it is also true that bohemia has changed its party line to produce a somewhat different spirit from that which sent cultural pioneers after World War I to the grimy walkups in New York's Greenwich Village.

II

FOR one thing, these builders of the new Paris in the nineteen-forties would profoundly shock their agnostic predecessors of the twenties with their sentimental mysticism; for bohemia today is proudly religious. Its creeds, however, would certainly terrify any good Methodist. It is not their frank and frequent verbal testimonials of faith in a supreme being that would disturb the more orthodox, although such free and easy references to a religious faith fall strangely on the ear today. Nor would their use of such phrases as "the outer reality," "the great oneness," "the life source," or "the vital core" bother you unduly. For if you have ever been a part of any religious group, if only a Middle Western Sunday School, you can usually follow the deity through their synonyms without too much difficulty. But when they turn on the word "love" your Sunday School background falls down on you no matter how many times you may have sung "Love Lifted Me" in a Billy Sunday revival. Even less would a sojourn in the Greenwich Village of the twenties prepare you for love as "the ecstasy of the cosmos" or for "the sexual sacrament" as the acme of worship.

Back in the postwar of World War I, sexual emancipation was stoutly defended and practically furthered by the younger

generation, to whom bourgeois morality was unquestionably a shameful stigma—but it never got mixed up with the deity. Sex in those days was a strictly worldly affair and nobody's business but your own. "The great oneness," however, is an intimate participant in the sexual emotions of his worshippers. In fact, he reveals himself fully only in the self-effacing ecstasy of the sexual climax. This, they hold, is the moment of deepest spiritual comprehension of "the outer reality," the one moment when there is living communication between "the vital life source" and the individual.

And it is quite a different flavor from the revolt of the twenties—this lofty inner objective which turns every sexual encounter into a religious rite and gives us, in this day of scientific agriculture and contraceptives, a modern version of ancient fertility cults. It is not on behalf of the oranges and avocados, however, that "the source of all creation" is offered such intense pantomimes of worship. The fertility sought is an inward one and the fruits desired are those of personality—the achievement on the part of the worshipper of intellectual and emotional vitality, the status of a "fecund being."

HERE is where psychoanalysis comes in supporting faith with argument. The ultimate authority is no longer Freud, nor Jung (who stands high, nevertheless), but one who—in his own words—now wears the mantle of Freud: Wilhelm Reich, whose *Function of the Orgasm* is probably the most widely read and frequently quoted contemporary writing in this group. Even at the poetry-reading sessions you are likely to find someone carrying a volume of his turgid and pretentious prose. Reich's thesis, briefly, is that all physical and spiritual ills, from cancer to fascism, stem from "orgastic (stet) impotence"; and he is the creator of that phrase, which means inability to realize sufficient pleasure in the sexual orgasm. The pleasure-paralyzing inhibitions which are responsible for this general sub-standard sexual gratification have their source, it seems, in "the patriarchal family" and its "compulsive morality." And the social and political institutions of the modern world are noth-

ing more than a projection of this mass sex starvation.

Thus civilization itself—civilization as we know it today—turns out to be a kind of elaborate dog-in-the-manger device through which sexual starvation is foisted upon the young by the bitter old. Born into this self-perpetuating stricture, a man's chances of achieving orgasmic potency (and that means the ability to experience the full measure, biologically possible, of sexual pleasure at high quality) are, of course, slim indeed. But unless he does achieve it, an individual's creative energy goes down the sink of unavoidable neurosis, and he becomes prey to all the perverse evil that his own, and everybody else's, unconscious can generate.

And make no mistake about it, the dark forces generated in the pleasure-starved unconscious of the orgasmically impotent are as powerfully evil as any demon of ancient times. In this modern swamp of "sexual misery" only a few orgasmically potent ones do survive, but from their benign, pleasure-fed, subconscious there flows a stream of psychic energy as pliant and good as the obverse is demanding and diabolical. Quite obviously, then, a creative artist minus orgasmic potency is in a bad way and also, quite as obviously, if he has it he will be a misfit in a society fashioned by, and for, orgasmic cripples.

AS A matter of fact, for all its devotion to a supreme mystical force in the universe, the core of the philosophy of this new bohemia rests in the sexual thesis, from which their anarchism stems, not vice versa; and the emphasis on religion derives, in turn, from the anarchism. It goes something like this: if by strange and splendid chance you happen to be one of the few orgasmic potent, you are (it follows) one of the few "normal, natural, healthy human beings" left in a world peopled by terrified and frustrated neurotics pitifully matching mass masochism to dominant sadism. How you determine your membership in this biological elite is, unhappily, not easy to demonstrate objectively. It is necessarily a subjective realization for the most part. It's something you know about yourself. But there are some guiding indications. First of all is your

ability to surrender to love. Then you will note your unusual aliveness and physical well being—your high color, your moist and elastic skin tone, and the full blooded healthiness of your genitals. You will also be aware of your exceptional drive for creative work, your capacity to self-regulate your sexual behavior without dependence on "unnatural social or legal compulsions."

What's more, you'll find that you don't want to force these unnatural compulsions on anybody else; you instinctively grant the right to love to others without requiring that they follow any rules that interfere with a free expression. And finally, your healthy subconscious will automatically reject such neurotic activities as holding down a bookkeeper's job, or working like a dead cog in a machine on an assembly line—or anywhere else, for that matter, where your living body and soul would be whittled down to the sick demands of a dying world.

In other words, you are very much all right if you are orgasmically potent. Your desires are good; your acts, beneficent; and your life is in tune with the great, cosmic, vital force that is the natural law of the universe.

The sad thing is the rest of the world.

If everybody else were only as healthy as you, instead of suffering from the psychic plague as most of them are, there would be no need for artificial compulsions, legal prohibitions, or for any of the oppressive machinery of the state. Everybody would be wholesomely self-regulatory. All would respond to "the natural biological law" freely and spontaneously. In other words, through widespread orgasmic potency, through a gonadal revolution, we would achieve the philosophical anarchist's ideal world.

THE place of religion in this view of mankind follows easily. Once in tune with the vital force of the universe, who could help but recognize it and then worship? Then too, this young bohemia is a learned crowd—or, at least, a wide-ranging bunch of readers. Religion, like sex, they find as they read history or philosophy is a natural, ever-present, human striving. And religion seems to them

a logical counterpart of political anarchism. They often quote Herbert Read on the point. He is much admired—not that he holds to the sexual analysis above, but rather that he is a leading spokesman for the intellectual anarchists in England and the California literati are free borrowers. Read expresses the relationship between anarchism and religion as follows:

"I call religion a natural authority . . . the only force which can hold a people together—which can supply a natural authority to appeal to when personal interests clash. . . . For religion is never a synthetic creation. . . . A prophet like a poet is born."

The fact that Wilhelm Reich spurns religion while Read preaches it matters no whit to these philosophical improvisers, who also toss into their pot, along with these two, D. H. Lawrence, Emma Goldman, Madame Blavatsky, Henri Bergson, William Blake, and even Ouspenski of *Tertium Organum*, to name just a few.

III

THERE is, of course, nothing especially new in all this except orgastic potency, and even that is just another term for an idea that centuries ago the mystics of India expressed in more poetic symbols. But out of this mixture, various combinations and emphases allow room for individual embroidery and on this score some imaginative patterns have been worked out. There is, for example, one small group of Gnostic anarchists weaving together the elaborate mysticisms of the Gnostic heretics of the second century A.D. and the philosophies of both Kropotkin and Wilhelm Reich. The devils of the Manicheans and the devils of the subconscious race together in dream symbols through their writings; for this group, too, is largely made up of poets. They are currently preparing a magazine to embody their views which has been named *Ark*, and which they are slowly printing by hand on an old press housed in a San Francisco basement. There are other groups who combine vegetarianism, ballet dancing, co-operative handcrafts, anarchism, and sexual mysticism. Still others are held together by a co-operative search

for orgastic potency in the closest approximation to a primitive tribal group they can contrive, in which all social, economic, and physical attributes, assets, and liabilities, are shared in common, and the ultimate objective is self-improvement.

It might be presumed, logically, that while orgastic potency is eminently desirable from one point of view, its possession in this sick world would confront the healthy ones with a problem. How can they fit in, what are they to do with their lives? It turns out, however, that it's no problem at all, for another benefit that flows from a relaxed subconscious is sureness of purpose and relief from tearing doubts. It is inescapably clear to the potent what their role in the present civilization is. In a doom-struck world, rotting in chain-reactive decay, it is their solemn mission to preserve the essence of man through the descending holocaust. And since it is the mysterious quintessence of humankind, the very seed itself, that must be spored through the deluge—art, and only art, is the business of those pioneers for the New Israel.

So they write poetry. They paint. They write philosophy. They go to galleries and concerts. Only in art, today, can the fettered, mechanically burdened soul of man speak out his revolt against the dead hand of rationalism. Only through art is it any longer possible to reach that all but buried spark of natural life dying under the intolerable weight of modern man's sadistic super-ego. And only through art will man find a path back to his spontaneous, natural creativeness. Here again you are apt to hear Herbert Read quoted, though sometimes not credited, for he has put this part of their view most clearly. "Poetry," he writes, "in its intensest and most creative moments penetrates to the same level as mysticism. . . .

For this reason it may well happen that the origins of a new religion will be found in art rather than in any form of moralistic revivalism. It may not be without significance that the most authentic types of modern art—the paintings of Picasso or the sculpture of Henry Moore—succeed in creating symbols whose nearest parallels are to be found in the magical accessories of primitive religions."

An artist, of course, creates even his vision of the future out of the materials at hand; hence the writings of these young poets are studded with phosphorescent phrases reflecting the putrescence they see around them, as well as with mystical symbols translating individual ecstatic and erotic experiences. Lines about drinking "our father's blood or strangling our mother with her hair," or "chopping up the blood like the dice of onions," or "quietly the mothers are killing their sons; quietly the fathers are raping their daughters" are far more frequent, however, than references to "trees flowing within me" or "this act of vision is an act of love"—lines, that is, promising green growth out of decay. But it is difficult for the ordinary reader to tell, with any precision, just what most of the poems are striving toward. Some few of them are written with enough lucidity for ordinary mortals to understand them, but most of them are incomprehensible.

For one thing, their figures and symbols are drawn deliberately from psychoanalytical dream symbols, so that if you haven't been psychoanalyzed, or at least haven't read a mountain of case histories, you are as much removed from their language as you would be if they wrote in the mathematical jargon of econometrics. And for another, their avowed intent is to speak to the living unconscious of their readers and by evocative word-moods to slip under the rational, super-ego fences that hold the subconscious in jealous jail. In any case, they seem to understand each other quite well enough to engage in hours of controversy over the value of a line and even the most obscure among them are held in high repute by their fellow writers—and their works are published in their local literary press, the magazine *Circle*.

IV

CIRCLE is local, however, only in that it is published in Berkeley, and it is theirs only because it is so easily available to them. *Circle's* editor, publisher, and total staff is one of the young poets (twenty-four years old) whose writings are no more lucid than the next one's, but who refuses to be catalogued within any ism—anarchism, surrealism, or sex-

ualism. *Circle*, says its publisher, George Leite, hews to no line but the new and vital in modern art. "*Circle* is eclectic."

Like the new bohemia it serves, *Circle* is a postwar phenomenon. It was started about two years ago and Leite, who is full of energy, drove taxis, tended bars, and begged continually to buy the press and paper to produce his magazine. Nine issues have been published and in the column identifying contributors the following item could sometimes be found: "GEORGE LEITE—in need of financial aid." But the baby—the magazine—was not allowed to reflect the parent's poverty. Almost from the start *Circle* boasted heavy white paper, expensive reproductions, and even luxuriant covers in color.

Although the local literati furnish a major part of its contributions, *avant garde* writers from all over the nation have appeared on its pages and not infrequently there are pieces from England, Australia, and France. And *Circle's* circulation, says Leite, is international. The timing of each issue is, like the material each contains, also strictly eclectic. *Circle* appears whenever Leite is ready for it to appear, but one part of the ceremony attending each new publication is tying up bundles of the magazine to be shipped to Paris, London, Mexico City, Glasgow, and Cairo as well as Chicago, New York, New Orleans, and Los Angeles. Today, says Leite, "*Circle* has the largest circulation of any art-literary review in America." What's more, beginning with the first issue in 1947, *Circle* proposes to pay for the material it publishes, and that is certainly a milestone in *avant garde* publication history.

On its home ground *Circle's* reception has been mixed. The young literati hailed it, naturally, and not a few of the oldsters interested in encouraging literary experimentalism gave it a hand. Joseph Henry Jackson of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, for example, has granted it generous mention in his book column and men like Douglas Mac Agy, director of the San Francisco School of Fine Arts, have contributed articles for its pages. And recently, no less an institution than the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, together with the San Francisco School of Fine Arts, joined *Circle* in sponsoring a showing of *avant*

garde films in San Francisco. For, whatever may be the philosophy by which its contributors understand the world of today, the young writers in *Circle* write with a non-commercial dedication to modern art as they see it and among them are youngsters whose industry, if nothing else, gives some promise. The most widespread local reaction to the magazine, however, is one of tolerant mystification, and is probably best characterized by the comment of a reader who, on hearing of *Circle's* international circulation, remarked: "Well, I hope that the people in Cairo understand it better than I do."

And apparently they do, at least some of them. The English poet Lawrence Durrell, for example, who until recently published an *avant garde* poetry review in Cairo, called *Personal Landscape*, not only understood *Circle* but published in it and still does now and then. And from other little magazines like *The Jazz Forum* in London or *Angry Penguins* in Sydney, Australia, have come such compliments as: "*Circle* is the best thing yet to come out of America." In Sydney, as a matter of fact, *Circle* was the beneficiary of no little publicity a year or so ago when the Australian Post Office officials banned it as "indecent" and stirred the intellectuals in the country down under to quite a flurry of defense.

THE international reception of *Circle*, small though it probably is, is nonetheless something of an indication that our new bohemia is not simply a local manifestation. Even more convincing that there is here something more than a California deviation is the similarity in tone and outlook between *Circle* and the many, many little magazines now springing up all over the English-speaking world. Not only are *Circle's* contributors found in them, but the drift toward anarchism and the emphasis on salvation through sex is also obvious in their pages. For example, you can find the theories of Wilhelm Reich given serious and approving discussion in recent issues of journals like *Now* of England, or *Hermes* of Sydney, Australia.

Most local observers of the new bohemia, however, never see the counterparts of *Circle* which appear in the rest of

the world and hence are inclined to account for the new phenomenon on the basis of local events. And they have, it is true, a sequence out of which a persuasive and logical story can be built.

V

THAT story starts with the arrival of Henry Miller in the Big Sur sometime late in 1943. Miller unpacked the canned goods, wool scarfs, pants, and ties that he had successfully panhandled through the *New Republic's* letter column and settled down in a cabin belonging to George Leite some twenty miles or so below Carmel. Although *Time* magazine could describe a book about Henry Miller, published a year or so ago (*The Happy Rock*), as a book about a man most people had never read, written by a group of thirty intellectuals of whom most people had never heard (Leite was one of them), Miller created quite a stir when he settled among us. The little magazines of the West, and there are more of them than you might imagine, hailed his coming in extravagant terms. He was welcomed in *Motive* (then published in Waco, Texas, believe it or not) not only as the greatest living American writer, but as a great mystic, philosopher, and human being. Not long after his appearance on the coast, his books turned up in local bookshops with whole windows given over to them and the young surrealist-anarchist writers and hangers-on were called, for a time, Millerites.

There was considerable justification for the term. Miller's shack down in the Big Sur was the goal of many a cultural pilgrim. For one thing, there existed here, as in most other cities in the country, a select group among whom pirated editions of his *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn* had been handed around as something select and special. Many of these readers were curious to have a look at the writer who could crowd more four-letter words on a page than any of his predecessors in pornography. Something more serious than a rakish curiosity, however, sent scores of earnest young conscientious objectors to sit at his knee and listen to his stories of personal sacrifice in

the name of freedom, of how he rationalized begging in order to avoid the slavery of participation in a rotten society.

These disciples came to see him because he had written and published a booklet, through a local publisher, called *Murder the Murderers*. It was outspokenly pacifistic—and he published it during the war. He thus became for the conscientious objectors a symbol of literary courage and the only writer of any standing at all who dared to write what they felt. The coast had more than its share of the nation's CO's, for the Army had seen fit to settle three-quarters of the 5,500 "men against the state" west of the Mississippi; and because the coast offered isolated, forest-ranger work, better than half of these landed in coastal camps. They had lots of time to read and Henry Miller was one of the most popular contemporary writers among them. And these readers of Miller read, not for the titillation of the four-letter words, but for the philosophy.

They read his uncensored books published in the United States (*Cosmological Eye*, *Colossus of Maroussi*, *Sunday After the War*, *Air Conditioned Nightmare*, etc.) and from them imbibed an engaging potpourri of mysticism, egoism, sexualism, surrealism, and anarchism. By the very nature of the act which made them conscientious objectors, the CO's were conditioned to find an acceptable rationalization of their position in anarchism and to seek for a path of personal salvation in defiance of the organized world they had opposed. Thus there developed among them a core of loyalty, at one and the same time, both to Henry Miller and to certain churches like the Quakers and Mennonites which had stood by them throughout the war. They were young enough and bitter enough to find nothing disconcerting in so strange a mixture as Quaker pacifism and Miller sexualism. So, when they were given leave from the camps, and after the war was over, not a few of them made for the California coastal hills and a life of freedom devoted to the arts à la Henry Miller.

The Miller devotees are generally religious, or at least mystical, and Miller's friends today usually describe him, first, "as a deeply religious man." For the CO's

who had no religious ties, or feelings, there was established in San Francisco a little weekly journal called *Pacifica Views*, which became a force of considerable influence. *Pacifica Views* was openly anarchist and its influence was enhanced by the sympathetic representation of the CO's position in the community. Its editor, George B. Reeves, successfully accomplished this not only through the magazine itself but also in the Human Events pamphlet *Men Against the State*. Even in *Pacifica Views*, however, the anarchism-sexualism tie was aired by several weeks' discussion of Wilhelm Reich's thesis and the magazine's political position was embellished with a sure come-on for the young—sexual freedom for the adolescent and the deep political significance that lies in developing a healthy sexuality "among the masses of the people who are endemically neurotic and sexually sick."

ANARCHISM is, of course, nothing new to the West. There have been in both Seattle and San Francisco small anarchist groups ever since the first World War and before, and remnants of them have persisted. Some are hangovers from the days of the Wobblies. Others are made up of first and second generation European immigrants—like the San Francisco group, the Libertarians, which is largely Italian. All during the thirties these small groups existed without benefit of attention from young intellectuals who in those days were most apt to be thumping their typewriters on behalf of the United Front. Not long after December 7, 1941, however, the poet Kenneth Rexroth left the ranks of the Communists in San Francisco and turned both anarchist and pacifist. Around him, as around Miller, there collected a group of young intellectuals and writers who met weekly in self-education sessions, reading the journals of the English anarchists, studying the old-line anarchist philosophers like Kropotkin, and leavening the politics liberally with psychoanalytic interpretations from Reich. It was and is, however, a decidedly literary group in which politics is all but submerged by art; where poems, not polemics, are written; and where D. H. Lawrence outshines Bakunin—Lawrence the philosopher of

Fantasia and the Unconscious rather than Lawrence the novelist.

Nevertheless, the anarchism of this group is taken seriously enough to call forth tokens to the political as well as the sexual; and at meetings of the Libertarians, today, you will be apt to find young intellectuals sprinkled among the mustachioed papas and bosomed mamas who, until recently, had no such high-toned co-operation. In this particular group around Rexroth, the Henry Miller kind of anarchism is held to be irresponsible, for Miller goes so far on the lonely, individualistic trail as to sneer at even anarchist organization. To the outside observer, however, the differences between the Miller adherents and the Rexroth followers are more than outweighed by their similarities. They both reject rationalism, espouse mysticism, and belong to the select few who are orgasmically potent.

And they both share in another attitude that sets them sharply apart from the bohemians of the twenties. They prefer their women subdued—verbally and intellectually. No budding Edna St. Vincent Millay or caustic Dorothy Parker appears at their parties. If the girls want to get along they learn, pretty generally, to keep their mouths shut, to play the role of the quiet and yielding vessel through which man finds the cosmos. Although there are a few women writers found now and then in *Circle*—Anaïs Nin is a favorite and Maude Phelps Hutchins (wife of Robert Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago) has appeared—the accepted view of both the women and the men seems to be that woman steps out of her cosmic destiny when the goal of her endeavor shifts beyond bed and board. This doesn't mean that the women are economically dependent, however. Most of the girls hold down jobs. But the job is significant only in that it contributes to a more satisfactory board.

VI

DOWN in Carmel, where the new bohemia is a more noticeable addition to the community than it is in either Berkeley or San Francisco (because Carmel is a smaller and more closely knit community), the parties and functions

attended by Miller and his followers are the subject of considerable discussion and sometimes a less relaxed note is discernible in the reaction to them. Although a live-and-let-live attitude toward human foibles is characteristic of that long established center for deviants, there is some murmuring about the threat to the beauty of the countryside implicit in a colony of shacks and tents; and among learned liberals there are some who view with alarm the lure of this mysticism. Needless to say, the young writer searching for a vision in the cosmos doesn't pay much heed to local elections, nor feel great concern over the price of milk.

Furthermore, the mood and outlook of these mystics is hardly compatible with democratic tenets of equality. It is, in fact, uncomfortably reminiscent of the glorification of instincts and urges, the subjective absolutism of the famed Stephan George circle in pre-Hitler Germany, where a number of Nazi leaders-to-be drank in that poet's songs of the divine power which manifests itself "not in the persons of the many, the all-too-many, but only in the creative personality. . . ." This is not to pin a tattered and over-used label on the California group; but rather to explain why, now and then, an unfriendly term like "neo-fascist" is sometimes applied to them. Certainly, anybody looking for similarities between these local poets and the German group can find a number of them. It was George, for example, who held the doctrine that, "the true standards and boundaries now disregarded by man shall be reinstated, for a select few at first; instincts must be reborn, a new spirit must arise out of the blood, and in time the healing of the few shall be extended to the many."

The mystics in the Big Sur are unquestionably confident of their membership in the select few and no less confident of the low estate of the many. Henry Miller is not so delicate but quite as positive as the German in the way he puts it: "A real man has no need of governments, of moral or ethical codes, to say nothing of battle-ships, police clubs, high powered bombs and such things. Of course, a real man is hard to find, but that's the only kind worth talking about. Why talk about trash? It is

the great mass of mankind, the mob, the people, who create permanently bad times."

It is difficult at the present time, however, to project anything significantly sinister from the posturings of the real men in the Big Sur, or to carry the similarity to the George circle very far. There is no design or German orderliness in the mysticism of the California anarchists. Anything goes. Since Miller's sojourn on the coast, the bag of wonders he brought with him has even been stuffed with a number of local additions; for besides the CO's, the salacious curious, and the young literati, there were still other visitors to Miller's shack.

His appetite for the mysterious was soon widely known and a host of dealers in occult lore came to see him: astrologers, faith healers, sexologists, and spiritualists laid their experiences in the wonderful at his feet and marveled with him over the grandeurs of the Lost Continent of Mu.

AMONG the astrologers was Dane Rudhyer, an astrological philosopher who has lived near Los Angeles for many years. He and Miller now share the knowledge that the world today is passing through the watery age of Pisces, and in Miller's current writings in *Circle* you can run across such phrases as "Balsac is a born Neptunian, indeed, one of the most perfect examples known to astrology." Rudhyer himself is also a contributor to *Circle*, and in the contributors' column he is identified as "well known for his lecturing, painting and composing; is the foremost astrologer in the U. S. His book *The Astrology of Personality* is a must for the student of symbolism."

The fact that Rudhyer paints, as well as drawing up horoscopes and writing, brings up another facet of the life of these new literati—the widespread interest in painting among writers. Nearly all of them dabble in either water color or oils. In fact, painting has become the dominant hobby among them. Miller himself has done water colors for years. Their canvases are generally classed as "primitives" and while most of them make no attempt to exhibit, the Raymond and Raymond Galleries of San Francisco re-

cently featured a show by Emil White, an intimate of Miller's and a recent settler in the Big Sur. White never held a brush in his hand until a couple of years ago when he took one up because Miller had said, "why don't you?" and because the California outdoors inspired him. In spite of his limited background his show received quite friendly reviews in the local press—the *San Francisco Chronicle*, not *Circle*.

THE interest that a good many professional painters in California have evidenced in both Miller and *Circle* is probably due, in part, to this interest that the writers have in their work. Not a little of *Circle's* publishing costs can be laid to its reproductions of the works of painters like Knud Merrild, Jean Varda, and Ellwood Graham, and the compositions of the photographer, Man Ray. And at any exhibition of modern painting hereabouts the new bohemia turns out in full force. Since the war, two new galleries have sprung up largely as a result of this interest. One of them is in Monterey (a town adjoining Carmel) and the other is in Berkeley. The Berkeley gallery is a second venture of *Circle's* energetic publisher. It adjoins his new bookstore, *daliel's* (always spelled with a little *d* and meaning, in Hebrew—according to Leite—"poor in the sight of God").

daliel's is described by its entrepreneur in the University of California's literary magazine, *The Occident*, as "the West's most modern bookstore and gallery" which "invites the discerning student and professor's perusal of the most extensive stock of foreign importations and hard-to-get modern writing in this area, as well as a complete stock of new and used books in the fields of art, poetry, psychoanalysis, and experimental writing." *daliel's* is, of course, no vast undertaking but it has made, in the short time since it has opened, a considerable impression. It is, for one thing, such a tangible, physical evidence of this new group among us, jutting out as it does a good foot and a half beyond every other workaday store front along Telegraph Avenue, sporting its ultra-modern architecture right across the street from a big Lucky super-market and next door to a Shell gasoline station.

Its length of life as a going venture may be one indication of just how true it is that we are destined to succor the nation's *avant garde* here on the West Coast. The idea that this really *is* the new Paris would come as no great surprise to many a Californian. Even the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce would probably agree that here above the beautiful bay there rests the most cosmopolitan, tolerantly sophisticated city in the United States—ripe and ready to play generous host to the creators of modern art and literature; while New York City, which copped the United Nations away from us,

coldly neglects the world's diplomats and stuffed shirts. And don't forget that, after all, it was San Francisco which found Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* a work of art, not pornography, when both New York City and Los Angeles had banned the book.

Anyway, the burgeoning young bohemians have already become acclimated to the extent that they share our booster spirit. They are full of stories of the intellectual migration westward and they will tell you confidently that "we are witnessing here a cultural revival like that around Yeats in Dublin."

The Planted Poet

PETER VIERECK

"*That corpse you planted . . . has it begun to sprout?*" (ELIOT, *The Waste Land*)

I

THE night he died, earth's images all came
To gloat in liberation round his tomb.
Now vengeful colors, stones, and faces dare
To argue with his metaphor;
And stars his fancy painted on the skies
Drop down like swords
to pierce his too wide eyes.

II

Words that begged favor at his court in vain—
Lush adverbs, senile rhymes in tattered gowns—
Send notes to certain exiled nouns
And mutter openly against his reign.
While rouged clichés hang out red lights again,
Hoarse refugees report from far-flung towns
That exclamation marks are running wild
And prowling half-truths carried off a child.

III

But he lives on in Form, and Form shall shatter
 This tuneless mutiny of Matter.
 His bones are dead; his voice is horribly strong.
 Those famed vibrations of life's dancing dust,
 Whose thrice-named pangs are "birth" and "death" and "lust,"
 Are but the spilt iambs of his song.
 Scansion of flesh in endless ebb and flow,
 The drums of duty and renown's great gong—
 Mere grace notes of that living thousand-year
 Tyrannic metronome whose every gear
 Is some shy craftsman buried long ago.
 What terror crowns the sweetness of all song?

IV

What hardness leaps at us from each soft tune
 And hammers us to shapes we never planned?
 This was a different dying from our own.
 Call every wizard in the land—
 Bell, book, and test tube; let the dark be rife
 With every exorcism we command,
 Till midnight blazes like a rich black gown
 Decked with bright amulets against the banned.
 In vain. This death is stronger than our life.

V

In vain we drive our stakes through such a haunter
 Or woo with spiced applaudings such a heart.
 His news of April do but mock our Winter
 Like maps of heaven breathed on window frost
 By cruel clowns in codes whose key is lost.
 Yet some serenity in our rage has guessed
 That we are being blessed and blessed and blessed
 When least we know it and when coldest art
 Seems hostile,
 useless,
 or apart.

VI

Not worms, not worms in such a skull
 But rhythms, rhythms writhe and sting and crawl!
 He sings the seasons round, from bud to snow.
 And all things are
 because he willed them so.

FLYING BLIND

WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

THE birds, who ought to know all about flying, cannot fly blind; but men can. The proudest skill of airmanship, painfully learned only yesterday, blind flying does not mean, of course, flying with eyes closed or bandaged. It means flying in clouds or fog when you can see nothing but vapor—no horizon, no ground, no stars. Rather than to attempt flight where he can't see, a bird will invariably ground himself—for a reason which he must feel quite clearly within himself: his sense perceptions are not good enough for such a task. Neither are a man's. But the modern professional pilot has learned to fly by the artificial sense organs on the instrument panel before him.

So normal has it become to be "on instruments" in the whitish nothing, divorced with unbelievable completeness from all the world, that flying people have felt the need of a word for the *other* condition—the condition under which man has always operated so universally that it had never needed a name. When you can see any trace of the ground, even only a single light, glimpsed through a hole in the cloud, that's "contact"—because you are visually in touch with the world. A pilot will say: "I was contact as far as Pittsburgh, and then went on instruments."

It is flight on instruments through thick weather, rather than the increased size and speed of airplanes, that has allowed aviation to quit fooling and get down to

business. In fact, the modern, fast, heavy airplane itself would be quite useless if it had to be flown by the piloting techniques of the twenties. In those days, pilots tackled bad weather in the same way in which the sportsman pilot still tackles it today: contact at any price. As the ceiling came down, you came down. The sportsman can stop when the going gets too low. But the professionals of those days, trying to make a go of the flying business, would keep pushing: try and sneak through underneath, hedge-hopping; get down on the tree tops, follow the railroad tracks, fly down one valley and up another; and finally, caught between lowering ceiling and rising terrain, crash-land in a cow pasture. Those were the heroic days of the old airmail, when bonfires marked the hills along the mail routes, and you could tell a pilot by his scarred and squashed-in nose.

IT WAS mortally dangerous even then, but the mail bags didn't mind. Passengers were rarely carried. With today's faster, heavier airplanes it would be suicidal. You can't bend a fast airplane around the turns of a narrow river in the Alleghenies; and even on the plains of Kansas, if you tried to stay contact in bad weather, an oil well derrick would snag you before you could see it, or at any rate, before you could avoid it. The big, fast airplane must seek safety in the upper air

Wolfgang Langewiesche, research pilot, author of Stick and Rudder, and frequent contributor to Harper's, is now engaged in a study of problems in instrument flying for the Kollsman Instrument Company.

just as the big, fast steamer must seek it on the high seas—or in a big port. If there is bad weather all around you, you can't land on a cow pasture, nor even on a Cub field. You need a mile of paved runway. Thus, when the white vapors suddenly slap a curtain on your windshield, you must be able to pull in your horns as it were, quit looking out, climb, and go on *through*.

They knew all that well enough even in the old days. Whenever the weather changed, the itching scars on a pilot's nose would remind him that flying under the weather got you hurt. Whenever he was broke he would have it brought home to him that flying by grace of the weather could not be a business. So the old airmail pilots, the early Air Corps men, tried often enough to fly blind.

But it was a baffling thing: a man would climb up into the overcast—and a minute later he would fall back out of the clouds in a crazy snarling dive. And all who tried it had much the same story to tell: first the compass would go crazy and start spinning; then the airplane would go crazy and start diving, all its wires screaming, and the harder you pulled on the stick, the faster and more vicious became the dive. Finally the ground would burst into view—usually in some crazy place, such as above your left shoulder, because you were in a crazy attitude, half upside-down. But the moment the ground was visible, the airplane was obedient again and you recovered.

No tricks of piloting technique seemed to help. One pilot would try to hold hands and feet rigid, all controls in neutral—reasoning that since an airplane practically flies itself outside of the clouds, it ought to do the same inside. But he would dive out. Another would try to do super-piloting, reacting with utmost alacrity to even the slightest bit of “feel.” He would dive out just the same. As long as it was tried for practice on a single isolated cloud it was merely a puzzling game; you fell out into the clear before the spiral dive, with its combination of terrific speed and centrifugal force, became vicious enough to tear off your wings. But sometimes a pilot flying cross-country would get caught between two cloud layers which merged

together around him. Then he would struggle and stagger for a few minutes, aided perhaps by an occasional glimpse of a pale sun. But eventually witnesses would hear a snarl from within the cloud and a loud crash; pieces of airplane would rain out of the clouds, and finally a parachute; or sometimes *no* chute.

It was a baffling thing; steamships plow blind through fog, steering by compass. A blindfolded man may walk around in circles, but he can walk; he doesn't stagger and fall simply because he can't see. What was there inside a cloud that jerked the rug out from under you? Someone thought of putting a canvas hood over the cockpit, cutting off all outside vision—an artificial and personal cloud for the pilot. Another pilot, in the ship's other cockpit, would watch and keep him safe. Now it was possible to observe the process that had always been hidden from human eyes. It turned out that the dive was not a simple nosing down, but a complicated maneuver growing out of a *turn*. The moment the blind pilot took over, the airplane would begin to bank and turn. Then, as it circled, the bank would steepen and the turn become tighter. At the same time, the airplane would lower its nose and pick up speed, so that the circling became a downward spiral. Presently, as the bank kept steepening and the nose kept going down, the spiral would become a steep, vicious corkscrew, and the safety pilot would have to take over.

THIS spiral character of the cloud dive represented to airmen a peculiar mixture of the familiar and the puzzling. It was familiar as the behavior of an airplane in uncontrolled flight. Every airplane—even a boy's model airplane—will circle rather than fly straight, unless the pilot keeps it straight by continual gentle nudges on the controls. Once circling, every airplane wants to increase its bank and tighten the circle, and at the same time drop its nose and pick up speed—unless the pilot holds his controls against this overbanking tendency and this nose-heaviness. But the puzzle was: why was the blindly-flown airplane uncontrolled? Could it be that the pilot did not realize he was banked and turning?

Assuming this was it, airmen could see also why the spiral finally got so very tight and vicious. For though the pilot might fail to sense bank and turning, he could certainly sense the speed increase—he could hear it in the screaming of the wires, and could feel it in the stiffness of the controls. So he would pull back on the stick to raise his nose. But in his steep bank what seemed like “up” to him was actually no longer “up”: his pull merely forced the nose more tightly into the turn. The tighter turn then would produce still more overbanking, still further lowering of the nose, and thus still more speed; and the pilot would then pull still harder. It was quite literally a vicious circle.

The same assumption also explained why airplanes so mysteriously returned to their senses the instant they fell out into the clear: it was really the pilot who returned to his senses. The moment he discovered himself steeply banked-up and turning, he leveled his wings and stopped the turning by purely automatic reflex, without even realizing that he did. The corkscrew dive thus became a straight dive, and out of a *straight* dive a good airplane recovers all by itself. But this explanation only pushed the puzzle farther back: Granted that the pilot could not *see* his crazy bank, his dizzy turning—why couldn't he *feel* it?

II

FROM the discussions of those days, an odd item of air lore is still widely quoted: that the pilot in the clouds loses his sense of balance completely and can no longer tell whether he is right-side-up, upside-down or on his side. This is not true. The pilot's sense of balance works. Why should it quit simply because he cannot see? Close your eyes, and you will have no trouble balancing on one foot. No, the trouble is much less mysterious—and much harder to fix. The pilot's sense of balance works; but as the airplane peels off into its spiral dive, its motions are such that the sense of balance remains satisfied, regardless of how steep the bank becomes, how sharp the turn. Even when the airplane finally banks past vertical, it is still in balance.

For that is the nature of the banked turn: by definition and by purpose, it is a balanced maneuver. If the airplane flew its turns without banking (the way an automobile goes around a corner) then the pilot would feel the turn as a sidewise pull, just as you feel it in a car. If the airplane flew with one wing low without turning (comparable to an automobile being driven along the sloping shoulder of a road) then the pilot would feel the slant of his seat. But the airplane does not fly that way. It is built so, with cleverly tilted wings, cleverly proportioned tail-fins, clever balance of weight, etc., that it always banks as it turns, always turns as it banks. And the combination of bank and turn is mutually canceling: however extreme the maneuver, the bank kills the feel of the turn, the turn kills the feel of the bank; the pilot's sense of balance remains undisturbed.

When you ride the airlines, you may sometimes have a sensation which seems to contradict this. As the liner banks, you feel an urge to keep yourself perpendicular to the earth, and thus you lean over to the high side: it seems, then, that your sense of balance is disturbed after all. But actually it is your eye that is disturbed. It sees you sitting slantwise to the universe, and being a ground-animal's eye, accustomed to see the ground squarely under you and the sky squarely above, it protests. Close your eyes, and you will feel no bank, no turn. True, if the banked turn is at all steep—it rarely is on the airlines—it has “feel” in that you become heavy in the head, heavy in your seat. So does the blind-flying pilot feel heavy as his airplane spirals, and he may suspect that he is turning: but he has no way of feeling which way he is turning!

Not even a bird can tell. In a classic experiment, an Army pioneer of blind flight, Lt. Crane, threw a blindfolded carrier pigeon out of an airplane. The pigeon went through a series of erratic maneuvers, fell off into a spiral dive and gave up: it simply let itself fall, holding its wings up at a high angle to brake its descent. It was a bird's equivalent to bailing out! That proved it: if a bird couldn't do it, blind flying by the natural senses was impossible.

III

COULD some instrument detect a thing to which the natural senses were numb? Here was a novel engineering problem. The airplane's instrument board was even then well studded with all sorts of gauges by which the pilot could know more accurately his speed and altitude, power, direction of flight, skid, climb or descent; for his ground-animal sensing of most flight facts is much too vague for his flight needs. But he does sense them, and the existing instruments were essentially nothing but mechanizations of natural sensing. An airplane's speed indicator, for example, is much like the hand which you might hold into the water from a rowboat to *feel*, by the water's push against it, how fast you are going. The climb indicator is nothing but a mechanized replica of the air chambers which make your ear click when the airplane climbs, and make it sometimes hurt when it descends. But there was no prototype in nature for an instrument to sense bank and turn.

While engineers puzzled, pilots experimented on their own. This was before men wore wrist watches, and many a pilot, caught between cloud layers, tried to fly "on instruments" by hanging his watch and chain on the instrument board. This pendulum, he reasoned, would always point straight down at the ground. If the airplane banked, the pendulum would show it by hanging obliquely across the board. But of course it didn't work. A pendulum is affected by the banked turn precisely as the pilot is affected. It hangs straight down toward the cockpit floor just as the pilot sits straight up in his seat—no matter how steep the bank. On the top of a loop, a pendulum would still point at the cockpit floor—straight up!

Neither would a carpenter's level do the job. Naturally not: the sense of balance is itself something of a carpenter's level; it resides, crudely speaking, in certain liquid-filled chambers of the inner ear. And the same reasons which keep the sense of balance satisfied in a banked turn keep a carpenter's level indicating that the wings are level, no matter how steep the bank.

But the compass? If you could keep the

airplane from turning by following an accurate compass course, then it could never get started on a spiral dive. The compass needle points north. North certainly stays in its place no matter what the airplane does. But even the compass is nullified by the banked turn—for a surprising reason. The north pole is not on the northern horizon, but (as seen from the U. S.) deeply *below* the horizon (much as the direct route to China would be a tunnel dug steeply down through the earth). As the bank tilts the compass up sidewise, this downward pull of the pole has the effect of turning the compass. And as the banked airplane flies around a circle, these disturbances come in a sequence which sometimes swings the needle clear around and sets it spinning! Thus the compass indicates correctly only when read in steady straight flight; instead of helping the pilot to fly straight, the pilot must help it by flying straight!

The answer was finally found in a branch of mechanics which used to be of interest mostly to children: gyroscopics, or the peculiar behavior of a spinning body. A top ought not to stand on its point; yet, as long as it spins rapidly enough, it does. A coin ought to fall over and lie flat. Yet, as long as it rolls, it stays on edge, and it will roll around a curve rather than let itself fall. Thus a spinning body seems to obey mechanical laws of its own, and seems to be exempt from others.

As pure physics, all this was well understood in Newton's day. As useful mechanics, it was re-discovered by Elmer Ambrose Sperry, an American. The giant Sperry Gyroscope Company is the upshoot of his patents. Here was a way to do all sorts of abstruse tricks that needed doing: make ships steer themselves automatically, build compasses that do not depend on the earth's magnetism, aim guns from moving platforms at moving targets with mathematical precision, keep steamers from rolling in a seaway. Here, finally, was a way to sense the banked turn of an airplane.

The turn indicator is an instrument, no bigger than the other instruments on an airplane's panel, which contains an elaborate little power plant. A tiny turbine is spun by jets of air at ten times the speed of

an airplane propeller. This turbine is mounted in a movable frame which is held in position by springs and is connected by a linkage with a needle on the instrument's face. Leading its strange, semi-independent existence in space, the whirling little mass does not follow along willingly as the airplane turns. It rears up in its frame, and thus makes the needle lean to the side toward which the airplane is turning. The needle thus shows the pilot: "You are now turning slowly to the right." "You are now turning sharply to the left." "You are now flying straight." Blind flying was now possible.

IV

THAT was the internal logic, at least, of blind flying history. The chronological sequence is quite confused—significantly confused. Sperry had brought out the turn indicator during the first World War. Ever since then, therefore, many pilots had had the solution of the blind flying problem literally staring them in the face! But so little understood was the crux of blind flying—how an airplane *wants* to bank and turn into a spiral, and how the banked turn is by its very nature feel-less—that pilots would actually damn the instrument for its very truthfulness: it worked all right, some reported, as long as you could see. But every time you flew into a cloud, the thing went crazy and showed a turn!

Besides, the instrument would have been useless anyway, even had all pilots intellectually understood its function, because to fly by its guidance requires a strange, somewhat unnatural neuro-muscular skill which had yet to be invented. It was not until the middle twenties that word first got around that some pilots actually had found the knack of flying blind—at least for stretches of twenty minutes or so. If by that time you didn't see the ground or reach the cloud-tops, you were sure sooner or later to spill. And once she got away from you and started to spiral, you were a goner. To *recover* on instruments was beyond human skill.

One of those who caught on early was Lindbergh. When still an unknown air-mail pilot, he heard of a colleague on the

transcontinental mail who owned one of the mysterious gyros, and wanted to sell. Lindbergh bought it. His experience with it, however, illustrates another reason why blind flying was so slow to come. There were no radio beams in those days by which a blind-flying pilot could keep track of his position—largely because there was no need for such beams until blind flying should prove itself practical! Once you lost sight of the ground in bad weather, therefore, you dared not descend again, for fear of flying into a hill or a skyscraper. Thus blind flying had practical value mostly as a desperate emergency measure to save your neck. Lindbergh used his turn indicator exactly twice—each time when caught in impossible weather—and each time all he could do with it was to climb to a safe altitude and jump! But on those two flights he did learn the secret: you must absolutely trust your turn-gyro, and disregard your own senses. Lindbergh's Atlantic crossing a little later was a startling demonstration of blind flying: for he flew through fog and clouds by the hour, and though he started twice to spiral-dive, he did recover.

THEN there was Howard Stark, a former barnstormer who flew the night mail through tropical thunderstorms between Buenos Aires and Porto Alegre, and flew for the early passenger lines on the foggy New York-Boston route, and flew on the New York-Cleveland line, across the "Hellstretch" where the stuff often lies right on the Alleghenies, even though New York and Ohio may be clear. Stark taught himself how to fly blind, and he went on from there.

He investigated introspectively just how he did it. He named and described the hallucinations which bothered him, the tricks his senses played on him, the nerve cramps, as it were, by which a blind-flier was likely to spiral to his death. For example, he found out just what it was that made recovery from a spiral dive so nearly impossible even for those who did know how to fly straight and level. He called it "turn-tightening": if the pilot was just a little over-anxious to reduce his speed, and just the least bit too dimly aware of the steepness of his bank, he

would behave much as the instrument-less pilot behaves in clouds—pull his nose more tightly into the turn and cancel his own efforts to right the airplane. Stark discovered that the secret lay in the time sequence in which the pilot was to read his instruments and work his controls. Of all the possible ways in which a pilot's eye could chase the instruments, in which his hands and feet could wiggle the controls, he discovered the one way which would work under all possible conditions—straight flight, turning flight, recoveries from dives, from stalls or spins or any crazy attitude you might get yourself into. First, you read your turn indicator and straightened the flight. Only then you read the airspeed indicator. (If she was flying too fast, it was a sign that she was diving; if she was flying too slowly, it was a sign that she was climbing; and now, with the wings level you could raise or lower her nose as necessary with your stick.) Then, thirdly, you checked your climb indicator. (If now that she was flying at reasonable speed she still showed an undesired descent or climb, you gave her a little more or less throttle.) Then you went back to your turn indicator again; and so you went, 1-2-3, 1-2-3, mechanically and stoically until the clouds finally faded out and you broke into the clear.

And Stark went on from there. He set out to change blind flying from a mysterious personal knack into a teachable and learnable procedure. He seems not to have been a highly-educated man, and there was no book learning in the ideas which he scraped up from within himself in the clouds. But he recognized an idea when he saw one, and did not let it be ineffectual for lack of devotion. He wrote a book, though he had to print and distribute it himself and even peddle it about the airports where he stopped over on his flights. He rode as co-pilot with the captains of Eastern Airlines to teach them his system; then did the same with Royal Dutch Airlines. The U. S. Department of Commerce put him in charge of blind flying procedures on the airlines, in the days when so many airliners used to crash into Western mountain tops. While looking into those troubles, he was flying a

small airplane alone blind through snowstorms across the mountains of Utah, and did not report again. Days later his airplane was found, nearly intact, on a high-up snow field. He must have seen the mountain at the last moment and managed to set her down. There was no trace of him, and the airplane's compass was gone. Evidently he had set out to walk, still trusting instruments. Many years later a shepherd found his bones.

V

TODAY, you can buy blind flying instruction commercially—at twenty dollars an hour and up—assuming you already know how to fly contact. You do your learning not in the real stuff, but “under the hood.” The old hood, however, has become sophisticated: sheets of an amber transparent plastic are fitted on windshield and cabin windows. Through them, the instructor can see the outside world clearly, if rosily, and can guard you against collision on the crowded airways. You wear green goggles. These allow you to see the instruments clearly; but combined with the amber windshield, they make the outside world a solid black. And that's what it takes to put you “on instruments”: if you caught even the faintest glimpse of the ground, of the sun, of a distant cloud, even perhaps only out of the corner of your eye, you would be contact: your mind would snap back instantly to effortless natural orientation of self in space.

It takes more hours to learn how to fly on instruments than it takes to learn how to fly in the first place. When it comes to making hands and feet respond to instrument indications rather than to the real senses, that same old catch comes up again: that you can't feel the banked turn. You *can* feel everything else about the airplane's motion, even while blind: slip or skid, climb or descent, slowing down or speeding up, upswing or downswing of the nose: all those go through a skilled pilot's body like electric shocks, and even a passenger gets to feel them. This feel makes the speed indicator, the climb indicator, the skid indicator easy to read, easy to believe: whenever they have anything

new to report, you always get some simultaneous evidence through the senses. But when the turn-gyro shows that you are peeling off into a steeper and steeper bank, there is no simultaneous warning feel: the indication is completely "cold," quiet, intellectual. And intellect is no man's strong point while in flight.

This feel-less character of the turn *indication* has much the same effect on the instrument pilot as the feel-less character of the turn itself had on the old-timer with his bare panel. At first, you simply keep forgetting, let your attention freeze on the other instruments, the feel-emphasized ones, and spiral off just as if you had no turn indicator. Especially so when the going gets lively and the sense perceptions become correspondingly vivid. That's why it is so difficult, once you let yourself get into a spiral, to recover again instead of "turn-tightening" yourself into a corkscrew.

FORTUNATELY, this trouble does not always become quite so catastrophic. More often it means merely an annoying habit of the airplane to turn around, like a tired horse that wants to go home. You are flying west. Your ear catches a beat in the noise of your engines; and now your eye is engaged for a while on the engine instruments as you fiddle with controls to synchronize your engines. You look up again, find a little bank and level your wings. And only a minute later you realize that you are now flying east: you turned while you were not looking.

Once I was flying with a hooded student some thirty miles east of the airport, and his time was up. "Let's go home," I said. "Take a west heading." He did. Then I began to badger him: "Synchronize your propellers." "Descend at 500 feet per minute, airspeed 120 miles per hour." "Run your engines at 2000 RPM"—and so forth; he did so much involuntary circling that in the next twenty minutes he got only ten miles closer to the airport! Once I was safety pilot on a cross-country flight "under the hood." The pilot did all right until it came time to get out the map and look up a distance. He made the mistake of staring at the map while doing some mental calculation. In that short

interval, his airplane banked, turned, dropped its nose and started circling. It so happened that he looked at the board again just as the circle was about complete. He duly saw the bank and levelled his wings, duly saw the increased airspeed and pulled the nose up, and then resumed his compass course. After a while he even woke up to the fact that he was almost a thousand feet below his proper altitude, and climbed back up. But to this day he won't believe that he ever circled! And that kind of thing happens not only to students. Only a few months ago an airliner flew into the ground at night, killing most aboard. The pilot, who survived, admits that he simply glanced away from his instrument board for a few moments while flying blind at low altitude. Naturally, the airplane banked and started on a spiral. And at high flying speeds a thousand feet of altitude are soon used up.

To learn to fly blind, therefore, means largely to condition yourself until that quiet feel-less instrument becomes a more powerful stimulus to you than even the fiercest noises and feels of flight; until you react to it as unfailingly as if it were a nerve in your own body. And that is a long, patient job which never gets quite finished.

Instrument makers have helped a lot by making turn indication more vivid. They have achieved this by arrangements of gyroscopes which are much more complex and clever than the old turn indicator—and much more expensive. Sperry's artificial horizon, for example, shows on its face a schematic picture of earth, sky and horizon-line as the flier sees it in clear weather. It also shows, flying in this tiny sky-scene, a tiny airplane, seen from behind. This airplane means you. It banks and unbanks, moves up and down in instantaneous mimicry of your own maneuvers; a case of seeing yourself as others see you.

BUT even with the most vivid instruments, with your reflexes most highly conditioned, blind flying is still not natural; and you find that out when you finally get out from under the hood and trust yourself in the real stuff. You sit there in your ranting, vibrating

little cabin, with nothing outside but the shapeless gray. To the animal in you this cabin now becomes the world: up is where the roof is, down is where the floor is. You forget even that this microcosm moves several miles a minute. The roar becomes a form of silence, and the speed is nothing but a needle quivering at a certain figure on a dial, and the clock's second-hand working away. Thus the animal in you feels quite secure in this comfortable little world.

But now, all of a sudden, your instruments show that you are in a right bank. Your training demands that you now use the controls energetically to pick up the right wing and depress the left. But the animal sees no reason to correct a condition for which there is no solid natural evidence. It thinks you are level; and it fears that your control-action will now spill you over into a left spiral.

This punishment of the animal is particularly severe in the livelier maneuvers, and becomes almost barbarous in the recovery from a spiral dive. You have been whirling down to your right. Now, as you abruptly straighten out, the fluid in your inner ear keeps whirling with the motion imparted to it during the turning. This produces the sensation that you are now in a violent spiral to the left, and an overpowering reflex action makes you fight this imaginary left spiral by using stick and rudder forcefully to the right. It is, of course, just plain common dizziness, such as children love to induce by whirling. But many a pilot has recovered from a spiral dive for an instant only to throw himself right back into the same spiral voluntarily! Not to do so sometimes takes a clenched-teeth effort of will.

Deep down within you something resents this sort of thing, and in the long run answers with some of the strange nerve troubles which Howard Stark described. You get "the leans." As you cruise along, turn indicator centered, everything in order—your sense of balance, so long unemployed, disregarded and mistreated, now raises mischief with

surprising insistence. It whispers that you are on your side—when you know you are not. And gradually you get split in two. Your eyes, your intellect, your hands and feet follow the instruments and fly the airplane straight and level. The rest of you slowly gives in to the crazed sense of balance, and after five minutes you begin to lean over sidewise in your seat, trying to keep yourself perpendicular in an imagined frame of reference. After ten minutes, you lean more. After twenty minutes you look as if you were bending over to pick something off the floor, and your head is nearly horizontal. And still your training keeps you flying straight. You don't realize that you are leaning. You realize only that you are under heavy strain, and you feel that you are flying the airplane on its side simply because the instruments tell you to do so—it can't be right. The longer this hallucination lasts, the more vivid it becomes. Unless you can break it, you are bound finally to give in, level your wings in imagined space, and thus in real space to spiral off.

These things are by no means precisely understood. Many reasons have been ascribed to them: it might be hypnosis caused by staring too closely at your turn needle too long. It might be the fact that sometimes the cloud-stuff is lighter on your left than on your right, and the ground animal thinks that the light side means up and the dark side means down. It might be the fact that while you cannot feel the turn, you *can* feel sometimes an abrupt dipping motion of a wing, and then again can *not* feel the slow recovery by which the wing comes up again. It does not matter, because finally you conquer this too. You conquer it with your imagination. Your mind goes beyond the mechanistic reading-off of instruments, the stoic moving of controls according to formula, and reaches beyond the gray curtains. Then with your mind's eye, you begin to see the earth, the horizon and the sky, and your own airplane cavorting in it. You are no longer blind. Then you are ready to fly when the birds are walking.

A forthcoming article by Mr. Langewiesche will continue this discussion with an account of the devices now being developed to guide the blind-flying pilot to a safe landing at his airport.—The Editors

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

MR. ROGER E. TORNELL's article on railroad travel in the February *Harper's* came close to where I live. It surprised me because I did not suppose that anyone connected with the railroads except Mr. Robert Young and his staff was doing any thinking about service to passengers. It surprised me also because Mr. Tornell was complaining about Western railroads, which, from the passenger's point of view, are the best in the country. North, west, or southwest of Chicago a second-class passenger train is better than a first-class one east of there. Finally, I am just back (an hour and a half late into Boston) from what I hope will be my last long railroad trip for at least six months. I have traveled about eight thousand miles by rail since September, which is about par for me. That does not include round trips between Boston and New York, which I make at least once a month. I qualify as part of the payload. If the railroads are going to think about me, I'm glad to do all I can to help out.

Mr. Tornell left out of account an asset which the railroads have, though it is depreciating. They are still romantic to the United States at large outside the big cities. The smell of cinders, the sound of exhaust on an upgrade, the sight of a block-signal by night are still nostalgic and evocative to most of us. We still like to hear an engine whistle after dark. It is fun to get off a train in a big terminal in a strange town. West of the Mississippi the passing of the Super-Chief or the City of San Francisco is an event, and in all small towns a lot of people still go down to the station to see the 5:14 come in—nowadays at 7:52.

There is a lot of goodwill here. The trouble is that it is mostly spectator goodwill; it is ceasing to carry over to the cash customer. Mr. Tornell points out that the principal sales-point the roads have is the comfort they might provide and that they are omitting to provide it. They once had an even stronger one, dependability. The war shot that to pieces and, nearly two years after the end of the war, so far as I can see the roads are content to let it stay shot to pieces. This past year railroad travel has been more dependable than airplane travel, but only just. Most trains still leave terminals of original departure, stations where they are made up, when they are supposed to, though three times this year I have left Boston for the West from fifteen minutes to a half-hour late. But they practically never get anywhere on time. "On time" was once the fetish of all railroads; it is just a joke now. Apart from my Boston-New York run I have been on only one train all year that reached its destination, or even my destination, on time. That notable exception was on the Monon, a road that has a humorous reputation in rural Indiana. Maybe it is funny but it knows how to get Old Ninety-Seven into Center on time.

BY THE old standards getting a train two hours behind time in a five-hour or seven-hour trip would have required pretty ingenious railroading. Nowadays the roads do it in their stride; it is routine. Every time this year I have had less than two hours to make a connection I have failed to make it. My experience indicates that you estimate the certain loss by half-hours west of Chicago

and by hours east of there. Train crews are never able to explain why; of course the road has laid off a lot of men lately, they say, but this train hasn't been on time since 1942. Actually, the trains are being run at the convenience of the operating department, which has its mind on freight, not for the convenience of the passengers, and that's that.

It can be annoying if you wake up at 8:00 A.M. and find that you are still two hours short of Albany or Pittsburgh, where the diner was scheduled to be coupled on fifteen minutes ago. It is worse than annoying if you have made a professional engagement that the delay is breaking for you. It was because you had to keep that particular engagement that you took Old Ninety-Seven—a plane would have been faster but might have been canceled. It turns out that you would have done better to run that chance and spend the night at home. You will bear the experience in mind next time.

Take my regular trips between Boston and New York as a typical problem of the passenger who travels for business reasons. The flying time is about an hour, as against five hours by most trains and about four hours and twenty minutes by the best two trains. A one-hour flight can be pretty comfortable if you strike it right and it certainly saves time. Actually, however, from Boston to New York by air is more than a two-hour trip, which cuts into the business day no matter which flight you take, and it's surprising how often you don't hit it right. You can be just as uncomfortable, and just as sick, in one hour by air as you can in twelve. The airlines are selling speed, not comfort.

THE New York, New Haven & Hartford has bitter associations in both the folklore and the financial memory of New England but it is by a good deal the best railroad that runs into Boston. It keeps its trains pretty close to schedule—I have been more than a couple of minutes late into New York only once since the war—and for a five-hour trip that is practically unparalleled in American railroading today. Its two good trains are really good and one of them, the Merchants' or "the Five o'Clock" as we

say in Boston, is part of our communal life—no Boston banker, broker, college girl, or mink coat would dream of using any other train. But even the Five o'Clock forces you to abbreviate your business day, and though the New Haven serves better meals than most roads, no dining-car meals are very good.

So years ago I worked out what seems to me the best system: make the trip by night. This enables you to spend the whole business day in either Boston or New York, to dine and spend the evening as you please and go to bed when you please, and to get off the train before breakfast, which means eating the kind of breakfast you want to. The New Haven parks you on a quiet track at the Grand Central or a less quiet one at the South Station and leaves you alone till seven o'clock. This is painless and efficient railroad travel; it is the best plan whenever a night jump is possible. But its effectiveness depends on your being able to schedule the trip far enough in advance to get a bedroom. If you can't get one, you're out of luck.

Day or night, in fact, you are out of luck whenever you can't get a bedroom. It is good sense and good business to travel by the best trains; whatever you may pay in extra fares is returned to you in greater ability to work on the train and in greater comfort. (Long-haul streamliners must be excepted from this. Their accommodations are admirable but they sway so much that you cannot read for very long and cannot write at all.) But it does you very little good to get the best train unless you also get a bedroom, for all other Pullman accommodations are very bad.

Not that bedrooms are perfect. The writing desk has its narrow side toward the chair, which is at an uncomfortable distance from it (you can't use it from the seat at all) and at the wrong height. The lighting arrangements are unsatisfactory. You have got to sit by the ashtray, you can't bring the ashtray to where you sit. The toilet facilities are awkward and grotesque and, if there are two people in the bedroom, as unfastidious as anything our eighteenth-century ancestors used. But a bedroom gives you privacy, room, the greatest comfort so far, and some if not complete control over heat and ventila-

tion. You can work in it. There is room for your baggage—and if you travel with two bags that is not true of anything else the Pullman Company offers you. There is even room to hang up your ulster and your trousers.

Mr. Tornell is rightly scornful of the "roomette." It gives you privacy and some control over heat and ventilation and it is so small that the ashtray is never out of reach. But nothing else can be said for it. At least one of your bags becomes unavailable as soon as you pull down the bed, and so does the toilet. The shallow closet will hold a light overcoat but won't quite take an ulster without wrinkling it. Anything you may hang on the wall-hooks is in danger of being damaged whenever you manipulate the bascule-bridge mechanism that you sleep on. You yourself are in acute danger if you try to use that mechanism without getting out of the roomette altogether. With agility and luck you can stay inside, but not in comfort and never by a safe margin. And traveling in one of these upended coffins must be an ordeal for anyone who has the slightest tinge of claustrophobia.

EVEN SO, the roomette is much better than the standard accommodations of Mr. George M. Pullman's Pioneer Palace Sleeping Car. She was the wonder of the age once and she hasn't changed much since. The evolution from gas to electric lighting was inspiring and the air conditioning works well during the day, though it is a complete bust at night and the wheezy funnels supposed to ventilate a berth don't accomplish anything beyond disturbing your sleep. Nothing else is right.

One can dress and undress while lying on his back but only by main strength and at some risk to his clothes. If you have a lower berth you can stand on the floor, stoop over, and bulge the curtains out with your tail, getting shoved forward on your face if someone passing down the aisle resents it, but an upper gives you no such option. In a lower you can hang up an overcoat but in an upper you can't, and a woman cannot hang up a skirt or a one-piece dress in either without wrinkling it badly. Hardened travelers

get out their toilet articles before they go to bed; there is a place, of a kind, for them in a lower but none in an upper. In a lower if you want something from your bag during the night you can get it by lying on your stomach in the aisle and groping for it, at the risk of having some wayfarer fall over you in the dim light. In an upper you must go without it unless you have taken the bag to bed with you. In both the fish-net hammock that is supposed to hold things is idiotic and useless, and why is the spare blanket folded the wrong way before it is rolled?

There is just one thing to be said in favor of an upper berth, that during cold weather you are less likely to be roasted in it than you are in a lower. That advantage can count heavily but apart from it an upper is at best merely a place where you will be out of people's way during the night. A few cars have permanent ladders for each upper. In all other cars the Pullman Company protects itself against damage suits for personal injury by posting warnings which instruct you to ring for the porter when you want to get in or out. Try ringing for a porter at two A.M. Women apparently stay put and men swing themselves up or down by the horizontal bar and the edge of the lower berth. Some day one of them is going to sue the company because the apprehensive blonde in the lower thought he was trying to get into bed with her whereas he was only on his way to the men's room.

The men's room is so bad that it could be improved offhand. No more than five or six can shave at the same time, which is intolerable for early morning arrivals. The soap most used is a kind of liquid lye; every experienced traveler carries his own—and finds no place to lay it down. I suppose that roadbeds are always going to be open sewers; nothing so advanced as the chemical toilets used on many brush-country farms can be expected before Utopia comes in—two hours late. But the design of toilets used on swaying railroad cars could be improved; there is no real reason why the contents of a urinal have to flow out under the toilet door into the washroom.

Mr. Tornell gives us leave to hope that sleeping cars will improve: the roads will

eventually get round to thinking of passengers as perishable freight and by that time the Pioneer Palace Car will have worn out. I wonder just how good the prospect is. He suggests that the average present age of sleeping cars is about twenty years. But west of Boston it must be thirty years and north of Boston close to fifty, and a twenty-year-old car must have a lot of mileage in it yet from the operator's point of view. At this moment one of the best American railroads—the only one that can compete with the Union Pacific in my affections—is spending a lot of money advertising the magnificent trains it is going to give us sometime. Yes, but when? Why doesn't the Santa Fe let the ads slide and put that money into new cars right now? I'd feel more hopeful if the railroads in general would do just that.

FOR it looks to me as if they are trying to solve the payload passenger's problems by mere advertising. They bury the passenger under placards, poster, and pamphlets telling him how good they are; there must be half a ton of the stuff on every through train. I read about the considerate service that the Pullman Company is giving me through the agency of its porters, but I can seldom get a porter's attention till ten minutes before the train gets in. I read how eager the train crew is to serve me too but the conductor can never tell me whether, now that we'll make Kansas City too late for my connection, there's another train out of there

tonight. I read about the miracles of transportation the roads are performing under cruel handicaps and an evil tax system, but my train keeps getting in three hours late. I see gorgeous drawings of the train of tomorrow, which is to have frequency modulation I don't want and a pretty hostess to amuse the children I don't travel with, but the Pullman Palace Car goes on soiling my shirt, tiring me out with badly designed cushions, and bouncing so much I can't work on my proofs. The reading matter is interesting but it looks to me like hypnotic suggestion. It looks to me like the operating department either kidding itself or trying to kid me.

As part of the payload, I want two things. I want intelligently designed seats, beds, and accessories. That seems simple enough, for they must come as cheaply and easily as bad ones when you put your mind to it, but all I get is inspirational prose. Beyond that I want to be able to pick up a timetable before I start and find out when I am going to get to Kansas City—something no road in America can tell me now. If I represent the traveling public, then the future of the passenger business depends on those two things. There are lots of paying passengers who don't like planes any better than I do, and none of us can drive our own cars all night as well as all day. But unless Old Ninety-Seven begins to get us into Center on time and in fairly good shape physically pretty soon, a lot of us will soon cease to know anything about her except what we can see from the highway or the sky.

THE UNCOMFORTABLE PARADISE OF FULL EMPLOYMENT

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

THE American public today is suffering from peacetime full employment, after having longed for it since the dark days of 1932. As a matter of fact, few of us realize to what an extent it is full employment that lies behind the various stresses and strains to which we have been subjected over the past year or so. The very thought that it may be the absence of unemployed resources, the disappearance of the slack in our productive machine, which gives rise to our current troubles has an improbable and heretical air about it.

But disturbing though the idea may be, a moment's reflection reveals that it is not so far-fetched as might seem. Meat shortages and housing shortages are quite obviously products of full employment, with demand outrunning supply rather than conversely as in the "normal" late thirties. Is there not also a connection between long-drawn-out and expensive strikes and full union treasuries and full workers' pocketbooks?

Recent events reinforce a thesis which is neither new nor difficult to establish: that economic developments bring concomitant political changes. The problems of unemployment have so long been pressing that economists have not particularly concerned themselves with the wider im-

plications of full employment. Yet if the nineteen-thirties, or conditions in Europe after two World Wars, provide any lesson for the political analyst, it is this: In a capitalist country, the single most important factor in creating the political tone of the moment is the volume of unemployment. Thus both the growing economic power of organized labor and the new political pressures which have raised the Republicans to ascendancy spring in part from the prosperity engendered by full employment. Paradoxically, our new-found affluence has strengthened both the finances of the Left and the political fortunes of the Right.

In a sense, unemployment is not a difficult *economic* problem. Society is sufficiently productive at three-quarters capacity to furnish enough goods for all, with relief or the dole to distribute at least a meager share to the unemployed quarter. The real threat in unemployment is psychological and political. Men without work are deprived of the chance to play a normal part in the community and as a result are deeply frustrated. When the psychic energies of a large part of the population are free-floating instead of directed toward creative labor, this energy can be marshaled with ease toward vio-

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lence or war. Unemployment is thus the breeding ground for both communism and fascism. Little wonder then that economists and political analysts have devoted so much energy to steering the economic vessel away from these shallows.

BUT a principle, if valid, should apply over the whole range of possibilities. If unemployment has its political shadow, so indeed has full employment. We cannot yet, with as clear historical perspective, deduce the social and political by-products of full employment, since we have lived, unfortunately, on more intimate terms with unemployment. But it is possible by examining present trends to make something better than a sheer guess as to what sort of climate we shall in all likelihood encounter if our present state of full employment endures. Let us, then, assume that it is to continue—government-guaranteed, if you will—over the foreseeable long-term future, and from the present state of affairs let us try to determine what unforeseen developments we are likely to meet.

1. *There will be a tendency for wages to rise.*

Wages have shown a rising trend over the whole history of capitalism, falling in bad times but recovering their lost ground and moving ahead in good times. Essentially labor, like land or capital, commands the prices it does by virtue of its relative scarcity. In full employment labor will tend to be in short supply—as will, of course, many things—and hence its bargaining position will improve. And, as labor unions grow richer and more powerful with the steady flow of dues into their treasuries, their bargaining power will tend to rise *relatively* to other groups.

2. *There will be a tendency for prices to rise.*

There is also a long-term trend toward higher prices which is exaggerated in boom times. While a runaway inflation is not to be expected—it is only a symptom of economic collapse—a slowly and irregularly rising price-level, stimulated by higher wages, is virtually certain so long as employment is full.

3. *There will be a tendency for profits before taxes to be large.*

We know from the war and recent ex-

perience that American capitalism is so constructed that it makes large profits at high-level output. Full employment will underwrite high-level production and we can expect profits to be correspondingly large, with wage-rises passed along to the consumer by price-rises.

However, although profits before taxes are the guidepost of industrial efficiency, they are by no means a definitive guide to profit-income. What action the government will take is difficult to forecast. One thing is fairly certain, however. Inflation and not deflation will be the chief concern of the monetary managers of the nation. Hence taxes as a whole will certainly be high, but whether these taxes will bear primarily on corporations, on individual incomes, or on consumption depends on the will of Congress.

Recent developments in taxation point away from increasing the burden on corporate profits. It is a safe guess that in full employment profits after taxes, although they may not increase, will maintain a high level by absolute standards of comparison.

4. *The middle class will tend to be squeezed.*

The wage-price race, favoring both wage-earners and profit-makers, will be mainly at the expense of the salaried, ununionized middle classes. Teachers, professional men, salaried office workers, rentiers, business and government bureaucrats, and all the other components of the middle class will be relatively worse off.

5. *The squeezed middle class (aided by the management class) will encourage anti-labor (really anti-wage) legislation in an effort to preserve its real share of the national income.*

This will not be easy to accomplish. As labor becomes richer and stronger it may not tolerate having its gains limited. Also as the middle class declines in wealth, it will decline in political power. Money may not buy votes, but it finances campaigns and advertising and promotion. What protection the middle class gets it will more likely receive because of sentiment or middle-class affiliations with the legislature than because of the political pressure it can exert.

6. *Social changes are to be expected.*

Who will do the dirty jobs of society when everyone is employed? The submarginal workers who sweep our streets,

tote sandbags, or mow our lawns in exchange for a few dollars are likely to be harder to find. Servants will be expensive. More important, where will the next generation's coal-miners or ditch-diggers come from?

In order to persuade people to leave the clean "gentility" of office work, it may be necessary to raise still further the wages of "dirty" work. The squeezing of the middle class may induce a few to work with their hands and thus make more money with less prestige, but unless our middle class attitudes towards work change radically, it will take a considerable wage differential to lure people from offices to manual or domestic labor.

Another change, more amusing than significant, will be the influx of *nouveaux arrivés* who will share, with the select few, luxuries whose hallmark was formerly their relative scarcity. Theaters, taxis, and expensive restaurants which used to cater to the Old Guard will now serve a larger New Guard. Since the Few (who will complain bitterly) were select largely because of their fewness, it is doubtful if much damage will be done to the social fabric.

THE above prognostications—if they are accurate—paint a picture of stress and change quite different from the popular conception of full employment, according to which the lion and the lamb would lie down together. But there is no blinking the fact that if full employment does indeed bring about social and political stresses like these, it may constitute an actual danger to the existence of the capitalist system.

The peril has been stated in its direst form in Marxist dogma. According to the Marxists, there is an irreconcilable conflict between worker and capitalist over the division of the income from society's production. As long as unemployment exists but is not too severe, the tension can be eased, since a demand for additional wages can be granted without infringing on profits—there is always the unused slice of the income pie, the unemployed slice, which can gratify both sides of the dispute. But at full employment, say the Marxists, the pie is complete. To increase A's share

is to diminish B's. Thus the communists claim that labor and capital will eventually come to a showdown over who is to wield the knife that cuts the pie. They insist that a point will be reached where neither side will budge—neither labor in its demand for more nor capital in its refusal to take less. The only outcome via Marxist logic is revolution.

It would be tragic if capitalism found itself impaled on both horns of such a dilemma; doomed by unemployment or full employment alike, and relegated for survival to the uneasy existence of the middle nineteen-thirties.

II

BUT THE results of full employment are not all as one-sidedly portentous as this. We can also anticipate more favorable factors:

1. *It will provide a favorable atmosphere for development.*

The existence of adequate profits and the reasonable assurance that they will continue should produce that "confidence" without which the business community finds itself lacking the initiative to plan ahead and expand its operations.

2. *It will still permit the output of society to continue growing.*

Even though output cannot be increased by hiring the unemployed, it can be augmented by new and better techniques, and enhanced by the introduction of new products and services. In this way, the income pie can be increased in over-all size so that *both* labor and capital can get more. The increase in society's productivity gives us the necessary slack to ease the labor-capital tug of war.

3. *It should make possible new departures in labor-management attitudes.*

Although the Marxists foresee an intensification of class warfare over the division of income, they are apt to think of both workers and management too exclusively as "economic men." Other motives beside the sheer money motive bear importantly on the industrial scene, and the secure atmosphere of full employment may do much to promote them.

Labor will find real satisfaction if the assurance of full production encourages

the introduction and acceptance of the idea of guaranteed or annual wages. Without doubt this will at first be applied only to the steadiest industries, but as the idea gains workability through knowledge, it can be widened to more seasonal industries by means of an actuarial system of some sort.

Management in its turn will benefit if labor becomes more interested in industrial citizenship. It is to be hoped that labor leaders will see the essentially ephemeral nature of a wage rise largely obliterated by ensuing price rises, a wage-price race whose ultimate end must be just such a showdown as the Marxists suggest. If labor does not want political control via revolution—and past American history indicates that it does not—then perhaps it will settle for economic security, and translate its will to power into the achievement of a gradually increasing voice in certain aspects of management and a clearer understanding of the relationship between productivity and real income.

In other words, the cutting of the full income pie poses both a dilemma and a reward. On the one hand it tends to cause a struggle over the division of income between labor and capital; on the other, it gives the economic process a stability and a security without which no workable solution will ever be found. Full employment is the situation in which labor-capital relations *must* be resolved, but it is also the only situation in which these relations *may* be resolved. If it is the supreme challenge to the toughest problem of capitalism, it also contains the necessary conditions for the successful solution of the problem.

4. *It provides a stimulus for middle-class development.*

While it is true that the middle class will be squeezed by the growing power of labor, that is not the whole story. To imagine so is to think in static rather than in dynamic terms. For we know that membership in the middle class is determined as much by attitude as by income. As labor augments its income and establishes its job security, there is apt to be more psychic immigration into the middle-class terrain of actions and attitudes than there is emigration out of it under

the pressures of the high cost of living. There should be a plethora of new candidates ready to fill the places of those who were middle class but must now become, however unwillingly, members of the laboring class. And we must not forget that at worst, full employment bears on the middle class with the weight of attrition, while unemployment destroys it wholesale and might drive it, disorganized, to the sort of fascist extremes that were witnessed in Europe.

The economic aims, social aspirations, and political desires of the middle class are probably too diverse to permit it to become a political pressure group. To survive, it must therefore depend on its own vitality rather than on pressures which it can mobilize and bring to bear on the government. But in the face of Marxist dialectics, the middle class has grown steadily in this country in the past fifty years; and we may doubt whether the gentle pressures of full employment will undo what has stood intact through the violence of three major depressions.

5. *Full employment will be helpful to world trade and peace.*

Either the United States prospers or world trade on the free multilateral basis we have fought for is doomed. Although foreign nations are eager to secure loans from us, they are uneasy at the thought of tying their economies to ours, for better or worse. With continued full employment this hesitancy should weaken if not disappear. There are few who would question that the road to peace and international co-operation may be at least paved, if not built, by healthy world trade.

III

THERE are many other beneficial aspects to full employment but a further listing of good and bad effects has little to recommend it. After all, only a heartless or a sinister man could prefer unemployment with its breadlines and its tragic waste of human material to full employment with its theater queues. At this moment the winds seem to be shifting their quarter and there is a chill in the economic air; if as time goes on we find ourselves facing more imminently the

real danger of unemployment, the more blessed will seem the state of full employment. And so it should. But we must not suppose that the promised land will be all milk and honey, or we shall be due for disillusionment.

For example, there are the wealthy who make the unwarranted assumption that their status is an index of the average American's. They particularly are apt to misjudge full employment. For while as we rise from greater to lesser poverty it is true that the poor grow richer as the rich do, once we have reached full employment the poor will prosper partly at the expense of the rich. Today the influential upper middle classes—all save the very rich—are feeling the pinch; but the aver-

age American family, with its income of less than \$3,000, is now—high prices or no high prices—better off than it ever was before.

The classical economists pointed out long ago that full employment would involve the gradual elimination of the great discrepancies in income which characterize us in unemployment. The Marxists have regarded this as Victorian wish-fulfillment and childishly naïve political thinking. Whether in fact full employment in America means gradual progress to a better society or a dynamic tension which is bound to snap is the problem which America must resolve if we are lucky enough to have full employment over the next decade.

Sonnet

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

TRANQUILLITY at length, when autumn comes,
 Will lie upon the spirit like that haze
 Touching far islands on fine autumn days
 With tenderest blue, like bloom on purple plums;
 Harvest will ring, but not as summer hums,
 With noisy enterprise—to broaden, raise,
 Proceed, proclaim, establish: autumn stays
 The marching year one moment; stills the drums.

Then sits the insistent cricket in the grass;
 But on the gravel crawls the chilly bee;
 And all is over that could come to pass
 Last year; excepting this: the mind is free
 One moment, to compute, refute, amass,
 Catalogue, question, contemplate, and see.

IN DEFENSE OF THE ARMY MIND

JOHN J. McCLOY

IT SEEMS to be an open season for attacks on the Army and "the Army mind." A case in point was a recent article in *Harper's* by Professor J. Frank Dobie of Texas entitled "Samples of the Army Mind." Some of the factual statements made by Professor Dobie have been rebutted in the January issue of the *Infantry Journal* with particular reference to the Army's activities in the field of education. I am more concerned, however, with the existence of the general tendency than any particular article or charge. It is because continued careless and unjustified repetition of criticisms of this type may, unless challenged, seriously and adversely influence a sound relationship between our citizenry and our armed forces that I feel the other side of the case should be presented.

It seems incongruous to have to present any defense of our armed forces in the light of the spectacularly complete victory recently won by them, in which the professional officers of the regular Army and Navy bore the primary responsibility. From the tone of some of the current aspersions one might imagine that we had lost the war or that it had been badly bungled. Most of the critics, however, do not dispute the completeness or the form of the victory in the field. Their charges are leveled, rather, at a supposed lack of

imagination and liberal approach in other fields than the main business for which the men whom they criticize were trained and employed.

This main business alone is sufficiently complex and varied to test the imagination and skill of the best, and I often wonder if these critics have any conception of the scope and difficulty of the tasks which the professional officers are called on to undertake in the course of their careers. As a matter of fact, I know of no industry or pursuit in which ingenuity, skill, knowledge of different techniques, judgment, and above all, imagination are required in greater measure and variety than in the planning and conduct of modern warfare. The actual conduct of a campaign or battle, taxing as it is on human endurance, is only a phase of their duty. Indeed, seeing their work at close range during the war years, I was staggered by the wide range of their assignments.

The regular officers of the Army and Navy were compelled at the commencement of the war to form a controlled organization which was expanded from a force of 300,000 men (including all Army, Navy and Air Forces) to one which finally dealt with about 14,000,000 men. They had to plan the equipment and supply of this force from pins to B-29's. They then

During the war John J. McCloy—who has recently accepted the presidency of the World Bank—was Assistant Secretary of War, and thus was a close civilian observer of the military mind.

had to plan how this force was to be trained, maintained, and moved across the world. They continuously acted in the knowledge that if they failed in any significant detail the consequences might imperil the greatest of human values. It was necessary for them to consider and operate within the manpower and industrial potentialities of the United States, in the uncertain light of the potentialities of the enemy. They had to respond at all times to the executive and political leadership of the country. In the execution of their plans, many of them had to undertake political and social tasks abroad of the most exacting and abstruse nature.

They did all these things with a continuity and energy which brought not only a brilliant victory but wide demands upon and for their services from both civilian and governmental offices. It is true, of course, that these men were aided by having an almost unlimited call upon the manpower and physical resources of the country. They would be the first to admit this. But, as one who observed the scene both in Washington and in most of the theaters of the war, I can testify that it was the regular Army and Navy officers, and they alone, who gave the executive direction to the conduct of the war. The plans which they made and executed bore witness not only to a mastery of a variety of techniques, but also to a remarkable competence in the realm of pure thought, speculation, and creative vision.

ONE COULD list many evidences of first-class thinking, such as the development of new and decisive concepts of air power, particularly in the field of strategic bombing and carrier employment, and the prompt realization and organization of the scientific resources of the nation in aid of our fire power, including atomic energy, radar, and navigational aids.

An example of a somewhat different character of thinking is worth specifying in greater detail because it illustrates better the type of problem which demands the highest forms of human judgment. In the early stages of the war the Joint Chiefs of Staff, operating primarily under the direction of General Marshall, set 105

divisions as our goal for the size of an Army which could successfully cope with our actual and potential enemies. The Germans had some 313 divisions, the Japanese 120, and the Italians 70. During the course of the planning and as the war was developing the goal was pared down from 105 to 90. We finally organized 89—and of these 89 divisions, and this is the important point, every single one, at the moment of victory over Germany, was in an operational theater and all but two had seen action.

I am prepared to record that there were those, including myself, who always believed that this planning was too close for comfort; but we were proven wrong. The decisions were made on a very nice estimate of the advantages given to us by our air superiority and by the replacement system which insured that divisions in the line could always be maintained at full strength against the enemy. They were also based on an intelligent appraisal of what the country could effectively support. In a bold calculation, which involved a whole series of shifting uncertainties and elements across the globe, General Marshall and his staff were precisely vindicated by events.

Another piece of first-class thinking and imagination is worth recording. I believe that the military have never been given sufficient credit for the imaginative foresight with which, beginning in 1942, they planned for the immediate administration of occupied and conquered areas. This was a task for which there was no precedent in our history, and no other agency of the Government was even remotely prepared or equipped to handle it. It involved setting up the rudiments of law and government, policing, feeding, sanitation, prevention of epidemics, and a host of other matters, in addition to the information work upon which Professor Dobie concentrates his attention. These are only a few of the problems which arose in the wake of battle and which the Army met successfully. The achievements in this field were momentous, as I think anyone who was in a position to observe the great over-all demands and the manner in which they were met will recognize. Here again they could not

have been successfully met without enlisting the help of many civilians and non-professional officers, but the executive directors came from the professional groups.

With the lack of opportunity afforded the American officer to deal concretely in time of peace with the size and sort of problems he was called on to face in time of war, it frequently impressed me as almost miraculous how accurately conceived his fundamental plans were. However, when one analyzes the peacetime training of the regular services the reasons for such results emerge. The officers of the armed forces are made up principally of two groups of men—those who were selected through the highly democratic appointment process for admission to West Point and Annapolis, and those who from the ranks or the reserve elected to make the Army or the Navy a career. Following their initial general education they are forever going to schools and they are continually being tested in schools long after the normal civilian has ceased his studies. They usually have an opportunity to travel throughout the world. They are frequently called upon to assist the civilian side of the federal government in the development of engineering projects, such as the TVA and the numerous river and harbor developments throughout the country. And they are constantly engaged in the practice of teaching others what to do and how to do it.

II

IT MIGHT be argued that a man in my position saw only the brilliant work of a few officers on the upper levels of command and was therefore unaware of the ineptitude of those down the line. I am immediately impelled to ask whether we are to assume that men like Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Arnold, and Bradley are biological sports who came to the top only by accident? Surely some credit should go to the organization of which these men were a part. But I was not in fact insulated from the field by any means. I can only state my impressions gained from experience in both World Wars: that I have found the general level of brain-power and character in all ranks

at least as high among the professional officers as among the representative cross-section of lawyers, business men, and educators with whom I have been thrown into contact in civilian life.

Perhaps, as Professor Dobie has asserted, not all soldiers or even commissioned officers could give a satisfactory answer to the question of why we fought. But certainly the Army, considering the limited time it had available to train the men for the main task, made more strenuous efforts than any other group that I am aware of to teach them. I should have said these efforts were reasonably effective. And if these efforts did not entirely or always succeed, surely the determining reason was that the Army was compelled to instruct, hastily and simply, men who had been for the most part woefully ill-prepared in civilian life. The great bulk of the men were without any previous understanding of the forces and issues in world politics. As for the lack of culture of those in the armed forces, if it is unfortunate that so many men called for comics instead of the millions of good books which the Army did distribute, surely again the answer is that our educational system in civil life was not well designed to improve the tastes of those who were to become the general run of the mine soldiers or sailors. That the efforts of the Army and Navy were not entirely futile may, I think, be justifiably argued on the basis of the uniformly good reports of the high standing which the ex-G.I.'s are maintaining in the colleges.

Indeed, so many of the real and fancied shortcomings cited by Professor Dobie and other critics come back to the conditions of our civilian life that I wonder whether I have been wrong in assuming that the fire of the present-day critics is really being directed at the professional officers of the Army and Navy. If the critics have been sniping at officers generally—including the reserve officers, who in the Army outnumbered the professionals by about 50 to 1—would it not be fairer to recognize that to attack the intelligence or perspective of these men, who, for the most part, came directly from the colleges, is really to attack our civilian educational system? Would it not be fairer to exchange the

theme "Army Mind" for the theme "College Graduate Mind" or even just "American Mind"?

I REBEL at the outrageous injustice which is done military officers by charging them with forcing themselves into too many government positions or with having unduly prolonged their control of the government in occupied Germany. If they are in government positions it is mainly because their skill, attention to duty, and sense of public service subject them to calls to which competent civilians too frequently fail to respond. I do not see how it is possible even to insinuate the other charge in the face of the earnest and repeated efforts of General Eisenhower and General Clay to rid the Army of the job of government in Germany. The record is clear that from the outset these men have made strenuous efforts to relieve the Army of this responsibility on the theory that it was properly a civilian function. If the rest of us, in effect, turn away from such work, surely we might have the decency not to accuse others who do respond, of usurping it.

When Secretary Stimson resigned at the end of the war, he called into his office in the Pentagon building the chief officers of

the General Staff and supply service. These men were representative of the type of men with whom he had been working for five and one-half years. There were some former civilians among them, but for the most part they were "regulars." They were led by General Marshall. Mr. Stimson's words were directed to them. They were brief and to the point. In substance, he said:

Through these years I have heavily depended upon my civilian staff, but they and I know that it is to the work, thought, and devotion to duty you men have displayed that we owe the victory. You have lived up to the exacting standards of personal integrity and constant application which I first came to know and appreciate when I was formerly Secretary of War. You and those whom you represent have shown yourselves brave but not brutal, self-confident but not arrogant, and above all, you have prepared, guided, and wielded the mighty power of this great country to another victory without the loss of our liberties or the usurpation of any power.

This is a well-deserved tribute. It would be tragic if the men and women who listen to many of the present-day criticisms should fail for a moment to remember with deep gratitude the part which these men have played and can be depended on to continue to play in the defense of our country.

To Our Readers

WE HAVE chosen this issue of the magazine, in which Jacques Barzun succeeds John Chamberlain as our chief book critic, to make a rearrangement, long contemplated, of the front and back advertising sections. "New Books" now follows immediately *after* the main body of magazine text, in the position formerly occupied by "Personal & Otherwise," which moves to the front section, preceding "Letters." Simultaneously a new department, "After Hours," by Mr. Harper, takes up a position at the end of the main body of text, preceding "New Books." This new department will conduct a very casual and unsystematic survey of the field of arts, entertainment, and pastimes (aside, of course, from reading, already covered by our book critics). We trust you will soon accustom yourself to this new arrangement and will find it agreeable and convenient.

—The Editors

A SIGN FOR SELINA

A Story

JOHN D. WEAVER

SELINA WALLER rolled the egg around in the palm of her hand, frowning. "They's gon' be trouble," she said. It was an ordinary hen egg, dull white, not unusual in size or shape, but smack on one side was a brown mark which had the unmistakable outlines of a human hand.

"They's gon' be trouble," Selina repeated. "We got the sign."

Selina sat down in her high-backed rocker. She took the Bible off the small walnut table beside the phonograph. She'd have to hunt for hand signs.

"You go git the boys," Selina told Rosa Lee, who was still out of breath from racing across the chip yard with the egg in her hand.

The three boys, Press, Roy, and Gil, were all of a size; they were nine, ten, and eleven. Rosa Lee was thirteen, and the other girl, Sunny Sue, was eight. (The boy with the twisted foot would have been twelve if he'd lived.) The boys lined up like three young cedars in front of Selina, the prints of their bare feet dusty on the sitting room floor.

"Roy, I want you to run over to Laurel Branch for me," Selina said. "I want you to run over to Laurel Branch an' ast at Cousin Will's store if the fam'ly's awright. You tell 'em I got a sign." Selina turned to the

oldest boy, Gil. "Now, Gil," she said, "you hike up the branch path to Mother Waller's, an' you tell 'er I got a sign, an' I wanta know is she awright." Selina smiled at Press, the youngest boy, her favorite. "Press, you trot down the pike to the Anderson place, an' you tell 'em you're Hawg Waller's boy, an' you wanta see your pap, an' when you git to see 'im, you say mama's got a sign, an' he best watch out for trouble."

The boys scampered toward the door, Selina calling after them, "Now doan y'all stop 'long the way to fritter nor frisk."

"Can't I hep, too?" Rosa Lee said.

"You go tend after li'l Sunny Sue," Selina said. "Leave me study my Bible for the sign's meanin'."

Selina carried her rocker out on the front porch. She was a gray rail of a woman, with a thin face and gray-green eyes. She sat in the shade of her trumpet vine, staring out over the white bushiness of snow-on-the-mountain, her eyes on the blue Virginia hills rising up behind the twisting Shenandoah. (Didn't Scriptures say to look unto the hills?) Selina's Bible lay open in the gingham valley of her lap.

Selina read and rocked. The sun flecking through the trumpet vine was warm on her face. Selina drowsed in



her old highbacked chair, her Bible open at Deuteronomy. She was dead asleep when Gil came loping out of the pines behind the Waller's cabin. Gil touched his mother's hand, trying to waken her; he shook her shoulder, and Selina roused up with a start.

"Granma Waller's awright," Gil said. "Only she's got a kinda ache in her back, an' she says to tell you she'd be obliged to have a nice broth of chicken, if you got a stewin' hen handy."

Selina nodded.

"You go down the pike a ways," Selina said, "an' see what's happened to Press."

Sunny Sue ran out from the sitting room, screaming, Rosa Lee racing after her. Sunny Sue had broken the white egg with the brown hand mark all over the front of her dress.

"Twan't my fault," Sunny Sue blubbered. "Rosa Lee made me break it."

"I was only tryin' to git it away from her," Rosa Lee said.

"You go put a fresh dress on Sunny Sue," Selina said, "an' see she washes her face."

Selina began to rock slowly, shaking her head. Breaking the sign might double the trouble.

She could see Roy dawdling up the footpath from the pike. Roy was chewing the last of the licorice drops Cousin Will had given him to take home to Sunny Sue. Roy crumpled the empty sack, threw it at the hollyhocks.

"Cousin Will told me to tell you wan't no trouble up 'round Laurel Branch," Roy said, wiping a licorice smear from below his mouth. "He said it maybe wan't no sign you got."

"It's a sign awright," Selina said. "It's a sign, an' they's gon' be trouble."

Selina went back to her rocker and her Bible. The Lord never gave a sign but what he gave a meaning for it. She began to read Revelations.

The sun was lowering when Press came back from the Anderson place, Gil marching along beside him. The sun was red-gold above the muddy Shenandoah. Selina had to squint to make out the words of Psalms.

"Press went clean to Tater Run," Gil said, "an' I went after 'im."

"Nobody knowed where pap's got to," Press said, afraid Gil would get to do all the talking. "Mister Anderson said he come to work on time this mornin', an' he laid a few stones on the wall he's buildin' out to the pike, then he went off summers, lef' his lunch under a old locust tree, hadn't teched it."

"Nobody hadn't seen 'im in Tater Run since the Rice girl's funeral," Gil said.

"Somepun's happened to 'im," Selina said. "Somepun's happened to Hawg Waller."

Selina called Rosa Lee. She told her to feed the young ones, and put them to bed.

"I'm gon' set right here an' wait for Hawg Waller," Selina said. "They'll maybe come carryin' him up from the river where he's stepped off'n a ledge an' got hissef drowned, or they'll come drivin' him out from town where he's got hissef knifed in'r fight, or he's maybe gone up in the hills to shoot a fat groundhog, an' he's shot hissef daid. They'll come bringin' Hawg Waller, or they'll come bringin' word. Hawg Waller's daid. I'm as sure of it as I'm sure of glory an' life ev'lastin'. Hawg Waller's got hissef killed."

Selina sat down to wait. She folded her hands in her lap. She closed her Bible.

A HALF moon had risen above the far hill ridge where foxhounds barked, and the first treefrogs were screeching from back of the cornfield, when Rosa Lee crept shyly out on the front porch, coughed and asked if she could bring Selina some supper.

"I ain't gon' eat me a bite till I find out how Hawg Waller come to meet his Maker 'fore his time," Selina said.

Rosa Lee brought her buttered biscuits stuffed with ham. Selina ate them.

"An' me without'n a black dress to my name," Selina said.

Selina rocked in the moonlight, her eyes on the footpath weaving up from the pike. Selina felt a sick hollowness at the thought of Hawg Waller's being dead. There would have been time for dying later.

"Somebody's comin' up the path," Rosa Lee said, pointing at the hollyhocks.

Selina squinted through the bluish blur of the night.

"They is for a fac'," Selina said, and she

walked to the head of the front steps, squaring her thin shoulders. When people asked, "How did Selina Waller take the bad news?" she wanted it told over the hills, "Selina took it like a brave widder woman." Selina trembled in the warm night hush.

"He's walkin' queer," Rosa Lee said.

Selina stared at the dark figure moving toward the front steps. Selina's throat was dry and choked.

"It's Hawg Waller," Selina said, and she had to lean against Rosa Lee to steady herself, she was that weak.

"He's walkin' from side t'side," Rosa Lee said.

"Lord hep us," Selina said, "he's knifed or shot, an' he's puny from losin' all that blood." Selina gripped the girl's upper arm. "Hawg Waller's comin' home to die like a old fox crawlin' up in the hills to die in the rocks."

Rosa Lee began to cry. She didn't want to see him dying, all over blood.

"It's better thisaway," Selina said, stroking the girl's hair. "Hawg Waller'd wanta say his last words to his wife an' his chillren. He'd wanta breathe his last breath in the softness of his own bed."

Rosa Lee whimpered, her arms around her mother's thin waist, her fingers clenching the gingham of her mother's skirt.

The tall black shadow stumbled toward the house, almost fell, straightened up, then staggered forward. A great singing shout cut like a comet through the darkness. "Ida Red, Ida Red! I'm in love wif Ida Red!"

Selina stiffened. "Hawg Waller ain't dyin'," Selina said. "Hawg Waller's drunk."

SELINA turned and walked in the house. She boiled water on the cookstove. She made coffee in the big pot. Hawg Waller sat at the kitchen table, staring at her with puffy, red-shot eyes. Hawg Waller's long-snouted face and flat-topped head were like a hog's, and his thick shoulders fitted like a hog's onto his flour-barrel chest. His hands were red and rough; they were like two big clay-colored rocks that had spilled down from a wall or a chimney Hawg Waller was masoning.

"Selina," Hawg Waller said, sugaring his fifth cup of coffee, "I'm a ruint man."

"You're drunk," Selina said.

"The Waller whiskey thirst has got me, Selina, just like I was caught in'r wrench. It's a curse in the blood of the Wallers, an' I'll never git shed of it. Once a Waller starts to drinkin' you can't stop 'im no more'n you can stop the rain from rainin'."

"They ain't no drunkenness lasts f'r-ever," Selina said.

"I been drinkin' since 'fore noon," Hawg Waller said. "I drunk 'nough white whiskey to float a flat bottom fishin' boat, an' I still ain't got my fill of it. Now that the thirst's got a holt of me, Selina, I'll go to my grave a-drinkin'."

"You got a ten-acre farm, an' you make good money masonin', Hawg Waller. You got a d'voted wife an' five livin' chillren. You got no business drinkin'."

"All the Wallers been drinkers, ever one. My pap was a hard-drinkin' man, an' his pap b'fore 'im. My Uncle Soley died of his drinkin', ended up on the county, an' you know my two brothers can't set down to their supper less'n they've had their quart of whiskey."

"I got a sign this mornin', a white hen egg with a brown hand on it," Selina said. "The minute I seen that egg I knowed they was gon' be trouble the same as if the Lord'd come in my kitchen door and said, 'Selina, they's gon' be trouble.'"

"It doan take no sign to start a Waller to drinkin', Selina. I've wrasseled this thirst for fifteen years, ever since I stood up with you at the church. I've wrasseled till I can't wrassel no more."

"How come you could fight it off for fifteen years, an' alla sudden it gits sech a holt on you today, Hawg Waller?"

"I was layin' out the stone for Mister Anderson's wall this mornin', an' I was hummin' a jig tune to myself the way I sometimes do, you know, an' Missus Anderson driv by, an' she told me she had a little present for you. She give me a half-gallon jug of dandelion wine. Well, Selina, the more I worked on that wall in the hot sun, the more I got to studyin' 'bout that wine settin' b'side my lunch under the old locust tree. An' finally I d'cided I'd take me a little taste of that wine, an' the very next thing I knowed I was throwin' away that empty jug, an' I was makin' tracks up the hill to Dolph Burch's. I knowed Dolph'd have fresh whiskey."

"A woman's hand reachin' out to sorrow an' grieve me," Selina said. "Missus Anderson'll hafta answer for it."

"It ain't her fault," Hawg Waller said. "It's the whiskey cravin' I was born with, Selina. It's like floodwater or breshfire."

"I'm gon' pray for you, Hawg Waller."

"Prayin' won't hep."

"Prayin'll move mountains," Selina said.

"You might pray Buck Mountain over the line to West Virginia," Hawg Waller said, "but you ain't gon' pray the Waller whiskey thirst out'r me."

Hawg Waller went to bed. Selina drew a kitchen chair up to the table. She wiped her spectacles with the hem of her skirt. She opened her Bible to the Book of Job.

HAWG WALLER woke up next mornin' with a throat like dried apples. Selina brought him black coffee and thick white cream in a blue pitcher. Hawg Waller shook his head.

"It ain't coffee nor cream I want," he said, and he sent for Gil, the oldest of his three boys. "Gil," he said, "I want you to go down to Mister Anderson's an' tell 'im I can't come work on his wall today. An' then I want you to hike up the hill to Dolph Burch's place, an' tell Dolph I want a half gallon of white whiskey. Tell 'im I doan want it reddened with burnt sugar. I want it white an' clear's branch water. You tell Dolph I'll pay 'im the money when I git my next wages."

"It ain't like you to throw away the little bit of cash money as comes your way," Selina said, "money your fam'ly needs for clothes an' winter eatin'."

"Waller men've fought an' stole to git whiskey," Hawg Waller said. "They've lost their land an' the love an' r'spect of their kinpeople. They've sold the clothes off'n their backs, an' they'd cut the hand off'n their arm if they wan't no other way to git whiskey. It's like bein' set on fire an' needin' the whiskey to put it out."

Hawg Waller drank all day. He carried the phonograph out on the front porch, and the three boys took turns cranking it. Hawg Waller drank white whiskey from a jelly glass, and sang to the music of the phonograph records. His singing rattled the panes of the front window.

"I'm gon' pray," Selina told Rosa Lee. "The minute I git my beds made up an' my dirt to the door, I'm gon' pray."

The moon was just rising when Hawg Waller suddenly slid from his chair, crumpling on the porch beside the phonograph and the near-empty jug. He lay snoring on the wide planks, sprawled like an old horse blanket.

"Leave 'im be," Selina said. "It'd take six men to lif Hawg Waller."

Selina went to bed. Tomorrow she'd send Sunny Sue up to Granma Waller's, and she'd ask Cousin Will to keep the three boys. They might could help around the store. Selina couldn't sleep; she got up and carried a quilt out to Hawg Waller, walking softly so as not to waken the young ones. She doubled an old coat under Hawg Waller's head. She knelt beside him, her hand on the whiskery warmth of his face. She's rather have Hawg Waller, even dead drunk, stretched out stiff as a side of beef, than any man in the great valley of the Shenandoah.



Hawg Waller woke next morning with a head that was like a fist opening and shutting. He raised himself up on one elbow, drained off the last two fingers of whiskey in the jug. He shouted for Selina. "Where's the boys?" he said, and Selina said they'd gone over to Laurel Branch.

"Cousin Will wanted 'em to hep in the store," she lied.

Hawg Waller dragged himself to his feet, rubbing the ache from his head with the back of his right hand. His head was like a branch spring someone had muddled with a stick.

"You sent them boys away, Selina," he said. "You didn't want 'em to see their poor old pap ruin hisself drinkin'."

Selina turned away, not saying anything.

"You didn't want them boys to see the awful pow'r of the Waller thirst," Hawg Waller said.

"You best come eat your breakfast," Selina said. "You're late for your work."

"I ain't workin' today, Selina. An' I ain't stirrin' till I git me a little drink."

"You know they ain't a drop of nothin' in this house, Hawg Waller."

"Then I'll go git me a drink. The devil hisself ain't gon' stop a Waller from drinkin' once the thirst gits holt of him."

Hawg Waller marched down the front steps, strode the length of the path to the pike, then disappeared.

"It's like the end of the world," Selina said, dropping down in her high-backed rocker, her head in her hands. She cried into the soft gingham hem of her skirt. Rosa Lee put her arm around her mother's shoulders, trying to comfort her. "It ain't no use," Selina said. "This is the end of Hawg Waller, the same's if he'd blowed off his head with a twelve-gauge shotgun."

HAWG WALLER was gone three days. When he came home, he had a yellow-rimmed bruise under his left eye and a three-inch cut healing crookedly on his right cheek. There was no skin on his knuckles, and his clothes hung from him like dirty quilt rags.

"It's a turbul thing you're doin', Hawg Waller," Selina said, "bringin' disgrace an' starvation on your fam'ly."

"I won't be the first Waller to go to a

drinker's grave, nor the last neither," Hawg Waller said, splashing apple brandy into a tin well cup.

"What'll folks say when word gits 'round?"

"They'll say, 'He's a Waller, an' it's the way of the Wallers to drink.'"

The smell of whiskey was so strong in the house the pigs wouldn't come rooting past the lilac hedge. Rosa Lee said it made her right sick to smell the whiskey, and Selina said she wouldn't hardly have time to get sick if she'd stop complaining and do her share of the work around the house. Selina grew more and more irritable, snapping at Rosa Lee like an angry turtle. Hawg Waller drank all day and slept all night; sometimes, when his whiskey or his brandy ran out, he'd disappear for a day or two, then he'd come back with another jug or a couple of fruit jars, and he'd sit on the porch and drink. He didn't sing with his drinking any more. He just drank.

"I wisht I'd never of been born," Selina said, "nor lived to see Hawg Waller come to sech an end."

Selina scrunched around on the front steps, her eyes on Hawg Waller. He lay sleeping on the porch, curled like a big, overfed bird dog around a half-filled jug of whiskey. His breathing was heavy, and there was a sound in it like the creaking of a rusty axle.

"Sometimes," Selina said to herself, "I think Hawg Waller'd be better off daid an' in his coffin."

She twisted her hands together and asked the Lord to help her, maybe send her another sign, so she'd know what to do. Selina looked up at the pale blue sky, wadded with white dogwood clouds. The Lord could splash a sign clear across the sky, if He wanted to, a sign like a smear of paint across a notebook page.

She clamped snuff against the ache in her gums, and when she closed the Copenhagen snuffbox lid, she frowned thoughtfully at her thin, long-fingered hand, the color of an old saddle. For the first time she wondered if she'd misread the sign. Maybe that brown hand on the white hen egg was meant to be her hand, not Mrs. Anderson's.

"A sign can be a contrary an' confoundin' thing," she said to herself, "an' some-

times the meanin' is harder to dig out than garden rocks."

She opened her Bible and, with her eyes closed, put one finger down on the page, then she opened her eyes and read the lines above her fingertip. "Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and wonders." Isaiah 8:18. She sat for a long time in the sun, and when she got up and walked back into the house, she was carrying Hawg Waller's half-filled jug.

"I got the meanin' of the sign," she told Rosa Lee. "The Lord meant it should be my hand that'll save Hawg Waller from his doom."

SELINA sat the jug on the kitchen table. She poured some of her green asthma medicine into a big white pan. She added horse liniment, black pepper, and a bit of mutton suet. Then she asked Rosa Lee to hurry over to Cousin Will's store and get some of his big yellow horse pills.

"An' if Cousin Emma's got any of her backache powders you bring some." Selina stirred the greenish mixture in the pan. She dropped in a teaspoonful of Red Arrow garden spray, a pinch of her bean beetle dust, and six plant life pills. "An' on your way home," Selina called to Rosa Lee, "you go by Aunt Joy's place, an' you tell 'er I want some hill 'erbs. It doan matter much what kinda 'erbs she sends, only just so long as they's pow'r in 'em."

Selina was humming her favorite hymn when Rosa Lee got back from Laurel Branch. Rosa Lee gave her three yellow horse pills, about the size of metal overall buttons. Selina crumbled them into the mixture which she'd just darkened with a tablespoonful of Press's croup sirup. Selina put the pan on the cookstove.

"You git the 'erbs?" Selina asked.

"Aunt Joy sent some jewel weed juice on accounta she thought maybe some of the young uns had got poison ivy, an' she sent some blood purifiers, too. She said the purifiers'd cure 'most anything common."

"This ain't common," Selina said, but she added the purifiers to the thickening mixture anyway. Then she began to thin the dark, steaming liquid with cool well water. She told Rosa Lee to take the jug of whiskey out back of the icehouse and empty

half of it. "Just half now, mind you," Selina warned.

Then Selina poured the yellow-green mixture into the jug, filling it back up to the halfway mark. Selina shook the jug.

"Oh, Glory, you gon' poison 'im!" Rosa Lee cried, backing away from Selina, her frightened eyes on the row of small bottles and boxes of powders lined up behind the liniment bottles.

"I'm only doin' what the sign told me to do," Selina said, and she put the jug back on the porch beside Hawg Waller. Then she sent Rosa Lee up to Granma Waller's to spend the night. "You hep 'er look after Sunny Sue."

Selina sat down in her rocker to wait for Hawg Waller to wake. She squirmed the chair closer to the front window. She began to read Proverbs. She was still humming.

IT WAS dark when Hawg Waller woke up. He stretched his arms, then pushed his feet against the porch darkness, working the cramped achiness out of his legs. He rubbed his throat, dry and caked inside. Then he fumbled across the porch planks for the jug, his fingers sliding over the smooth, cool surface, fastening on the neck. He splashed the hot liquid down his throat. He choked, spat, cursed.

"Who's been meddlin' wif my drinkin'?" he roared.

"Ain't nobody teched that whiskey," Selina said, hoping the Lord would understand about the little lies she was having to tell Hawg Waller.

"It must be swinlin'," Hawg Waller said, taking another swig from the jug. "No double-run corn whiskey ever tasted thataway."

Hawg Waller was nearly two hours draining the jug. Then he went to sleep again. Selina was thankful for the loudness of his breathing. No dying man ever made a fuss like that.

"It's a turbul thing I've done if I ain't read the sign right," Selina said to herself.

The scream of a hawk ripped the dark sky above Selina. She shivered, wrapped her shawl higher on her neck and throat. Hawg Waller rolled over with a sound like a wallowing colt. He moaned, flailed his



Anne Cleveland

arms over his face and chest.

"Oh, Lord, I've maybe kilt 'im," Selina cried, springing up from her rocker, kneeling beside Hawg Waller. She shook him, and he tried to sit up, then fell back, groaning.

"What's the matter, Hawg Waller? You sick?"

"I'm all twisted up inside. I'm like if somebody took my stummick an' looped it around an' around."

"It's the whiskey," Selina said. "It's the whiskey payin' you back for the trouble an' disgrace you've brung to your fam'ly. They ain't no sin but what has its own payin' back."

Hawg Waller doubled his knees up into his stomach, wrapping his arms around his lower legs, working his body into a round lump, as though he had to hold onto himself to keep from bursting open.

"Ain't you gon' hep, Selina?" He clawed through the darkness for her hand; he almost broke the bones with the power of his grip. "Do somepun."

She wrenched her hand free, and stood up, her body tightening against the impulse to stroke his forehead. She knew she had to let him wrestle the pain.

"Not a thing I can do," she said. "You told me yourself they's no use tryin' to fight the Waller thirst."

"But I'm dyin'." His body doubled up in a clenched cramp. He began to beat his fists against the porch planks, as though hammering at Death. "My God, I'm dyin' for sure!" He groaned, and when all the strength was gone from his hands, he lay panting on the porch.

"It ain't right for me to die," he said, whimpering. "I got my five chillren to raise up. I got my work to finish."

"You should've thought of that, Hawg Waller, 'fore you give in to the thirst."

She turned and forced her legs to carry her toward the door, away from him.

"Selina! Selina!" He squirmed and wriggled across the porch, catching hold of the hem of her dress. "You ain't gon' leave me?"

"I wouldn't ever of lef' you, Hawg Waller, but when the thirst come on you, it was you that lef' me, lef' your home'n fam'ly."

He turned his face away, lying hunched, his back to Selina, and when he spoke again, his voice was low and trembling, like a lantern guttering out for want of coal oil. "I know it, Selina. I know what I done. I just ain't fitten."

HE looked down at him, remembering all the years of their being together, and when she swallowed, it was like wool in her throat.

"I ain't even got the right to ask it," Hawg Waller said, twisting around, facing her, "but if you'd only hep me, Selina, I vow I'd never . . ." The pain suddenly struck full force again. He screamed. "See-line . . ." Her name choked off in his throat. She knelt quickly beside him, his head pillowed in her arms. She made soothing sounds, and the writhing slowly stopped.

"All right, Hawg Waller, I'll do what I can, but I ain't heppin' you to your feet only to give the Waller thirst another chance to knock you down. You hear me?"

"I hear you."

She gave him castor oil in the juice of canned peaches, then she brought him two of the white sleeping pills the doctor

had left the winter she had the fever.

"Sometimes," she said, "you've got to git cured of the cure."

She asked him if he'd like to come get in the bed, but he shook his head; he couldn't move. She made him a pillow and covered him with a quilt.

"Maybe you'd best pray, Selina," Hawg Waller said.

"I was figgerin' on that," Selina said. "Only it's gen'rally best to give the medicine first."

IN THE morning when Rosa Lee came home with Sunny Sue, Hawg Waller was sitting at the kitchen table, his elbows on the porcelain top, his head in his cupped hands. His face was gray and hollow, and his hand shook when he lifted his coffee cup to his mouth. Sunny Sue began to cry.

"Your daddy's awright now," Selina said, and then she told Rosa Lee to go up to Cousin Will's store and bring the boys home. "You thank 'im," Selina said, stirring the potatoes frying in the black skillet, "an' tell 'im I'm gon' send 'im a ham one of these days. I know how them three boys can eat."

"I doan reckon I want p'tatoes," Hawg Waller said, hobbling toward the sitting room. "I think I'd best lay down."

"On your way home," Selina said, as Rosa Lee started out of the kitchen door, "You go by Mister Anderson's an' tell 'im your daddy's stummick is a mite better this mornin', an' he'll be comin' back to mason that wall t'morrow. You tell 'im your daddy's had a sort of bilious spell."

Selina turned back to the stove, and her eyes fell on the jug, an inch of yellow-green liquid still in the bottom.

"Oh, an' honey, 'fore you go," she called to Rosa Lee, "you'd best empty this medicine. We won't be needin' it again."

She poured a glass of cold sweet milk for Hawg Waller, and as she turned toward the parlor, she happened to glance up at the sky. High above the river was a white cloud which at first looked like an ordinary summer cloud, but the more she studied it the clearer she could see the neck of a jug, the round white belly cut by a shaft of blue, the bottom shattered. It was a sign all right. No doubt about it. She carried the milk in to Hawg Waller, humming a grateful hymn.

Complete Circle

ALBERTA TURNER

GREAT GOD, I am a mathematic thing,
 Whose logical and logarithmic skill
 Probes the atomic or celestial ring
 To calculate and carry out Thy will.
 Give me an axiom, and I shall prove
 That You are X, the devil minus one,
 That men are good—or bad—and try to move
 The center of the world from earth to sun.
 Show me Thy purpose, God, one molecule
 Of cosmic truth; and I shall dare to cool
 The cubic depth of Hell's sulphurous pool.
 One digit times itself will grow until
 The world has million-multiplied Thy will,
 But zero times the world is zero still.

IF WE REALLY WANT INTERNATIONAL TRADE

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

INTERNATIONAL trade is generally agreed to be nice work if you can get it, but every nation wants to lay down its own terms and conditions. The big question today is whether an area of common agreement about trade practices can be defined which will be wide enough to be worthwhile to all but which will nevertheless not press too heavily on the self-regarding policies of any individual nation. This might not be too difficult were it not for the fact that the trading nations, great and small, have widely different domestic economic policies which lead them to prize correspondingly different conceptions of foreign trade practices.

This is particularly obvious when states practicing economic planning—whether “socialist,” neo-capitalist, or communist—are contrasted with lightly controlled American capitalism. The planning states find it difficult to tolerate “wild” factors and of them all, foreign trade is apt to be the wildest. It is obviously rather illogical to control everything except the movement of goods, services, and money across the national frontiers, and the planners are reluctant even to try it. The best they can offer to do is to keep controls at a minimum and make their operations impartial as between all foreign nations.

On the other hand, the most powerful single influence in international trade to-

day is that of the United States, with the least planned and most clearly capitalist economy of all. And it happens that it is precisely the United States that has taken the initiative in outlining the principles of trade to be followed in the future and in sketching a design for an international trade organization, which will be expected to keep all nations to the straight and narrow path of righteousness. The inevitable consequence has been to bring to the fore in a very practical fashion the difference between our idea of the best way to do things (because we have a lightly controlled capitalism) and the ideal of other countries (which have economies controlled to varying degrees).

Because all hands want to trade to some extent on reasonable conditions, and most of them have to trade in considerable volume if they are to avoid catastrophic falls in their standards of living, agreement of a kind is possible. This was demonstrated recently in the preliminary discussions of the American proposals at London. It will be demonstrated again when final negotiations take place in this country later this year. But there is no doubt whatever that basic conflicts of view are not entirely reconciled by forms of words on pieces of paper. It is not one world we have here, but a world nevertheless inter-related and interdependent. It is on this

Last month Mr. Grattan, Harper's contributing editor, questioned the validity of the picture presented abroad of America as both decadent and aggressively imperialistic.

foundation that international trade must somehow be built.

II

THE proper aim of economic activity is to raise standards of living by increasing production. This is true no matter what type of economic organization is favored; and the current hullabaloo about productivity in the USSR, the United Kingdom, and the United States reflect the common preoccupation. It may therefore be assumed that the basic purpose of international trade is further to fortify and improve national standards. Once that premise is granted, then the obvious thing to do is to contrive that there is as much of it as possible.

No nation today is quite prepared to argue that it seeks to diminish the volume of its own trade or the world's, though shifts in what they propose to trade in are inevitable. But there are various approaches to the problem of how to increase the volume. Many nations want to keep trade under close control by the use of devices of one kind or another, some of which are in the nature of obstacles to the free flow of goods across frontiers rather than aids to it.

Of course never in modern times has trade been utterly free. Obstacles of one kind or another have long existed, especially since the rise of protective tariff systems in the nineteenth century. But up to World War I trade was reasonably free, especially when viewed in the light of what happened to it during the interwar period, notably during the decade 1929-1939, when sharp economic declines caused many nations to try to improve their positions by manipulating their foreign economic relations. In those fateful ten years protective tariffs, while still of major significance, were overlain by a growth of barnacles, some old, some new, including export and import quotas, price inflation schemes, preferences, bilateral agreements based fundamentally on barter, export subsidies, import monopolies designed to use foreign goods to increase state revenues by charging prices well above world-market levels, exchange controls, exchange depreciation, and a host of other schemes, all designed to direct

trade into particular channels rather than to free it.

We must remember, however, that in no instance was the objective to choke off trade by policy, even when the unwonted consequence was to do something perilously close to precisely that. The objective always was to strengthen the economic position of the nation using the schemes, even if at the expense of other nations.

THE vast and jerry-built structure of trade controls which existed when World War II broke out was rather shaken, but not brought down in ruins, in the course of the war. Its most essential feature—state domination of international trading—continued to be characteristic. At the end of the war, therefore, the question was whether to allow a reversion to the situation *circa* 1939—a likely upshot if things went unguided—or to make a try for not only greater freedom of trade but also for a strong emphasis on a continuous increase in the total volume of trade. There was obviously no prospect of recovering the situation as it existed before 1914. Old-fashioned economic liberals are little likely to be completely satisfied. But by a concerted effort a larger measure of freedom than has existed since 1929 might be won.

It was with this in mind that the United States in November 1945 issued its "Proposals for Expansion of World Trade and Employment" and in September 1946 added an outline of a charter for an international trade organization. The American proposals cover a very wide range of specific points. In fact they have been tellingly criticized as being entirely too specific and detailed, and therefore too rigid. But their general import is entirely clear: they aim to maximize trade by winning general agreement to the greatest amount of freedom for traders which can be won in the present imperfect world.

Since both the "Proposals" and the charter run to particulars, including exceptions and escape clauses, the general principles underlying them are rather obscured. I know of no clearer brief statement of the general American policies which animate both documents than that by Herbert Feis:

(1) that governments should reduce all types of restriction imposed on imports and exports; (2) that each should abstain from actions which would cause products produced within their territories to be offered in foreign markets at prices out of correspondence with domestic prices; (3) that each should permit products from every foreign land to compete within its markets on equal terms, and thereby leave the origin of imports to be settled by universal competition; (4) that each should accord all foreign buyers equal opportunity to secure its products on the same terms; (5) that each should abstain from bilateral agreements for the exchange of goods that would or might lessen the opportunity of others to compete for the trade.

UNDERLYING these principles are certain vital assumptions—concealed major premises—which must also be brought into the light. Premises on which to base action that suit the United States, even though applied with full regard to the policies of other nations, are not likely to suit the rest of the world. In two respects the principles are especially difficult for other nations to swallow.

First, the principle that if trade is set free there will then *automatically* ensue a sustained rise in the volume of trade because the way will have been opened for private enterprise, animated by the profit motive, to function at the top of its bent, is hardly likely to be accepted wholeheartedly either by planned economies or communist states. Neither likes the reliance on “automatic mechanisms” implied here; not only do they question, in some degree, whether such mechanisms will work, but in proportion as they diverge from capitalism they are hostile to them in both theory and practice.

Second, the American position assumes a degree of economic strength in all nations which in truth only a minority of nations today in any degree possess and which none possesses to anything like the extent of the United States. It is possible to assume equality among equals, but when there are no equals, equality is both disadvantageous and unfair.

To these two American “errors,” obviously derived from the normal terms and conditions of life in the United States, may be added a logical consequence of them and equally of the differing varieties of economic policy of which mention has already been made. Most other nations

want more control over their foreign trade than the United States at all requires, in order to be able to carry out their domestic economic policies, or to protect their relatively weak economies, either from being overwhelmed by stronger economies (notably the American), or from the evil consequences of world instability—especially that instability which is universally expected to originate in the United States. From their point of view they want protection from the very principles the Americans put forward as so axiomatic as not to require demonstration!

III

GETTING down to cases, here are some specific questions that inevitably arise in discussion of trade policy.

(1) *Quantitative import controls.* This is a central issue between the United States and the weaker economies of the world. They greatly fear adverse trade balances—situations in which their exports and other sources of foreign revenue will not cover the cost of their imports and other foreign expenses—and they therefore want to be prepared to deal with such situations. To correct any imbalance they want, among other things, the right to dictate the quantity, type, and source of imports, especially in periods of emergency. By so doing they can reduce the quantity to a size which can be readily paid for out of income; they can concentrate purchases on vitally needed products, eliminating luxuries; and they can make the purchases where they can be most readily financed, or where the buyer and seller have mutual interests worth protecting and advancing in this fashion.

(2) *Bulk purchases.* This simply means that some nations in which the government goes into the market to purchase all or most of the nation's requirements of a commodity shall continue to have the right to do so. Attached to this general practice are a number of possible subsidiary practices which are alleged to increase the benefits to be derived from bulk purchasing. The most conspicuous is concentrating the bulk purchases in particular countries and contracting to purchase over a period of years. In this fashion the

producing country is assured a stable income, and the instability of the market for that country and product is substantially reduced. Since agricultural commodities are usually involved, the use of the long-term bulk purchase contracts promises to bring a measure of stability to this highly unstable segment of the world economy. Moreover by giving secure incomes to agricultural producers they will be in a position to guarantee a stable outlet for manufactures, a further notable contribution to world stability. Bulk purchasing involves the abolition of the traditional trading machinery—as when the United Kingdom government recently abolished the Liverpool Cotton Exchange and handed the job of buying raw cotton to a Raw Cotton Commission.

(3) *State trading*, of which bulk purchasing is perhaps the most spectacular phase, is a most controversial business, especially *vis à vis* private enterprise capitalism. The entry of governments into trading activities is a permanent feature of planned economies of all kinds, whereas under American capitalism it is a temporary expedient. The United States government has engaged in state trading on a huge scale during the war and will continue as a heavy purchaser of such things as sugar, molasses, ethyl alcohol, rubber, abaca, sisal, henequen, manganese, chrome, and lumber well into 1948. But such activities are not to be a continuing function of the American government, whereas they are in the case of the United Kingdom and other countries following the same line of policy. It is, of course, the only kind of foreign trading known to communist countries.

(4) *Preferences*. The gist of a preference system is that the goods of one country are given special treatment under the tariffs of another, with a view either to strengthening the competitive position of the favored country or even guaranteeing its position as a supplier against intense competition. The most elaborate system of preferences is that of the British Commonwealth, which in its present form dates from 1932. The dominions granted the United Kingdom preferences in their markets for a quarter century before that, but as the United Kingdom did not have

a protective tariff system it could not reciprocate. In 1932 the United Kingdom, partly in response to pressure from the dominions, adopted protection and was thereupon able to grant preferences in her markets. The current network of reciprocated preferences is therefore a product of the Great Depression.

It should not be overlooked however that in many instances the preferences are of doubtful value. The preference tariff may still be highly protective, especially in industrializing dominions, but the point is, as far as foreigners are concerned, that the tariffs on their goods are higher still. The United States uses the preference system in trading with Cuba and the Philippines.

(5) *Restrictive practices*. These are excessively numerous and difficult to describe succinctly, but they have in common the purpose of reducing the volume of goods entering trade, usually for the purpose of raising prices. They can be initiated by governments or by private business. In the latter instance an excellent illustration is cartels, which are of numerous kinds and rather devious in their operations. In the former they are usually production control schemes designed to reduce or eliminate surpluses, especially of agricultural commodities. The situation is enormously complicated by the mixture of motives that animate the initiators of restrictive schemes, ranging all the way from monopoly profits to improving the living standards of depressed producers.

THESE five examples illustrate types of trading practices which complicate the economic relations of nations. All of them are subject to abuse and all of them to some degree can distort the normal flow of trade. Moreover all of them, in the hands of governments, can be used for international political purposes, obvious or obscure, rather than for winning strictly economic advantages.

For instance, quantitative import controls obviously could be used to manipulate trade in such a fashion as to penalize some suppliers while aiding others, by arbitrarily allocating import licenses. Bulk purchasing could be used similarly. It could be a potent weapon in building up

the economy of a nation which, while weak and even inefficient and high-cost as a producer, nevertheless was politically useful to the purchasing nation. Moreover bulk purchasing puts into the hands of the buyer the power either to exploit or subsidize his own national market, in which he has no competition. On the one hand he can limit consumption of a given commodity by charging prices above the world level, and on the other he can sell below world market figures and thus offer a subsidy to his producers, improving their competitive position in world trade. State trading simply amplifies the chances of misusing power inherent in bulk purchasing. The preference system formalizes discriminatory treatment of the trading nations; and restrictive practices are such a mixed grill that almost any evil may flow from them, canceling out any incidental good they may occasionally accomplish.

The common thread uniting all these practices, by intent or potentially, is inequality of treatment of the nations. Some of them, moreover, can be used to restrict the quantity of goods entering trade. If the purpose of international trade is to improve living standards, obviously such practices must be made to justify themselves in the greatest possible detail. They are running the gauntlet today and the prospect is fair that some of the worst features will eventually be eliminated. But that all of them will be torn up by the roots and thrown on the scrap pile is a vain hope. The weeds in the garden of world trade may be kept down while the going is good, but give us another period of universal difficulty and they will spring into life all over the lot in a remarkably short time.

RATHER circuitously we come back to the central issue between those who believe in planning and therefore in controls and those who do not. Both groups allege a burning interest in the maximum amount of international trade. They therefore agree on many particular rules and regulations, but they part company on the question of whether the big objective can best be achieved by freedom for enterprisers or by controls.

To put the thing differently, one group wants to maximize trade as trade is traditionally maximized under capitalism, taking all chances with boom and slump; the other group is far more concerned to arrange as much *stable* trade as can be managed into existence. The United States always tries to govern trade by *commercial* considerations, while the planned states prefer to invoke that new and rather amorphous criterion, the *social* benefits. Often the two are not very far apart, but when they are, disagreement raises its ugly head.

And the gap between capitalist premises and those of managed economies widens as we move through neo-capitalism to "socialism" to communism. The USSR is so little interested in American trading principles that she will probably stand completely outside any scheme that is finally evolved, a jeering raider and practitioner of principles that the more moderate states have agreed to forego. A forecast of her rather harsh trading morals is to be discovered in the treaties she has made with various Balkan nations; and the best that she can do, which is none too good, is illustrated by her trade treaty with Sweden.

IV

IN A world which places security at the top of its agenda, it is not astonishing that anything suggestive of boom-and-slump arouses suspicion. Since security is now argued to be achievable only through planning, the force of the recurring American argument for maximum trade through maximum reliance on "automatic mechanisms" is considerably blunted. Nobody doubts the capacity of the United States to sell and buy on a tremendous scale *when it is prosperous*. The trouble is that it is not continuously prosperous. When foreign nations press upon the United States commitments to full employment, as they did again at London, they are simply asking that the United States undertake to run its affairs so that it will be continuously prosperous.

This is hardly a harsh request. If America can do that, most foreign nations will go along with us on international trade policy, even with regard to some of the

proposals they currently view with skepticism. Meanwhile, however, they find themselves in a rather ambiguous position. They really want to agree with the United States, since our power to buy and sell is strategic to world economic well-being; but they also want to have at hand the protective devices which they believe will save them from the worst consequences of the spurts and lurches of the American economy. Therefore even if they could be persuaded to risk not deliberately extending the kinds of controls to which they are subjecting their domestic economies into the international field on other grounds, they would still insist on them because they vote "no confidence" in American stability.

NOR is fear of American instability the whole story. There is also the common fear that the United States is not really sincere in its current professions. I entertain the hope that it is, and could present considerable evidence to support that view. But foreigners take a rather different position; and the confusion on the American scene is warrant for their pessimism. If the whole complex matter must for convenience be hung on a single issue it is, "Will the Republicans continue the reciprocal trade treaty program?" If they should throw it out, foreign caution about commitments to our principles will intensify overnight; and defections from commitments already made will multiply apace. It is not only that the Republicans have a high tariff tradition but that while they were a minority in Congress they usually, as a group, voted against the program. A Republican flight to a high tariff policy will wreck the prospects of a reasonable body of world trade practices more thoroughly than any concessions thus far made, or likely to be made, to the managed economies.

The great American fallacy is that this country should be permitted freely to sell, but need not freely buy. The conflict is basic between the high tariff economic nationalists and the moderate-to-low tariff economic internationalists. One need only read the newspapers to discover that opposition to tariff revision is strong, especially

in relation to particular products. The cumulative force of many particular pressures can be very great, especially at the vote-trading level, where Congressman X agrees to vote for Congressman Y's tariff (in which he is really not seriously interested) if Congressman Y agrees to vote for his (in which Y is not really seriously interested). The nation and the world may be in for a rude shock if they ignore the jockeying for position now going on in the country and in Washington. Raucous voices are once more being heard from the rooftops.

It cannot be denied that many of the arguments put forward by the pro-tariff spokesmen have tremendous emotional force. That is what makes them dangerous. The American people have never been able to deal calmly with the tariff question. They have never been allowed to do so. Always it has been discussed in an atmosphere of missionary fervor that is destructive of the critical powers. The affecting picture of American workmen starving in the grass-grown streets while foreign goods pour in at the ports, still moves thousands off their intellectual bases. By implication the propagandists and their victims do not believe the thesis that underlies the campaign to clear out the channels of trade. They do not believe that foreign trade really improves living standards and therefore should be stimulated. Or they only half believe it. It is fine to sell abroad, they think, and foreigners who raise obstacles to American sales are obviously low scoundrels, but it is poisonous to American welfare to buy abroad and persons who propose to encourage imports are malignant creatures, enemies of the American standard of living. . . . Those who talk this way dote on the *status quo*, fear change like the plague, and by design block those structural changes in the American system of production on which our progress to higher standards depends. It is they, not their opponents, who menace the American standard of living.

If anything is as plain as a pikestaff it is that if we insist on selling abroad but balk at buying freely, foreigners will soon lack the wherewithal to continue buying and the markets will collapse. The only solution then will be "charity" loans (i.e., un-

collectible advances) to cover the deficit. Moreover, in such a situation the foreigners will write the Americans off as hopeless idiots, and, quite correctly, abandon all effort to accommodate themselves to our ideas of how trade should be conducted, since obviously we don't seriously believe them ourselves. They will be strongly tempted to scuttle the international trade organization and go all out for "managed" world trade, letting this country take care of itself as best it can.

The United States today is in a position to determine the pattern of international trading relations. It can either support the pattern already on the way to being blocked out, with its moderate and probably not immovable concessions to the managed economies, and make the domestic adjustments the new role in world economic affairs requires, or it can wreck the whole effort, retreat into an indefensible economic nationalism, and bring onerous evils on itself and the entire world.

How Big Is a Big Budget?

(The italics in the items quoted below are ours.—*The Editors*)

THOMAS W. LAMONT *in Harper's for March 1921, shortly after World War I:*

The grand total of our Treasury requirements is *three and three-fourths billion dollars annually*, as compared with seven-tenths billion for similar purposes in 1914. Secretary Houston has recently urged that revenues should provide for an outlay of at least *four billion dollars a year*. . . . As we look at the situation today, this much is certain: for years the Treasury will be in need of prodigious revenues . . . and the burden of taxation will be heavy.

STUART CHASE *in Harper's for July 1932, at the bottom of the depression:*

Bold and deliberate inflation is the only way out of the immediate crisis. . . . The most serious risks involved are apoplexies in leading citizens due to moral shock. . . . I follow those who propose . . . *five billion dollars* for financing public works, especially highway construction.

GUY GREER *in Harper's for November 1940, during the "defense effort":*

Let us assume that it will take seven years to arm ourselves to the point where we can feel reasonably secure . . . that at the end of the seven-year period we shall level off with an expenditure for everything of *twelve billion dollars a year*. If these figures make your hair stand on end, just remember that they may turn out to be too small—although it is only fair to add that, as far as I know, nobody in authority in Washington has mentioned any so large.

News dispatches from Washington, January 1947:

President Truman proposes a federal budget balanced at *thirty-seven and a half billion dollars* for next year.

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

FOR some years I have been doing agricultural publicity work for one of the Western beet sugar companies and, as a sort of busman's holiday, I'll write about some of the things I'm working with all day long in Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana. These states, with Utah and Idaho across the range, normally produce about seventy-five per cent of our domestic beet sugar. To people who are acquainted with sugar beets only in terms of sugar supply and controversial sugar politics, what we are now doing in the West to reduce the hand-labor requirements of growing the crop may be of interest. These developments seem revolutionary to us and also to the Europeans who are following the program closely.

Not to be confused with the little red garden beet, the sugar beet has a tapered silvery root $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter at the top, about 13 inches long, weighing about $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and with a root system penetrating the ground 5 or 6 feet. Originally the beet seems to have been a sea-borne plant intrenching itself in coastal rocks from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. We have recently gone back to some of these ancestral weeds to take a fresh genetic start in unscrambling some of the Juke and Kallikak traits that had worked their way into the modern beet when it first came into prominence just two centuries ago. It was in 1747 that Marggraf, a German chemist, noted that sucrose from the beet was identical with that extracted from sugar cane. Much interesting folklore and superstition is associated with the beet in Egyptian, Greek, and Latin writing.

The Portuguese poet Gil Vicente (1465-1536?) has a warm place in my heart for scribbling:

One's head should have as much of brains
As the sweetness which the beet contains.

Hard work with two tools, the hoe and the topping knife, characterizes beet culture everywhere, America, Europe, and Asia. The hoe is used in the spring and early summer for operations known as blocking, thinning, and weeding. Traditionally it has been necessary to plant too many beets in order to assure a satisfactory germination stand, then reduce the population by hoe-and-finger work in order to establish a properly spaced stand of single plants to mature for harvest. (Planting too many beets has also been inherent in the nature of the seed, which I shall mention later.) On the harvest side it has been necessary to cut off the crowns and foliage of the beets by hand, using a long knife resembling a machete. These two "stoop-labor" operations, hoe work and knife work, have defied mechanization for generations. In the West we saw the tractor replace the horse, the motor truck the wagon, the power-loader the pitchfork; machines came into the beet sugar industry everywhere, but the hoe and topping knife had everybody stumped.

Today the beet industry is going in for some of the most provocative doubletalk you ever heard, and it's all gospel truth. Out of one side of its mouth the industry is hollering for all the hand workers it can get—more local workers, more migratory workers. The beet price is the highest in

history, \$14.50 per ton, and both Washington and the West see eye-to-eye on turning out as much sugar as possible as quickly as possible. Requiring only six months from seed to sugar bag, the beet, for the moment, can supply sugar quicker than tropical cane, which requires up to eighteen months or more. Hollering, as I say, out of one side of its mouth for more labor, the industry, out of the other side, is telling the farmer he really doesn't need all this labor. Both attitudes make a great deal of sense.

Certainly the industry is soon to say farewell to the topping knife. Five years ago a mechanical beet harvester was as outlandish as a kangaroo in Colorado, but in 1946 approximately 2,200 machines harvested 18 per cent of the beet crop in the United States and, in California, where harvesting can continue seven to eight months, 65 per cent of the crop was harvested mechanically. These machines are spectacular and do good work. How many new ones will be available in 1947 I don't know because production bottlenecks are still a factor, but there will be hundreds more and it would be my guess that in a few years the topping knife will be a museum piece. Meanwhile we need all the hand workers we can get.

Reducing or eliminating hand work on the spring side of the year, however, is something else; but here also we are making surprisingly good progress. The immediate direction we consider most promising would seem to an outsider, on the face of it, most contradictory, for, through fullest use of advanced machinery, plant breeding, agronomic research, and seed manipulation, we are trying to change the man with the hoe into, believe it or not, a man with a hoe. But the man no longer crawls along on his hands and knees but moves along quickly on his hind legs; the hoe has a long handle and there's no finger work; far fewer men are required—perhaps only the hired man and a neighbor helper—and there's less work all around. All this is in the wood but, as I say, for the time being we need all the old-fashioned beet labor we can get, and if you're looking for a job, put on your overalls and hop to it.

It is beyond the scope of these remarks to say more about the bewildering subject

of sugar in general than may be helpful in giving some context for what we are doing here in the West. But I would say that for the thousands of economic and political tracts on sugar I wish there were at least one good philosophical book on the subject. When anybody gives you a quick answer to sugar shortages or sugar policies, put him down as a fool or a liar. Sugar looks so innocent and pure that it's hard to realize that it behaves like dynamite in national and international affairs and always has. We are beguiled, I think, by the pleasant flavor and ubiquity of sugar. Perhaps if we thought more in terms of the high energy content of sugar, which can be used for many things from food to munitions, we might have a better notion of why all nations are so jealous and quarrelsome about it. Why sugar prices are never the same in any two countries, and why each sugar source has been developed in competition with expanding production in other areas, all endeavoring to obtain the largest possible share of a seemingly limitless demand, are, it seems to me, stem-winding phenomena.

BUT to sketch the picture briefly, tropical sugar cane is the largest and cheapest source of world supply. Beet sugar in the temperate zone developed out of the Napoleonic upheavals. Wartime jeopardy of tropical supply lines has favored northern beet production politically, and, once the beet gets established, its agronomic adaptability seems to fortify its position. Successful beet culture demands both clean cultivation and crop rotation and it so happens that the crops which grow best in sequence with beets also round out an ideal livestock ration with sugar beet by-products—beet tops, and the pulp and molasses discarded from the factories. This cycle enables the farmer to convert all his bulky produce into concentrated sugar and meat, and restore crop residues with animal manure to the soil. This has always appealed to Europe and in some countries, notably Sweden, the cycle is practically perfect. In the West the beet farmer has always been able to compete with the Corn Belt on feeding costs.

Through protective policies, a third of the world's sugar output (27,992,000 long

tons) comes from beets. The Soviet Union is the largest beet producer (2,400,000 tons) with Germany now second (1,400,000), followed by the United States (1,330,000), then, in order, France, Czechoslovakia, Great Britain, Poland, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, and many other countries including Japan, Australia, and South American countries. As for the United States, three-fourths of our sugar in 1946 came from sugar cane, chiefly from Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii—the Philippines are on their way back after a very tough time of it—and one-fourth came from sugar beets in a third of our states from the Great Lakes to the Pacific with the largest production in the intermountain states.

All green plants are inefficient in converting solar energy into their own food from which we get ours and such things as coal and petroleum, but sugar beets are among half a dozen plants that do the sun-gathering job somewhat less lackadaisically than the others. An acre of Colorado irrigated land that will give up, say, 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 calories through alfalfa hay, corn, or small grain, will release more than 17,000,000 calories through the sugar beet. Offering a bigger pot of calories to dig into, which amounts to offering the farmer more employment, the beet has made solvent farming possible on reclamation projects where the cost of supplementing deficient rainfall is an additional cost of production. In the North Platte Valley of Nebraska, a typical reclamation project and nicely isolated for study, sugar beets grown on one-fifth of the land produce over half the gross return from all crops. This is all very nice, but there's a catch in it. Growing beets has always required, to put it mildly, one hell of a lot of work, performed in every country by peasant labor. German-Russians, some Orientals, some Mexicans and, predominantly for years, Spanish-Americans have done the bulk of this work in the West.

MUCH of this hard work goes back to the beet seed itself. What we call a seed—or did up to five years ago—is actually a ball or cluster of seeds. This corky mass might include one or two germs and sometimes three, four, or more, resulting in a high incidence of multiple seed-

lings jammed together in one place. Moreover, to be on the safe side, in order to get a good germination stand to work on, the farmer would plant eighteen or more pounds of these whole seed balls per acre. The idea of breeding single-germ seed, in order to get rid of these awkward seed balls, has excited geneticists and they finally seem to be on the right track, but it may take years to produce the right kind of beet even after the single-seed characteristic is nailed down.

Meanwhile agricultural engineers have developed a short-cut to this slow breeding research. They simply crack the whole seed balls into their single-germ segments, pinching the balls against what looks like an old-fashioned grindstone. Today, instead of planting 18 pounds of seed clusters, we plant only 4 pounds per acre, or even as low as 1½ pounds under favorable conditions, of single-germ segments. Every acre in this area, thanks to this ingenious manipulation, is now planted with segmented seed, resulting in thinner stands, fewer multiple seedlings, and at least 25 per cent less thinning work than was required even four years ago. This new seed requires precision drills and modifications of old drills, and this program is moving as rapidly as manufacturing problems permit.

Moreover the thinning, if it must be done, can easily be done by mechanical methods using the tractor. I don't know how many machines or devices we now have for thinning beets. Somebody thinks up a new one every day, but there is some psychological resistance on the part of the farmer and, to date, there are not enough machines to go around. Probably the best method requires little more machinery than the farmer already has in his tool shed—simply hooking up some knives or duck-feet on the tool bar of the cultivator at desired spacing intervals and riding rough-shod straight across the rows—that is, at right angles to the rows. This works excellently, but the farmer can hardly believe it, and I can certainly sympathize with him. It doesn't make sense to see the big tractor wheels crushing down the tender seedlings while the knives and duckfeet rip them to smithereens. But curiously, in a day or two the field has made marvelous recovery, with high inci-

dence of single plants, requiring little hoe work and often none at all. Considerable propaganda work with motion pictures, lectures, and field demonstrations is being carried on to give the farmer self-assurance to realize the substantial labor-saving opportunities of cross-the-row thinning by machines.

Down-the-row thinning machines look more logical and encounter no moral hazards because the farmer is accustomed to working down the row. All sorts of gadgets do satisfactory work in whacking out the unwanted beets—rotating blades or knives, rotating discs with cut-out sections, diamond points that swing back and forth to chop into the seedlings at regular intervals, and some devices involve the electric eye. Chemical thinning has also been demonstrated. Some of the ideas are downright Rube Goldberg. I know of one machine that attempts robot-wise to simulate the action of the hand holding the hoe.

WHICH leads to a very provocative question: is thinning, either by men or machines, necessary at all? We'd like to think it isn't. We'd like to put a single-germ seed where a seed ought to be, get the beet population we want, and harvest mechanically. Obviously this requires many techniques and favorable conditions working together: good fertility, favorable moisture, excellent seed-bed preparation, timely planting with a precision drill, certainty of germination, and weed control. All this requires education and more knowledge than we now have about some procedures. Last year, however, there were some fields brought to maturity without any hand work whatever and our emphasis at this time is on securing light, even stands of seedlings which will not require blocking or thinning in the traditional sense, but which can merely be trimmed up with a long-handled hoe. But where thinning is necessary, the machine is recommended, instead of stoop labor. All this, however, is going to take time. In agriculture there is always a lag between discovery and application of new methods.

In closing, just a few words about these spectacular harvesting machines. Some twenty are in process of development and

at least four are in commercial use on increasing scale. Some machines top the beet while it is still in the ground, others pull up the whole beet first and cut off the foliage later. They will harvest three to seven acres a day, replacing whole gangs of hand workers. You hear a great deal of talk about one-man harvesting with wheat, corn, and cotton. Whether one man will ever harvest a good acreage, say 40 acres of beets, in twenty-five days of open autumn weather, I don't know, but I made movies last fall of a Mitchell, Nebraska, farmer who actually harvested 23 acres himself in six days, and hauled a good share of the beets to the receiving station himself. A careful study of twenty-three farms by the University of Nebraska in 1945 showed that old-fashioned work, hand topping and hand loading, cost \$2.00 per ton; hand topping and machine loading cost \$1.87 per ton; but where the farmer did the whole thing mechanically, namely, machine harvesting and machine loading, the cost was only 97 cents per ton. In other words, the cost was cut by more than half and the gangs of laborers with the topping knives were gone.

If, in the years ahead, sugar beets can be grown on our high-cost Western irrigated lands with, say, no more labor than you'd find on a typical Corn Belt farm, it will be an excellent thing for the West. The complications of migratory labor will be eliminated. And other things are important. More reclamation is indicated for the West, and there's nothing like putting water on the land to lure the speculator into looting the soil with quick cash crops that put nothing back. Like the East, South, and Corn Belt, the West is finally being forced into using commercial fertilizer—all it can get. But inorganic fertilizer isn't the whole answer. There must be organic matter, particularly animal manure. The beet cycle, which has fattened literally millions of cattle and lambs over the past quarter century, lends itself to manure restoration more admirably than any cropping system we have. As for the political future of the beet I am no soothsayer, but I am inclined to think that this sun-storing vegetable is likely to survive the stupidities of its worst friends and the idealism of its best enemies.

PLANNING TO VISIT ENGLAND?

CYRIL RAY

NINETEEN forty-seven sees Britain committed, for the first time in her history, to deliberate encouragement of her tourist trade. A debtor nation, with an adverse trade balance, she recalls that in the years between the wars foreign visitors, without any encouragement at all, spent thirty million pounds a year in Britain. Now, as part of the government's program for trade recovery, she hopes to entice enough visitors from abroad this year—Britain's first postwar "tourist year"—to leave nearly as much as that behind them in foreign currency. And the government looks ahead to a yearly trade, when things become normal, of a hundred million pounds, of which enough will be in American dollars to offset the thirty-five million pounds due annually in payment on the American loan.

So this year's American visitor can regard himself as both an expected and a welcome guest. As such, he might reasonably hope, too, to be a guest well looked after; but his hostess has been having difficulties, and the guest will avoid some disappointments if he bears them in mind. Dame Britannia is a well meaning old lady who finds herself obliged, for the first time in her long life, to take in paying guests. She is less prosperous than she was, or the necessity wouldn't have arisen; the same factor will cramp her hospitality for a time. She hasn't been used to going out of her way to please; in the good old days

there was open house and people could drop in if they chose—the old lady wasn't one to *ask* for favors. So she may not always be as good at the job as her French and Swiss and Belgian neighbors, who've been professional landladies for so much longer. Now and again the visitor, catching a glimpse of the old independence, may imagine Dame Britannia's saying to herself: "I wasn't always reduced to this; I used to be a lady of independent means." At those times the paying guest will be patient; Dame Britannia's is a nice house, even if she hasn't always remembered to put flowers in the guest room.

GUEST rooms, in fact, are not too numerous. They never were, even before wartime bombings and requisitionings. Britain is so small an island that much of a native's traveling, in the hundred years since coaching days, could be done without having to spend a night away from home. And it is internal travel by Britain's own people that so far determines the number, size, and quality of hotels. In the last prewar handbook published by Britain's Automobile Association the hotels good enough for the visitor from abroad had room for only about 80,000 people at one time; 9,000 in "five star" hotels (the luxury class), 26,000 in "four star," and 45,000 in "three star." Since then there has been war, with its blitzes and its requisitioning. The gov-

Formerly a member of the editorial staff of the Manchester Guardian, Cyril Ray saw varied and active service as a war correspondent and is now a free-lance journalist in London.

ernment departments concerned have been doing their best to restore the damage: bomb-damaged hotels have been given priorities for their repair work and sent toward the head of Britain's endless queue for manpower and material—both in “short supply,” which is officialdom's latest phrase for scarcity. And of more than 4,000 hotels, boardinghouses, and restaurants taken over by government departments for war purposes all but 300 have been handed back by now. But that means, at best, that there will be hardly as many hotel rooms as there were before the war and this year, too, fifteen million more Britons than ever before (plus their dependents), thanks to the Labor government's social legislation, will be enjoying holidays with pay. Not many of these would be competing for accommodation at the kind of hotel that would appeal to American visitors, but their demands will have an effect on the total accommodation available.

So the wise traveler—who will, in any case, have booked his steamer or airplane tickets far in advance—will do well to book hotel rooms too, through his own travel agency. And because British holiday-makers are inseparably wedded to August (and to some extent to July and September) for their vacations, the same wise traveler will plan to come to Britain in the spring or fall. And there are other reasons, as we shall see, for choosing these periods of the year.

Not only will he book rooms early, he will book them with reference to a map. Britain's railway and bus services have got back to normal more quickly than her hotels; the trains have their restaurant-cars back, and their food is tolerable. So if the would-be visitor can book a room in London he may find that it is easier to make day trips from there to bomb-damaged Canterbury, to Oxford, where so many of today's undergraduates are veterans whose wives have taken what accommodation there is, to Dover, which was Hellfire Corner once, and to Brighton or to Windsor, undamaged but crammed, than to try to book rooms at all five.

All those places are within eighty miles of London, and that, in England, is a radius that permits of a day's train trip

and back again to bed at one's base.

Similarly, if accommodation is lacking at Stratford-on-Avon (for the Shakespeare Festival which lasts from April to October), at bombed Coventry, or at medieval Chester, or eighteenth-century Bath—all so well worth seeing, and all still infested by government departments—then the map will show in each case that there is a sizable town near by where it may be easier to find a room: at Birmingham or Leamington, say, for Coventry or Stratford; at Liverpool or Manchester for Chester; at Bristol for Bath.

THE American who brings his own car with him (as he may, without much trouble) or who can afford the high rates charged here—£3 to £6 a day, which is \$12 to \$24, for chauffeur-driven or drive-yourself cars—will find these problems of “covering” Britain that much easier. Britain's main roads are still excellent in spite of wartime neglect. Gas, at this writing, is still rationed, but there are reasonable allowances for the visitor from overseas—coupons for him at the quay if he has brought his own car, properly insured, or at the car-hire garage, to which any hotel porter will direct him. And gas rationing may well be done away with by the time these words appear.

Not, though, the rationing of food and of clothes. Within the first five days of his stay in England the visitor must get a temporary ration card from the local food office—again ask the hotel porter where it is. It is only against the coupons in this card that the staple foods such as bread, meat, sugar, bacon, fats, and so on can be bought. But it is less trouble than it sounds. The rationing system is a nuisance only to the housewife, who by now is hardened to it. The visitor hands in his card to his hotel and forgets about it; it is necessary to do this in any hotel or boardinghouse, and the private host, of course, will be glad of it if one spends more than five nights in his home. No cards or coupons are needed for restaurant meals. There, in restaurants, meals are restricted to three courses and a maximum price of five shillings (one dollar), excluding drinks and coffee and tips. A few de luxe restaurants are per-

mitted an extra "house charge" (which must be clearly marked on the menu), up to a maximum of a further six shillings, and additional charges are permitted for music and dancing.

Britain's system of rationing and price control has some prime virtues: it is equitable, and it leaves no room for a black market. A little favoritism here and there, perhaps, a little nepotism, a little under-the-counter work with a few rare luxuries—just enough to show that the British, too, are human. But not enough to establish one standard of living for the rich and another for the poor. And even in catering for the tourists from whom we expect so much, "we will not run," said a Minister of the Crown the other day, "a dual standard of life."

So the visitor must be prepared for the sort of meals and the sort of service, in hotels and restaurants, that Britons themselves put up with. And he isn't likely to be dazzled by either. British cooking, at its worst a byword, depended at its best on prime cuts of fish and meat, on plenty of fats and fruit for the grills and roasts, the puddings and pies that were its glories. Prime cuts are rare finds these days, ration cards don't run to plenties of anything, and the British have never shared the French talent of making palatable and good-looking meals out of odds and ends. At the ordinary hotel you will have enough to eat, but seldom a meal to get excited about; at the smartest London hotels and restaurants there will be exactly as much, with perhaps a shade more swagger about the way it looks on the table.

As with food, so with service. Laundries are undermanned and may take ten days to wash the linen that's been soiled in a week. So the American should bring enough shirts and collars and pajamas and handkerchiefs. And because hotels never have enough coupons to be really lavish with towels and soap those, too, should fill a corner of the bag.

ALL THIS is tiresome, and the natives quite naturally are more than tired of it. Britons, indeed, are more tired after the continued austerities of two postwar years than after the six years of

war itself, and patience has worn a little thin. Britons themselves write testy letters to the papers about the decline in good manners, the brusqueries and offhandedness of bus conductors and waiters and shop assistants, of public servants generally. Manners are not so bad, actually, as writers to the press would make out; civility is still met with civility. But the man or the girl with a job to do is quick to snap back at impatience or at attempts to get more of anything than a fair share. Americans, particularly, will find the British friendly—so many British families had good friends among the GI's who were here so long, and still get long letters from them—but they will find the British, too, ready to resent any notion that a long purse will buy special favors. The best of the British, that is; the seasoned traveler hardly needs telling that those *not* quick to such resentment are friends to beware of. There are seedy corner-boys in any country who can find the foreigner anything at a price (the price is invariably too high, and the whiskey almost inevitably diluted).

For there are shortages of consumer goods—the kind of shortages that mean quick and easy money to the work-shy. Hard liquor by the bottle is only one of them, but one of the first the traveler will notice when, tired of paying half-a-dollar a small glass at the bar for Scotch, he tries to buy a bottle at the controlled price of five dollars to entertain his friends more economically in his room.

Most luxuries and semi-luxuries are hard to come by, or expensive, or both. Britain's factories and Britain's craftsmen are busy and productive as never before, but their finest work is being produced for export, and the American has a better choice of characteristically British goods, from bottles of Worcester sauce to Rolls-Royce cars, in New York or Chicago or San Francisco than he will find in London.

Such goods as are to be found in London's shops carry varying degrees of the purchase tax that is another of the war-time hangovers; the more luxurious the goods the higher the tax. Or, like cigars and cigarettes, they carry an ordinary indirect custom-and-excise tax. The tax on tobacco has increased steadily and steeply

since 1939, when it was already high, until now a pack of twenty of a standard brand of cigarettes costs about half-a-dollar. And as English cigarettes are mild for the American palate, the visitor will do well to bring his own. He is allowed a couple of hundred duty-free.

Those goods that are free of purchase tax, interesting to the visitor; and thick in the shop windows for anyone to buy—antiques, chiefly, and modern paintings—need export licenses before they can leave the country, but the dealer who sells them will make the necessary arrangements, and they are duty-free at American ports. These, indeed, with books, which are also free of tax, are the best bargains in London now.

London's antique dealers are reputable and expert. Americans will find eighteenth-century decanters or Regency tea-caddies, to mention a couple of the more portable things, charming presents and probably cheaper than in the States. Twenty-five dollars will buy a handsome specimen of either. Contemporary painting in England is lively and vital, and the dealers in Bond Street and thereabouts are glad to put modest collectors on to the work of promising young men.

All clothes except the cheapest "utility" goods carry purchase tax, but as all except hats are rationed, and the visitor here for less than two months gets no clothing coupons, there is no question of buying them. There, too, the finest English tweed suitings, or silk ties, or knitted sweaters will be easier to find in America.

So the visitor must bring all the clothes he needs. What kind of clothes? Most American women will find that it is seldom too warm in any part of Britain for suits and sweaters, though they will need a summer frock or two; few American men would ever find an opportunity in England to wear a Palm Beach or a gabardine suit. A tuxedo will do now for any formal evening occasion that would once have demanded white tie and tails.

ENGLAND, though not so foggy as Hollywood would have it, has a mild, moist climate, with a narrow range of temperature and rainfall: July, the hottest month, has an average tem-

perature only 24° F higher than January, the coldest; October, the wettest month, has an average rainfall only one inch heavier than April, the driest. Charles II, who had never visited Florida and may never have heard of California, but who knew his Europe well, said of the English climate that it was the only one in which a man could comfortably spend some part of every day out of doors.

It is true, at any rate, that it is never too hot or too cold to go out in an ordinary light woolen suit, with an ordinary overcoat at worst, and that the rain hardly ever comes in the form of a torrential downpour. And England's few insects are decorative—most people will meet only moths and butterflies—rather than predatory.

It is indoors rather than out that Americans find the English climate trying. (One writes of English weather as of habit; Scotland can be a little colder, Ireland a little wetter, but only a little in each case.) The best hotels and the newest blocks of apartments have central heating; few are air-conditioned. The more modest hotels, and almost all private houses, will find American guests shivering in bedrooms and bathrooms, and crowding the fireplace—the open fire is the Briton's god—in draughty drawing rooms.

With so even a climate there is little to be said for choosing to visit England in July and August, its brief high summer, which is as likely to be wet as dry, or moist and muggy if the weather's hot. And these, too, are the months when hotels and holiday places are fullest. Spring and fall are as pleasant and as sunny, and each has its special charm. In May and June there is a freshness in the English air and a tenderness about the perennial green of England's grass and the hedgerows that line the English lanes. In Kent and in the West Country, in May especially, the fruit orchards are a cloud of pink and white blossoms, and London's parks are as charming as anything that Paris can show. And in the fall, in September and October, the parks and the countryside are mellow without being parched, and the sunshine at morning and London's lights at evening come with a rich glow through the misty air.

THE London "season" begins in the spring, traditionally heralded by the opening of the Royal Academy's exhibition at Burlington House on May 3. And the smaller galleries in Bond Street and St. James's open their shows of old masters and of the livelier new painters as counterblasts to the contemporary traditionalists of Piccadilly. The same month, this year, sees Britain and America golfing for the Walker Cup in Scotland, the great flower show at Chelsea, and a royal horse show at Windsor; June brings the Derby, the Royal race meeting at Ascot (flowered frocks and picture hats, silk toppers and morning-coats—or so the diehards dress), tennis at Wimbledon, and the British Open Golf Championship.

So it goes on through the summer. The fall is quieter as far as such social functions go, but London's theaters are busy all the year round, and the London stage has seldom been healthier. Shakespeare and the classics flourish at Stratford-on-Avon through October; in London the Old Vic Company carries a torch which blazed for a spell last year—do you remember Laurence Olivier's "Henry V"?—on Broadway and on the Champs-Élysées. In the other theaters the emphasis is on England's traditional specialty, the comedy of manners; many a revue and light comedy these days make game of the reverse side of a socialist government's benevolence—red tape, bureaucracy, and the devil take the foremost.

Does that seem to be the first bright note in a dreary catalogue of shortages, high prices, austerities, and restrictions? It is hard for the English writer not to become apologetic in his first welcoming notes to the American guest, and many visitors will find their English friends saying, "Ah, if only you'd seen England before the war!"

But Britain is already sprucing herself up again. True, there is plenty of bomb-damage to be seen: London's ruined Wren churches, Coventry Cathedral and Canterbury, a gap-toothed crescent or an obliterated shopping street in almost any town in the island. But although the damage is still there, and any citizen will take you to it (or the government's Central Office of Information in Malet Street,

or the Travel Association's information center in Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square, London, will tell you where to go); in spite of all that, Britons themselves are more interested in planning and rebuilding than in pottering about the past, even the recent past, even the ruins that recall their own steadfastness through six years of war. (But don't suggest to an Englishman that his people played anything but the major part in winning that war. He was in it for a long time, longer than America or Russia was. And he'll recognize *their* share so long as he isn't prompted.)

THE plans for rebuilding London and Coventry and Plymouth and Manchester are brave plans for a new world—plans to rebuild not only the damage done by German bombers but that more squalid heritage of a century and a half of unrestrained industrialism and profit-seeking. The plans themselves are to be seen at the Ministry of Town and Country Planning in St. James's Square; the spirit behind them is part of the resilience of Britain, and peeps out, too, in revivals of all sorts of old graces and old amenities: riding again in the Row, pretty frocks at Ascot—the result of who-knows-what coupon economies—flowers replacing vegetables and antiaircraft guns in London's parks.

If there are few luxuries to buy in London's shops it is because Britain is fighting hard to find new markets and recapture old ones for her old industries; if there is no restaurant in London that can give you the meal that Paris can, nevertheless the meal you do get will be at a fair cost. (Rationing and controls are the price that Britain has chosen to pay for the pleasure of having the only negligible black market in Western Europe and the best-fed poor.)

Make sure, without fail, at your travel agency that there are hotel accommodations reserved for you in Britain. Once you are here there will be food enough and plenty to see and enjoy. The Travel Association, already mentioned, and the English-Speaking Union in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, will give American visitors all the help they need. And any Englishman at all will give them a welcome.

THE SWAMI AND DR. SCHULTZ

A Story

SEYMOUR FREEDGOOD

REFUGEES from National Socialism have turned up in many unexpected places during the past ten years but none so strange, I think, as the Hindu city of Brindaban in western India. Located in the United Provinces close to the Rajput States, its 5,000 temples, monasteries, and shrines mark the legendary site of Lord Krishna's revels with the cowgirls of that vicinity. With the exception of the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, a Christian missionary who operated a small school and hospital at Brindaban, there seemed little in its peculiar associations to attract a refugee from the West. When I learned from Mr. Caldwell that in addition to being a refugee, Dr. Schultz was a noted scholar, had indeed been an instructor in comparative religion at the University of Leipzig before coming out to India ten years ago, and was now living as a Hindu monk in Swami Bon's monastery, I could hardly believe it. In such a refuge it seemed highly improbable that a European could exist.

Although I was curious to meet Dr. Schultz, I must say that at the outset I restrained myself. I felt—although I may have been wrong in this—that if the German had gone to such lengths in his rejection of Western society, we should grant him his peace. Against the background of so absolute a withdrawal he

would at any rate take unkindly to a visit, no matter how cordial, from a sergeant in the American military police.

But with this attitude, the Rev. Mr. Caldwell was in sharp disagreement. Since I was stationed at a nearby American air-base, it being my job at the time to escort parties of officer-tourists to the holy city, I often stopped by at the mission and we had frequently discussed the matter. According to the Christian missionary, Dr. Schultz stood to benefit from any type of Western influence. Having withdrawn to a Hindu monastery at a time when the Nazis had seemed triumphant everywhere, he might profit from a talk with one of the victorious Americans. This was 1946 and the Nazis had long been defeated. He should now return to the West. When I persisted in my refusal to meddle, my personal attitude toward the West being such that I could not in good conscience persuade anyone, and certainly not a German refugee, to risk his prospects on it, Mr. Caldwell resorted to subterfuge. I am still astonished at the cunning with which he brought our meeting about.

It happened that a party I had been escorting through Brindaban had lingered so long among the ritual places that it was time for tea. Settling them in the Rev. Mr. Caldwell's compound, I had hardly poured myself a cup when he launched

Like Sergeant Baxter in this story, Seymour Freedgood was a sergeant in our Air Force in India, and greatly interested in the native life and religion.

his attack. "I hope you enjoyed your day among the temples," he said to my people. "Fantastic, aren't they? Did you visit Dr. Schultz?"

I tried to catch his eye but he refused to be intimidated. "I mean the German refugee who became a Hindu ascetic," he explained to Miss Phillips, the Red Cross girl. "The one who's been living with Swami Bon."

Miss Phillips perked up at once. "Sergeant Baxter never told us about them," she said indignantly. The rest of my party was looking at me with surprise. "Who are Swami Bon and Dr. Schultz?"

"I didn't think you'd be interested," I said miserably. "Just a pair of old swamis. I've never met them myself."

"Who said we weren't interested?" demanded another member of the party, a major who had been paying court to the Red Cross girl all day. "Of course we're interested."

"We're intensely interested," said Miss Phillips. "Mr. Caldwell, will you tell us what this is about?"

The missionary was happy to oblige. It appeared that Swami Bon, spiritual master of a leading monastery at Brindaban, had brought Dr. Schultz out from Germany in 1936. The Swami had been making a lecture tour of Europe and America and had met Dr. Schultz at the University of Leipzig. National Socialism had long become oppressive to the German scholar. With the exception of a short stay at a British internment camp, he had been at the monastery at Brindaban ever since.

When Miss Phillips inquired what a Hindu swami could have been doing on a lecture tour of Europe and America, Mr. Caldwell explained that Swami Bon was a person of distinguished reputation. A member of an old family of Bengali Brahmins, he was noted as a lecturer and interpreter of Hindu theology and had traveled much in the outside world. Miss Phillips also learned, to her manifest elation, that on one of his international lecture tours the Swami had visited east-coast America and had lectured at Columbia. Since she knew that I had once attended that university myself and for a time before the war had also studied at Leipzig, she smiled significantly. "Then

Sergeant Baxter is just the person to take us, isn't he? He'll have so much in common with both." In my mind I could already see her outlining a new series of Red Cross tours.

"But it's late," I objected. "We've got to get back to the base."

"You needn't stay long," said the missionary. So surprised had I been by this sudden betrayal that I had almost forgotten its initiator. Mr. Caldwell, however, had a final shot in his bolt. "The fact is, they're half expecting you. Dr. Schultz took some treatment at the clinic this morning and I told him that an American professor of philosophy, now enlisted in his country's service . . ."

"Damn it, Mr. Caldwell," I said angrily, "you shouldn't have said that. You know I was never . . ."

"Imagine using such language to a minister," remarked Miss Phillips. "Sergeant, shall we go?"

I decided to make the best of it. Since the decision was already made for me I could now indulge my curiosity. I had often wanted to visit the monastery myself. Taking leave of Mr. Caldwell, who assured me once again that Dr. Schultz would benefit, I joined Miss Phillips and our party and in dubious spirits drove off to see the monks.

THE road over which we now traveled was faced on each side by that diversity of architecture which gives Brindaban its national character. Side by side with pyramidal shrines from southern India stand the sandstone spires of Rajputana and the wattle huts of the eastern states. "That's the Mohan temple now," I said, pointing to the gateway and swelling dome of a red sandstone edifice. It was the oldest of the Krishna sites. "They live around here." Although Miss Phillips was still excited, the rest of our party seemed half asleep. "Let's stay just long enough to see the German," I suggested. "Swami Bon is sure to be suspicious." A sugar-cane press in a nearby field shrieked noisily as we pulled up in front of a low, walled garden and looked over an acre of sunflowers and bougainvillea at a neat concrete house.

"Take over, sergeant," said one of the officers. "You went to college with these

fellows. It's your show."

A dark, slender man, his saffron robe draped elegantly across one shoulder, the lower end covering his body as far down as the knee, came hurrying across the garden path. "Welcome to our ashram," he said, speaking very careful English. Even at this distance I could see that our uniformed presence had caused a spurt of activity on the verandah. Monks seemed running all about. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Your holiness," I said, noting from the markings on his forehead, his costume, and the extreme sensitiveness of his face that he was a person of some ecclesiastical importance, "we are a party of Americans from the air depot at Chandrapore. We heard so much about Brindaban that we decided to come."

"Americans!" said the personage, beginning to thaw a little. "Gentlemen, my name is Trivandi Swami B.H. Bon. I am the spiritual leader of this humble community. May I offer you the comforts of our house?" Hastily I made the introductions, calling the Red Cross girl by name and then summoning the rest from the car. They were looking about them uncertainly.

"Americans," the Swami mused as he led me up the pathway, Miss Phillips and her officers trailing nervously at the rear. "I had the honor once to lecture at some universities of your country. But that was before the war."

"So I understand," I said warily, uncertain yet as to where we did stand. His brother monks, I noted, seemed to have composed themselves and were now waiting to greet us on the porch. Though they were less elegantly dressed than their leader, I found an element of grace about them which in such tranquil surroundings was quite becoming. But of a European I could see no trace. "Berlin, Leipzig, Columbia," the Swami was saying. "I had the honor to lecture at them all."

"Don't tell me you lectured at Columbia!" cried the Red Cross girl, who was now walking between us, her arms linked in ours. "How absolutely marvelous! Perhaps you'll remember Sergeant Baxter, Swami. He went there too!"

"Did you?" he was saying as we walked up the verandah steps. The delegation of

monks came out to greet us, but since no one else appeared to speak English I thought further introductions unnecessary. Looking uneasily at Miss Phillips, the officers bowed and the monks prostrated themselves in answer. "Would you care to see our shrine?" asked the Swami, and nervously my party admitted themselves into one of the cool, white rooms. They were gone less than five minutes but in that time I had come to terms with our host.

"Your friends seem unhappy in our community," said the Swami. He had escorted them into the shrine room but had immediately come out. "Why did you bring them?"

I DECIDED to be truthful. "We were at tea with Mr. Caldwell when he told them about your German refugee. I took advantage of their interest to come over myself." I paused and for a moment glanced hastily into the adjoining study. A fair-headed man of extreme emaciation, his face Teutonic in character but his body shrouded in a white toga, was standing huddled against the wall. "I understand you met him at the University of Leipzig," I continued. Obviously the Swami had intercepted my glance. "It occurred to me that we might have mutual friends."

The swami was looking at me steadily. "Mr. Caldwell informed us you were coming." It was evident from the way he said it that he and the Christian were rivals. "Exactly what is your business at Brindaban? You're not a missionary yourself?" Again I could speak truthfully. "Certainly not," I said. "I'm a soldier in the American forces who once had an interest in philosophy. If I want to engage you and Dr. Schultz in conversation, it's because I'm interested in Hindu life."

"I hope you can remember that," the Swami said shortly. From inside the shrine room I could hear Miss Phillips talking loudly about some colored dolls. "Both Dr. Schultz and I would be happy to talk to you," he continued. "But perhaps at another time? My colleague is unused to Western society."

"Of course," I said. "I understand perfectly. Thank you for the invitation."

My associates were now pouring out of

the shrine room and I hurried over to join them. "Well?" Miss Phillips whispered. "Did you get to see him?"

"I saw him," I told her. "I'm to come back."

"Oh, you should have seen the pretty doll house," Miss Phillips said loudly. "Who lives in the pretty doll house, Swami?"

"God," said Swami Bon. "Please come again," he said to me as we were climbing back into the car. "Dr. Schultz will be anxious to talk."

ONCE launched on my attack on the monastery I found it hard to withdraw. Not only was there pressure from Mr. Caldwell, whose interest in Dr. Schultz was evangelical, and who was able to give my blunt curiosity a respectable cloak; there was also pressure from the monks themselves. It was my impression that Dr. Schultz, worried in his own mind about his future, was anxious to justify his conversion in the eyes of one whom he considered a visiting scholar, and that in this project he was getting encouragement from Swami Bon. It also occurs to me that they may have been interested in making converts themselves. At any rate I soon after had a letter from them, addressed to Professor Charles Baxter (Staff Sergeant), U. S. Armed Forces, Chandrapore. In it they again urged me to come down. Although I blushed at this gratuitous professorship—a title for which Mr. Caldwell was responsible—I decided to take advantage of it. "Professor" seemed so much better than "sergeant" in this sort of enterprise. Taking still another hitch in my conscience, I resolved to go ahead.

On the day of our appointed meeting I drove over to Brindaban in my own vehicle. As I swung up to the monastery, clouds of dust announcing my arrival, they were already at the garden gate. "This is my colleague, Dr. Schultz," Swami Bon said after I had greeted him. "We are so glad you could come."

I offered my hand to the tall, emaciated European but instead of grasping it he replied in the Hindu fashion, putting his palms together in front of his face and then bowing with the upper half of his body.

Except for a difference of color, his robe being white while his mentor's was saffron, he and the Swami were dressed exactly alike. Their tonsures also were similar, the skulls of both being entirely shaven except for the small holy knot at the crown. But the similarity ended at their faces; not only was the Swami's clear mahogany in color, Dr. Schultz's deathly white, but there was a skeletal difference also, the Hindu having the delicate cheek bones and elongated jaw of the Bengali Brahmin, the European having short, curt features (now softened by contemplation and suffering) of the sort that we associate with members of the German General Staff.

"Professor," he said with a slight Teutonic guttural, "I am so sorry I could not greet you last time. I was a little upset."

"I can believe it," I said readily. "Even the strongest people get upset by American Red Cross tours. I was upset myself."

We were being preceded up the garden path by four or five neophytes, all of them grinning and prancing with nervousness. At a gesture from Swami Bon they scuttled up the cottage stairs, crossed the white verandah, and opened the door next to the shrine room. Following them, I was escorted by my two hosts into the study where I had first seen the German cowering the time before. We arranged ourselves on chairs.

Posted as I was, facing them and tilted back against one of the bookcases, I considered my opponents as they were seated, shoulder to shoulder, across the wide desk. They were definitely a united front and I felt very much the intruder. "I hardly know where to begin," said the Swami after we had chatted a few moments, discussing mutual friends at Columbia. "It's so long since we had a visitor from the West."

"You might tell me a little about Brindaban," I suggested. "I'm interested in your religious life."

My two friends leaned forward. "You are familiar with Sri Chaitanya and the neo-Krishna revival?" asked Swami Bon. Vigorously I shook my head. "Brindaban," said the Swami, beginning to relax a little, "has the same importance in Hindu culture as Bethlehem or Nazareth

in yours. The birthplace of Lord Krishna, it is the seat of a religious revival which began in Bengal in the sixteenth century and has since attained national scope. Again like primitive Christianity, its aim is to lay spiritual foundations for a new type of social life."

"But what's that to do with you?" I asked the German. "How did you ever get here?"

The answer was reasonable enough. Dr. Schultz, it appeared, had a double purpose in mind when in 1936 he had decided to escape his Western commitments by accompanying Swami Bon to India. If National Socialism had long been abhorrent to him, so was the whole body of Christian dogma against which National Socialism was a protest. It was his demand for a new theory of God as well as his rejection of European systems of politics which had caused him to abandon his Western background for something quite other in the East.

"And what is this other background?" I think I must have already known the answer.

"The answer you will find in this monastery," said Dr. Schultz. "It is the result of my long investigation, dear professor, that in our search for the ultimate godhead we must seek a level anterior to Christ. You are aware of the Hindu tenet, that life is meaningful only through the proper enunciation of the divine name? Every word of any language, any sound in the world, must have its origin in the original word, the transcendental name of the godhead whom we call Lord Krishna. It is to this concept that I am devoting my life."

Even if I had agreed with the man I would have winced at his vehemence. Actually I had not intended to discuss theology at all. What I really wanted to know was why Dr. Schultz had not come to the United States. But now I could see I was in for it. "St. John affirmed much the same thing in the Gospel," Swami Bon suggested. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was made flesh, and the flesh was Lord Krishna."

"Lord Krishna?" I said.

"It is because we know these ideas are unfamiliar that we have asked you to

Brindaban," Swami Bon continued, and expounded to me at length the Hindu notions of the godhead. "As a representative of a Western culture," he concluded, "it is our hope that you will see the light. What are you doing tomorrow, professor? Dr. Schultz and I would like to escort you through the interior of our religious district. In the region outside Brindaban there are some hermitages dedicated to Krishna. Would you care to go?"

"I'd love it," I said. So eager was I to avoid further discussion that I would have agreed to anything. "I'll call for you early in my jeep."

"Excellent," said Swami Bon. "And now it is time for our afternoon devotions. I don't believe you've had the opportunity to visit our shrine room?"

WE LEFT the study and crossed the verandah, where several monks were squatting on the cement floor and counting their prayer beads. The antechamber to the shrine room was almost bare; I saw only a shrouded bust in one of the corners and some conch shells and an elongated, two-headed drum hanging from one of the whitewashed walls. But through the small doorway at the other end I was able to see the furnishings of the shrine. "Lord Krishna and his divine spouse, Sri Rhadha," Dr. Schultz said in a hushed voice. He pointed to a pair of lavishly dressed dolls, about two feet in height, which were seated in a bower of flowers. I looked closer and identified the pair; I also noted that the traditional flute, which in all idols of Krishna is poised between his lifted hands, was missing. "Beside them on the flowery throne is Sri Chaitanya, the sixteenth century founder of our order." The third doll was seated on the pillow with the divine figures. In addition to its gorgeous clothing I noted a pair of gold spectacles on its nose.

"And the receptacles in front of the bower?" I asked, staring in the meantime at a tiny bedstead, its sixteenth century curtains rolled halfway down on all four sides. It was standing just behind the bower, against a wall of the room.

"Food for the gods," Swami Bon explained. "While Sri Chaitanya and the divine spouse sit in waiting, Lord Krishna

enjoys his afternoon siesta. Soon we will waken and offer him food."

"It is an example of the anterior type of worship to which I just referred," Dr. Schultz broke in. "The erotic principles and unalloyed devotion practiced by this order reach their climax in the 'love of separation of Sri Rhadha, the divine spouse, for Lord Krishna.' While the Lord sleeps tranquilly in the bedstead, Rhadha yearns for him on the couch. We are now about to reunite the divine pair."

I was having trouble following this explanation. "I don't get it," I said. "How could Lord Krishna be sleeping in the bedstead? I see him sitting there very plainly on the couch."

"Lord Krishna is enjoying a vicarious slumber," Swami Bon said imperturbably. "The bedstead is unfortunately too small to accommodate his divine person. To enable the Lord to enjoy his slumber, we put the flute in his stead." I looked closer and realized that the sole occupant of the bedchamber was Lord Krishna's flute.

"And now we will waken his majesty," said Dr. Schultz. He led me back to the anteroom, stationed me next to the bust in the far corner, and proceeded to remove the shroud. It was a statue of Sri Chaitanya, I now realized, with the self-same gold spectacles as the effigy inside. I wedged myself behind it and waited.

Now bare-footed and loin-clothed monks, the marks of their calling scrawled in gray paste on their breasts and foreheads, were pouring into the room. Swami Bon stepped over to the wall and removed the elongated drum. He tapped a few times on its vibrant surfaces, swung the instrument around his neck, and leaped tentatively a few times in the air. From somewhere upstairs the clamor of bells marked the beginning of the service. With the iron crescendo rising quickly and filling the room, two acolytes grabbed the conch shells and rushed into the shrine room, where they began to pray. Again to the clamor of bells I saw a long feather plume being waved up and down before the bower. Another monk rushed forward, prostrated all thirteen points of his body in complete abnegation, and then removed the flute from the bedstead and returned it to Lord Krishna's hands. As Swami Bon

whirled and drummed in the middle of the shrine room, food was offered to the gods and vicariously they ate. Involuntarily I crossed myself—and was about to escape when my eyes returned to the German. He seemed lost to the world entirely, overwhelmed and absorbed by the symbols of service, the shouts, the ringing, the drums, and the shriek of the conch shells. At last I understood what he was doing. Two tiny cymbals clasped in his hands, his long legs coming up and down in a jackknife motion, Dr. Schultz was dancing and playing for the gods.

I ducked out to the verandah. What I wanted most at the moment was a cigarette and I lit one hurriedly. After taking a couple of puffs I threw it away and made the distance across the garden to my vehicle. As I turned on the ignition I heard someone call from the verandah. It was Dr. Schultz, tall and specterlike in his white shroud. "Professor," he was calling.

"Yes, Dr. Schultz," I called back.

"Professor, don't forget our trip tomorrow."

"I won't forget," I promised him. Still trembling, I lit another cigarette and took off in the car.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Caldwell seemed amused by my account of my visit, I think he was a little worried. Acting as he was by proxy against his arch-enemy, Swami Bon, for the return of the refugee, it was no part of his project to catch the German at the expense of his bait. I don't know but that for an interval, at any rate, he was in danger of doing so. Certainly it would not have been the first time that a man had attempted the role of devil's advocate, only to be converted himself. The truth is, I had become enormously fascinated by the monks at Brindaban; and if a number of unforeseen tensions between Dr. Schultz and the Swami had not revealed themselves the next day, I might have been converted myself.

Perhaps it was the glory of the weather—together with a sense of relief that I was escaping, no matter how temporarily, from the crowded monotones of Army life—that contributed to my unusual susceptibility to what I was about to see that next

day. India that February was enjoying its most perfect temperatures; the mildness of its sky and the bright winter foliage gave it everywhere a Mediterranean air. Against such a background it did not seem strange to be visiting an isolated Asiatic hermitage in the company of two such ill-assorted guides. A lunch had been prepared by the monastery servants and I was looking forward to an agreeable picnic. There was, however, one slight indication of trouble.

"I brought along a camera," I told Dr. Schultz and the Swami as I picked them up at the monastery gate that morning. "Our friends at Columbia might be interested in photographs. Is that all right?"

They had been stumbling against each other for almost two minutes before I understood why neither had answered my question. Each was vying with the other to get the front seat of the jeep. I had to smile as they fenced with each other. "After you, Bon Maharaj," Dr. Schultz said courteously, attempting to hand his colleague into the rear of the vehicle. But Swami Bon would have none of it. "I think I should ride up front with the professor," he said firmly. "After all, I know the country best."

This controversy, less thinly veiled than I might have wished, continued all morning. My sympathies were with the Swami. Not only was he the senior member of the party and in a sense the representative of the country and its only true guide, but also, I felt, it was his turn to show off. Yesterday it had been the German who had kept the conversation moving. I thought it no more than proper for the Hindu to have an opportunity to exhibit his spiritual life. In this verdict, I am sorry to say, Dr. Schultz did not share. From his seat in the rear of the jeep he kept up an endless chatter. "But Bon Maharaj," I can still hear him saying, "didn't we pass the sidetrack to Gobberdam five miles back?" Swami Bon ignored him. "Keep driving, professor," he urged me. "The road to Gobberdam is five miles ahead."

The hermitage of Gobberdam presents a salient point of reference in the miles of pilgrim track which surround the holy city of Brindaban. Although the adjacent

countryside is all sacred to the life and revels of Krishna, devotees from all over India, and particularly Bengal, coming each year to renew the ecstatic stations of their Lord, Gobberdam is of particular importance. In addition to its theological aura it has a patriotic significance, the first Bengali monks having migrated to the site when the neo-Krishna revival was reaching across India in the sixteenth century. A nationalist as well as a theologian, Swami Bon must have felt the force of this double tradition when he selected the hermitage for our inspection.

As the Swami had assured me, the road to Gobberdam lay five miles ahead across a plain of bracken and sugar cane. Startled peasants looked up as the jeep bounced along; when they saw the monks in the vehicle, their eyes must have bulged. These scattered audiences had a mixed effect on my hosts, Swami Bon staring straight ahead when we passed a group, Dr. Schultz nodding and smiling. The German seemed visibly to have blossomed in the jeep and was enormously enjoying what must have been his first ride in a motor vehicle in many years. "There it is," the Swami said at last. Dr. Schultz was still nodding and smiling in the back seat. "There lies Gobberdam beyond that hillside."

"Where?" I asked. From the road I could see nothing but an abandoned village, its mud-caked walls a ruin, crumbling across the hillside. "Is that all there is?"

"Beyond," Swami Bon said impatiently. "The village is there for camouflage. Drive through the streets."

THEN the miracle happened and we were in paradise. A grove of large trees covered the opposite hillside; startling as it was in this arid country, the great stems and brave foliage were especially striking against the dun-colored ruin we had just penetrated. Off the shaded avenues and scattered around the great ritual tank which was the center of the oasis I noticed a number of small limestone structures which resembled igloos. "Tombs of the saints," said Swami Bon. In these new surroundings his voice had taken on an added authority and it struck me for the first time that in this culture his

rank was equivalent to bishop. "The bodies of our sainted ones are not cremated," he told me. "We bury them here."

By this time we had pulled up close to the ritual tank—large as a reservoir, it was, with wide stairs descending from the wooded slopes to the water level—and I parked the car. "Please remove your shoes before dismounting," Swami Bon suggested as he got out of the jeep." Dr. Schultz and I must pay our respects to the temple authorities. We'll rejoin you in a moment." Barefooted, my two shrouded friends padded off and I relaxed in the jeep.

"That's where the hermits must live," I said to myself, looking down a row of thatched compounds. Each unit was surrounded by a briar fence; inside I could see a cleared area, a thatched cottage, and some cooking utensils, all of this blending into the nearby foliage. "I wonder what they do with themselves?" It was very quiet and after removing my shoes I got out myself. For the first time in my Army experience I felt entirely alone. There was an absolute silence, a wonderful gravity among the trees that the occasional chirp of a bird seemed only to accentuate. Here nature and culture had blended to form a synthesis which I had often read about but never experienced. America, even the air depot at Chandrapore, seemed very far away. If at that moment a panther had emerged from the forest and slipped down the avenue of cottages, strolled briefly around the ritual tank, and then gone to sleep, I would have understood it perfectly. I felt in that Asiatic hermitage very close to the heart of the world.

Together with these elevated thoughts I also experienced a twinge of conscience. What business had Mr. Caldwell to trifle with Dr. Schultz? Already my alien presence was doing recognizable harm. Since early that morning I had noticed the breach between the Swami and our German; the united front I had observed at the monastery was already splintered by our ride in the jeep. What right had we to play on the refugee's nostalgia? In that wonderful place I began to envy his position. I wanted to stay there myself.

These considerations had hardly taken form in my mind when back down the

avenue of cottages came Dr. Schultz and the Swami, but this time accompanied by a crowd of pilgrims. There was much laughing and chattering in Bengali, a language I do not understand, but it was apparent that the visit of the Swami was a great occasion at the hermitage. The pilgrims were grouped about him as he walked, talking and snapping their fingers.

"Professor, professor," Dr. Schultz was calling. He had hurried ahead of the group to carry the news. I thought his voice sounded shrill. "We are being done a great honor. We are to visit a saint!"

I regretted the interruption; in that excellent place I could have used more time for myself. "Tell me," I said at random. "All those people around the Swami. Why are they snapping their fingers?"

"It is a superstitious gesture," Dr. Schultz said irritably. "Hermitages like these are always beset by demonic forces. They are chasing away giants." I looked at the man but apparently he did not at first think his explanation odd. But then I noticed something else. In these elevated surroundings Dr. Schultz seemed to have lost in stature. If at the monastery he and the Swami had been colleagues, here he appeared almost as strange as myself. Judging from the irritation in his voice he must have felt this also. "Despite their piety these people have many ridiculous superstitions. Snapping their fingers!" He sniffed.

HIS disengagement took a further turn when Swami Bon, taking his leave of the pilgrims, escorted us into one of the thatched compounds and introduced us to the hermit. At the moment Dr. Schultz seemed stirred. "This is a very great honor, dear professor," he whispered as we squatted down to greet the aged ascetic. "In all my years at Brindaban I have been here only once myself."

Swami Bon was almost bursting with pleasure. It was apparent that I was impressed by Gobberdam. As a nationalist even more than as a theologian he was immensely pleased. "Would you care to photograph this ancient?" he asked. "The professors at Columbia may be interested. Twenty-five years ago he retired to this compound. He has never come out."

I took out my camera and judiciously examined the hermit. Certainly the man was photogenic, with his passionate old face, his flaring nostrils, and his straight, naked body. "Tell him about the photographic process," I suggested as Dr. Schultz leaned over to help me with the film pack. "If he's been here for twenty-five years he couldn't know much about cameras."

Swami Bon began to talk to the old man while the German helped me finish my preparations. When I looked up again I saw the Swami was smiling. "The hermit has a compliment for the two of you," he said. Dr. Schultz, who understood Bengali, had already gone pale. Again I felt the wave of antagonism between them. "What is it?" I asked.

"The hermit has never before seen a Caucasian," Swami Bon said gently. "He compliments you both on your beauty. He says you are handsome as angels." The Swami turned and this time addressed the hermit in English. "Dr. Schultz is a convert to the Hindus," he explained, enunciating very clearly for our benefit. "A man must not be deprived of salvation because he happens to be white."

I took my picture and we left the hermit and went back to the car. "It will be even more wonderful when India is liberated," the Swami said hysterically. "It is only because of white domination that we must keep places like Gobberdam to ourselves."

"You will never manage it!" Dr. Schultz said with sudden shrillness. "Professor, they will never manage it! Thank God for white domination! The Hindus know nothing about management. If the British withdrew tomorrow, India would be a hell!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I said in desperation. "I'm tired and hungry. Couldn't we have lunch?"

BY THE greatest good fortune my appeal to their hospitality was successful. Otherwise I hesitate to guess what might have happened. A fight in the hermitage itself? Rigidly we entered the car and drove to the other side of the ritual tank, where a shady grove provided a convenient place for lunch. "The people

at Union Theological will also be interested in my pictures," I suggested, trying somehow to revive the conversation. "Do you know anyone at Union Theological, Dr. Schultz? Anyone in particular to whom I might show the prints?"

"You might show them to the Rev. Dr. Code," Swami Bon suggested. He seemed to have recovered from his fit of anger and was as gracious as before. "Why don't you try this nut pudding, professor? Meanwhile I will stand guard with Dr. Schultz."

"Stand guard?" I asked, looking up in surprise. There seemed nothing inimical in the grove but a distant band of apes.

"Against the monkeys," Dr. Schultz explained. He too seemed to have recovered his humor. "They are as carefree as children, these monkeys. They are accustomed to being fed."

I relaxed on the ground and began to eat the nut pudding. It was very quiet in the grove and for a moment I recaptured the exalted sense I had experienced before. In this tranquillity my two friends seemed to co-operate; chatting gently in Bengali they had taken up guard positions about ten feet away and with large sticks were threatening the distant monkeys. I had finished the nut pudding and was pouring myself a cup of water before I realized that the animals were moving in. Since the monks seemed unalarmed I continued eating. The beasts were all of twenty feet away. When next I looked up I thought I had been hit by an express train. A moment later I was overwhelmed by apes. While one had shot through the picnic lunch and with a glancing blow had knocked me flat on my back, ten others had taken advantage of this diversionary action to elude the Swami and Dr. Schultz. The area was full of hairy, howling figures, each one attacking the lunch. Into this wild engagement my two friends plunged bravely with their clubs. I felt a stunning blow on the back of my neck. By the time they had cleared the field I had received quite a severe beating, but whether it was Dr. Schultz or the Swami who was responsible I still do not know. Each, I am sure, had sufficient provocation. Certainly I deserved what I got.

But they were all commiseration once

the monkeys had withdrawn from the field. "Professor, professor," Swami Bon was murmuring as he helped me to my feet, "we are so sorry this has happened. Such an unexpected assault!" "Yes," said Dr. Schultz, who was also helping to brush off my clothes. "It is always wise to beware of the monkeys." He was breathing very heavily. "They are a most michievous folk."

IT WAS clearly as a test of his authority over the German that Swami Bon, a little later, accepted an invitation from me to visit the American air depot. The monks having turned up at Chandrapore to begin their annual begging tour of the large Indian cities, the ostensible reason for their visit was that I wanted to say goodby. I had just received my repatriation orders; probably we would not meet

again. Yet there was no question in any of our minds as to my actual reason for inviting them. No European or American could have seen the air installation at Chandrapore without a thrill of recognition. If Dr. Schultz could withstand this final challenge, Swami Bon could have him. Mr. Caldwell to the contrary, he had found a home.

In my own mind I was still uncertain of the outcome. Although I was very impressed by the way they had rallied at Gobberdam, I had sensed a strange racial antagonism between them, and had felt, too, the German's nostalgia for the society of his own kind. In the Chandrapore balance I determined to weigh these factors. If Dr. Schultz desired, I could still get him out.

As I expected, Dr. Schultz was vastly excited by the airbase. Although it was al-



Eighteenth century Rajput drawing

ready six months since the Japanese had surrendered, the Americans still maintained considerable aircraft in India. The depot was a busy place. The hangars and shops were still in full operation and out on the flight strip I was able to point out aircraft which twice weekly were journeying from Asia to Europe and the United States. "Incredible," he said dazedly. "It must be a wonderful age."

Even Swami Bon was affected by the great activity. "What will become of this equipment when the Americans evacuate?" he inquired. We had been driving through the depot supply area, where tons of surplus equipment was going to waste.

"The Government of India will get most of it," I ventured. "Why, Swami Bon? Can you use any of it yourself?"

"That remains to be seen," he said dryly. I thought he might be worried by the effect of this technological display on the German, but he appeared to have himself in hand. "India will not become a great power until late in the century. We must use what we can."

"Incredible, incredible," Dr. Schultz was still muttering. "From India to America in three days!"

THEN I played my trump. "And now, gentlemen," I said after we had completed the rounds of the airbase, "I have a treat in store for you. After our delightful picnic at Gobberdam I feel I must return the favor. I've arranged for us to lunch at the American Red Cross."

I watched for the effect of this announcement on the two of them. I was still sore from the drubbing I had taken at Gobberdam and had planned this luncheon in reprisal. "I'm afraid that's impossible," the Hindu said immediately. "You must realize that Dr. Schultz and I must abide by our dietary restrictions. I don't think . . ."

"But Bon Maharaj!" the German began to protest before I could save him the bother. "I'm aware of that," I said as I pulled the car up in front of the Red Cross club. "Miss Phillips, the Red Cross lady whom you met at Brindaban, has been talking about you continually. She's arranged a farewell luncheon for our benefit. We're to dine on fruit."

In addition to a lounge, a library, and recreational rooms, the American Red Cross club at the airbase provided as pleasant a restaurant as any men's club in the United States. Before Swami Bon could think of further objections I hurried them through a back entrance and into the private dining room. I had told Miss Phillips of my project and asked her to invite her assistants. It was my impression that I would need all the co-operation I could get.

THE girls had rallied nobly. When we entered their private dining hall I was delighted to find that they had prepared a most adequate lunch. Somehow they had also cleared the place of loungers. Being otherwise unoccupied, they were able to entertain my guests. They were especially dressed for the occasion and all three were positively radiant. Both the Swami and Dr. Schultz were touched.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Miss Phillips, passing Dr. Schultz some fruit. We had all seated ourselves around a large table and were enjoying the lunch. "Sergeant Baxter has just received his orders. He's returning to the United States!"

"And what are your postwar plans?" Swami Bon inquired after they had all congratulated me. The gaiety and friendliness of the Red Cross girls had put him quite at ease.

"I think I'll fix up my tennis court," I said idly. "Maybe write a book." The bearer was coming up with our coffee and I turned to the German. "Coffee, Dr. Schultz?"

He had been staring so attentively at the Red Cross girls that he appeared hardly to have heard me. "Coffee?" he mumbled. "I'm afraid not. It's against our dietary regulations."

"You don't mind if the rest of us have some, do you?" I asked Swami Bon. He smiled and shook his head. "And what will you do when you finish your tennis court, professor?"

"Prepare for a third world war?" I suggested. "It depends on how things go." I had taken the coffee urn from the bearer and was deliberately filling the cups. "It looks like a century full of troubles. I'm sure there'll be enough to do." The strong,

sure odor of the coffee was already filling our nostrils. "And what about you, Swami Bon? How long do you plan to be on your begging tour?"

"It may be some months," he answered. "Dr. Schultz and I have been planning a theological seminary at Brindaban. Now that the war is over we need only raise the money."

"Bon Maharaj," Dr. Schultz said shakily. There was something in his voice that attracted our attention. "Bon Maharaj," he repeated, his eyes on the coffee urn, "I wonder if I could have a cup of coffee? I have not had a cup of coffee since we left Berlin."

THE Hindu had no choice. I could see him make a quick calculation and then smile. "Certainly, Dr. Schultz," he said easily, "take your cup of coffee. This is a very special occasion for my colleague," he apologized as the German reached for a cup. "It is not often that Dr. Schultz is entertained by Western friends."

I reached into my pocket and took out a cigarette. "Do you and Dr. Schultz intend to remain together indefinitely?" I asked, in the meanwhile lighting the cigarette. I let a smoke ring drift in the direction of the German.

"That depends on Dr. Schultz," the Swami said deliberately. "We did have our hearts set on a theological seminary. Much effort will be required to restore the society of the Hindus to its prior estate."

"Professor," said Dr. Schultz. Under the influence of the coffee he again seemed visibly blossoming. "Professor," he said, pouring himself a second cup, "when you return to New York, will you be visiting the Union Theological Seminary?"

"I'll be going up to Columbia," I admitted. "I could stop by at Union."

"I wonder if you could deliver a letter to one of my colleagues at the seminary? Ten years ago we left Leipzig together. He has not heard from me since."

"I'd be delighted," I said, trying to mask my excitement. I put the cigarette on the table and reached for my fountain pen. "Here," I said, restoring the cigarette to my mouth, "here's a pen and paper. Write the letter now."

The German's hands were trembling.

"I think I would first like to smoke a cigarette," he said unsteadily. "This is a very special occasion, professor. Will it be all right if I smoke?"

"That does it," I thought, but already we had gone too far. Almost simultaneously the three Red Cross girls leaned forward with their cigarette cases but Swami Bon had anticipated them. "I'm afraid that will be impossible," he said abruptly. "Dr. Schultz is forbidden by the rules of our organization to indulge in cigarettes. You have already had your coffee, Herr Doktor. There will be no cigarettes."

"Forget the cigarettes!" I said urgently. The Swami had risen from the table and was preparing to leave. "Here is the fountain pen, doctor. Write me the note."

As at Gobberdam when the hermit had complimented us, Dr. Schultz was turning very pale. When the Swami had spoken, involuntarily his eyes had turned to him. Now he couldn't take them away. "I'm afraid this excitement has been too much for Dr. Schultz," the Hindu said steadily. "In the century of troubles which you envision, dear professor, I think he will be more useful here."

I was willing to let it go at that. "But what about the letter to your colleague?" I asked the German as I reseated them in the car. Since I was already on orders, I was unable to leave the airbase. I had asked a Red Cross driver to take them to town. "Do you still plan to write the letter, Dr. Schultz?"

"Perhaps I'll write it this evening," the refugee said pitifully. "I'll think about it and write it this evening. You will get it before you leave." He looked at Swami Bon, who was staring straight ahead in the jeep. "It has been a delightful excursion."

"So it has," said the Swami, nodding to me. "When your third world war is over, dear professor, you must come again."

"I'll try," I said. "I'll certainly try." I smiled at them both and waved as they were driven away. The next day before proceeding to my port of embarkation I checked the mails very carefully. At Calcutta, where I had to wait a month for passage, and even later, when I had already returned to America, I would say to myself each morning, "Today he will write the letter." But he never did.

After Hours

THE Metropolitan Opera Association has balanced its budget for the second year in a row, an experience of which it is proud but which it finds slightly embarrassing. The President, Mr. Charles M. Spofford, when he announced that the Met finished its last season with a profit of \$4,370, warned that this "small black figure" could hardly guarantee adequate financial stability for an organization which spent over a million and a quarter on singers, directors, musicians, and dancers—an organization whose total income was well over two million and a half.

That impish "small black figure," scolding the singers from the prompter's box, popping up in directors' meetings, interrupting at production conferences, can—it seems to me—cause a great deal more trouble than the comfortable, familiar old deficit, which provided an excuse for everything. Perhaps the Met should never have let herself slip into this state of impoverished solvency, this poor but honest frame of mind. Obviously she could not have been allowed to expire: somebody or some institution would have kept her at the level of dreary subsistence. She could have gone on, for a while anyway, being the dowdy old cultural frump of whom we were all fond—dressed in her tarnished sequins, surrounded by her entourage of wide-eyed youngsters and a group of her contemporaries, as sleepy and as little interested in the progress of music as she herself.

But a vigorous Board of Directors can't let things go like that. When they get to messing around in the comfortable back-rooms of the arts, they want to tidy up. They want the old girl to dust off her jewels and get out on the street where she

can make ends meet. Unfortunately, although she still has her voice, she's lost her looks.

For what the balanced budget means to the Met (in the public's mind) is a face-lifting. Mr. Spofford apologized for the "inadequacy of the mountings of certain productions which becomes more apparent with each year that passes without appropriation for new production and for new investiture of the standard works of the repertory." But this is only part of the story. The several ballet companies which are now so popular have stolen from the Met her position of artistic leadership in musical drama. The ballet, an older girl than the opera, in her struggle to fight her way back into popular favor has gone after new ideas—new composers, new designers, new choreographers—and without deserting the classical ballet has developed a fresh vocabulary of sound, sight, and motion. The Met, to be sure, has gone after new talent, and its policy of using young American singers is obviously admirable and successful. But there is a difference between new ideas and new talent for the exploitation of old ideas. And now that the Met no longer has the excuse of an unbalanced budget to protect it from abuse, I for one expect it to act as if it were an artistic institution with some artistic responsibility.

If it should become such an institution, I might give up being a Saturday afternoon opera radio listener and try to find somebody who knows somebody who can get me a ticket. But until that time I intend to stay at home where I can enjoy the music without having to sit and watch the Metropolitan Opera Association agonizingly balancing its budget in public.

Favorite Film

I DON'T intend to offer any excuses for getting around this late to talking about a movie. New York isn't the easiest place in the world to see the new ones. The prices at the big first-run houses plus the battering you take getting in and out of them should ultimately lead rational people to ignore new movies entirely. I went to see "Caesar and Cleopatra" in a small theater uptown—and left before the second feature.

The business of considering "Caesar and Cleopatra" as a movie is complicated by the number of additional factors—having little to do with its merits or failures—that have crept into the discussion. The phrase commonly joined with it is "British-made," which immediately brings into play the touchiness that Hollywood is beginning to demonstrate on the subject of foreign movies. In spite of Mr. Sam Goldwyn's reasonable plea for sharing the laurels outside of Hollywood, only two New York critics came out for foreign pictures among their best ten of the year 1946. "Caesar and Cleopatra" was not included among the five foreign films named by Mr. Crowther (of the *New York Times*) nor among the five listed by Mr. Cook (of the *New York World Telegram*); the Film Critics Poll made by the *Film Daily* rated only one foreign film in its first ten, with "Caesar and Cleopatra" far down the list. The critics thought that "Caesar and Cleopatra" was worse than "The Green Years" and "Leave Her to Heaven"—a conclusion I find very hard to accept.

The film is, of course, substantially a play by G. B. Shaw, which means that it contains ideas and lengthy dialogue—at least one critic used the word "talky." By contrast, it was widely advertised as a "spectacle," combining the Big Name (Shaw) with the charms of Vivien Leigh and the splendor of the Nile in technicolor. Granting the preconceptions that any of these themes arouse—plus that red flag, "British-made"—is it any wonder that the critics went off in all directions, leaving the reader with the idea that he was bound to be disappointed in at least one respect?

So as a late-goer (and fervent reader of reviews) I was surprised to spend so enjoy-

able a half-evening at the movies. "Caesar and Cleopatra" is very good fun, and it will probably be good entertainment even for people who miss many of the subtleties. Gabriel Pascal, who continues to be the only producer-director Shaw will trust with his plays, continues to justify that narrow faith. He has not disturbed the delicate interplay between the calm, worldly-wise dictator and the bloodthirsty girl-queen—and I tremble to think what Hollywood would make out of that relationship. Best of all, in décor and minor characterization, Pascal conveys an overlapping of civilizations (Egyptian and Roman) that is historically stimulating to the amateur—granting that some of Shaw's fearful anachronisms would frighten both professional historians and Hollywood. One senses the layers of Egyptian dynasties beneath the ruling clique that supports young Ptolemy and the centuries of history behind the decadent opportunists whose bungling resistance cannot prevent Roman occupation. The picture is filled with the savor that people however ancient were still understandable, warm-blooded, and often charming people. And in the character of Julius Caesar—thanks to Shaw, Pascal, and some magnificent acting by Claude Rains—it conveys a beautifully subtle combination of humor, practicality, and nobility.

Interestingly enough, as of the end of 1946, the box-office figures had not substantiated the view that "Caesar and Cleopatra" is too intellectual. It was the *only* foreign film among the top sixty pictures for the year in gross returns, and, of course, it is still showing in 1947. Not that I am arguing for box-office returns as an index of merit; but certainly they are relevant statistics when we're discussing popularity. According to the critics, it was to the film's disadvantage that it failed to fulfill the mystic canons: there is no love story to counteract all that talk. The public is arguing against them in hard cash.

Actually, the wonderful thing about "Caesar and Cleopatra" is that you have to understand it very well to realize that—in being a treatise on the nature of power—it would be a most unorthodox subject for Hollywood. Otherwise it is a good rollicking spectacle with some super-

lative acting. There are sword-fights, battles, and a very satisfactory fire. There is plenty of action, and the scene in which the principals swandive off the Pharos into the Mediterranean has all the quality of adventure that Hollywood tries so hard to get elsewhere (results to be referred to are the hopped-up enthusiasms of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. or Turhan Bey). In Appollodorus the Sicilian, it has a handsome young Mediterranean nobleman whose sheer vitality is all the better for not being directed at the heroine—and, indeed, there is no heroine. It may well be that the box-office is returning a better judgment than the reviewers.

The Evolution of The Men's Club

I Toss out the following notion to any candidate who's looking for a subject for his Ph.D. thesis in the social sciences: an examination of the men's club and how it evolves. I suspect that he will find that most of the massive clubs in whose front windows elderly gentlemen now doze over their newspapers began as little gatherings of ardent practitioners of some sport or hobby—billiards, or squash racquets, or badminton, or track-and-field athletics, or art, or literature, or fancy gastronomy.

These devotees banded together enthusiastically (some years back) and bought billiard tables or built badminton courts or imported fine wines. Then, in order to pay the bills and add to the general conviviality, they discovered that they had to add to the membership a good many people who didn't themselves play badminton, or whatever else, but enjoyed the company of badminton players and were dandy fellows anyway. A little later there was a campaign to enlist still more new members, sell bonds, and add a bowling alley (for the members who didn't play badminton) and a ladies' dining room. More and more corporation lawyers and vice-presidents of banks joined, the house committee installed a larger bar, the club prospered and became a notable institution. At this point it was discovered that all the crack badminton players regarded the club as too huge and expensive and were playing at a wonderful little place they had discovered in a side street.

And presently the club was just a well-established social club, listed in the Social Register, resorted to mainly by retired widowers with arthritis, and connected only by name with its original object.

While our Ph.D. hound is working at his investigation, he might take a side-glance at the similar evolution of art colonies from (a) unspoiled country villages, to (b) practically unspoiled country villages in which a few artists scandalize the farmers, to (c) fledgling summer resorts full of art classes and people who live in art colonies because they're so picturesque and artists are so fascinating, to (d) realtors' paradises, from which the practicing artists have long since departed for another village, ripe for spoiling, where the rents are still low.

I feel that these social phenomena probably represent the workings of some profound general law of human behavior, but I want to leave something for the scholar to work out. Let him send out the questionnaires, marshal the evidence, and make the inevitable enemies. He'll get his Ph.D. all right.

English Painting

SEVERAL Sundays ago I made the mistake of going to the Metropolitan Museum to look at the exhibition of "Masterpieces of English Art" which have been loaned by the King, the museums, and the collectors of England. My mistake was shared by twenty-eight thousand other curious souls who elected to go the same day. None of us, as a consequence, could see much of anything but each other. I went back again the other day, on a Wednesday afternoon, and I could see what most of the other twenty-eight thousand had missed. They had missed a great deal.

Herbert Read, the English critic, said this of the "masterpieces," which were brought to this country at the initiative of the Art Institute of Chicago: "The Chicago exhibition is a choice selection of the best that we in England can offer, and the fame of English painting must rest on the evidence there presented." In other words, the fame of English painting rests on the canvases of Hogarth, Constable, and Turner—since the exhibi-

tion is devoted entirely to their paintings.

Most Americans will find the reputation of English painting in good hands. English pictures, especially of the portrait and cotswold varieties, have always been popular with Americans, as is attested by the vast amounts of money that private collectors and museums have spent on them and by the American tradition of portrait and calendar art. This popularity, which seems to carry on where other fads in art appreciation ebb and flow, cannot be explained simply, but we share with the British a taste for romanticized realism with literary overtones. We like expansive landscapes, and we like our pictures to tell stories, or to make us daydream. We are not classicists, and while we admire the kind of realism that tricks the eye, we don't like our realism stark.

The Masterpieces of English Painting offer reading matter for a variety of American tastes: Hogarth, the portraitist and satirist; Turner, the poet; Constable, the realist who is sometimes also a romantic. There is no way of looking at Hogarth's roast-beef-and-pudding satire (or at his portraits, for that matter) without reading them detail for detail. As social satire they seem more telling and less heavy-handed than the art produced now in the name of "social commentary." Turner is harder reading, though not for that reason any more rewarding. He seems to me to produce a specious poetry, or a prose which is all purple patches and no substance—Ruskin with the ideas left out. But to look at Constable is to look at the world through the eyes of a man who could see things no painter had ever seen before. He made the discovery, as anyone who looks at his small sketches also must, that "light is the principal person in the picture." At his very best he is a pure painter-scientist recording by magic the quality of light. Sometimes a fashionable romanticism creeps over him, but his discoveries which preceded the advent of the Impressionists changed the course of French painting and so of most Western painting during the past century.

Constable is one point on which British and American critics are inclined to agree. As for the rest of British painting, American critics are likely to take a less sym-

pathetic view than the public these days, and the British critics for their part take a dim view of American painting. We had a chance to find this out last summer when our State Department sent a panoramic exhibition of American art to London. Supposing we had had the temerity to select three of our painters and had said to the English (as they did to us), "This is our best; we'll stake our reputation on it."

Such a remark, with a selection to back it up, is unthinkable from a group of American critics, or from any one critic I can think of. Perhaps you can select three painters and say these are the best we have produced, but the chances are you couldn't find anyone to agree with you. Let me select three, and then duck. John Singleton Copley I should think would be a good, safe bet as the best of our early artists. I would pick Thomas Eakins to represent the past century, and from the present crop (to give the list representatives of three centuries) I would take Ben Shahn. You see why I said, "and then duck." Think of a few who are left out—Stuart, West, Whistler, Homer, Ryder, Cassatt, Sargent, all the romantic landscapists, all the genre painters, even the wonderful Bingham, and all the contemporary artists, both real and simulated.

The British evidently found the variety and seeming contradictions of our loan to London confusing and somewhat distasteful. Their interest was piqued but not satisfied. When they sent us a large number of examples by a few painters rather than a Cook's Tour of their art they were wiser than we were, and more courageous. I have looked, as so many Americans have, at a lot of English paintings, good and bad, here and in England. My impressions were scrappy. I had a general feeling that English painting was mostly a bore. Now I know better than that. Except for Constable it may not be first rate, but I see now that it is not boring. I imagine a good many of the twenty-eight thousand who actually got close enough to look that Sunday feel that they have made a solid acquaintance with British painting. Who cares whether they have seen a complete survey? I'm sure they don't.

—*Mr. Harper*

Harper's

MAGAZINE

THE LOST LIBERALS

Can They Find a New Road Map?

JOHN FISCHER

EVER since they staggered away from their Battle of Bull Run last November, the country's liberals have been pasting Band-aids on their wounds and commanding each other, in the sternest tones, to rally for a counterattack on the advancing hordes of Reaction.

They have, moreover, reformed their ranks with uncommon promptness and energy. Hardly a week has passed in the last five months without the founding of some new liberal organization. True enough, each of these refitted battalions is likely to claim that it is the sole custodian of the martyred Roosevelt's somewhat raveled banner; and several of them—in the fine old liberal tradition—are not on speaking terms. For example, Americans for Democratic Action, who bar Communists from their barracks, are decidedly

cool toward the Progressive Citizens of America, who welcome fellow-travelers on grounds that there is no harm in being just a little bit pregnant with Communism.

Nevertheless, liberals of whatever complexion can now find a regiment to suit their taste; the bugles are tootling valiantly (if slightly out of tune) in the *New Republic*, *Nation*, *Progressive*, *New Leader*, and half a dozen other left wing journals; and money is beginning to trickle into the depleted ammunition chests. Already successful guerrilla actions are being fought along a few sectors, notably Alabama, Texas, and Georgia. Long before the 1948 campaign, the Army of Righteousness should again be ready to march in fairly good array.

One little difficulty remains, however. Nobody is quite sure where to go.

John Fischer of our editorial staff, whose Why They Behave Like Russians is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May, was with the Foreign Economic Administration before he came to Harper's.

For the liberals have come to the edge of the dependable old battle map which they inherited from earlier campaigns. They desperately need a brand new set of directions—and until they get it, all of their brave trumpeting and reorganization isn't likely to carry them very far.

II

FOR the last thirty-five years, the American progressive movement has been living on a collection of ideas which was put together at about the turn of the century. This credo was originally hammered out by a group of first-rate political thinkers, including such men as Brandeis, Wilson, Holmes, Veblen, Norris, Steffens, Pinchot, the elder LaFollette, and Theodore Roosevelt. Their doctrine was purely native. It grew out of the cankering grievances of American farmers, laborers, and middle class business men, and it owed virtually nothing to Marx or other European theorists. It guided the prolonged offensive against the "malefactors of great wealth" which was cut short only by our entry into the first World War. With minor refurbishing, it provided almost the entire battle plan of the New Deal. It was a splendid body of doctrine, and it led to great accomplishments—from the direct election of senators to social security, slum clearance, and TVA.

Today, however, the old set of ideas is pretty well used up. The bulk of it has now been enacted into law and accepted by the whole nation—including those who once were its most implacable enemies. The few items left over are mostly out of date and irrelevant to the mountainous issues which will make up the political battleground of the next generation.

Perhaps the saddest failure of the New Deal was its inability to create a new stream of political thought strong enough to keep its intellectual reservoir filled. There were, of course, plausible excuses for this failure. The whole New Deal decade was a period of struggle; the men who were fighting to get the old liberal creed onto the statute books simply didn't have time to figure what ought to come after that. Moreover, the best of FDR's lieutenants exhausted their ingenuity in

trying to reconcile the many conflicting strands of New Deal policy—trust-busting *vs.* the NRA aberration, to cite only one notorious example. Others wore themselves out in footling bureaucratic squabbles, and in the two-front civil war against the conservative Southern Democrats and the few Communists who had managed to sneak into the New Deal councils.

Then, too, many liberals got into the bad habit of leaving everything—including long-range strategic planning—to their adored leader. But that was one job, unfortunately, which Mr. Roosevelt was not equipped to handle. As a field general he was superb; but he showed no disciplined and profound talent for original political thought. Indeed, he apparently never had any coherent economic and political philosophy, of the kind which distinguishes a Jefferson or a Hamilton.

The result of all this was an intellectual bankruptcy which set in long before the New Deal finally died in 1941. It left no legacy which would enable its heirs to cope with any of the main political problems emerging at the end of the war. In the field of labor, for instance, liberals inherited only three articles of faith:

1. Every working man ought to be free to join a union.
2. Higher wages would be A Good Thing.
3. Never criticize labor; for any public discussion of such peccadillos as racketeering, feather-bedding, Jim Crow rules, Communist infiltration, and monopoly practices would simply play into the hands of the union-busting reactionaries.

They had no theory of any kind about the relationship between organized labor and society. None had been necessary in the days when labor was too weak to be really significant; and none developed during the years while labor was growing its muscle. Consequently, when the country was suddenly confronted with last year's great railway and coal strikes, most American progressives were completely lost. What were they supposed to say, when a Whitney or a John L. Lewis tried to paralyze the whole nation? There was no answer in the traditional canon of liberalism. All they could do was wring their hands in helpless bewilderment,

while the Republicans—who *did* profess to have an answer, however short-sighted and vindictive—took over Congress and started to write a batch of new labor laws.

(Incidentally, it is noteworthy that the British Labor party is in much the same fix. So far it has dodged the question of the role of trade unions in England's newly socialized industries. Are they free to strike against their new boss, the state? Indeed, can collective bargaining work at all in a socialist economy? If not, how are wage rates to be determined? And how much freedom for labor can a Labor government really afford? These may prove to be the toughest political questions in modern British history; and so far the Socialists have not even begun to find the answers.)

THE liberals are equally behind the times in their formula for dealing with modern large-scale industry. Their traditional ideal was a nation of small, independent, highly competitive businesses; and their doctrine, as it took final shape in the Wilsonian era, was designed to preserve that pattern. It depended on two basic devices. One of these was trust-busting, to whittle Big Business down to proper size. The other was federal regulation, by such agencies as the Interstate Commerce Commission, Securities and Exchange Commission, and Federal Power Commission, for situations in which trust-busting alone obviously would not work.

No doubt these devices still have a limited sort of usefulness; they discourage some of the cruder forms of corporate burglary and extortion. Clearly, however, they have failed in their main purpose—and even the purpose itself has begun to look quaintly old-fashioned and impractical.

Today the truly independent small business survives almost nowhere except in the retail and service trades. In basic industry it retains only a humble and precarious finger-hold at the fringes. All of the key heavy industries—steel, aluminum, chemicals, oil, electric power, railways, automobiles—have long been dominated by a handful of king-size corporations. (Even before the war the Temporary Na-

tional Economic Committee reported that one-tenth of one per cent of the corporations in America owned about half of the country's production facilities.) Small enterprises can exist in these fields only as vassals, supplying parts and marketing the finished products for the Big Boys. The machine shop making bolts for General Motors, the filling station peddling Standard's gasoline, the little fabricator dependent on U. S. Steel for all his raw material, have no more actual independence than the medieval serf who chopped wood for the neighborhood baron. In short, the kind of economy the liberals have yearned for has vanished about as completely as the livery stable.

Nor is it ever likely to return. As the two Congressional Small Business Committees recently pointed out, the concentration of American industry was tremendously speeded up by the war—and the process is still continuing. Before Pearl Harbor about 65 per cent of the nation's manufacturing facilities were owned and operated by only 250 corporations. These same firms handled the major slice of war production—one hundred of them corraled two-thirds of the prime contracts—and they have now bought up more than 70 per cent of the war plants built with government funds. They also are steadily absorbing their smaller competitors by purchase and merger. For example, eighteen of the biggest corporations—those with assets of more than \$50 million each—have gobbled up 242 lesser concerns since 1940.

There is no prospect whatever that this concentration of economic power will be broken up by anti-trust proceedings or any other means. For the next fiscal year the Justice Department's anti-trust division will have a budget of less than two million dollars; and any one of the heavy-weight corporations would be prepared to spend more than that in fighting a single anti-trust suit. The liberals who still place their faith in this tool of salvation might as well tackle a glacier with an ice pick.

Even if American industry could be dismantled and rearranged into its pre-Civil War pattern, it is by no means certain that this splintering would be a good thing. In its present structure, our industrial

goose is capable of laying the most glittering and magnificent golden eggs the world has ever seen. True enough, it sometimes quits laying, as it did in 1929, and the eggs often don't get to the right people. But are we really likely to cure these bad habits by chopping the goose up into a thousand little goslings? Before we reach for the axe, at any rate, wouldn't it be worth while to try to teach our goose to lay regularly, and to make sure that every plate on the family breakfast table gets a fair share of the omelette?

Well, then, maybe that other ancient recipe of liberalism—more regulation—is what we need? This might be a comforting answer; but a hard look at our past experience with federal regulatory agencies doesn't yield much evidence that it is right. With a few happy exceptions, such as the SEC and Federal Power Commission, government regulation has proved singularly clumsy and ineffective.

If you want to prove it for yourself, just switch on your radio. Under federal supervision (administered by a better-than-average group of New Deal appointees) the public's air waves have been loused up with the medley of singing commercials, patent medicine ads, and stale Hollywood gags which recently drove Lee de Forest, the father of modern radio, to lament: "This child of mine has been resolutely kept to the average intelligence of thirteen years . . . a stench in the nostrils of the gods of the ionosphere." Yet the Federal Communications Commission has never revoked a station's license—although its own Blue Book recently cited blatant violations of broadcasters' promises to provide decent programming.

An even more instructive example is the Interstate Commerce Commission, dean of the regulatory agencies. It even failed to hobble such buccaneers as the brothers Van Sweringen; and in many instances it has behaved suspiciously like a special pleader for the very interests it was supposed to police. The most notable result of its thirty-year stewardship is that complacent lack of initiative, infecting the railway industry like sleeping sickness, which Roger E. Tornell described in the February issue of this magazine.

A bigger dose of such regulatory sul-

phur-and-molasses hardly sounds like a plausible treatment for the growing ailments of our monopolistic industry. Until the liberals can bottle up a fresher and more potent mixture of ideas than that, they are never likely to fetch the customers in any paying number.

WHAT American progressives need most of all is a new set of ideas for coping with the next depression. Here they have inherited the only important economic theory the New Deal produced—the Keynesian theory of government spending to create jobs during hard times. It was a reasonably persuasive notion back in the good old days of the thirties, when our national debt was only a piddling forty billion dollars. Then the glib young New Dealers could argue—as I did myself—that a rising debt didn't really make much difference, so long as it was all owed within the family. What we had to pay out in interest simply moved from one pocket to another in the same pair of pants. Besides, we could always slap on high taxes and pay the debt off at the peak of the next boom, couldn't we?

Today, with a national debt bloated to six times its depression size, that argument doesn't sound quite so convincing. Carrying charges, plus the unavoidable defense and veterans' expenses, will swallow up a substantial slice of the national income for a long while to come; and under these circumstances, any sizable increase in the debt load is likely to feel pretty burdensome, no matter who owns the bonds.

In practice, moreover, the deficit spending theory has developed one gaping flaw which the New Dealers did not foresee. Obviously the scheme cannot work unless it is pursued with rigid consistency in both bad times and good; what the government borrows during depressions must be paid back on the up-swings, or the plan eventually will break down. But the catch is this—a boom almost inevitably sweeps into office a conservative Congress, which will have no truck with Keynesian economics. Such a Congress is much more interested in cutting taxes than in paying off the debt—as a glance at the present performance on Capitol Hill amply shows.

Still another practical difficulty was

uncovered by the New Deal experience: it is very hard indeed for the government to spend money fast enough—at least on conventional public works projects—to boost the country out of a really deep depression. Until the rearmament drive got going, Mr. Roosevelt was never able to spend more than about eight billion dollars a year, and less than a third of that was invested in public works. As all of us can well remember, that wasn't enough to give our bogged-down economy the giant shove it needed to get rolling again.

The most plausible estimates I have seen—those of the National Planning Association—indicate that in another depression the government would have to pour at least twelve billions a year into public works and other pump-priming enterprises, if we were to rely on federal spending as our main remedy. It seems extremely doubtful whether we could find enough worthwhile housing, conservation, health, and highway projects to soak up public investment on that scale for more than a year or two. (Such projects now blueprinted and on the shelf add up to only about three billions.) The tempting alternative, of course, would be to put the money into armaments—and we all know the abyss that leads to.

Maybe it would be smart for the liberals to think up some other scheme for curing depressions—or, better yet, for preventing them.

III

THEY won't have much time. If our most respected economic soothsayers are correct, the postwar boom may not last beyond another five or six years. Before that time the progressives will have to come up with a fresh and workable program—for if they don't, the violent extremists of either the left or right may have an excellent chance to take over the country in the crisis which follows.

Nearly all liberals realize this, of course, and among the best of them a lot of hard, earnest thinking is already under way. It is still too early to tell what shape their new proposals may take; such doctrine always grows piecemeal, out of prolonged—and probably acrimonious—debate.

Even now, however, it is possible to make some guesses about where the new ideas may come from, and the kind of pressures which seem likely to mold them.

First of all, it seems to be a safe gamble that the new credo will *not* pick up many useful contributions from organized labor. None of the present union generalissimos has ever shown much adventurous political insight: some of the most powerful—such as William Green, Big Bill Hutcherson, and John L. Lewis—are notorious conservatives. No heir has stepped forward to claim the late Sidney Hillman's crown as Labor's Statesman. Moreover, most union leaders are now thoroughly preoccupied with their own internal problems—the struggle against Communist infiltration, the AFL-CIO conflict, the teaching of self-discipline to millions of raw recruits, the fight against punitive legislation, the effort to hold their membership now that easy wage increases are no longer possible. They are not likely to have much energy left over for political pioneering. Whatever liberal program eventually develops must be acceptable to the unions, naturally, since it could never get to first base without labor support; but there are few signs that the first seeds will sprout in the union halls.

Nor is there much hope that a treasury of really valuable ideas will be minted by the so-called Left Wing Intellectuals. These characters make up the gaudiest and most publicized wing of the liberal camp—a sort of Zouave regiment of radicalism. They sometimes describe themselves, over the canapés, as *The Vanguard*. Their group includes Vassar girls who got bored with the Junior League; contributors to obscure neo-Marxian quarterlies; a certain number of middle-aged authors with quaint old farmsteads in Connecticut; and a lot of those Broadway and Hollywood types who formed the old Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, and who have now marched into the newly-organized Progressive Citizens of America. Frequently their only political equipment consists of plump checkbooks, uneasy consciences, and a throbbing frustration with their jobs in the movies, radio, college classrooms, and advertising.

As propagandists these people are, of course, highly skilled; and they are always ready to raise a tidy sum for The Cause—almost any Cause. (A favorite device is a twenty-dollar-a-plate banquet at the Waldorf.) Their manifestoes, however, never seem to have much relationship to the main current of American political thought. Many of them, indeed, are afflicted with a special kind of emotional flabbiness which makes them suckers for any fast-talking Communist; and as a result their names decorate the letterheads of countless party-line organizations. For that reason they generally prove more of an embarrassment than a help to the liberal movement.

EVER since Andy Jackson's day, most of the hairy, snorting, and vigorous progressive movements have started in the South and West. Populism, Free Silver, the IWW, the Non-Partisan League, the LaFollette-Roosevelt brand of insurgency, the Sons of the Wild Jackass, all bubbled out of that soil.

This is no accident of geography. The West and South have always been victims of that colonial exploitation by Eastern business interests which Bernard DeVoto analyzed so pungently in the January issue of *Harper's*. As a consequence, they have long cherished a tradition of protest and rebellion. Here, moreover—especially in the South—poverty and injustice are endemic; and here the most wrenching social changes of our generation are now taking place, as new industries and mechanized farming replace the old feudalisms of cotton and cattle. In such a culture the yeastier kind of politics ferments fast.

It would hardly be surprising, therefore, if the next wave of progressivism should also surge out of the West and South. In fact, there is some evidence that the tide may be rising already.

Because the claghorning of the Bilbos, Rankins, Talmadges, and O'Daniels attracts most of the attention, many people have overlooked the fact that a new crop of tough, shrewd, hard-fighting young liberals is growing up in these regions. Among them are some of the ablest politicians and publicists in the progressive ranks—Ellis Arnall, John Sparkman (one

of the few Southern senators who wears a Phi Beta Kappa key), Lister Hill, Jim Folsom, Wayne Morse, Glen Taylor, Ralph McGill, Minnie Fisher Cunningham, Estes Kefauver, Mike Monroney, Lucy Randolph Mason, James E. Murray, Jim Patton, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Brooks Hayes, Dick Neuberger, Jimmy Allred, Mark Ethridge, Barry Bingham, Lyndon Johnson, and Wilson Wyatt—to name only a few. When the chips are down and the voters head for the polls, such people are infinitely more effective than the more spectacular "liberals" of the Elliott Roosevelt type. In a handful of states they are now building the first ward-and-precinct political machines that American liberalism has ever had.

If this group contains a top-flight political theorist, he is still well concealed. So far none of them has produced one of those prophetic statements like Wilson's *The New Freedom*, which can serve as a bible for millions of less articulate followers.

Yet there are many indications that a current of fresh political thought is beginning to stir. It shows up in such documents as the Murray and Kefauver reports on the concentration of American industry; in Arnall's testament, *The Shore Dimly Seen*; in Senator O'Mahoney's little-noticed suggestion for the federal chartering of giant corporations; in the Farmers' Union proposals for a full employment policy. Other straws crop up occasionally in the court house speeches, pamphlets, small town newspapers, and cracker-barrel bull sessions which form the historic political forum of the South and West. From such clues it is possible to patch together some estimate—tentative and full of gaps—about the kind of doctrine the new progressives seem likely to evolve.

For example, the principle of States Rights, in a remodeled version, apparently is creeping back into favor among the liberals—thus reversing one of the chief trends of the New Deal. In part, this is a natural result of the fact that the New Dealers are no longer in power. It is an old phenomenon of American politics that the men who hold the reins in Washington—of whatever party—come to believe devoutly in the blessings of a strong federal authority; while those in opposi-

tion automatically turn into valiant defenders of decentralization and local self-government.

But there is more to it than that. As they watched what went on in Europe (and the United States) during the past ten years, a good many progressives began to grasp the profound truth in John Chamberlain's famous dictum that "freedom lies in the interstices of the economy." No man is really free unless he can tell his boss to go to hell, and then get a job somewhere else; no society is truly free if one authority makes all the important decisions.

What is almost equally important, no organization—political or industrial—can operate efficiently if the decisions are too tightly centralized. The United States is simply too big to be run out of Washington. That lesson was hammered into the skulls of everybody who had any intimate dealings with our wartime bureaucracy; it may be the most valuable lesson we got out of the war.

For these reasons, we are likely to hear a lot of shouting from the liberals about the dispersal of power—both governmental and corporate. (The argument fits in nicely with their pet scheme for shifting industry to the South and West.) From time to time they may demand a greater degree of public control over such things as water power, medical services, housing, and natural resources—but they will *not* be whooping for nationalization, on either the Russian or the British model. More probably they will plump for local management in a wide variety of forms—by river valley authorities, public power districts, co-ops of the REA type, soil conservation districts, and non-profit state corporations.

Another item high up on the progressives' slate almost certainly will be conservation—on an immensely broader and more effective scale—of our fast-dwindling natural resources. Most Americans (especially the city people) have not yet begun to realize the ruinous speed with which we are stripping away our timber, strategic minerals, natural gas and oil, and the very earth itself. When they finally do catch on, the conservation issue will gather a lot of political momentum. For

it is no longer a matter of interest only to a few wild-life enthusiasts and soil scientists; it has become a question of survival.

Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago recently summed up the sombre facts: (a) "About one-quarter of the arable land in this country is now ruined or severely impoverished, and the damage is continuing"; (b) "Soil losses in the United States total more than five billion tons annually"; (c) "There has been a greater loss of productive soil in the world in the last two decades than the accumulated loss in all previous time." And he concluded: "Another century like the last, and civilization is through."

That possibility doesn't seem to interest the conservatives in either party; but it is bothering the liberals, and they think they have an answer. It is a network of river valley authorities—at least nine of them, with the Missouri first on the list—modeled after the astonishingly successful TVA. The pattern will vary from region to region, of course; and one characteristic of TVA may be abandoned entirely. Because of the liberals' new interest in decentralization, they probably will insist on a large degree of local control for future river valley authorities, rather than sole management by a Washington-appointed directorate of the TVA type. A revised draft of the MVA bill, now under discussion, for instance, would give a local advisory council, answerable directly to the people of the watershed, considerable responsibility for policy guidance.

IV

THE valley authority concept obviously is not aimed at conservation alone. It is a multi-purpose tool, designed to solve a whole bundle of related problems—ranging from flood control to water transport, cheap power, the orderly development of neglected resources, and a better balance between farming and industry. It has caught hold of the country's imagination precisely because it is a big idea—big enough to work where a hodgepodge of little, disconnected schemes had all failed.

A thing of that kind gives people notions. Inevitably, as they looked at TVA,

some of the more venturesome progressives began to cast around for a similar big, multi-purpose idea which might work equally well in other fields.

"Maybe we have been wrong"—so their speculation runs—"in tackling labor troubles, monopolies, and trade cycles as separate, unrelated problems. Maybe all of these things are merely symptoms of an industrial system which is somehow out of kilter—just as a silting creek is a symptom of breakdown in agriculture. In the Tennessee Valley we never got anywhere until we quit messing with each separate creek and cornpatch, and began to handle the whole watershed as one piece. We finally got it through our heads that everything happening on every farm and wood lot affects everybody in the valley. Could it be that we need to look at the industrial machine in just the same way?"

These are rude questions, for they point straight toward an entirely new conception of the modern corporation.

For more than a hundred years we kept up the pretty fiction that each industrial enterprise, no matter how big, was a purely private concern. How the managers handled it was nobody else's business, so long as they kept away from the less conventional forms of fraud. They were supposed to be responsible to the stockholders alone; their operations—in theory—were of no interest to the rest of the community.

This curious fancy survived only because it was tied up with another polite fiction—the pretense that there were hundreds of independent little firms in each industry; that competition would keep all of them on their best behavior; and that everything somehow would work out automatically in the public interest.

For a long time now it has been perfectly clear that both of these theories are wildly unreal. Most of the nation's key industries are now dominated by companies which you can count on the fingers of a mutilated hand—for example, three in automobiles (90 per cent), four in steel (64 per cent), four in copper (82 per cent), two in aluminum (more than 90 per cent), and so on through the list. What competition still remains usually is conducted with gentlemanly restraint.

And as everybody knows, the business of such companies no longer is a merely private concern. When the board of U. S. Steel makes a decision on prices—or on wages or its rate of new investment—every citizen of the United States is affected, just as truly as he would be by an act of Congress. Frequently even more. Many laws touch us only lightly; but if any one of the two hundred top corporations starts to jack up prices or to lay off men, that means money out of our pockets. If many of them act together—as they generally do—it may mean lost jobs or short rations for millions of us. When a giant American oil company makes a deal with its British counterpart for the exploitation of the Middle East oil pool, the agreement has all the effects of a treaty. It expresses the national interest in one of the world's most vital resources, and it commits American diplomacy (and ultimately American lives) to defend that interest.

PERHAPS it is time, then, for us to recognize the obvious truth: such decisions cannot properly be made in the secrecy of a private board room, by men who bear no direct public responsibility. These are political questions, in the fundamental sense of *res publica*; they are matters of first consequence to the entire body politic. They ought to be debated as openly and fully as any act of Congress; and the men who decide them must somehow be held publicly accountable for their decisions.

This would mean a new status for a relatively few great corporations—the two hundred, more or less, which make up the central switchboard of the nation's economy. It would mean that these companies—less than one per cent of the country's total number—would no longer be regarded as private businesses, but as public institutions. Their management would no longer be responsible to the stockholders alone, but to all the people. Their first duty would become, not simply to earn the biggest possible profit for each individual firm, but to keep the whole economy running smoothly on the tracks.

Such a concept need not involve public ownership. On the contrary, its aim would

be to avoid that wholesale nationalization—with all its dangers to freedom, initiative, and efficiency—which is almost certain to engulf us (as it already has engulfed most of the rest of the world) if we collapse into another major depression. Nor would it necessarily mean more interference with business. For some 99 per cent of America's business firms, it might in fact result in considerably less regimentation and direct government supervision.

What it would mean is a new kind of *responsible* capitalism. It would mean a new relationship between the government and the two hundred strategic corporations, which would leave them under private management *but which would insure that their power to control the nation's economy always would be used in the public interest.*

The idea is by no means new. In Great Britain certain big corporations have long worked so closely with the government (especially in foreign affairs) that it is often difficult to tell just where their private business leaves off and His Majesty's business starts in. The Bank of England, of course, is the classic example. Although its stock was privately held, and paid handsome dividends, the Bank behaved for many years as if it were an arm of the cabinet. It became the main link between the government and the business world, the central mechanism for managing the British economy; its governors thought of themselves as statesmen, whose first responsibility was to the nation rather than to their stockholders. Consequently, when the Bank was finally nationalized a few months ago, the ceremony was purely symbolic—the same gentlemen in striped trousers and black homburgs kept right on doing the same things in precisely the same old way.

In this country too, the idea of responsible corporate behavior already has made some headway. The great oil companies, for instance, normally consult the State Department on the big policy decisions concerning their foreign operations. So do investment bankers engaged in large-scale foreign lending. In the domestic field, a few of the wiser monopolies, such as AT&T and Western Union, conduct their day-to-day affairs very much as if they were government agencies—pre-

sumably on the theory that this is the surest way to stave off public ownership. Recently one or two big companies—notably Ford and International Harvester—have cut prices in the avowed interest of national economic stability, although this action cost them plenty of money and was not forced by either competition or market conditions. Through their Committee for Economic Development a good many business men have made a tacit and rudimentary acknowledgment of their joint responsibility for long-range economic planning, and such leaders as Beardsley Ruml, Henry Kaiser, and Charles Luckman have become forthright spokesmen for a new business philosophy.

V

SO FAR, however, these are sporadic cases, arising out of the occasional insight of a few uncommonly courageous and far-sighted executives. The problem is to extend this pattern of behavior—to establish it as a consistent habit among all the men who run our strategic concentrations of economic power.

This cannot, of course, be accomplished merely by exhortation. It requires a new relationship between the dominant corporations and society, under which rewards and honors will go to those managers who act as responsible stewards, and penalties will fall upon those who persist in behaving like robber barons. The carrot and the stick are still the only reliable means for keeping the donkey moving down the straight and narrow path.

If liberal political theory develops along these lines—as I think it may—its chief task for the next decade will be to work out the techniques and nuances of this new relationship between government and big business. For a concept of this kind cannot be brought to life simply by passing a law or setting up a new regulatory agency. It will require many devices, hammered out through a tedious process of trial and error.

Some of the machinery already is at hand. A start might be made, for example, by the President's new Council of Economic Advisers, which seems destined to develop into a sort of economic general

staff. As a first step it might well undertake an inquiry into the present structure of American industry, with the purpose of drawing up a master list of the two hundred or so corporations which exercise working direction over the nation's economic life. Its report could set forth—for future guidance—just how each of these strategic firms fits into the intricate mechanism of control, and how it manipulates the lower echelons of business by means of purchasing and marketing agreements, financial connections, patent licensing, interlocking directorates, and similar administrative levers.

On the basis of such a report, the Council could then ask Congress to recognize formally the crucially important role of the Two Hundred, by conferring on them a special status and special responsibilities. Perhaps this could be done most easily by some such scheme as Senator O'Mahoney's plan for federal incorporation. These key companies—and these alone—might be required to operate under federal charters, providing specific guarantees of responsible behavior. They would have to agree, for example, never to use their vast quasi-monopolistic powers to restrict output, extort unjustified prices, or rig cartel agreements with foreign concerns. They would also be required to conduct their affairs in a goldfish bowl, just like any other public institution; and the Economic Council no doubt would need to develop a specially trained staff to keep their records and day-to-day operations under constant scrutiny.

Publicity probably would serve, in normal circumstances, as the only weapon needed to enforce these rules. No executive would care to have the Economic Council announce that he was cooking up a little stock deal for his personal profit, giggling the customers with a price-fixing scheme, bribing a state legislature, flirting with a Swiss cartel, or otherwise disporting himself in a manner unbecoming to a corporation officer and a gentleman. To deal with any recalcitrant survivors of the old public-be-damned school, however, the Council might occasionally have to turn to the courts. It would hardly be worthwhile to impose fines, because our anti-trust experience has shown that they are seldom

an effective deterrent to wealthy transgressors. Instead the courts might be empowered to rule that any official who does not live up to his august responsibilities should be barred forever from employment in any of the two hundred key corporations. The social stigma of such a decree might become, in time, almost as fearsome as imprisonment.

THE management of the Two Hundred could well be called upon to shoulder certain group responsibilities as well. Their most important decisions, from the standpoint of the national economy, are those concerning the volume of corporate savings (in the form of reserves, depreciation, and undistributed profits) and the rate of new investment. These are the two gyroscopes—as Mr. Keynes has taught us—which largely govern the stability of the economy. When they get out of kilter, so that savings pile up faster than they can find an outlet in investment, the result is a depression.

Consequently, the Economic Council might call the Two Hundred into consultation each year on their future plans for savings and investment. (After all, these firms directly control something like sixty per cent of the total stream of investment, and indirectly they influence a good deal more. Similarly, their wage, dividend, and price policies largely determine the rate of individual savings and consumer spending.) If it should appear that business investment for the year is likely to fall short of the total necessary to keep the economy rolling, the Council might suggest that they revise their estimates upward. Their incentive to oblige would be strong, because the alternative would be government investment in public works to fill the gap—and that money, in the long run, would mostly come out of business's pocket in taxes.

In like fashion, whenever savings began to stack up at the expense of consumer purchasing power, the Council might recommend price cuts, higher wages, and lower profit margins. No prudent management could ignore such hints; for if it did, responsibility for the ensuing smashup would be inescapably fixed.

Such co-operative planning for eco-

conomic stability should go a long way toward curing our labor troubles, because it would aim to end that insecurity—that haunting fear of unemployment—which underlies most labor unrest. Moreover, the unions presumably would sit in with government and management in the planning process; and the sharing of responsibility is the surest way of learning responsible behavior.

In a few peculiarly vital industries, however, labor might have to forego its right to strike; and in return it would have to receive a special standing and special privileges comparable to those of the civil service. Railway labor already has something approaching this status. It works under a special law, the Railway Labor Act; it has its own security legislation in the Railroad Retirement Act; its union contracts have established a sort of civil service procedure on promotions and working conditions; and President Truman (with overwhelming public support) recently denied its right to paralyze the nation by striking. In any such industry where strikes are clearly intolerable, labor probably would demand—and should get—one further guarantee before it gives up its strike weapon. Some machinery would have to be set up for the periodic review of wages, so that increases would come automatically with every increase in labor's productivity.

CERTAINLY it would not be easy to make a responsible and directed capitalism of this kind work. It would require, first of all, a new attitude among both our business leaders and our bureaucrats. Government employees would have to quit talking about business men as if they were all public enemies; and industrialists would have to learn that Washington is not populated entirely by crazy college professors and disguised Bolsheviks plotting to wreck The American Way of Life. A certain minimum of good faith and respect on both sides would be indispensable—plus a mutual willingness to give the scheme a fair trial.

Also necessary would be a thoroughgoing reorganization of the government, to bring some order out of the present demented jungle of overlapping and unco-

ordinated agencies. Until Washington develops a machinery for producing prompt, consistent policy decisions, it clearly will not be able to give much useful guidance to business men; nor can industrialists be expected to co-operate as long as a dozen different bureaus and commissions are belaboring them with conflicting advice. The creation of a competent and well-paid civil service, capable of attracting really first-rate men, together with a coordinating cabinet secretariat of the sort recently suggested by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, might be a good first step.

Obviously, too, the system would be beset by dangers, as any adventurous undertaking is bound to be. Some extreme left-wingers no doubt would seize upon it as a first step toward a Communist society, while their counterparts of the extreme right might try to convert it into a corporative state. Constant vigilance would be necessary to keep either the government from trying to run the Two Hundred Corporations, or the Two Hundred Corporations from getting ambitions to take over the government. In addition, it would have to be made perfectly clear that the special status of the selected corporations would not imply either an excuse for inefficient management nor a promise of public subsidy.

But these difficulties are not necessarily insuperable—and it is not an American habit to flinch from tough jobs. Any program for handling the impending economic crisis will bristle with dangers and difficulties. They can be avoided entirely only by doing nothing—which is, of course, the most dangerous choice of all.

Whether the country's progressives will in fact work out a new road map of the kind outlined so sketchily here is, at the moment, a matter of sheer guesswork. All that can be said is that some of the most thoughtful are feeling their way in roughly this direction.

What they produce is not, however, the most important question: it is whether they produce anything at all. For if the liberals do not come up with a fresh and coherent doctrine before the onset of the next depression, they almost certainly will lose for good their power to operate as an effective force in American politics.

SURE, I COULD PRODUCE MORE

CARLTON BRADSHAW

MY FIRST pay check in 1947 would have been double what it actually was, if my labor union and the management had been willing to get together and give me a chance.

Understand, I'm not belittling that pay check; it's the first one I received at my new rate of \$1.85 an hour. Back in the war days I was bringing home \$75 and \$80 a week even after Uncle Sam had collected his 20 per cent; but this year is the first time I've seen so much money for so little work.

And I mean just exactly that—little work. The boss doesn't offer me any inducement to push myself at all. The union is plenty active in discouraging any pay differentials; if I'm qualified to do the job I'm entitled to \$1.85 an hour, no more and no less. I know the stockholders would be happy if I got ambitious and tried to see how much I could turn out, but I'm working for myself and not for them.

I don't want to knock the union. In the past twenty years I've seen my pay go up from \$1.05 to \$1.85 an hour, and I know well enough that I couldn't have done that by myself. I've seen the work week come down to 40 hours, and I've seen vacation and holiday pay come to life. I didn't expect all these things when I joined the union; I joined because I thought I ought to belong to an organization which had done so much to make my job attractive, and because I couldn't

take a free ride at the expense of the men working beside me who pay the freight.

Yes, the union has been good to me; but somewhere along the line I've been short-changed. This nice fat pay check doesn't seem to do me any more good at the grocery store than the one I brought home twenty years ago. I know the answer to that one, and inflation is only a part of it. It's because I'm not producing as much as I did twenty years ago, and neither is anybody else. If I got out 75 per cent more work for that 75 per cent pay increase—partly through my own effort and partly because of better and faster machinery—I'd expect to get as much for my dollar as I did in 1927.

But I'm not turning out as much. I know, because my division posts production records on the bulletin board. It's all listed alphabetically, so there isn't any of this "head of the class" stuff, but the idea is the same; the front office hopes each of us will take enough pride in his work to keep from being low man on the totem pole. And I'm producing today just about 75 per cent of what I turned out during the last month of my apprenticeship (it so happens that there has been no improvement in the machinery on my particular job in that time). Not 75 per cent more—75 per cent as much. And I can't remember wearing myself down to the bone in those old days, either; I always had a little left in reserve when a rush job turned up.

"Carlton Bradshaw" prefers to withhold his real name because the ideas he advocates run counter to the policy of both his union and his employer.

Well, why should I turn out any more work than the fellow at the next machine? He's always standing around the drinking fountain or out in the washroom; but he gets \$1.85 an hour the same as I do.

The point is, I found out a little while back just what my production is worth to the shop. I've got a friend who knows a little bit about cost accounting in the industry, and he told me that the shop charges just about eight dollars for the work that I produce in an hour. Not that I think I'm giving the shop \$8 worth of work for every \$1.85 it pays me; I know there are quite a few laborers around the place, and there are clerks and typists up on the fifth floor, and there are heat and light and power and delivery service, and repairs and replacements on machinery, and there are rent and taxes and profit. But I guess the shop is taking care of all those expenses and still making just a little bit of profit, because it's still doing business and I still have a job.

But suppose I started hitting my stride again and picked up that 25 per cent production that I've let slide? That extra production would be worth pretty close to two dollars right on the cost sheets, because I can't see where it would cost the shop one cent more of overhead. Wouldn't the boss be willing to give me a slice of that two dollars an hour, along with the laborer and the elevator operator and the clerk and typist upstairs, and still have enough left over to spend an extra week at the Roney Plaza next winter? And when I say slice I mean a *big* slice—not just a 10-cent-an-hour incentive for beating the minimum average, or a Christmas bonus of a week's pay; I mean just about a third of that two dollars he'd gain because I found my conscience. I don't know just how he ought to divide that up to be fair to everybody; but if he gave me a third, split up a third along with the office and shop help, and kept a third for himself, which one of us is going to kick? Or, better yet, he might split it up four ways and give the customer a big break on the price—I'd go along with that, because I'm a customer myself some of the time; then everybody would be happy.

If he gave me that kind of incentive to

get on the ball, he'd find me pushing my machine for all it's worth and yelling for the machinist to oil it up so it would run faster.

Am I asking for the return of the sweatshop? I don't know; that was before my time. I always thought a sweatshop was a place where you had to work from 12 to 16 hours a day to make enough money to buy a loaf of bread, thanks to a piecework scale that you couldn't make money on if you even stopped to take a deep breath. Or maybe it was the kind that paid a bonus for extra production that amounted to about fifty cents a day if you got out twice as much work as you ought to. It seems to me that if a sweatshop paid an honest day's pay for an honest day's sweat, it wouldn't have earned such a bad name.

Believe me, we don't have a sweatshop in this place. Once in a while we get a new man who turns out to be an eager beaver and puts in just about eight and a half hours of work in an eight-hour day. We give him a few hints in a nice way that he doesn't have to make any average, that all he's got to do is keep his head above water; if that doesn't work he may find a little glue smeared on the handle of his locker door, or knots tied in his shirt sleeves when he's ready to change his clothes and go home. We've even had cases of fellows falling down and spraining a wrist on the way to lunch—all perfectly accidental, of course; but the idea gets across.

II

JUST what do I want out of my job, anyhow? Am I out to get as much money as I can for as little work as possible? Some of the pep talks from the front office sound as if that's the impression I'm giving; but I personally don't know more than one man in twenty-five who makes a career out of trying to get something for nothing. And I can pair him off with a couple of old-timers who couldn't sleep nights if they didn't drive themselves like slaves from start to finish.

In between these two I can spot all degrees of conscience and indifference; but I notice one dominant characteristic—we'd all like to have a little better home, a little better car, a little better suit of clothes than

the next fellow. If we can get it without lifting a finger, we're tickled to death; there's nothing that sets a fellow up more than a little bit of luck, like having a good day at the track or winning a nice prize in a radio contest. But as a last resort we're willing to work to get it. That was pretty well proved during the war when part-time jobs could be had for the asking; there were plenty of us who put in 54 and 60 hours a week on our regular jobs and still managed to get in a little night work every week. Patriotism? Don't kid yourself; it was hard cash that did it.

But now that the war is over the chances to get that spare-time cash have disappeared, and so has the overtime pay check. The first thing that happened was a fat cut in the pay envelope. If we'd seen prices show an inclination to drop off to match the overtime pay we weren't getting, we'd have come out about the same; but that didn't happen the first month, and we could see our chance of buying all those things we wanted going out the window. So it looked as if the easy way was to build up our take-home pay back to the 1945 level. After all, hadn't the plant made millions during the war? This seemed like a good time for those profits to be shared a little way down the line. We've tried to make up that shortage in our pay check by asking for a 10 or 15 or 20 per cent increase every time our contract runs out, and by demanding \$3 an hour, and by portal-to-portal pay suits; but we know among ourselves that every time we get 10 per cent more cash there's at least a 10 per cent increase in prices, *because we're not producing a single thing more to justify that raise*. Every time we get a 10 per cent raise Jupiter Motors raises the prices of cars 10 per cent; and every time Jupiter Motors announces a price increase the *Monday Morning Review* charges them 10 per cent more for a page of advertising "due to the increased cost of labor."

We hope that some day we'll hit the jackpot with one of our big demands and get ahead of the cost of living for at least a few weeks. But we're trying to lift ourselves by our own bootstraps, and there isn't a single case in recorded history where the principle has worked.

We read a lot of highly perfumed arti-

cles about what labor wants—security, a share in the business, an understanding of what is going on in the plant. It's true that we could use anything that makes the job more pleasant. Security means a whole lot in the life of any man who expects to meet next month's expenses out of next month's pay checks; that's why life insurance is such big business. And some of us are willing to work just a little harder for our money if we are treated as though we're grown men and not school kids.

But what we really want is the same thing that management wants—the most we can get for a day's work. You don't have to be a fair-haired idealist in an ivory tower to see that.

III

SUPPOSE, by some miracle, a factory should open up which paid a basic wage of a dollar an hour for a basic output of considerably less than the average for the past five years, but paid a straight bonus for all production above that basic output—just like a salesman with a basic salary plus commission. And suppose the union withdrew its objections to a sliding pay scale. How might it work out?

First of all, I'd quit my job and dash over there to get on the payroll—and so would a few thousand other fellows who think they are pretty good. We would figure we could make three or four dollars an hour as long as we held up under the strain.

Well, how long would we last before we had to spend a winter on the beach resting up? If as many of us are physically unfit as the Army would have us believe, a lot of us couldn't stand the pace. There's the chance for my union to step in and do some lobbying with the dues money it collects for a "war chest"; it could see that we didn't get a chance to wear ourselves out. There are several ways of easing the strain, such as requiring a rest period of a few minutes every hour or reducing the work week. I know that once I got past that first \$100 a week I'd just as soon sit on the porch with a bottle of beer as get up early and go to work, and I wouldn't mind taking off Friday or Monday once in a

while. Probably the shop would go along with a scheme that called for a four-day or 30-hour week so they wouldn't be wondering whether I'd show up or not; and it would give somebody else a chance to get in 30 hours a week too.

And the boss could count on one thing—we wouldn't loaf along during the week so we could get a chance to work overtime and raise his costs through that time-and-one-half penalty. Why should I stick myself into giving up one of my days off when I wouldn't get out more than 10 per cent extra work after a hard week on the job, and why should the shop pay me any more per unit for overtime work when it couldn't collect on it? The extra work wouldn't seem half so attractive as it did when we got paid time-and-a-half just for sticking to the job.

Second, would we reduce production through long-drawn-out and silly strikes? Maybe we've got to change our ways. We've surely got to quit this business of striking because a bricklayer puts a couple of planks across a muddy strip of ground instead of waiting for a carpenter to show up and do the job. Anyhow, there shouldn't be much danger of strikes as long as the shop kept its end of the bargain. Our union could keep a close watch to see that the spirit and letter of the agreement were kept, and if management started to chisel it would find itself just about as deep behind the eight-ball in public opinion as it was in 1932, and as labor is today. The old gripe about piecework was that management kept beating down the unit price every time a "swift" showed up on the floor or every time a faster machine was installed, with the result that management picked up all the benefits of increased production and there wasn't a chance for the worker to get ahead. The union should have full power to protect us against that sort of thing, and the union would be strictly from Missouri—because we have grounds for believing that industry made a profit in 1946 even at the low production rates prevailing then.

THAT problem of bigger and better machinery is one of the points that would have to be settled in black and white right from the start. We know that,

mass production is the big reason why this country won the war in 1945 instead of taking a few years longer to do the job; but that's history—in 1947 we're still afraid of these robots that can do the work of eight men and two boys. The union and the management would have to get together and determine fair adjustments in piecework rates resulting from the introduction of new machinery and equipment that would speed up production. We know that new machinery costs money, and that we're not entitled to the full benefit of the increased ability to produce that management has given us; but we think we ought to share in those benefits along with management—and also that a substantial share of the benefits should be passed along to the public. There should be a fair demonstration before an impartial board to show just how much increased production would result from the new equipment with equal diligence on the worker's part, and the division of profits resulting from the innovation should be just.

Our labor leaders have forced management to sit down at the conference table and listen to demands for a pay increase for no better economic reason than that the fellow across the street got a raise. We have harassed management with nuisance strikes because we couldn't make up our minds which union we wanted to represent us, or because management wouldn't pay one of us a day's pay to stand around and watch somebody else do a day's work—and also draw a day's pay. If management has stood for these things it ought to be willing to discuss the gains resulting from technological improvement—for here is something that definitely can show a profit to management, and all we ask is a fair disposition of that profit. And we wouldn't be willing to trust to management's good will on this; we'd want our union to guarantee us a fair share.

We brag a lot in our business magazines and newspaper editorials about the high standard of living in this country, and we hear various reasons given for that high standard. We hear that it is because we have more machinery than all the rest of the world put together, and because we have the engineers to design the machines and the workmen to operate them and the

raw materials to put through them. And we are told that our individual and national wealth isn't the paper money we bring home on Friday night, but the stocks of goods on the store shelves and the raw materials that nature has lavished upon us.

But all those raw materials and finished goods wouldn't add up to a high standard of living if we all had to work for ten dollars a week and those goods had to be sent to China in search of a buyer; we've got to have the paper money in our pay envelopes to buy these goods, and they must be priced within reach of our budgets. Anybody who has something to sell has a stake in seeing to it that the public has the money to buy it. It's nothing short of fuzzy thinking if he doesn't realize that in order to provide the public with this money, wages must rise in proportion to production.

AND now we come to the old \$64 question that we all ask when there's talk about a speed-up—would we work ourselves out of our jobs? One thing is sure—if the plant intends to produce exactly 100,000 units this year and it can do it with 50 less workers, somebody is going to get a blue slip in his pay envelope. I think we have a right to ask this Congress, which is planning to spend quite a bit of our tax money investigating the labor situation, to spend a little of that money in investigating some of the restrictive practices current in industry. What right has some automobile manufacturer to determine that he can sell 500,000 cars at a retail price of \$1,200, and ignore the fact that he could sell a million of them and make a still bigger net profit if he would reduce the price to \$1,000? He's not going to lose money with that increased production; he will actually make more—he's just afraid that he'll saturate the market, or that the profits will come out at the wrong point on the supply-and-demand curve, or that we'll just work ourselves into a depression.

Well, we've never worked ourselves into a depression yet. We've speculated ourselves into one, and we've underpaid our workers to the point where they couldn't afford to buy the goods even on the install-

ment plan, and we had to close our factories for a few years (some joker called it overproduction); but we've never yet *worked* ourselves into one. I can't see the difference between shutting down a machine and belonging to the 52-20 club; it's just a question of degree of idleness and the moral question of whether it's all right for a machine to take a year off and all wrong for a man to do the same thing.

One thing is certain—there never was a better time in the history of this country for you industrialists to find out what would happen if you really encouraged full production. You did it during the war years and you made money because you had a sure market (at a guaranteed profit) for everything you could deliver; and you know you can depend on an equally steady market in the field of most consumer goods for a good many years to come. Just suppose that all our wartime production had been devoted to automobiles and furniture and clothing and housing, and that all our wartime purchasing power had been devoted to a steady consumption of these goods instead of piling up as a backlog of unsatisfied demand. You wouldn't be worrying about a depression today; you'd be talking about two cars and a jeep in every garage and two turkeys in every pot, and you'd have a whole lot more reason for doing it than you did in 1928.

We would still have a couple of loose cogs in our industrial machine if it were to become geared to payment on a production basis. There's the fellow who just can't make the grade—the man who is just getting by at his job today and who wouldn't make more than a dollar an hour when the rest of us are making three or four times that much money. He's the fellow our union is trying to protect in our flat wage scale. But is he protected today? As soon as that threatened recession begins he's going to be laid off because of slack production, and there isn't a thing the union can do for him under those circumstances; and he isn't going to be as well off under state unemployment compensation when I'm making \$1.85 an hour as he would be making \$1 an hour when I'm making \$3. Maybe I'll drive a Packard and he'll have to be satisfied with buying my car secondhand after I've

driven the best miles out of it; but at least he won't be standing along the road thumbing a ride to a warmer winter climate.

And how about the fellow who isn't on a production basis—the precision worker whose accuracy is more valuable than the volume of his production, the elevator operator who puts in his 40 hours a week just doing his job, the schoolteacher who gets what the Board of Education thinks it can spare out of tax collections? Our unions could get to work and look after the employees in the plant who are standing by watching the machines hum; there's no satisfaction to them in joining one of the white-collar workers' unions which seem to have only a nuisance value today. Government might be able to establish wage scales for these people which would be in line with the value of their services as compared with the cost of living in general; it's no more difficult than setting up minimum wage standards, as has been done in the past. The government might even kick in with a little cash to help out the schoolteachers if that's the only way out. It helps build roads and dredge harbors and control floods in the states, and there doesn't seem to be any good reason for neglecting education.

IV

WHE UNION members are in a tough spot, and we've got to face the facts. The public is pretty well disgusted with the strikes and slowdowns of the past year, and wants to see a little more work and a little less griping. So does the Republican Congress which recently convened, and this Congress has the power and the will to act; already it is consider-

ing legislation which would put us right back where we were in 1932. The sooner our union leaders stop talking about strikes and begin a training program designed to furnish competent workers for the job to be done, the sooner we will earn the respect of management and the right to sit down at the conference table on an equal basis with management. And the sooner we workers realize that our pay check should bear some relation to what we have done with our time, the sooner we'll be able to get white shirts and nylons without knowing Joe or paying a day's wages for them.

And it might help the front office just a little bit to realize that the more money we get, the more things we're going to buy; and that all the boss has to figure out is how to sell his goods at a profit and he may yet have a California ranch before they're all bought up by the used-car dealers.

But it's up to management to make the first move. Pretty soon the latest wage contracts will run out; there's your opportunity to sit tight and tell us we've got to produce, or else. Our representatives on the scale committee are probably open to charges of contempt from union headquarters if they so much as agree to the piecework system in any way, shape, or form, so our hands are tied. You're in the driver's seat in 1947; you can make this your opportunity for revenge and a depression, or you can plan for the age of plenty.

As for us workers, we have a golden opportunity to share in a wealth we never dreamed of, and we don't have to change human nature to do it. If we fail to see what full production means, we have nothing to lose but our gains.

PROMENADE IN NAPLES

JOHN HORNE BURNS

I REMEMBER that Italy in August 1944 lay off our port like a golden porpoise lapped in dawn. She had eggs and lumps on her outline which the sun and the light mist grossened into wens. From nearer I made them out to be the island of Capri and the volcano Vesuvius. I peered with more interest than I had at Africa, for I had precise and confused ideas of what Italy'd be like.

—Italy, the Pfc said, leaning his chin on the rail. She's given the world things out of all proportion to her size. In stinks and in perfumes. They say that everyone who comes here finds her exactly as he'd hoped or feared she'd be . . .

—I expect flowers and dirt and love and saints and sinners and music and spaghetti, the corporal said.

—For me, the mess sergeant said, picking his teeth, it all boils down to signorinas. I hope to get em when they're hungry. Then I have a big stick to shake over em . . .

I remember how in my head and in my heart the city of Naples had always nestled like a sleeping question mark, as an entity gay and sad and full of what they call Life. I knew it would be a port town, but a port town over which lay a color and a weight peculiarly Naples' own, a short girl with dark eyes and rich skin and body hair. Motherhood. Huge and inscrutable as the feminine Idea.

In August 1944 the port of Naples was a flytrap of bustle and efficiency and robbery in the midst of ruin and panic. Images of disaster lay about the harbor: ships sunk at their berths, shattered un-

loading machinery, pumiced tenements along the docks. And back of this lunette the island of Capri sheared out of the Bay, a sunny yellow bulkhead. Vesuvius smoked softly and solemnly, the way a philosophic plumber does at a wake. The Bay of Naples was crammed with Liberty ships and boats with red crosses on their sides and decks. Out Bagnoli way among the laurels and the myrtles Landing Craft Infantry thumped up and down in the water like steel sculls. All this shipping reminded me of some regatta that began gaily, only to be blasted out of the water by something foul and cruel in the blue below.

—I don't like to look at bombed buildings, the Pfc said, putting polaroid lenses over his spectacles. Not that this will shut out the view . . .

—Ten months ago, the mess sergeant said, these greasy bastards were still hearin sirens and gettin pasted . . .

I remember how the blue of the Mediterranean shaded into gray or rainbowed oil around the berths. Everything floated around near the piers: watermelons, chunks of fissured wood, strips of faded cloth.

—Europe drains into the Bay of Naples, the Pfc said.

And I remember the jeeps along Via Caracciolo near the section of Santa Lucia, and how Zi' Teresa's restaurant jutting on a small pleat was then a French officers' mess, and the tunnel to Bagnoli. I remember whizzing past the statues of the aquarium, the war monuments (*Napoli ai suoi caduti*) that stared out to

sea in the sunlight as stiff and superannuated as warriors on the porch of an old soldiers' home. The sunlight gives Naples a hardness and a mercilessness. It pokes its realistic fingers into the bombed buildings by Navy House. In the halfshot houses what plaster yet remains in the eaves is as living and suppurating as human skin. And the hills just over Naples where the Vomero sits on its snaky terraces and flights of stairs like an old lady precarious on a trapeze. The houses of Naples as they swarm up the hillside are yellow or creamy or brown; they get lost in the verdure that grows hairlike over the lips of Castel Sant'Elmo. I couldn't place Naples in any century because it had a taste at once modern and medieval, all grown together in weariness and urgency and disgust. Yet even in her half-death Naples is alive and furious with herself and with life. The hillside on which she lies, legs open like a drunken trollop, trembles when she turns on her fan bed. I remember too that at midday, when she was sleepest of all in the lurid heat, she was a symbol of life itself, resentful and spiteful and cursing, yet very tender in her ruin.

—I don't care what anybody says, the corporal said. This is a terrific town. Absolutely terrific. There's something here that makes me restless and drowsy at the same time. Naples ain't just a city, like Saint Louis or Omaha. There's something moving in the air above Naples . . . Poison gas? Perfume? . . .

—Ah blow it, the mess sergeant said. Look at them skirts . . .

I remember that along Via Caracciolo thousands of people strolled in the late afternoon. There came a hot wind off the Bay that ruffled the buttocks and the marvelous breasts of the Italian women. It mussed their black, thick hair. Everyone walked arm in arm, talking, laughing, crying, shouting, gesticulating. I remember the shabbiness of Neapolitan suits, different from the shine on the seats of American pants. I remember the mourning bands on the lapels of the Neapolitan men. I remember Neapolitan shoes—when there were any—cracked or sprouting or leaking, of sick flashy leather like the cheeks of the feverish. I remember the

lipstick and powder that the women used—when they could get any—of the tint of pulverized blood. I remember the dark pallidity of those girls who could get none. I remember the glistening damp hair when the Neapolitan women put up a hand to their heads, and their legs, which seemed often to be skinned in dewy feathers.

I remember the walls along Piazza Municipio, stuck with movie posters and the yellow playbills of the San Carlo and the Italian review *Febbre Azzurra*, or *Prossimamente Greer Garson in Prigionieri del Passato*, and Charlie Chaplin in *Il Grande Dittatore*, and Napoli Milionaria, and Sofia So'. And the shops with their windows half empty, with their scant goods cutely spread out to fake a display.

Prezzi sbalordativi . . .

Riduzioni del 20% . . .

Or the book stores where Louisa May Alcott became *Piccole Donne*, where paper-bound ochre books lay in carts like cheeses on their sides, where Benedetto Croce was bedfellow with old copies of *Life* and that lousy Roman periodical *Marforio*, where nude girls pranced on the cover. And in every street and vico the little rafts on wheels selling shoelaces and combs that shattered when they touched my scalp, and how bottles were sawed down to make glasses and vases, and how chestnuts and oranges and tomatoes and spinaci stood wilting in the food stores.

Oggi si vende . . .

Si distribuisce sale . . .

Non si riparano gomme per mancanza di materiale . . .

Lo spaccio, la tessera . . .

I REMEMBER the San Carlo Opera House on the corner by the traffic island, across the street from a Pro Station. Its 1,743 arches, its lines sweating out opera and ballet at thirty-five lire. Near it the Palazzo where the limeys took their tea and the British officers got drunk on their roof terrace and poured gin on pedestrians passing into the Galleria Umberto. And I remember that every vico and salita had a different smell. Along Via Roma there was the color of movement: the OD's of the combat troops, the rusty shorts of the UK, the melting splotches of the Neapolitan housewives' housedresses, the

patter of sandals, the click of hobnails, the squinch of children's brown bare soles as they begged, pimped, screamed, tugged, cried, and offered. On Via Roma there was a smell, I remember, of fake coffee roasting, of ice cream with phony flavors and colors, of musty dry goods gloated over by the padrone behind his bars against thieves. Out of every alley in Naples the whiff of a thousand years of life and death and bedsheets and urination. The glass over the colored picture of the Madonna of Torre Annunziata. The clinking of the gratings on the balconies. And especially that small basket being hauled up and down the many stories on its string, pulling up newspapers and groceries and the baby. Each alley had a different stench from many families with their own residua of body excretion, sweat, halitosis, and dandruff. And I remember alley after alley winding off Via Roma like a bowel, each with its Off Limits sign. All I could see of them was the entrance, a flash of cobblestones, a turn of sunlight, and the scarred face of a wall shutting off all further exploration.

—I'm lost in Naples, said the Pfc. Life has struck me in the face like a flounder. Cold, hot, ghastly, and lovely . . .

I REMEMBER making acquaintance with Italian. At first all I heard in Naples was *asssshpett* and *capeeesh* and *payyy-sannn*. But after a few days it broke down into something more articulate. Italian (not Neapolitan dialect) can soon be understood because it sounds like what it's saying. Italian is a language as natural as the human breath. Neither Italian nor breathing ceases when you stop thinking about it. Italian is a feminine and flowing tongue in which the endings fill up the pauses, covering those gaps and gaucheries of conversation that embarrass Americans and British. It's a language whose inertia has remained on the plus side. It keeps in motion by its own inherent drive. The Italians are never silent with one another. It isn't necessary even to think in this lovely language, for your breath comes and goes anyhow, and you might just as well use it to talk with. And good loving talk! If you've nothing to say, *ehhh* and *senz-altro* and *per forza* and *per questo* are

always tumbling from your lips to prevent the gap from getting static. And then there were *dico* and *dice*, and the tumble of the Italian past subjunctive, like smoke turning on itself:

Se io andassi o se tu potessi . . .

I remember that Italian used to amuse me till it caught me in its silken web. For it's a language meant to be talked, which is the only reason people open their mouths at all. I remember how kind the Neapolitans were to me when I was learning it, the sweetness of their grammatical corrections, the look of joy on an Italian's face when you address him in his tongue, however poorly. Italian is the most sociable and Christian language in this world. It's full of a bubblelike laughter. Yet it's capable of power and bitterness. It has nouns that tick off a personality as neatly as a wisecrack. It's a language in which the voice runs to all levels. You all but sing, and you work off your passion with your hands.

Io andare a casa tua per mangiare e per fare amore . . . finito capito amato andato venduto . . . Capeeesh? . . . Molto buono, no buono, acqua fresca . . .

I remember that sometimes I used to wonder if so tender and human a language might disappear from the world because of the pattern of conquest. For Italian is an atavistic language. All the rest have been visited by some torture or trickery or introspection. Italian alone is the language of the moment, cunning yet unpremeditated. I learned Italian in order to make love. And I found Italian feminine and secret and grave and puzzled and laughing, like a woman. Italian is like milk and butter, sauced with some pepper lest it cloy you with its sweetness. Once Italian got into my palate, I remember, it never again left me. And I learned Italian in Naples.

I remember also the dialect of the city of Naples, which is like Italian chewed to shreds in the mouth of a hungry man. It varies even within the city. The fishermen in the Bay talk differently from the rich in the Vomero. Every six blocks in the squashed-together city there's a new dialect. But the dialect is Naples and Naples is the dialect. It's as raw as tenement living, as mercurial as a thief to your

face, as tender as the flesh on the breast. Sometimes in one sentence it's all three. The stateliness of Tuscan Italian is missing in Neapolitan. But there's no false stateliness in Naples either, except in some alien fountain presented by a Duchess of Lombardy. Neapolitan dialect isn't ornamental. Its endings have been amputated just as Neapolitan living pares to the heart and hardness of life. Wild sandwiches occur in the middle of words, doublings of *z*'s, cramming of *m*'s and *n*'s. When they say something, the Neapolitans scream and moan and stab and hug and vituperate. All at once. And their gestures! The hand before the groin, the finger under the chin, the cluckings, the headshakings. In each sentence they seem to recapitulate all the emotions that human beings know. They die and live and faint and desire and despair. I remember the dialect of Naples. It was the most moving language I ever listened to. It came out of the fierce sun over the bleached and smelly roofs, the heavy night, childbirth, expostulation, and death. I remember too the tongues that spoke Neapolitan to me: the humorous, the sly, the gentle, the anguished, the merciful, and the murderous. Those tongues that spoke it were like lizards warm in the sun, jiggling their tails because they were alive.

—I have hoid, said the mess sergeant, teasing a Neapolitan child with a chocolate bar, that da wimmin are purtier in Nort Italy. But ya can't trump da build on da Neapolitan goils.

I remember how the women and girls of Naples stood for all the women and girls of the world. They might have been from Joisey City, with their hair not quite combed and dark and too long. Under this fluffy, frowsy rat's-nest they had earrings too heavy for their ears, with some cabalistic design or jewel. And there were the girls of the Vomero, of the strangling middle class, who were rushed along Via Roma on their mothers' arms, girls who were locked up after nightfall when they'd come in from their classes at the University. Now they were *studentesse*, but soon they'd be *dottorette*:

*Un libro di latino
Per un giovinottino . . .*

They were like pretty mice in cotton dresses as they whisked by me with their chaperons. Sometimes I caught their eyes on the oblique when Mamma was looking the other way, eyes demure and hypocritical, eyes shooting feudal disdain for the poorer Italian women, eyes masking jealousy and curiosity of those Neapolitan women who went with *gli alleati*. And there were also a few, very few Neapolitan women who reminded me of the blaring independence of American girls, who promenaded slowly through the street, well made up, their hair a little lighter, their legs a little daintier, their dresses fresh and trim. And once in a while I saw a *marchesa* or a *contessa* who'd played ball with the Fascists and was now doing likewise with *gli alleati*. These were slim and forty and chic. They could be seen all over Europe, not just in Naples. And there were also the widows of Naples with their canes and sober bags. But most ubiquitous on Via Roma were those *signurine* who chewed gum and had forgotten how to speak Italian. These walked always in pairs, and they screeched American obscenities at one another, taught them probably by some armored force sergeant. They called every American Joe, and they knew "Stardust" and "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." They knew the words better than I did.

BUT I remember best of all the children of Naples. The *scugnizz'*. Naples is the greatest baby factory in the world. Once they come off the assembly line, they lose no time getting onto the streets. They learn to walk and talk on the streets. Many of them seem to live there. As the curfew was progressively lifted to a later and later hour, the children of Naples spent the evenings on the sidewalks. If I had to keep in my memory just one picture of the Neapolitan kaleidoscope, it would be of a brother and sister, never over ten years of age, sleeping on a curbstone in the sunlight with a piece of chewed dark bread beside them. Sometimes I thought that in Naples the order of bees and human beings was upside down, that the children supported and brought up their parents.

Once I remember attempting to count

the number of shoeshine boys between Via Diaz and the Galleria Umberto. I never could, for new shoeshine stands opened behind my back by the time I'd walked ten feet. Those incredible *scugnizz'*! Impossible to show them in a newsreel munching on bread and strawberry jam; impossible for them to win baby contests because the American people wouldn't care to look at them, having sentimental ideas about the innocence of childhood. No woman photographer could ever take pictures of these Neapolitan children because they wouldn't hold still long enough. They weren't children at all, *scugnizz'*, but sorrowful, wise, mocking gremlins. They sold *Yank* and *Stars and Stripes*. They lurked outside the PX to buy my rations. They pimped for their sisters, who stood looking out at me from behind the balcony of a primo piano tenement. They sold charms and divisional insignia in the streets. They hawked dough that looked like doughnuts or fritters, but tasted like grilled papier-mâché. They stole everything with a brilliance and furtiveness and constancy that made me think of old Ayrab fairy tales. They shrilled and railed at me in perfect and scouring American, as though they'd learnt it from some sailor lying in a gutter and hollering holy hell to ease his heart. The children of Naples were determined not to die, with the determination in which corpuscles mass to fight a virus that has invaded them. They owned the vitality of the damned. And they laughed at me, themselves, the whole world. Often I thought that we, the conquering army, were weaker and sillier than they. For I loved the *scugnizz'* because I had no illusions about them.

—There'll be hell to pay for all this, the Pfc said behind his spectacles. You can't drag up millions of children in a wartorn city this way. . . . Juvenile delinquency! Why, that's a pollyanna word here. These children know nothing but hatred, greed, hunger, and vice. . . . I don't even want to think of what they'll be like ten years from now. . . . They make our Dead End Kids look like boy scouts . . .

—Ya flags em, the mess sergeant said, or they flags you. They leads ya up a flighta stairs. An there it is all waitin for ya . . .

Wanna eat, Joe?

Wanna souvenir of Naples?

Wanna drink, Joe?

Wanna nice signorina? . . .

—Where did they learn their vocabulary? asked the Pfc. From other Italians? . . . no, from us, the liberating army . . . we've destroyed what dignity is left in their women . . . for a can of C-ration because the girls are hungry . . . and we've taught these children some very pretty phrases . . .

—The kids are so dirty, the corporal said. But they have such fine teeth an eyes an skin . . . like coffee with a little milk in it. . . . An they're smart as whips. Look at the way they've learned American just so they can buy an sell to us. . . . An, Christ, what can ya do when the poor little tykes stand outside ya mess and watch ya dumpin out GI food that somebody's wasted. . . . The MP's won't let ya feed em. . . . Why? Why? . . .

—I suppose, said the Pfc, that these children are responsible for Mussolini? that the babies of Naples supported Farinacci and Badoglio and the House of Savoy and the vested interests of Turin and Milan? . . .

—Ya go crazy if ya study on it too much, said the corporal. .

—Las night, the mess sergeant said, I seen two marines come outa the docks. An they met up with two signorinas of about eleven or twelve. Ya can't tell. They become wimmin so young here. . . . Start em young, I always say . . .

—Well, I guess the good must suffer with the bad, the corporal said. That's what the Bible says . . .

—If the Bible says that, said the Pfc, Hitler should have burnt it too. . . . The idea is insupportable to me. . . . But then modern war is insupportable. . . . I wonder that we don't all go mad and call it quits on civilization for good. . . . Maybe we have already . . .

I REMEMBER the levels and terraces of Naples, slipping from the Vomero into the Bay. I'd go from the bottom of the town to the top in the funiculars, which slide under the hillside on cables. Everybody fought their way into the cars in the stations. Then you skied along the wire. Sometimes you came into the light be-

tween two palazzi; Sometimes you scudded through a brief tunnel. Everyone's shoulder was against everyone else's gut. In the spells of darkness I'd reassure myself that my Ayrab wallet was still in my pocket. In the dark the storm of Neapolitan dialect went on, just as it must have when they slept and brought forth their children in black *ricoveri* when the bombs were dropping.

Dì, Pino, hai portato tua moglie Pina? . . .

Or I remember sometimes being stranded in the Vomero. For the funiculars stopped running at 2100 hours. The Neapolitans believed that the force of gravity ceased at sundown. Then it became a problem of descent down stairs that I couldn't even see, for Naples was blacked out. Those flights of stairs down from the Vomero were the sort I'd seen in pictures, walked down by hooded Doré figures going into a pit. There must have been forty flights and levels. God help me when I got caught at the top without a flashlight. It meant groping along the dank walls of the houses, gauging my steps on stairs set at a pitch I couldn't walk or run: about one and a half times the normal stride. Each stairway had a different gauge, and each angle was

different. It was like walking into a cellar of smells and secret life, for out of the houses over my head came the sound of GI's haggling for vino after hours, of women slapped and cursed by their husbands, of children eating their pasta. Sometimes I remember how across the path of my uncertain descent a light would fall athwart the mossy chipped stairs from an ill-closed door. Or a woman and her child would appear in the spectrum. Even as I stumbled down, I wondered what they were thinking. A piece of their lives had fallen across my way in an axe of radiation.

SOMETIMES around midnight, I remember that a peace would hit Naples. The heat shifted gears for the hour of dawn. Only then did any silence come to the wrestling, odorous city. There were stars over Vesuvius. The LCI's in the bay rocked and bubbled like ducks. The lights of the MP's kiosks and the glow from the Pro Stations rode in the hot dark like beacons. Then I'd twist under my mosquito netting.

Napoli? . . . I've had it . . . or it's having me. . . .

Spiritual Advice from the Mystic Orient

Asia must conquer the West with a message of love and truth, Mohandas K. Gandhi, leader of the Indian nationalist movement for nearly thirty years, told the concluding session of the Inter-Asian Relations conference today.

New York Times, April 3, 1947.

For a week now Calcutta has been in the grip of ruinous, fratricidal strife between Hindus and Moslems. . . . It is a stealthy, silent campaign waged by assassins, of knives driven into unsuspecting backs, of acid hurled into buses, of bombs thrown at street-corner crowds, of slums burned over the heads of sleeping and poverty-stricken inhabitants. . . . In seven days more than a hundred persons have been killed and more than five hundred injured. . . .

New York Times, same date, same page.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

SEVERAL times in the past three years I have devoted this space to the absurdities of literary censorship in Massachusetts and the states of mind that have made it possible, especially legal and judicial states of mind. I am therefore clearly obligated to inform you about the sudden improvement in the local situation. A decision in an obscenity case by an enlightened judge has cleared the air, has set a precedent that ought to be a strong deterrent to censorship activities in the future, and has provided a base that will make it possible henceforth to defend the art of literature more effectively than we have ever been able to defend it in Massachusetts before. The decision is that of Judge Frank J. Donahue of the Superior Court in *Commonwealth v. Forever Amber*.

In the Easy Chair for February, 1945, while the *Strange Fruit* case (about which I had previously written here) was still on appeal to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, I predicted that the Court would find the book obscene and would find it so for reasons which would make almost all contemporary fiction presumptively obscene. Those reasons were embodied in the argument of the state's attorney in the Superior Court and accepted there in the finding from which we who had made the *Strange Fruit* case were appealing. On September 17, 1945, the Supreme Judicial Court fulfilled my prediction. But the ruling it made in finding *Strange Fruit* obscene was more confused and much more reactionary than even I, something of an expert on Massachusetts thinking about obscenity, had supposed possible. I did not discuss the Court's opinion here but analyzed it in detail in

the *New England Quarterly* for June 1946. The relevant point now is that the Court's thinking was so exceedingly confused that Judge Donahue has been able to use its opinion in taking a stand clearly at variance with its finding.

The Supreme Judicial Court's decision ended the legal history of the *Strange Fruit* case. We who had made that case, the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, realized that the risk we had knowingly run had turned against us and that, temporarily at least, literature and freedom of expression were, by act of the Supreme Court, in a considerably worse status than they had been before. But the case had not been without beneficial effects. Twenty-five months of agitation had aired the issues before the public of Massachusetts, which has always been glad to ignore them. The cause of literary freedom had gained some adherents. One magistrate, Judge Elijah Adlow, had thrown an obscenity case out of court with remarks from the bench amounting to a denunciation of the agencies that were active in censorship. Those agencies had been annoyed into conspicuously foolish actions. Finally, The "booksellers committee" headed by Mr. Richard F. Fuller, which had played a probably unavoidable but ultimately deplorable part in Boston's system of extra-legal censorship, abandoned its function and Mr. Fuller headed a group who wrote a new obscenity statute which the legislature enacted.

The new law, an excellent measure of protection for the booksellers who were the goats under the old law, was not a good one for the defense of literature in Massachusetts, from the point of view of my as-

sociates. It had and still has ambiguities that conceivably could make repression easier and more extensive than before. But it had the great merit of permitting the introduction of kinds of testimony we had been prohibited from using in the *Strange Fruit* case and, so the event has shown, the greater merit of permitting a kind of defense not possible before in Massachusetts if indeed possible anywhere. The first obscenity case under this new statute was the one to which Judge Donahue's decision has brought so gratifying an end, the *Forever Amber* case.

In one way *Forever Amber* was a bad book to make a stand on, for if *Strange Fruit* and in fact any prose more emotional than the telephone book were obscene in Massachusetts—as the Supreme Judicial Court had unmistakably said they were—then Miss Winsor's vulgar and weakly suggestive novel was unquestionably obscene. For the long pull, however, it was a good one; for if so worthless a mess of tripe could be found not obscene or even obstinately defended under the new law, then there was hope for literature in spite of the Supreme Judicial Court. In the whole world beyond the boundaries of Massachusetts *Forever Amber* was clearly not obscene but the Court had set up at those boundaries special definitions and tests that the Antiseptic Baby of our nursery days could not survive.

The defense was conducted by Mr. Harold Williams, a principal author of the new statute, and Mr. Alexander Lindey, a partner in Greenbaum, Wolff, & Ernst, a firm that has a notable record in the fight for freedom of speech and of the press. Mr. Lindey's case is our main interest here.

Mr. Lindey was not only able to introduce expert testimony by critics and psychiatrists, he was also able to employ innovations of the greatest importance to the future defense of literature everywhere. He was able to make a point that dissents entirely from the Supreme Judicial Court's finding but is quite indisputable: that the legal terms defining literary obscenity can be given no operative meaning so long as they talk about the provocation of erotic thoughts, that obscenity in literature can become a social and legal ques-

tion only in terms of behavior. Prosecutors of books will hereafter have to show cause to believe that the book has in fact produced socially objectionable behavior—and the nature of literature makes this all but impossible.

He was also able to plead that literature is organically related to the established mores of its period, that if book A is circulated freely and harmlessly then book B is obviously not obscene, and that the presumably erotic stimuli of literature cannot be singled out for prohibition when stimuli constantly present in other aspects of our culture and equally erotic are socially acceptable. This sweeps away the entire idiocy on which the suppression of literature in Massachusetts was conducted for many years. Other parts of Mr. Lindey's case are equally formidable but I must generalize them with the remark that they lay a heavy burden on all future prosecutors of books. Censorship, especially in Massachusetts, will have a harder fight on its hands from now on.

LIKE everyone else who has had to write about *Forever Amber*, Judge Donahue remarked that he found it almost intolerably dull. "While conducive to sleep," he said, "it is not conducive to a desire to sleep with a member of the opposite sex." Also it "acts like a soporific rather than an aphrodisiac." I could not possibly overstate the importance of the quoted words. I have studied the record pretty carefully and so far as I know they are, except for Judge Adlow's remarks about *Tragic Ground*, the first expression of a civilized attitude toward literature in the courts of Massachusetts for fifty years. Judge Donahue clearly intended to establish a civilized attitude toward literature in those courts and to repair the flagrant violation of freedom of the press that has made Massachusetts notorious—so far as he could in deciding the case before him. By picking his way carefully among the contradictions of the Supreme Judicial Court's decision on *Strange Fruit* he was able effectively to reverse it in the new case. And he went farther. So far as his decision may hold hereafter, the fact that a book is freely circulated elsewhere will be presumptive evidence in Massachusetts

that it is not obscene. Again, it will do a prosecutor no good to count passages that he says offended him (the state's attorney found six times as many in *Forever Amber* as, including pastel adjectives, The Supreme Court had found in *Strange Fruit*) for, Judge Donahue points out, "books are not read that way." Finally he goes as far as in the circumstances he can toward saying that the prosecution must prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt. That supremely important principle must hereafter be taken into account by every judge in Massachusetts.

Judge Donahue's decision contains all that has ever been necessary for the protection of literature in Massachusetts. In the hitherto unsuccessful fight against suppression that has been made here ever since 1930, none of us has ever asked for more than his decision gives us. As a decision in the first case under the new obscenity statute it sets a powerful precedent, and if that precedent holds then the absurd, ignominious, and very dangerous situation in Massachusetts has ended. If it holds, literature will be as respectable here and publishers and writers as free as they are anywhere else in the United States.

In view of the easy out by which men of good will have avoided action here, and in view of the cheap accusation often made outside the state, it is pleasant to point out that Judge Donahue is a Catholic. The suppression of books in Massachusetts never has been primarily Catholic. It has been primarily Protestant, in fact primarily Harvard-alumni; Catholic puritanism has co-operated but other Catholic elements have been in opposition. On the Sunday before Judge Donahue's decision was handed down at least one priest preached a vigorous sermon against *Forever Amber*—and obviously had not read the book. On the day when his sermon was reported in the newspapers a Catholic judge in effect reversed the Protestant Supreme Court and at least temporarily pulled Massachusetts into the twentieth century.

Pulled it there, of course, with some of the absurdity we seem unable to escape still clinging to it. *Forever Amber*, a silly book that has none of the attributes of

literature, clumsily written, stupid, as suggestive as the feeble competence of its author could make it, can be sold here as freely as anywhere else. *Strange Fruit*, a fine novel, a work of art, a distinguished book by an expert craftsman on a subject of great importance to American life, cannot be sold. That fact is pretty funny but as soon as you begin to deal with the combination of literature and Massachusetts you begin to wade through the ridiculous up to your ears.

Of course we cannot be sure that Judge Donahue's precedent will stand, that Massachusetts has ranged itself permanently with the forty-seven states that regard art as respectable and freedom of the press as desirable, that literature will now have in Boston a status as dignified as that of the night-club business and writers as dignified as that of strip-teasers. Since under the new statute the proceedings are in equity, the state can appeal. Whether it is going to is not known as I write this, and whether if it does the Supreme Court will make use of the obvious exits that would permit it to reverse its repressive findings about *Strange Fruit* is anyone's guess—anyone's but mine. Moreover, whether or not Judge Donahue's decision is appealed, there remain the disturbing possibilities latent in the new statute. It may be that the enemies of literature and the agencies of suppression will make use of them. But good decisions have often made good law of bad statutes, and Judge Donahue's wise, civilized decision is certain to be a strong deterrent. And Mr. Lindsey's defense, which was worked out with his senior Morris Ernst, will be another deterrent. Not only here but elsewhere: Massachusetts, which for more than a generation has been the persecutor of literature, has taken the lead in its defense.

IT is certainly time. When in the *Strange Fruit* case the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts issued its elaborately repressive definitions of obscenity and tests to determine its presence in literature, it encouraged repressive agencies outside the state to hope that the clock might be turned back elsewhere as well as here. The systematic campaign of the Hearst papers last year against Edmund Wilson's *Mem-*

airs of *Hecate County* certainly drew fuel from the *Strange Fruit* decision: we must hope that Judge Donahue's decision on *Forever Amber* will have a comparable effect. *Hecate County* was found not obscene in San Francisco but it was found obscene in both Los Angeles and New York City and both cases are now before courts of appeal. Judge Donahue has strengthened the hands of righteousness.

It was easy for the Hearst press to whip up a fury against Mr. Wilson's book in the offices of district attorneys who would accept pay in headlines for services rendered to circulation departments. It was hard to stir up an effective public protest and alarmingly hard to get writers to do anything. Let writers and the public take warning, for a finding of obscenity in New York was not to be expected but it occurred.

Recently the board of education in New York City asininely withheld one of Mr. Howard Fast's novels from circulation by high school libraries. The noisy communist clique whose Shakespeare Mr. Fast is till headquarters appoints someone else, promptly did what the occurrence called for—it assailed the asininity with great vigor. It succeeded in arousing a considerable public sentiment and attracted the support of a number of non-communist writers who had shown no concern when *Hecate County* was attacked. Their new concern was commendable—but, of course, no violation of civil liber-

ties had occurred. Mr. Fast's book was freely on sale at every bookstore and drug store newsstand in the city. Anyone who had a quarter could buy it, anyone who had a public-library card could borrow it. But Mr. Wilson's book has been suppressed. Where is the uproar?

Among the possibilities latent in the chaos of these times is a widespread attack on literature and on freedom of publication. Waves of suppression have followed other wars and this one could be uglier and more dangerous than any we have ever seen. The place to fight it is whatever place it appears in, the time to fight is the time of first appearance, and those responsible for opening the fight are writers. I find it hard to understand how they could be tranquil in the presence of the vicious and abominable Hearst attack on *Hecate County*. The fact that Mr. Wilson is a very distinguished writer is irrelevant—what is relevant is that an attack on any literature is an attack on all literature, that the denial to Mr. Wilson of his freedom is an infringement on the freedom of all writers, and that the infringement of any freedom is a curtailment of all freedoms. Writers should remember that. Both their status and their citizenry are at stake. No attack on any book should ever be acquiesced in. Every attempt at suppression should be fought from the first moment and on through to the end. Who is going to begin the fight if writers don't?

WHY I BROKE WITH THE COMMUNISTS

JULIAN H. FRANKLIN

THE question that persistently troubles Americans of all shades of political opinion is: "How do you stand on Communism?" The answers we have in the penitential ravings of reformed Marxists and the hysteria of frightened conservatives all miss the mark. The reformed red is a very specific exception and Communists do not make their appeal to conservatives. What is needed is a detailed record of the relationship between the Communist and the real liberal, as they meet in a progressive organization that is as yet *not* Communist-controlled. This is the ideal experimental situation, since it involves the individual type most vulnerable to Communist propaganda, in a setting especially suited to Communist tactics.

And so I offer my own record in evidence. I am a veteran of World War II discharged from the Air Force just one year ago. I have always thought of myself as a "progressive" politically. To me the success of the New Deal experiment was proof of the possibility of a gradual evolution toward social democracy. Many of my beliefs in this respect were strengthened during military service, and I realized that I wanted to enlist in the postwar fight for peace and prosperity. Consequently, within two weeks of my discharge, I

enrolled as a member of the American Veterans Committee.

At this time AVC was still young, but it was receiving attention not for what it was so much as for what it gave promise of becoming—the outspoken voice of the veteran of World War II. At this time the *Daily Worker* was urging its veteran readers to join the American Legion, so AVC was temporarily left to work out its own destiny. It was in this atmosphere of feverish and optimistic growth that I helped organize an AVC chapter in a suburb of New York City.

The response was excellent: veterans actually came to us to get membership applications. The community and its press were helpful and sympathetic, and our chapter began to take on the characteristics of a spontaneous community movement. The local boys were joining; numerous reunions lent warmth to our gatherings; even dull constitutional meetings were enthusiastically attended. Nor were we merely a fraternal organization, for we quickly began to take an active part in the community. We campaigned for OPA and astounded our critics with five thousand names we secured on petitions in a few days' time. For OPA, for housing, for anti-lynching legislation we deluged our congressmen with telegrams

Julian Franklin, at present a graduate student at Columbia, argues that Communist infiltration need not be fatal. His own experience is neither typical of AVC nor unfamiliar to members of many other organizations.

solicited on street corners. The response to our campaigns was generous, both from our members and from the local citizens.

All this was deeply satisfying to me. Here was a vehicle for action. I could feel the rhythm of constructive activity in our campaigns and resolutions. I no longer felt politically silent.

II

BUT in a short time odd signs appeared that puzzled me. When we were considering our constitution I was struck by the appearance at our meetings of skilful and intelligent speakers I had never run into in my long residence in the community. Who were they? Why hadn't I met them? Especially, why did they so vigorously oppose the inclusion in the chapter constitution of the usual democratic safeguards—the quorum or referendum, for instance—which they claimed would cause mere delay and inefficiency?

"We're all friends," they would say. "Do we need policemen or watchdogs? We can't have our executive running back to the membership every time it gets a new idea. . . . We want militant action. Are we going to tie the hands of our elected leaders? Do we want legalistic delay or do we want to pitch in and fight?" They usually added a blanket condemnation of all parliamentary procedure, though I was struck by their adroitness in parliamentary maneuvering when their own ends required it.

And so we finally ratified a constitution with a completely top-heavy executive, with no quorum or referendum, and with inadequate provision for membership control of expenditures. Informally and on the floor, I challenged these breaches of the representative principle. My words were apparently taken as "ideological" naïveté, for I was patiently answered. I was told that our AVC chapter must be organized to work effectively. This I granted. Then I was warned that the proponents of these safeguards were "obstructionists," disguised reactionaries—in short, "Trotskyites." I realized that there was such a thing as a "reactionary menace," but I knew very little about Trotskyism. At the time, I was sufficiently impressed by the

total argument to be resigned to the sacrifice of constitutional safeguards and healthy opposition to the needs of getting our "work" done.

But at one point I nearly balked. The occasion was the defeat of a motion that would have prohibited our chapter from affiliating with any outside organization—a motion quite frankly directed at local organizations of either the extreme right or the extreme left. I was so bitter at its defeat that I attended a small informal caucus of a non-Communist opposition group.

I was then chapter treasurer, an enthusiastic participant in chapter activities, and this hint at disaffection marked me out for special treatment. The extremists who were gaining a strong influence in the chapter suddenly became impressed with my rhetorical skill and my political maturity. They professed deep respect for "my type" of opposition, which they thought singularly intelligent and constructive. But the alliances I was making made them fear for my soul. Didn't I know, they confided, that the leader of the non-Communist opposition was an expelled Communist, a corporation lawyer tainted with "the filth of monopoly profits," "a professional Trotskyite wrecker of progressive groups"?

The constant repetition of these charges reduced me to irresolution. I was overwhelmed in a deluge of whispered remarks. I gave in to the subtly-planned effort to make the opposition leader's name a common synonym for the real enemies of democracy both in and out of the organization. The campaign was expanded until any argument produced by the opposition forces was effectively labeled as a plot. Anyone who supported them—even on a point of order—jeopardized his reputation, and the membership's latent distrust of technicalities was appealed to as a mask for railroading. If the opposition foolishly attempted to propose a motion, it was foredoomed to defeat as an "unprincipled, obstructionist tactic"—this from the very same members who would rend heaven with their screams at the slightest suspicion of "red-baiting."

My own reluctant acquiescence to this process was furthered by personal con-

tacts. I had always been too inclined to limit my political activities to talk. Since I had undergone hardly any political combat, I was doubly appreciative of the need for concrete action. I was sensitive to the term "college liberal," and wished to avoid the vacillation which had been so disastrous for the liberals of Europe. For these reasons, I was particularly receptive to the leadership of anyone who could cut through ideological red tape and act for The Cause.

These commendable sentiments built up in me an uncritical admiration for a certain dynamic member who, in spite of his lack of formal education, was wise in the ways of politics and alive to the issues of the day. He was a spellbinding—if highly ungrammatical—speaker and thus personified my idea of the energetic proletarian, pounding away crudely but effectively at the "bastions of privilege" and the complacency of "liberals" like the rest of us. He had fought actively in left-wing unions; he had fought Franco's fascists in Spain. As the prototype of "the people" he could do no wrong, and my respect for this stereotype neutralized my distaste for Communist control.

A few miscellaneous doubts and misgivings did remain, however, before my capitulation to the "man of action" was complete. These doubts were wiped out only by the shock of an outside attack on our chapter made by a conservative organization in the community. The element of genuine red-baiting in the attack not only vitalized the organization but, skillfully inverted, became a club with which the chapter leadership could beat down all opposition in the name of solidarity before the Enemy.

All this came about as the result of the demand raised in our organization for an anti-Franco rally. At the time I questioned the advisability of such a step in view of the remoteness of the issue from our control and because of our as yet insecure position in the community. "Well then," I was asked, "are you *for* Franco? Are you afraid of red-baiters? If not, then get behind the rally." The logic was bad, but by now the social pressure was irresistible. And so I voted for the rally to demonstrate my anti-Franco position.

Our outside opponents immediately went after us with an all-out offensive. They used paid advertisements, they distributed vilifying literature, they heckled us on the streets and at the rally itself. Their object was to identify opposition to Franco with Communism and to turn the community against our AVC chapter on these grounds. I threw myself wholeheartedly into the fight, and I am still proud of my action. The chapter was not yet completely Communist-dominated and, even if it had been, I would have hated to allow that campaign to be defeated by *ad hominem* attacks on its supporters. We made that rally a success.

But this attack from outside AVC—and what the chapter leaders made of it—had a profound effect on my thinking. An overpowering fear of "reactionaries," just as irrational as the fear they had of us, began to grip me. The tensions of the anti-Franco rally seemed like a prelude to physical combat, and those who opposed the rally became potential stormtroopers in my imagination. The local press did not support us, so they must be against us. In this unequal fight allies would be necessary, and the only "real" allies seemed to be the left-extremists. Their long experience with such crises made their leadership seem virtually indispensable.

My search for allies met with quick success. Before long I was working on a citizens' committee, and the fact that some of the committee leaders were avowed Communists no longer seemed particularly important. The reactionaries were on the warpath; these were my friends. They were grim and determined. They would fight beside me in the struggle.

III

IT is obvious that such a state of mind is highly susceptible, and though I was soon to develop more doubts, my sympathy for the Communists and my respect for Marxist thinking was then at a high point. Every small disagreement I might have had with conservatives was magnified into a rape of democracy. Every newspaper which criticized Communism for its revolutionary fanaticism gave me proof that the press was far from free—since

revolutionaries did not get equal space to answer! I found myself identifying every attack on Communism with an attack on myself. The reactionaries saw Communists under every bed—I saw red-baiters. Soon I could not believe that any conservatives could abide by democratic decisions; their pro-democratic statements *must* be lip-service, just a part of the plot to disarm the liberal. I was convinced that they would spare nothing to protect their economic interests.

As time went on, however, my participation in the “progressive unity” of our local front organization began to sit uneasy. Little inconsistencies began to multiply and mar my vision of this big happy family of progressives. Why did these people consider the Liberal Party (the non-Communist group formed out of the American Labor Party of New York State) their worst enemy? Why, in our AVC chapter, did “social democrat” become such a term of abuse on the lips of the leading figures? Why were “social democrats” not to be included in the general term “progressive”? Why most of all did our leaders, who spoke of unity, deliberately spread stories about the “ruthless ambition” of AVC’s national housing chairman, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.—about the “incipient conservatism” of AVC’s national chairman, Charles Bolté?

I began to wonder whether the chapter leaders had any understanding of the democratic processes they professed to uphold. At chapter meetings measures were often rushed through with inadequate discussion. Anyone who offered debate or criticism was smeared personally as an agent of a “discordant reactionary opposition.”

If this failed, the unity boys lampooned their critics as windbags who loved empty debate as much as they hated constructive work. In fact this became a favorite device, though it was soon clear that the last thing the leaders wanted was to let any member of the opposition become an active worker in the chapter. When dissenters to party-line rule answered a call for volunteers, others were given preference. If there were no others, an excuse would be found to make the appointment

“temporary.” At first I failed to see the pattern in these tactics even when I was the victim of them, since such Machiavellianism in “progressives” seemed incredible to me. It was only when one of the ruling cabal inadvertently let the cat out of the bag that I realized the excuses were part of a calculated plan. “We couldn’t let that appointment be permanent,” he told me. “You know as well as I do that that guy is a dirty, god-dam reactionary.”

THIS was pretty hard to take. I began to ask these opposition bogeymen some questions, and I was amazed at the degree to which I agreed with them on the basic policy of the chapter. Where were the all-important differences that made it necessary to brand them as pariahs? It could hardly be their “disruptive use of parliamentary tactics,” for not only had they shown considerable restraint but they clearly had no motives for being pointlessly obstructive. Even our sainted leaders had been known to wallow in the tactical mud when conventions or meetings seemed to be escaping their grasp. Why could A demand quorums and B not? I was now quite sure that the difference lay in two entirely different conceptions of the democratic system.

But as yet this realization did not move me to do anything about it. I was still persuaded to hang back by the leadership’s explanation that strong authority was essential to rapid and effective action. I could see the urgency for action though not the need for autocracy; but still plagued by my exaggerated fears of “reaction,” I had no other answer. Indeed, I would still have been willing to shelve my objections if the chapter leaders had used their power to accomplish anything tangible.

The early days of the chapter had been filled with activity, and we had carried off many successful campaigns. But since the extreme left had taken over, all this had changed. Chapter meetings unceasingly resounded with our leaders’ clamor for more action, but in practice they produced—not the rallies, picketings, “mass action” that they cried for—but a stream of empty resolutions.

THE most obvious and immediate cause of this dwindling activity was the diminished attendance at meetings. A small nucleus of some twenty fanatics attended regularly and—I must admit—faithfully. The same individuals proposed the same motions which passed by the same vote. This lethargic activity was punctuated only by frenzied pleas for more workers, and this was the purest rhetoric since no new blood ever attended and opposition members were all but declared ineligible. Our recruiting of new members fell off, and it should have been obvious to the leaders that in the approaching period for re-enrollment our strength would be almost halved by growing dissatisfaction within the chapter.

Sincerely alarmed, I asked for discussion meetings to halt this decline. This request was declared to be “pro-fascist obstructionism”—obstruction of an action program that didn’t exist. “What do you want us to become,” they shouted, “a middle-class discussion group? This is appeasement. This is a betrayal of the mass struggle for veterans’ rights, and we’ll unmask it as such.”

I suggested that a questionnaire-referendum be sent to all members to determine the reason for their non-attendance. This proposal was accepted—but never carried out. The leaders later admitted that their reluctance stemmed from a fear of uncovering too much non-Communist sentiment. Such a referendum would “put thoughts in the heads of the members.” I was learning that in Communist-front organizations a passive, unquestioning membership is the *sine qua non*.

By now it seemed clear to me that this slow collapse could be traced only to the intransigent dogmatism of the chapter leaders. They were immune to new ideas, and they could accept no compromise with divergent views. This dogmatism led to several concrete difficulties:

(1) By choking off debate and criticism they violated a rule of democratic behavior that cannot be broken with impunity—and the reaction was not long delayed. Meetings became boring to the leaders and frustrating to everyone else. There was no longer any real membership sentiment and resolutions turned into

parodies. A ludicrous example can be seen in the “action” we took on an important foreign policy address made several days before a chapter meeting. It was Henry Wallace’s speech to the All-Slav Congress, and the *Daily Worker* was against it. Consequently the chapter leaders had treated us to a barrage against Wallace’s “betrayal.” I was told, for example, that he had “played into the hands of the imperialists” and “sold peace down the river.” By the night of the chapter meeting, however, the tune was quite different. The *Daily Worker* was now for the speech, and our leaders—somewhat shamefacedly—had found reason for a similar change of heart. If the *Daily Worker* was for the speech then the reactionaries must be against it. If the reactionaries were against it then we had to rush off a telegram of support before the telegraph offices closed. This enlightening syllogism was rammed through with the usual dispatch. The plea of a highly-competent student of international affairs for a full debate at the next meeting was laughed down as the proposal of a windbag. Our leaders (some of whom admitted that they had not yet read the speech) solemnly warned us that any deliberation would cause “needless delay,” for which the fascists would thank us. And so, as was quite usual, the meeting ended in a mad dash for the telegraph office.

(2) This dogmatism blurred any feeling the leaders might have had of responsibility to the members. Regarding themselves as the only apostles of the true gospel, this self-appointed elite thought nothing of failing to carry out motions, of violating instructions for conventions, of calling executive meetings without due notice to opposition officials. Their political religion demanded a holy war and justified any tactic. Thinking members, disgusted and beaten down, fell away.

(3) This attitude on the part of the leaders engendered a universal distrust. First, the members came to distrust the leaders. They soon learned that any resolutions passed at one meeting by concerted membership action would be canceled out at any future meeting that was poorly attended. Second, the leadership became obsessed by the reactionary plots they had themselves invented. They

trusted no one outside their own coterie, they were afraid to give posts of influence to anyone else, and committees and working posts consequently could not be filled. This reciprocal hostility became an ever-narrowing circle, a tightening noose which choked out the life of the chapter.

(4) The leadership had built up such a myth of local hostility that our neighborhood AVC became in fact increasingly divorced from the life of the community. Proposals to join in a program of sober civic action were condemned as attempts to appease the fascists. A growing hostility to "middle-class" and old-line veteran groups was reciprocated by *their* increasing suspicion of *our* Communist domination. We were soon insulated from community affairs and could get little support for our political projects. This absence of support in turn served to intensify the myth of community hostility.

(5) Finally, this wall of isolation was supported by our preoccupation with agitative techniques, whatever the occasion. To break down imagined hostility we would need drastic measures, and so every program called for rallies, picketing, street solicitation—to the exclusion of any kind of co-operation or the use of other political contacts. Our employment of nothing but "mass-action" techniques produced further distrust in the community, and the more we became isolated the more indispensable these methods became.

IV

THIS individual AVC chapter was automatically running itself down. I knew it and yet so thorough had been my indoctrination in the need for unity that I might still have hesitated to act had it not been for the unbelievable cynicism of those responsible for this decay. They said that they were quite glad they were driving out "the fascist opposition." They said they didn't care how small AVC became as long as it remained ideologically correct. Rather a chapter of two members and a national AVC of 40,000 that would cleave to the party line. "Then when the depression comes," they predicted with relish, "we will attract a vast following." I was convinced that they

would welcome a social cataclysm if they could be sure of capitalizing on the misery that would result from it. This was not my idea of the role of the progressive. This was not the AVC that I and the vast majority of the members had hoped to build. I was fed up with this barren philosophy and I finally resolved to fight.

The opportunity came with our chapter's consideration of AVC's National Planning Committee resolution opposing the American Communist party, a part of the national AVC drive to dispel any suggestion that AVC was in any way sympathetic to it. The resolution unequivocally expressed the general distaste for the American Communist Party which AVC members shared but clearly avoided calling for a witch-hunt within the organization. This resolution came from the elected national representatives of AVC. It expressed my own sentiments.

Our unsuccessful efforts to get that resolution passed by my chapter were disheartening testimony to the efficiency of the techniques I have described. When we tried to marshal an opposition we found nothing but apathy. The members were convinced that all efforts would be, as usual, doomed to failure. They protested that even a victory at one meeting could not break the iron grip of control. They admitted that it had been their own fault that the chapter was now ruled by a minority, but they claimed that it was now far too late to do anything about it.

And so the meeting at which the resolution was considered was a complete farce. The absence of the quorum safeguard in our constitution made it possible for a mere 15 per cent of the membership to set policy for the rest. The left-extremists brought supporters who had never been seen at regular meetings. There were even a few "new guys" planted to give well-prepared speeches in which they said that they wouldn't join AVC if this resolution were passed. No minds were swayed by this argument, but the show went on. As a last desperate attempt, I appealed for a referendum. The comedy now became slapstick. With unabashed irony, our friends rejected the referendum as "undemocratic." The resolution lost by a two-to-one vote in this chapter.

AT THIS point the angry resignations began, and at the same time a demand welled up in our community for a new, non-Communist AVC chapter. Realizing the dangers inherent in such a move, I joined with the other moderates to work out a compromise with the entrenched leaders of the chapter. The sordid story of treachery, betrayal, and bad faith that marked their efforts to hamstringing our opposition with false promises of compromise is hardly worth telling. It is enough to say that the negotiations broke down completely when they reneged on an agreement that we had presumed was final. A new chapter was formed and it met with signal success, but as a principal in the negotiations and current officer in the new chapter I rounded out my education on the Communist mentality.

I discovered in the first place that such a mentality is completely indifferent to the danger that might result from a distortion of these events by local conservatives. The leaders of the old chapter seemed to welcome or even to seek "reactionary attack," so they could red-bait-bait us in their new campaign to gain the sympathy of local liberals—and discredit the new chapter. Secondly, I came to realize that there was not the slightest element of principle in this naked grab for power. Their resistance to our negotiations included eloquent appeals to nearly every principle in the democratic canon, but *after* the new chapter was set up they put through many of the same proposals they had rejected when we made them during the negotiations. They even—and to us this was the crowning irony—passed a weasel-worded anti-Communist resolution, and two self-

admitted members of the Communist Party voted for it!

I began to understand the difficult position of progressives generally and the national leaders of AVC in particular. If they are ever in any danger of being used by the right, they are far more in danger of being smeared as "fascist tools" by the extreme left. And the success of a smear campaign by the Communists is easier than you might think, for liberals are so torn by doubts and indecisions that they can scarcely stay on their own independent path. Some are afraid to fight the Communists in any circumstances; others are resigned to the inevitability of Communist domination, and all too many are so weary of red-baiting that they no longer care to distinguish between Communist and non-Communist progressivism.

That kind of indifference is the natural result of being caught between Communist domination on one side and indiscriminate persecution of Communists on the other. The example of this local AVC chapter should suggest how such a two-front war can be fought successfully. Communist domination can be prevented—as it is prevented in AVC—if its methods are understood, for it seems to me that the greatest fault of the Communist is an inflexible dogmatism that cannot adjust to the realities of American political life. Martyrdom is part of his technique, and whoever persecutes him, helps him. This record indicates the one possibility from which he cannot profit, and it is the road AVC is following—the indigenous program of American progressives, standing up for themselves and moving forward on their own.

SPARROW'S LAST JUMP

A Story

ELLIOTT GRENNARD

WE had seen "Specter of the Rose" and the talk got around to Nijinsky and somebody said, "Imagine if they had a camera going when Nijinsky blew his top!"

I wanted to tell them I got Sparrow Jones down on acetate the night he was taken away, but they would have wanted me to play the record for them. They weren't the kind who would say, how can you compare a jazz musician with Nijinsky? They would have said, I want to own that platter, what a collector's item!

Telling me? I guess everyone who read the last *Jazz Year-Book* and saw how Sparrow rated would want a copy of the last record he made. I could probably sell 20,000 in a month, maybe 50,000, once word got around. And don't think I can't use that kind of sale. Hot jazz doesn't sell the way Freddy Martin or Sammy Kaye does, you know. You get a 10,000 copy sale and you think you're doing great.

I even played around with the idea of releasing the record and tossing the dough into the pot to pay for Sparrow's sanitarium. But when a thing like that happens right in front of your eyes! I don't want to see it again every time I hear the record.

I had just got back from New York that morning, and on the way over to my room I thought I might as well stop in at Jackson's Jazz Record Shop and see how my disks were going. I release only three records every two months and when

you're a little guy in this business, you're smart if you give it that personal touch. That's all I'd been doing for six weeks; dropping in on record dealers between L. A. and New York, giving them a big, well hel-lo.

Jackson is my best customer in Hollywood. He can't afford to—and doesn't want to—stock everything he'd have to if he held Victor, Columbia, and Decca franchises, so Jackson pushes the off-labels. Not a big business but not a bad one, when you figure there are eighty-nine off-labels on the market and most of them wax nothing but hot jazz.

I said, "Hi ya, Jackson," sneaking a quick look at the walls to see if my stickers were up.

"You ain't real, McNeil?" he said. Then he asked me what I heard from the mob and I told him the big news in the East was be-bop. I said, I was thinking of getting hold of Sparrow Jones and cutting me some of this be-bop.

Jackson bared his teeth in what he thought was a grin. "You clowning, Browning? There's a cat spinning your Basin Street album in the booth who'll run you out of town if I tell him you're going to wax be-bop."

Jackson was kidding on the square. "New Orleans" collectors are murder. They swear that jazz died in 1924 and anyone who didn't personally rock the cradle of jazz with his own two beats is strictly commercial. Benny Goodman?

A bed-chamber music clarinetist who couldn't shine Jimmy Noone's shoes.

Me, I don't argue. I put my stuff out under three different labels: N'Orleans, Southside, and Hep. That way, nobody gets mad at anybody.

I went back to see this character in the booth, and not only because it's good business. The truth is, I like all kinds of jazz—Louis, Duke, Goodman. Even when I don't exactly like it, or understand it—like be-bop—I respect what the boys are trying to do. What the hell, how many guys collected the Duke before the middle thirties?

When I open the door of the booth what do I hear but some frantic trumpet that could only be Dizzy Gillespie. Before I can ask myself if I'm hearing things or what, I see it is no character playing the Gillespie record. It's big Hughie Hadliffe.

Hughie is one of my favorite people, and I hadn't seen him since I went East six weeks back. I yelled, "Hughie!" and I pumped his arm.

HUGHIE always gives you a solid handshake because that's the way he is, solid and serious. With his glasses on, Hughie looks like an interne, which is what he would have been if he hadn't decided after three years of college that being a Negro doctor is pretty tough going. So instead of breaking his back, Hughie stuck to the trumpet that had been paying his way through school.

But he still looked like a medic. No little nanny-goat whiskers for Hughie, even if shaving under the lip was supposed to hurt your playing. And no dark glasses, either. The only thing screwy about Hughie was that he had gone on a be-bop kick and had chucked up a sweet job with Basie, plus a bookful of recording dates every month. That's the trouble with be-bop. Once you start hearing those screwy chords in your ear and get those offbeats in your system, you can't play any other way. The old way is too straight, too on-the-nose.

"How's my boy?" I asked.

Hughie shook his head. "He's not doing so good."

I said, "Huh?" and then I realized he thought I was asking about Sparrow.

Jazz musicians have single-track minds. They eat, drink, and sleep their music. They're so hipped, if somebody comes along with something new, they make him God. That's the way it was with Hughie and Sparrow. Hughie had heard Sparrow one night, and when Sparrow asked if he'd like to play with him, Hughie dropped everything. Sparrow was his boy, and the way he saw it, there could be only one boy.

"Doesn't he like it at the Club?" I said.

"He likes it all right, I guess."

I saw he didn't feel like telling me, but I asked anyway. "What's the matter?"

Hughie sort of shrugged. Not indifferently, but like he didn't know what to say.

Jazz musicians don't pop off a lot. Like when you ask them about jazz; they don't trust words to say what they feel, so they dummy up. If they don't like something and you ask them, they kind of turn away and say, "Well. You know." If they like something, they'll grin and say, "That's all right." When they're really gone on someone, they'll say, "Man, he plays fine!"

So when Hughie didn't say anything, I knew this business about Sparrow was something big. That changed my plans.

"Too bad," I said. "I wanted you and Sparrow and the band to make some records for me."

Hughie straightened up. "Gee, that would be great, Harry. No kidding, great. Why don't we do that? We got some fine numbers. Real fine."

I thought, what goes on here? This isn't the Hughie I know. "Take it easy," I said. "You just told me different."

Hughie's shoulders dropped. I knew he couldn't keep up that fast chatter.

"Sparrow's sick," he said quietly. "I don't know how long he's going to hold up. I thought it would be nice if he made some records while he could."

It gave me a stab seeing Hughie like that, but I didn't want to let on. "Forget it," I said. "I'll drop in at the Club one of these nights and we'll talk to Sparrow about a date."

Hughie looked solemn. "If you're going to record Sparrow," he said, "you better do it soon."

Then I knew it was bad.

Jackson's got a loose lip, so I tried to duck him on my way out. He popped up from behind the counter just as I was passing.

"I forgot to tell you about Sparrow," he said. "Man, his wig is really loose. Looks like he's blowing his top for good."

I purposely misunderstood. "Yeah, I hear he's playing fine."

"When he can hold his instrument," Jackson said. "Man, he's got a tic that makes a Holy Roller look like she's holding still!"

That meant it was all over the street.

I COULDN'T put Sparrow out of my mind. He got this job at the Club about four weeks back, and it should have made him feel good. He'd been laying off for nearly eight months, and that's a long time for a guy who's worked steady since he was fourteen. I decided to look in on him that same night.

The Club was a bottle joint on Central and 38th. Not much of a place for a guy who's played the best locations in the country, but be-bop was too new to have a following and no Los Angeles night club operator with a big overhead was going to take a chance. Especially a white night club.

I know these clubs. They don't get started till one, so I got there a little after two. I took a table next to the bandstand and ordered some setups. The boys were just going on, so while I unwrapped my bottle I watched. When Sparrow sat down in his chair and turned around I nearly caved. He wasn't the same Sparrow.

It was hard to believe this middle-aged man was only twenty-two years old. His dark skin used to be tight, with a shine to it; now it set on his bones like black putty. His eyes were big and round and empty, and the expression on his face was just about the saddest expression I've ever seen. It made you think he wanted to cry inside, only he had tried and found he couldn't.

I remember when his tight little body used to operate like a precision machine. When he used to get set to play, his eyes would narrow down and his body would get taut, as if a spring had been wound up.

And then he went. Anybody who heard him those three years with Joe Pepper's Hot Five knows how Sparrow could go. He went so fast and so far that the last year he was with them, Joe and the others couldn't keep up. That's when they began calling him "Sparrow." He was playing just too frantic.

Sparrow never could play with a big band; his tone was too personal, his intonation too full of shadings to blend with other saxophones. That's why Joe Pepper's band was good for him. They played blues, and Sparrow kept them from dragging. Then the band played only jump tunes at a medium tempo, and Sparrow really began to jump.

That's when the trouble between him and Joe started. Joe wanted to keep the beat nice and relaxed, but they just couldn't hold Sparrow down. He kept pushing the beat harder and harder, driving it ahead. It didn't become faster, it just stopped being relaxed. And then Sparrow began playing notes that made Joe uneasy.

When Sparrow quit the band, he found he had no place to go. He was playing in another world. It wasn't until Hughie went with him, and they got Jimmy Brash on piano, Joe Miggs on drums, and Fat Stuff on bass, that Sparrow had someone he could play with. Sparrow would tear loose until Hughie caught it; then they were playing together. The other three just about hung on, but it didn't matter. That's the outfit I had planned to record. Looking at Sparrow sitting there, I didn't think there was a chance.

I didn't want to stare at him but I couldn't help myself. He was twitching and jerking like a machine gone crazy. It was the worst tic I'd ever seen. First his head would snap to the right, then to the left. Then maybe four times to the right. Meanwhile his legs would shoot out at cockeyed angles and a shoulder would jerk. Sometimes one part of him moved, sometimes two or three parts at the same time, but you couldn't anticipate any of it. It had no pattern, no rhythm. And all the time his face didn't show it knew what his body was doing. It just looked sad.

The band was supposed to be Sparrow's, but Hughie was taking care of things. He said what tunes they would play, who would take the solos, and they got ready. I looked to see what they were doing about Sparrow, but they acted like he wasn't there. Except that when I saw the way their expressionless eyes passed over him, I knew they were thinking plenty about him. It was just one of those things too big for words, or expressions.

Hughie beat off on "Oh My, Oh My," a crazy, hopped-up be-bopper, and Sparrow stopped twitching. Then his head jerked to the right about twenty times, fast, in time with the music. Suddenly his head stopped jerking, his body went rigid, and his legs performed a nightmarish buck-and-wing step. When he came out of the step, the snap swung his chair clean around while his saxophone flew to his lips—and he was blowing with the first beat of the second chorus, right on cue. Only his chair was facing the back of the bandstand and Sparrow was blowing to the empty wall. On the last beat of the phrase, his chair swung around again and Sparrow was blowing to the room. I mean, really blowing.

It was the old Sparrow again and the band knew it. They didn't look at him, or smile, but they knew it and the way they played proved it.

I must have been holding my breath for thirty seconds. When I let go and sat back in the chair, my body ached as though it had been caught in an ice-crusher. I poured myself a double and tried to relax by concentrating on the music. A lot that helped.

You know what be-bop's like? I don't mean in musical terms; the guys who play it don't even try to explain it. They don't even call it "be-bop." They just say it's "frantic," and maybe that's the best way of describing it when you consider that the dictionary says frantic means: "violently mad or distracted; outrageous; transported by passion." Personally, I don't go that far. I think of be-bop as: "tense, agitated; controlled hysteria."

Sparrow and Hughie had worked out some unison choruses your ear couldn't follow, and when they finished the set,

the other three boys were smiling. I could just hear them saying, "Man, that was fine. Real fine."

Hughie joined me for a drink but Sparrow stayed in his chair. He didn't do anything or look at anything. He just sat there like he was asleep, only he had his eyes open. Hughie and I drank without talking. Our eyes didn't let go of Sparrow.

"What goes?" I asked finally.

Hughie shrugged.

"He been drinking too much?" I hesitated. "Or taking anything?"

I could see Hughie making up his mind to tell me. "He's been on morphine lately."

I said, "Oh."

Hughie didn't want to leave it at that. "Sparrow used to take a drink like anyone else, but that last year with Joe Pepper he was beginning to play frantic and he was afraid he couldn't keep up with it. He started drinking heavy, then he began on reefers. When it didn't give him what he was looking for, he tried morphine." Hughie shook his head sadly. "I've tried to tell him that stuff never helped anybody's music."

The old story. I knew how most of the old-timers got started taking things. They'd play some cheap café from seven till unconscious, then have to be at a recording studio at nine in the morning. They'd smoke a weed and get a lift from it, then think that's what made them play good. They found out different, but the kids that followed had to learn it for themselves, the hard way. It made me sore.

"How good did he think he could get, for Christ sakes! He's only twenty-two, and there aren't three guys on his instrument who can touch him right now!"

"Sparrow's like that. He's always fussing about his playing, thinking up new ideas, new ways of using his horn." Hughie looked at me, wondering if I'd understand. "Sparrow worries. He meets strange people and they tell him he's a genius, and he feels like a fool not knowing what to say back to them. He never went past the eighth grade, and how much chance has a Neg—" Hughie changed it. "How much chance has Sparrow had to mix and learn about things? He's got a feeling all he knows is how to play. That's why he works so hard on it; it's all he's got to give."

I thought, and I'm shooting my mouth off. What do I know how it's like for a colored guy in a white world, even a guy with Sparrow's talent? He meets other musicians and that's all right; with them it's the way you play your instrument that counts. But the others. The ones who discover jazz and collect records and think that makes it all right for them to go scouting for Negro musicians like on a scavenger hunt. Or the magazine writers looking for stories they can sell, talking so palsy-walsy and making the guy they're interviewing feel like he's something that crawled out from the woodwork. Or the drunk at the bar who thinks it's okay to throw his arm around a colored musician and say, "Why don't you and me go out tonight and get us some high yaller gals?"

And Sparrow felt it was up to him; that he had to justify their interest in him. For that he was playing his heart out.

I was thinking of something I could talk about when I saw somebody I hadn't noticed before, sitting at the drums behind Sparrow. He was swishing the wire brushes on the snare drum, and while he wasn't looking right at Sparrow, I got the feeling he was watching him all the time.

"Who's that?" I asked Hughie, pointing with my chin.

"That's Cappy. Sparrow's band boy."

He looked about thirty-five, kind of old to be a band boy. I grinned. "This job must pay better than I thought."

"Cappy doesn't take anything from Sparrow," Hughie said. "He just wants to be around him."

I know how jazz fans worship great musicians. "Sparrow his boy?"

Hughie smiled. "That's his boy."

We watched Cappy for a while. He had a nice smile. He kept a soft rhythm going with the brushes, as if he were caressing Sparrow's back with it. It seemed to keep Sparrow quiet. I got to thinking about Sparrow making some records and the more I thought about it, the more I felt the way Hughie did.

"How about a recording date?" I said after a couple of minutes. "Think Sparrow would be able to make it?"

Hughie got eager again. "He was fine this last set."

I thought, what the hell. "Tomorrow?

I'll get the Sunset Studio for seven, so we can eat first."

"Tomorrow'd be fine."

"Want me to talk to Sparrow?"

"I'll tell him," Hughie said.

HE STOOD UP and the other boys got up from where they had been sitting. Cappy didn't stop swishing those brushes until Joe Miggs took over the drums. When Cappy passed Sparrow, he made it a point to run his hand accidentally across Sparrow's shoulders. He waited near Sparrow until the boys started the first number, then he stepped back. He smiled an apology when he saw he had almost bumped into my table.

I smiled back. "Have a drink?" I asked.

He said all right, and he pulled out a chair so it faced the bandstand. He took his eyes off Sparrow when I reached for my bottle.

"Make mine plain coke," he said in a nice easy way.

I said sure, and I signaled the waiter.

"You play drums?" I asked when we had both taken a drink.

"Uh-uh. I used to play tenor."

"No more?"

"I ain't played in four years," he said in that easy way of his.

I looked at him, wondering.

"Maybe you remember me," he said. "Cappy Graystone?"

Then I remembered. "Sure. You were with Webster when he had his big band. And before that, the Rhythm Riders."

Cappy smiled. "You remember. That's nice."

I started to say, "Why'd you stop playing?" when I changed my mind.

Cappy caught it, but he didn't seem to mind. "I was sick," he said. "Like Sparrow."

I steered away from that. "He sure plays that horn," I said.

"Nobody plays like Sparrow," Cappy said. Then he grinned, shyly. "I started him."

I said, "No kidding."

Cappy liked that. "Yeah, I started him. I taught him his first piece. Thirteen years ago. He was nine, and I was playing my first big job. The old Paradise Ballroom."

The band had finished the opening

number of the set and was started on the next. Cappy's eyes opened wide.

"That's it! That's the piece I was telling you."

I listened to Jimmy Brash playing a piano intro, and what surprised me was how slow he was playing it. Be-bop bands hardly ever play anything slow. Then I recognized the tune. It was "Sweet Sue," and that was another surprise. They hardly ever play standards. Sparrow came in on the up-beat and Cappy's smile reached from ear to ear.

"Can you beat that man?" he said. "He's playing it for Cappy. He knew I was bragging on him."

I peered at Sparrow but his face had the same dead-pan expression. He didn't know we were alive, let alone talking about him. Then, just when I decided it was all a coincidence, Sparrow's face twitched like he was winking and he honked five notes of the melody right at Cappy. Cappy went crazy.

"I hear you talkin'!" he yelled back. "Play it for Cappy, boy! Play it for Cappy!"

Sparrow proceeded to do things to Sue she never would have believed possible.

The table couldn't hold Cappy after that. He had to get up close where he could almost touch the sad-looking boy with the saxophone.

The next number was a fast one again, and right in the middle of it Sparrow's sax shot up in front of him, over his head, like someone had pulled a string on it. I thought he was clowning for Cappy but I changed my mind fast. Sparrow couldn't bring the instrument down. He kept playing it in that position until Hughie brought the number to an abrupt end.

The boys on the stand shot Hughie a quick look and he motioned, that's all, to them. They walked off the stand and Cappy pried the instrument out of Sparrow's hands.

It was too much for me. I threw some bills on the table and beat it out of there.

At six, I gave up trying to fall asleep. I phoned Hughie, figuring he'd be home by then. Hughie answered the phone himself. "How is he?" I asked.

"Cappy took him home right after you left."

"Jesus," I said. "Is that the way he's been?"

"Last night was the worst."

"Look," I said. "What about it? You think we ought to go through with that date? Put him through the wringer for a lousy couple of records?"

"It might be the last time for a while."

I cursed. "Shall I go get him tonight?" I asked.

"Cappy'll bring him."

I said okay, and banged the phone down in its cradle.

I WONDERED how smart I was, letting myself in for this. Counting the band, the studio, engineers, and incidentals, my recording sessions set me back a thousand bucks apiece. An awful lot of dough. I cut four tunes on each date and I can generally figure on them selling enough to get me back my costs. But unless one of the four sides turns out to be a real seller, I'm in the hole. You can't stay in business just making back your costs. If Sparrow showed up in the condition I saw him last, I'd be lucky if I got back the price of a pack of cigarettes.

I bought a bottle on the way to the studio and by the time the boys arrived, the bottle was a little less than half full.

When I saw Sparrow I stopped worrying, he looked so much better. He still had that dead-pan look but he wasn't twitching. I said hello, but I guess he didn't hear me. I didn't know what else to say, so I handed him the bottle. He held it for a while without looking at it, then he took a swig. He made a mouth like it was Clorox. It didn't look like he wanted more, so I took the bottle from him and handed it around. Everybody but Cappy took a good slug. Then Hughie got busy laying out the tunes.

Sparrow sat quietly where Cappy put him, puffing a cigarette Cappy put in his mouth. I thought it was going to be all right, but I felt fidgety. I clomped around the big studio, avoiding the group around the piano and drums. Then I looked at Sparrow and saw his eyes weren't blank any more. They were staring, with the same sad expression I remembered from the night before. It began to get me. I told Hughie we'd cut everything and I

went back into the mixer's glass booth.

I watched them through the glass window. Cappy handed Sparrow his instrument and I saw the boys waiting for him to tune up. When Sparrow didn't make any motions, I looked at Hughie. He didn't look at me.

"Let's go," I said to the mixer. "It's a take."

The mixer looked at me like I was crazy. "Aren't they going to warm up?"

I didn't answer, so he switched into the engineer and told him it was a take. Then he switched into the studio and told the boys to watch the lights. The white light would go on first, then the red. The red meant play. That's so you can time the number and get your three minutes.

Hughie nudged Sparrow and pointed to the light bulbs on top of the window where I sat. Sparrow put his instrument in his mouth and stood up at the mike. They waited for the lights. The white light went on. That meant ten seconds more. It seemed like a year. Then the red light flashed on. Hughie beat off with a nod of his head and they swung into "Wing Ding."

It was no good. "Wing Ding" has a tricky opening where the sax and trumpet play against each other, accenting different beats. It's got to be right or it sounds like a clambake. Sparrow came in a beat late, fouling it up.

The mixer switched into the studio and told them to try it again. Then he switched over to the engineer's room, telling him to smear it and get ready for another take.

The white light went on again, then the red. This time Sparrow came in a beat too soon.

The third time he was late again.

We tried it twice more but it was no use. Sparrow wasn't focusing. The boys looked embarrassed. Cappy came over to the booth and yelled through the glass window. We would have heard him anyway, the mike was on.

"It's those lights," Cappy pleaded. "They make him tight. He'll play good when he's relaxed. It's those lights."

I pulled the switch and called in to Hughie that we'd try another tune without lights. "Whenever you're ready, tell me."

CAPPY put Sparrow back on his chair and lit another cigarette for him. The others stood around for a while, not doing anything. Then Jimmy Brash started playing something on the piano, just anything. The bass and drums picked it up, and Hughie started noodling. After a minute, Sparrow joined in from his chair, nice and easy. Then Sparrow began to blow hard and the music jumped. They jammed choruses for five minutes before Hughie waved it to a close. He looked at Sparrow.

"How about 'The Sparrow Jumps'?" he asked. He didn't wait for an answer. "No lights this time, Sparrow. You start and we'll come in. Let's make this something, Sparrow. Okay?"

Sparrow blinked and it shocked me. I hadn't realized his eyes had been staring wide open all the time. He stood up, pushing the chair away with the back of his legs, and he stepped up to the mike. His body was tense the way it used to get years ago when he was ready to play. Nobody moved. Then I poked the mixer and he called in, "Ready for a take," to the engineer.

"The Sparrow Jumps" is a showcase piece; no arrangements, nothing. Just Sparrow soloing, with Hughie and the piano playing figures behind him. Sparrow tore off the opening cadenza at a tempo that brought the boys' heads up. They were used to playing the "Jump" at a good clip, but this was, what I mean, fast.

I didn't know what might happen. I crossed my fingers. Then I uncrossed them. The band was playing like it never played before and Sparrow was going like a bat out of hell. But it was more than that, it had an excitement that gave me goose pimples; the kind of excitement that hallmarks all the really great records and still comes through long after the wax has worn thin and what you hear is only an inkling of what was. I thought, man oh man. The hell with whether I get my four sides. This one's enough. This is for the books. When this hits the record stores—

The music seemed to be getting faster and I looked to see what the hell Joe Miggs was thinking about on his drums. The time is always the same in jazz. If it starts slow, it stays slow. If it starts fast,

it stays that way, it doesn't get faster. Only this was. Then I saw Jimmy Brash's face had a funny look. His fingers were flying but that wasn't bothering him. Then my ears caught it. It was the chords. They weren't jibing with what Sparrow was playing. Sparrow was changing keys, sometimes in the middle of a phrase. The bass player had the same worried look. They had been playing together long enough to follow any of Sparrow's changes, but he was getting away from them. Only Hughie couldn't be shaken off. He managed to hang on, and how he did it I'll never know. I guess only a guy who felt about Sparrow the way Hughie did, could. It was the most frantic, wonderful, exciting music I had ever heard.

Sparrow's tic had returned but I didn't catch it right away; I'd watched too many jazz musicians swing their shoulders and shimmy their knees while they played. Even when I knew the tic was there, I couldn't always follow it. Sparrow's head would jerk to one side and notes from his horn would catch the swing back, making the jerk part of the musical phrase. The same thing happened when his body twitched or his legs kicked out. Music caught the spasm at the point it broke off, completing it. It was as if the jerks and twitches were musical sounds Sparrow could hear. That's what made it different from the night before. This had pattern, rhythm; it was so all of a piece you couldn't tell whether you were seeing it or hearing it.

THEN you couldn't miss it. His whole body began to twitch crazily, and what he played was crazy in exactly the same way. It had to be, if his jerks and twitches were notes Sparrow could hear. And that's the way he was hearing it.

The other boys kept playing, but they were watching him the way I was. I thought I was losing my mind. I don't know how long I watched it before I got hold of myself. I pressed down on the switch, yelling, "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

The boys stopped, gradually, their music sort of trickling away, their eyes still on Sparrow. He was still going, his twisted music and his tortured body all

mixed up in one long insane convulsion.

I stumbled out of the booth and grabbed him. I held him tight until the notes from his horn finally petered out. I could feel his tremors in my fingertips. I eased him onto a chair, still holding him.

The other boys were looking at me, like they were expecting me to do something. I didn't know what to do. I only knew we couldn't leave him in whatever crazy world he was inhabiting. We had to bring him back, give him something he could tie onto, something familiar, something rational. I looked for Cappy. He was standing right behind me, but I saw his face and I knew it was up to me.

"Jimmy! 'Sweet Sue'!" I snapped my fingers at the piano player. "Play it, for Christ sakes!" Jimmy began playing, good and slow, and distinctly. I held Sparrow's shoulders so they couldn't move. I spoke right into his face. "I want you to play this for Cappy! You hear?" I thought, I've got to get through to him, I've got to. "Play this for Cappy. *For Cappy.*"

I felt Sparrow shiver. Then he looked up slowly. I saw meaning come into his empty eyes. His mouth opened, closed, then opened again, and he whispered, "Cappy?"

I was screaming inside but I kept my voice quiet. "Yes, Sparrow. Cappy." I bent closer. "He wants to hear you play. Will you play this for him, Sparrow? For Cappy?"

I could see him struggling with the idea, then he nodded solemnly, like a little boy saying, "Yes, sir." He wet his lips, fixed his mouth around his instrument, and his toe tapped out a careful 1-2-3-4. Then Sparrow played "Sweet Sue" for Cappy. You know how the neighbor's kid sounds when he's practicing his new lesson, squeaky and screechy but earnest—so damned earnest? That's how Sparrow sounded when he played "Sweet Sue." Exactly as it must have sounded that first time, thirteen years ago.

I left Cappy crying like a baby, and I headed for the nearest bar.

Yeah, Sparrow's last recording would sure make a collector's item. One buck, plus tax, is cheap enough for a record of a guy going nuts.

EXPERIMENT IN HEALTH

MARY B. PALMER

HEALTH is a rarity. Despite all our pattering about in the laboratory, real health and the vigorous sense of well being that goes with it are hard to find. Most people who are loosely classified as healthy live in a chronic state of physical malaise, accepting and masking their disorders. They don't go on hospital lists. They may never consult a doctor. They either ignore their condition or try a series of pick-me-ups. (You can see them all day long coming into your local drugstore.) Complaining of feeling "logy" or "under the weather," they let it go at that.

Of necessity, medicine concentrates on the cure of disease. The doctor, hard pressed by the demands of the acknowledged sick, has no time to devote to sub-health. He is like a fireman called in to put out the flames in your house. He isn't concerned with whether your house is comfortable, or your household running smoothly.

Thinking somewhat along these lines, two English biologists, Dr. G. Scott Williamson and his woman colleague, Dr. Innes H. Pearse, are devoting themselves to a life-long study of health. They believe that health has positive qualities beyond mere absence of disease.

Their research has led them far from their original starting point, and into fields usually reserved for the sociologist and the psychologist. For they early found that

health was so unusual a species that they had to devise an environment in which it could grow. The result was the Pioneer Health Center—part laboratory, part family club—which was established ten years ago in the south London district of Peckham, was closed during the war, and is only now getting into its stride again.

Peckham, indistinguishable from surrounding areas in the great gray area of London, was chosen as an average English community. The people who live there are neither rich nor poor. They are sturdy and self-reliant. Their health, by usual standards, is considered reasonably good.

But this is what Williamson and Pearse have found out from their study of this cross section of the English population: only ten per cent are in perfect health. Twenty per cent are frankly, admittedly ill. Another seventy per cent, who consider themselves well, are actually suffering from some disability or disorder.

For women, the health rate is a mere four per cent. And at the child-bearing age it is still lower, with obvious and frightening implications for the children they have or might produce. Looked at from any angle—in terms of personal unhappiness or industrial loss—the facts are staggering.

Admittedly, the biologists set their sights high. They used equipment not available to the ordinary physician. Their examinations were detailed and relentless.

Mary B. Palmer made a close study of the Peckham experiment before her return to Connecticut from wartime work in the London office of Newsweek.

They demanded that their subjects be "free from any disease, disorder, or disability" before being passed as healthy. With such exhaustive probing, they discovered among the seventy per cent "presumed healthy" many unconscious victims of really serious maladies: gastric ulcers, heart and kidney trouble, or cancer. Others were suffering from such minor ailments as asthma, chronic indigestion, malnutrition, flat feet, decayed teeth, faulty hearing. An unimpressive list? Perhaps, but any item in it would be enough to ruin a good day's work or a good disposition. Through ignorance or stubbornness, these people were trudging along through life accepting what they believed an inevitable burden. Their bodies were compensating by dangerously straining healthy organs. The result of thus masking hidden disorders is the kind of overstrain that comes from reading with a ten watt bulb. In the end it may lead to complete breakdown.

The Peckham Experimenters also isolated two puzzling kinds of devitalization. The first type, more frequent in men and children, expressed itself in sudden bursts of activity followed by a sharp letdown. The second, more noticeable in women, and especially married women, showed in a sloth-like sluggishness and refusal to do anything requiring sustained effort. These people hoarded their small store of energy like misers. When they were continent, it was likely to be because they lacked normal sex urges. Neither type is yet fully understood, although individual cases have been related to toxemia caused by known infections, and some have been helped by adding iron to the diet.

IT WAS when the biologists finished their first survey and discovered that ninety per cent of their subjects were sick or in sub-health that they began to branch away from the strictly medical and biological approach. Though they made good progress in the care of the ailments they found—proceeding on the theory that no disability was too insignificant for their attention—they felt that this was not enough.

As biologists, they had always contended that the basic unit of human society was not the individual but the mated pair.

Only man plus woman, they explained, could perform all the functions of which mankind is capable, including reproduction.

Therefore Williamson and Pearse made their survey by families. This also gave them that intimate medical knowledge of members of a family and their interrelation that only the old-fashioned family doctor enjoys.

The theory of the basic family unit was fine. It was scientifically sound and pleasingly tidy. But the biologists soon realized that the family is not in fact the existing social and economic unit of modern human society. They found among their Peckham people families strained and at breaking-point, or so fiercely cohesive that they were ingrown upon themselves, lacking normal human contacts outside their rigid confines. And community life was as dead as the feudal system.

In London, as in so many modern cities, neighbors did not know one another. Young mothers, tied to their homes, might go for weeks without exchanging a word with anyone but the grocer or a visiting relative. Because children walled them in, they resisted having any. Many of the babies that were born to them were unwanted.

These women had lost touch with childhood friends or those they knew in their early working days. Living pinched lives themselves, they alternately pampered and scolded their children. They dreaded weaning their babies, and put it off too long. In the typically small family, the children in their turn missed the normal contact with older children from whom they could have learned much. The community provided no decent place where adolescent girls and boys could meet casually. They didn't have what the biologists call a chance for "selective mating."

During the war much of this changed, for the time being. Men and women who had been strangers were welded together by a shared misery. They learned a new comradeship in the air-raid shelters and side by side as fire-watchers on the rooftops. Day nurseries gave the mothers time to take war jobs and get out of their houses. Danger produced unsuspected resources of good temper and friendliness. But these

companionships were fleeting. When danger passed, when shelters and fire posts were closed, people went back home and figuratively locked themselves in again. About all that is left now is an occasional nostalgic Home Guard reunion.

The lesson was clear to these biologists: the modern city makes strangers of people. As men become more inter-dependent, they seem to draw still farther apart. The very size of a city prevents familiarity. In the country, where there is a greater sense of self-sufficiency and fewer numbers, there are still traces of the community spirit which in medieval times drew people together in the cathedral—built by co-operative effort—and the market square, the center of all social, economic, and political activity. The present-day countryman at least has a sense of belonging to the land; and a new baby in a farm family may still be welcomed as adding to the family's future working power. There is no such feeling in the city.

The Victorians boasted of their family life. Too often, however, it was imposed by fiat and sustained only by a sense of moral obligation. They knew enough to provide a mating ground exemplified for the elite in the elaborate form of the debut. But the relations between the sexes were bounded by a moral code as rigid as the corset, and as doomed to extinction.

A couple of ambitious scientists couldn't reverse the trend. Yet they had found from their early work that they couldn't make much lasting progress in building up health by operating singly as an outside clinic. Old disorders might be cured, but after varying lengths of time they reappeared. Pearse and Williamson decided that this would continue to happen as long as these men and women continued to live in a stultifying environment. They recognized the interplay of mind and body, and even the simple, old-fashioned idea of plenty of good exercise; but they recognized too the value of natural companionship, of providing an environment where health could flourish.

The result was the new Health Center, built with funds raised by an enthusiastic group of young West Enders. This institution was to continue the medical examinations, but it was also to provide a pleasant

meeting place and a variety of recreations for people of all ages. It was to be virtually a community club.

II

THE Pioneer Health Center, incongruously big and streamlined among the rows of drab brick houses in Peckham, is designed to accommodate two thousand families in their leisure hours. Members join not as individuals but as families. To be eligible, they must live within a mile of the building, or "the range of a woman with a pram." They pay a small fee (about forty cents a week per family), and agree to undergo a yearly health overhaul. This is no imposition; rather, it is one of the main attractions, since it means that members get free medical information on which they may act or not as they please. Knowing the full facts about themselves, they cannot be hypochondriacs. Members will tell you what a tremendous sense of release they get from this knowledge.

The building consists of three huge concrete platforms supported by reinforced pillars and walled in with glass. Inner walls are made mostly of glass for a dual purpose; to make it easier for the biologist to observe, and to lure shy members into participation. The core of the building is the large swimming pool. Sitting in the second floor cafeteria, you directly overlook it. And at night you get an unimpeded vista of the figures of men and women dancing in the room beyond.

At one end of the building is a two-story gymnasium; at the other a theater, doubling as a badminton court. The remaining space on the ground floor is taken up with day and night nurseries which make it possible for young parents to use the Center as much as they wish. On the third floor, part of the space is devoted to laboratories and consultation rooms, while the rest is unallotted, and can be partitioned or thrown open as the demands of the members require.

It was decided at the outset that there should be no compulsion; the members could do as they liked. This decision has been faithfully carried out. There is only one rule. It is negative: no permanent club

may be established within the club. Some people love to organize, but there are few who genuinely enjoy being organized.

Fresh fruit and vegetables for the Center's well-balanced meals are grown on its private farm. In summer, members often spend weekends there, camping out, boating, and swimming. In fact, in the five years before the war, good progress was made on the recreational side alone. The average newcomer had no sport or skill at all; old members now have at least three.

The recreational benefits can be over-emphasized. The biologists claim that it is only their particular combination of health overhauls, of a meeting place for people of all ages, and of the emphasis on the family, that makes the Peckham Center anything more than an ordinary sports club.

A recent visitor from Los Angeles agrees with them. Director of the many municipal playgrounds in that city, he was gloomy about their value. He said that only thirteen per cent of the people of Los Angeles interest themselves in the parks, while fewer use them. Increasingly they are used for nighttime pick-ups.

That clicks with English experience. For Pearse and Williamson say that only ten per cent of the English public care about public recreation; only three per cent use what facilities are now available. Believing so strongly that something more is needed—some means of tying the family into a natural community—the doctors are worried about the piecemeal reforms the Socialist Government is planning; separate adult health clinics, infant welfare institutions, day nurseries, and playgrounds. They feel that the best equipped playground in the world is inadequate. Partial proof is the fact that old members of the Peckham Center flocked back after the war to use a building that had been turned into a factory during the war and was now battered and threadbare, with its paint chipped and scarred and most of its equipment lost. Yet the old members couldn't wait for it to be repaired before its re-opening. They pitched into the work of restoring it themselves. When the building was reasonably clean and tidy, they celebrated with a party for the doctors and staff.

ON JOINING the Peckham Health Center, each member undergoes a thorough health overhaul. After that, the whole family comes together for a joint consultation. When the youngest child has been discussed, he leaves the room, then the next ones in order of their age, until the parents are alone. These frank discussions give the family a feeling of unity, and often relieve misunderstanding between parents. (For example, a man who had accused his wife of bringing diabetes into the family, found that actually he himself was the diabetic.) They appreciate the fact that the biologists do not give advice, but information. If they want treatment, they are sent to recommended outside doctors. When the treatment is finished, they are checked again. This is important because the ordinary doctor tends to accept compensation by a healthy organ for a defective one as adequate health. The Center does not feel that way.

Overhauls are repeated once a year; more often for pregnant women and growing children. Between times, the doctors can be seen by appointment at a time agreeable to the patient. This means that, unlike most public clinics, the consultation rooms are open until ten at night, and can be used without interfering with the day's work.

Now that the first postwar examinations are complete, the doctors say that the war hasn't altered anything. Pearse thinks the women are in slightly better condition, probably owing to the exercise and widened social horizons they got from outside work. The anemia rate has remained steady; the poor quality of the rationed diet made up for by increased exercise. Among men, there has been no noticeable change. Soldiers from the Pacific have traces of malaria in their system, but this is harmless unless the body is weakened by another disease. When they first get back they find they tire easily and have slower reactions. Doctor Williamson has been able to assure them this is only a temporary matter of readjustment to the English climate.

Middle-aged members complain of a weariness they never felt during the war. They are told that they were living then

on nervous resources which couldn't last. You hear much of postwar fatigue in England, but according to Pearse and Williamson it is only that people try to do more than they can.

There is no question, however, but that mental strain has increased. Living conditions are shocking in England today. The overcrowding, with two families living in one small apartment; the friction between daughter and mother-in-law, boarder and landlord; the shared bathroom and shared kitchen, are all familiar problems. Continued rationing and shortages are daily irritants.

In general, people are worried, uncertain, bewildered by the postwar world. The biologists feel they have even greater need now for everything the Center offers.

III

YOU can feel the vitality of the place the minute you enter. There is a cheerful hubbub and blissful lack of organization. Adults and children are obviously doing what they please, whether it is swimming, playing chess, taking part in a discussion group, rehearsing a play, or simply gossiping over a cup of tea or a mug of ale. The children have the run of the place, but they do not seem to get in the way. Everybody knows everybody else, yet there is a wide enough choice for making solid friendships. You sense the continuity on which the biologists lay so much stress: the younger children learning from the older ones, the young mother from the experienced one.

Peckham has definitely made good. Over a five-year period before the war the health rate was tripled: from ten to *thirty* per cent. Even more interesting was the change in attitude toward child-bearing. Couples who had firmly said on joining that they wanted no children, changed their minds. Some who had thought they would stop at one or two decided to raise a bigger family. Yet this change of heart came about without any corresponding rise in income. Parents give a number of reasons for it: the pleasure of watching children growing up in a healthy atmosphere; the explosion of old wives' tales about the horrors of childbirth; the Cen-

ter nurseries; a new unashamedness at pregnancy; keeping active right up to the day of delivery; and the knowledge that the parents themselves are in good health. Mothers who have been under surveillance at the Center say they have had no morning sickness and few labor pains. (The biologists insist that morning sickness is not a natural accompaniment of pregnancy, but an indication of a hidden disorder; the healthy woman should not and does not suffer from it.) Some women who wanted to have children but could not, have become fertile under Peckham guidance.

Just before the war, the first few couples began coming for health consultations *before* conception. This was what the doctors were hoping for, since their aim was to find and study the perfectly healthy mated couple and their children. Encouragement was given by opening the Center to girl- and boy-friends of adolescent members. Engaged couples were given full information about sex, birth control, and child-bearing. Pearse and Williamson hope that the prewar trend will continue. They feel it is indispensable for parents to be in perfect health before they conceive if health standards are to be raised permanently.

Much of Peckham's success is due to the personality of its co-directors. They are friendly, direct, and unaffected. They and the rest of their staff belong to and use the Center like ordinary members. Dr. Pearse, now fifty-seven, is an agile, bright-eyed woman with a weather-beaten face and a quick smile. Her talk is rapid-fire; her enthusiasm as great as the day the Center opened. Doctor Williamson, sixty-three years old, is a contrasting study in calm and patience. His speech is soft and slow. Where Doctor Pearse likes to race ahead with new ideas; Williamson is the brake, sticking to proven fact, scorning quick deductions. Both know how to talk in simple language, and how to restrain themselves from dictating either on health or on organizing the club. The short, strong woman in her heavy tweed suit and the stoop-shouldered doctor in corduroy trousers and baggy coat are familiar to everyone. No barrier exists there between patient and doctor.

VISITORS to the Pioneer Health Center often say how much they wish they could have something of the kind in their own community. (Ten other English towns are planning to copy the experiment.) The doctors would like to see it happen. But they say that one of the greatest difficulties is to get the right kind of staff. For this reason, they are going to take on apprentices in the Center.

But there are other difficulties too. The one-mile radius rule, though necessary, would mean that a big city would have to have hundreds of such institutions. Yet even in Peckham, only 1,400 of the 5,000 families who live there have joined. To get a representative cross-section of the population for their studies the doctors wanted three thousand families, of whom two thousand might be counted on to use the club at any given time. With a smaller membership the Center cannot pay its way. That was ticklish before the war, when interested outsiders paid half the cost; from now on it will be still more difficult, since heavy taxation has all but smashed the moneyed class. The doctors, naturally, would like to see the government money that now is going into other kinds of welfare organizations spent on the

kind they have devised for Peckham.

There we come to the nub of the problem raised by the success of the Peckham Experiment. If it has proved one thing, this is that the deficiencies of modern urban life—not only in terms of health, but in terms of happiness too—can largely be offset by an institution which gives people the practical and psychological advantages of belonging to a community. If this result can be achieved only by building a concrete and glass clubhouse and providing it with a highly trained examining staff, the expense will be prohibitive for most communities. Yet perhaps it would not be so great if these communities had not formed the habit of dealing *separately* with the various problems of the district and the various age-groups involved, and thus missing almost entirely their chance of nourishing such a healthy; unselfconscious, and infectious community spirit as the Peckham Health Center has stimulated. The lesson of Peckham is that if the modern city destroys the bond of kinship between families and their neighbors, the loss is not wholly irremediable—if we are intelligent enough to see what it is that we must restore, and to devise our institutions accordingly.

Symphony

MARY-SCOTT WILLOUR

LOST in the leaf-haired forest of this sound
Tall black chords rooted in dissonance,
Writhing vines of melody, I find
The slender genesis of ecstasy.

Knowing how out of nothing man has made
A pattern for his emptiness to fit,
Reason from turmoil—hesitant of step
I take the path old axes cut for me.

YES, *VERY* INTERESTING

VICTORIA LINCOLN

SOME years ago I was at a dinner party. The guests had been most fortunately seated, and all around the table the small babble of congenial twosomes was warming the air in the pleasantest way imaginable, when suddenly our hostess clapped her hands together. "And now," she said, "let's have *general* conversation!"

They say that in the silences of Antarctica you can hear a footfall on the snow two miles away. Having lived through that moment I can readily believe it. Having lived through that moment, indeed, there should hardly be a gambit of human intercourse to which I am not more than equal. And still, on the average of once a week, a situation arises in my life by which I continue to be stopped cold, although it must constitute one of the most familiar occupational hazards of my trade. It goes like this:

Mrs. Smith: Mrs. Jones, this is Mrs. Lowe.

Mrs. Lowe: How do you do?

Mrs. Smith: (Triumphantly, like someone taking a rabbit out of a hat) You know her better as Victoria Lincoln.

(Mrs. Jones, by a glazed eye, indicates that she certainly does *not*.)

Mrs. Smith: (Undaunted) Mrs. Lowe is a writer.

Mrs. Jones: How interesting!

Well, there it is, and nothing to make a thing about. As my brother Hamlet remarked, Ay, madam, it is common. But I

wish I knew what comes next. Just run them over. "Yes, it is." Fatuous. "No, it isn't." Belligerent. "What lovely weather we're having." False modesty. I have tried to learn to accept it, like a sound in nature, a bird call or wind in the leaves, simply a small inoffensive noise which neither interrupts nor calls for an answer, but that doesn't do, either. The fundamental difficulty is, clearly, that the words mean something, and I want to know what they mean.

If I knew, I could answer. Should I say, "Yes, but I'm nowhere near as rich as Louis Bromfield"? or, "Yes, but I don't starve in a garret"? or, "Yes, but I haven't any extramarital affairs"? Maybe she is thinking, "How interesting, then you must know all the people in the public prints," and I should follow through with a direct quote from Noel Coward, or Billy Rose, or Bernard Baruch. Maybe she wonders about my inner life, so different from hers, and would be gratified by some remark about how I'd looked out the back window and seen the fiery shapes of Los and Enitharmon cohabiting in a tree. But on sober consideration it can't mean anything like that or she'd *look* interested. And, of course, she doesn't. She simply looks embarrassed.

Lord help me, I have it! It's just what I'd say if Mrs. Smith, on completing the introduction, were to add abruptly, "Mrs. Jones has six toes on each foot." You'd have to say something.

Victoria Lincoln, who comments here on an occupational hazard of the writer's craft, has written poems, many short stories, and a novel which (we gather) she never wants to hear mentioned again.

I wish I hadn't come to this realization. Now I shall have to take care of Mrs. Jones's feelings. "Yes," I can say, "but my husband hardly notices it any more." Or, "Yes, but in all other respects I'm perfectly normal; don't give it a second thought." Something, I shall never know what, being on the wrong side of the fence, but something about writers is intensely embarrassing to nonwriters.

HAVING accepted this hard fact, I am overwhelmed with a multitude of instances. There was, for one, the year I spent in Syracuse. The reporters came the first day I was there and did a nice piece about me, with an informal picture including the children and the dog.

Now, I thought, I am introduced, and soon people will drop in on me for a cup of coffee, just as if I were at home. What it came to, actually, was that no one would touch me with a ten-foot pole, except for a few wives of my husband's colleagues who were, I suppose, in duty bound. I did make one friend, but she was a gifted soul who would have loved me as easily if I had been a cut-rate street-walker. People like that don't count.

My mother came to visit me, and walked in one day weak with laughter. She had fallen into conversation with a woman on a bus and mentioned the fact that she was staying on Ostrom Avenue across from the park. "Oh," said the woman, "then you live near the Writer. Have you seen the Writer?" Exactly, said Mother, in heartless delight, as if she were saying, "Have you seen the baboon?" When Mother finally realized that she had, indeed, seen the Writer, she was too weak to admit the connection.

It's different in Columbus. The Ohio State University is considered by many in my suburb a nest of reds and dangerous crackpots, and Senator Bricker, who lives up the street, recently criticized its un-American teaching in the daily papers; but its atmosphere of toleration still reaches out. Generally speaking, people here treat me as if I were human. The straws, however, continue to blow in the wind. I can see them, now.

I remember my tête-à-tête with the

pretty little woman who said, "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but I belong to a club, very casual, just friends. We write papers, not too serious, just things we're individually interested in, and talk them over." Obviously she was apologetic about jumping the gun on some little committee delegated to sound me out. I fixed my mouth pleasantly for the premature acceptance.

"I suggested that you might join us," she went on, smiling, "but they decided against asking you, because you are a writer. Aren't people silly?" The smile was not happy.

"But so are you," I said, tactlessly. She had published stories herself, several of them. She looked shocked. Civilized circles, that is, can overlook a woman's private life so long as she bears herself with sufficient discretion to maintain her amateur standing.

I wish I knew what was at the bottom of it. It isn't like the old prejudice against the stage. Despite the showy exceptions, which occur in any business, writers are, as a class, conventional and abstemious. Their work tends to keep them home all day, and when they're through with it they're too tired to go out at night. An evening's entertainment usually comes down to a highball and a little light non-fiction, or, maybe, America's Town Meeting of the Air. Women who write are not let off anything that other women do. I have tried, for my own selfish comfort, to inculcate in my family the superstition that a story cannot be interrupted twenty times in the course of a morning without suffering in the end-product, but I know that this is not true; and so, alas, do my children, my husband, and whatever domestic help I may be fortunate enough to command. Change the baby, bring out the iodine, talk to the bread man, go back and take it from there. That old devil Unconscious never noticed the difference. The flow of a good story cannot be diverted. As soon try to cure a neurosis by the time-honored futility of keeping busy.

Writers, moreover, being still deeply attached to the country of their innocence, make excellent mothers. As wives, being both romantic and house-bound, they are unsurpassed. What is at the bottom of this

prejudice, what is the legend? Alas, I shall never know.

There is, indeed, one point of variance between the writer and the nonwriter, though I hardly take it for the root of our trouble. The writer, in a word, is one for whom the butter cannot be spread too thick. Praise—tender, fulsome, overflowing, burgeoning praise—is the air he breathes. That is the real reason why so many writers go to New York. They like to keep together and hear how wonderful they are.

Oh, occasionally, one nonwriter kinder than the rest will say, "I read your article (meaning story) in the last *Cosmopolitan*, and I enjoyed it." But he won't seize your hands and tell you that you are distinguished, sensitive, that you have come so far since you wrote *Upstage* (the one book the nonwriters place you by, the one you cannot bear to hear praised again, ever, ever). In other words, in this one respect he will treat you as if you were like other men, possessed of a decent reticence and sensibility, whereas it is in this alone that you are wantonly, desperately apart.

For this blessed, necessary buildup I spent a weekend in New York a little while ago. I drank it in deep gulps. I was amazing, how could I do all I do at home and still accomplish so much? Everything I wrote showed an increase of power over the last, a deepened perception, and my hat was becoming, too. There were also cocktails, and living as I do at home, a little of either stimulant goes a long way. When I stood up, I had to think seriously about my feet, and all the way back to the hotel the air beneath them had a fine, springy resilience, like walking on a Beautyrest mattress.

I got into the elevator to go up to my room. It was quite full. I made a sudden, sweeping gesture with my arm, clean from the shoulder. I heard my own voice, abrupt and ringing.

"I am *wasted*," said my voice, "on Columbus, Ohio!"

The effect was startling, but in those close-filled quarters I am sure that there was no one quite so startled as I. Startled, and, I may add, chastened. It was, nonetheless, a cry from the heart.

Song

PATRICK MACDONOGH

SHE spoke to me gently with words of sweet meaning,
Like the damsel was leaning on Heaven's half-door,
And her bright eyes besought me to leave off deceiving
And trouble the parish with scandal no more.

And there, for a moment, I thought I'd be better
To take those round arms for a halter and live
Secure and respectable, safe in her shelter,
And be the bright pattern of boys in the village.

But I thought how the lane would have sheltering shadows
And a glass on the counter would look as before,
And the house was too dark, and her eyes were too narrow,
So I left her alone at her door.

AMERICA'S MOST RADICAL LAW

The Atomic Revolution Begins

JAMES R. NEWMAN

THE unexpectedly bitter and prolonged fight over the confirmation of David A. Lilienthal as chairman of the new Atomic Energy Commission appeared, to the casual newspaper reader, to be simply a squabble (with tragicomic overtones) over the personality and politics of the man himself.

In fact, it was much more than that. It represented a belated outburst of misgivings about something Congress itself had done many months earlier. The controversy was, at bottom, a severe fit of senatorial shivers over the Atomic Energy Act and the immeasurable impact it is likely to have on the whole American economy.

For this act—as Congress has slowly come to realize—is perhaps the most radical law ever enacted in the United States. It is unprecedented in the legislative history of this or any other country—as unprecedented as the scientific discovery which fathered it. Never before has any people, standing on the threshold of a new technological era, attempted to provide in advance for the rational control of the forces about to be unleashed. Never before in peacetime has Congress given any administrative agency such sweeping authority and awesome responsibilities. The act

not only creates a government monopoly of what is potentially the most important source of power; it buttresses this monopoly with a wide variety of prohibitions on private activity. In sober fact, it sets up an island of socialism in the midst of a free enterprise economy.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this remarkable statute is that it ever got enacted at all. A thoroughly conservative Congress passed it with obvious reluctance, only because its members were driven by the fearful logic of scientific facts. To this day, many of them look back on what they did with a kind of bewildered frustration. Small wonder, then, that they displayed such emotional concern over the selection of the men who will administer this portentous law.

In spite of all the Congressional misgivings, there appeared to be almost universal agreement that no measure less comprehensive would do. At all the meetings of the Senate special committee which drafted the bill there could be sensed a presence, unseen but tangible. This was fear for the national security. Again and again in the course of the drafting, the requirements of security collided head-on with traditional elements in our

James R. Newman served as counsel for the Senate special committee which drafted the Atomic Energy Act. The case he briefs here will be argued fully in his forthcoming book, The Law of Atomic Energy.

system, and in the end security always prevailed. The committee candidly faced the fact that atomic energy could not be contained within the framework of existing institutions.

Political forms have, of course, always been remarkably malleable under the pressure of security. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, this was perhaps the most important single force in producing the nation-state, whose centralizing monarch ended the internecine warrings of petty princes and brought peace and order to large areas. Once its security was established, the central government relaxed its powers enough, in the nineteenth century, to permit the growth of a new set of satrapies—the great corporate organizations representing the dominant economic interests of the community. In the United States, the power of these groups grew without effective check until the great depression brought forth the powerful central controls of the New Deal. To meet war demands, however, the government itself was obliged to turn to these corporate baronies. War contracts speeded up economic concentration and fortified the financial position of the largest business interests.

Thus strengthened, as the end of the war approached, these forces prepared to reassert their powers and began an uncompromising battle for the scrapping of state controls. They won a series of victories which seemed capped by the results of the Congressional elections last November. But, like a skeleton at the feast, the Atomic Energy Act appeared to remind them that in the atomic age such triumphs are illusion, and that—so long as international anarchy exists—whatever powers the state surrenders, it will sooner or later recapture in the name of security.

The framers of the act made it just as specific as they could on the basis of available knowledge, and they looked forward as far as the vision of the wisest was able to penetrate. It must be confessed, however, that the prognosticating powers of the best nuclear and social scientists concerning future developments in atomic energy, and the consequences, are not impressive. The members of the Senate special committee had little but generalities to help them in

meeting a new technological era and possibly revolutionary changes in social institutions. An analysis of the testimony offered reveals little more about these impending changes than the conviction that they will come and that they will be important.

The scientists were certain that the use of fissionable and radioactive materials would lead to further significant discoveries in basic science, which in time would produce innumerable and unpredictable technological devices. In the immediate future, however, all they could be sure of were some limited medical applications of radioactive materials, and the utilization of atomic energy for the generation of power. It is a little disillusioning to discover, for all our progress in mastering natural phenomena, how little ability we have to predict the chain of events which an epic discovery will set in motion. The savants who so startlingly demonstrated their insight into the heart of the atom can only guess at the scope of the application of the power they have won; and they profess no confidence at all in predicting the social, economic, and political consequences of their discovery. Historians find no precedent to give us guidance, and even the indefatigable sociologists exhibit an unwonted reticence.

THE act ultimately passed by Congress and signed by the President almost exactly one year after the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima raises a number of issues of fundamental importance; but it settles none of them finally. The act is, in fact, a beginning, which merely provides a favorable context for the solution of most of these issues.

In framing the law, Congress had to decide three principal questions:

(1) *Should government control of atomic energy be exercised by military or civilian officials?*

(2) *To what extent should scientific activities be controlled?*

(3) *How should private commercial activities in this field be controlled?*

It is remarkable how little these questions were debated either in committee hearings or on the floor. One violent and dramatic debate there was, which became

for a space of several months the stuff of headlines. The issue, of course, was civilian *vs.* military control of the commission. Indirectly, it involved the further issues of freedom *vs.* authority, of nationalism *vs.* internationalism—but even conceding that the debate on the civilian-military issue fully illuminated these incidental problems (which in fact it did not) there were other questions of importance scarcely touched upon. And of the basic question—the effect on our predominantly free enterprise system of an island of socialism—there was no discussion at all. Once the military-civilian control issue was resolved by the critical compromise of the act, most of the other provisions followed with little controversy.

II

TO REFRESH your memory on this compromise and how it was arrived at, let us go back over the course of events that led up to it. In March 1945, two months before the atomic bomb was first tested in New Mexico, Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of War, appointed (with the approval of the President) a civilian committee to recommend legislation for the domestic control and development of atomic energy. Its recommendations were incorporated in a bill then under preparation in the War Department, which eventually was introduced in the Senate by Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado and in the House by Andrew J. May, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. Thus was conceived the famous May-Johnson bill, which became identified in the public mind with the military control of atomic energy.

The bill provided for the establishment of a commission for the domestic control and development of atomic energy and conferred upon it broad powers to engage in research and production, to make arrangements of unlimited scope with private institutions and persons for the exploitation of the field, and to make and enforce security and safety regulations. Many of these powers—and a few more—were incorporated in the McMahon-Douglas bill which ultimately was approved by Congress; but the May-Johnson

bill provided for a *part-time* commission, and it explicitly provided that commission members might be officers of the Army or Navy.

This last provision touched off the battle. No doubt the air was surcharged, and there was a certain ominousness in the high-handed manner in which the chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee apparently tried to railroad the measure through. (Hearings were originally limited to one session, during which the only witnesses heard were Secretary of War Patterson, Dr. Vannevar Bush, Dr. James B. Conant, and Major General Leslie R. Groves.) But there was little warning of the storm which broke almost immediately. The bitterness of the struggle and the zeal of the participants indicated the depths to which men had been stirred by the formidable power of atomic energy. It also disclosed a widespread conviction that what was being decided was no simple issue of domestic politics, but the whole nature of our political institutions, and perhaps the future of the world.

The historian who attempts to recreate this drama is appalled by the chaotic nature of the action. The scene that confronts him resembles the description of the Battle of Borodino in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. The hosts gather, impelled by some impulse deeper than they comprehend, seeking a goal they do not altogether understand. The struggle which ensues takes on a life of its own, independent of any individual's will or direction. The conflict swirls and eddies, and becomes not one but scores of battles, each appearing crucial to its participants. The field is a confused jumble of motion, the whole is obscured in smoke, and even the commanding generals have little understanding of developments—much less any effective control over them. The motives of the contestants are frequently obscure; the action is extended over weeks or months, rather than hours; often there are not two, but several armies engaged; alliances are shifted in the heat of battle; and in the end the issue is not decided on the field at all, but in some clandestine meeting among rival leaders.

The contestants all claimed to seek the same objects: civilian control of atomic

energy and the national security. The partisans of the May-Johnson philosophy charged that their opponents were radicals who, either because of irresponsibility or subversion, were willing to jeopardize the welfare of the country. They, in turn, were accused of seeking to establish a system which would be authoritarian, repressive, militaristic, and xenophobic. These were the symbols about which the battle was fought—little wonder that it was fierce.

The alignment of forces lacked crispness of definition, and no doubt their differences were considerably less than the extremists on either side would admit; but it appears clear, in retrospect, that there was a fundamental difference of emphasis and intent. On the May-Johnson side were those who were skeptical of internationalism, willing for the armed services to continue in the dominant position they had occupied during the war, distrustful of generalities such as "scientific freedom," and sympathetic with the principle of authority. Those who opposed believed, with varying intensities of conviction, in the cause of international understanding, in the principle of freedom, in the relegation of the military services to a subsidiary position in our society.

THE first to sound the alarm were the scientists, whose skin had been worn thin by their unhappy experiences in the Manhattan project. Sensitive as one of their own Geiger counters, they registered an immediate and powerful reaction to the May-Johnson bill, which threatened to make permanent the military control of atomic energy. In large numbers they swarmed down from their ivory towers, and—with energy, passionate conviction, and a somewhat unexpected talent for organization—threw themselves into the fray.

This was a performance unique in the history of American science; the traditional position of the scientist could be summarized in Hooke's famous—if over-cautious—recipe for the Royal Society: to improve the knowledge of natural things and all useful arts, but "not to meddle with divinity, metaphysics, moralls, politicks, grammar, rhetoric, or logick." It

may be that the American scientists were grossly naïve in politics, but there is no denying that they showed more capacity for improvisation and prompt action than any of the economic groups whose interests were vitally involved.

The scientists remained throughout in the forefront of the battle. They formed their own local groups throughout the country, they helped organize citizens' committees, they furnished data to congressmen and commentators. It was not long before they were joined by a large and variegated army, which it would have been difficult to unite in any other cause. In its ranks could be found representatives of every shade of political opinion, from radicals to true conservatives, who merged their differences to rally to the defense of the traditional constitutional principle of civilian supremacy. Newspapers extending over the entire register of political views condemned the military features of the May-Johnson bill. Professional societies, women's clubs, church federations, labor unions, veterans' groups, and university students adopted resolutions of protest. Letters and telegrams poured into the White House and Congressional offices; the Senate special committee alone received over 75,000 messages, of which the overwhelming majority opposed the provision.

This storm aided the administration, by this time committed to the principle of an exclusively civilian commission, in its effort to keep the May-Johnson bill bottled up in the House. Thus, the issue was brought to a focus in the Senate special committee, where the compromise ultimately incorporated in the act was hammered out. After the conclusion of its open hearings, this committee, in executive session, considered a series of proposals and counterproposals. In these deliberations, Senator Vandenberg assumed the leadership.

Although firmly supporting the principle of civilian control, Vandenberg considered that the McMahon-Douglas bill in its then current form did not make sufficient provision for keeping the service departments fully informed and for assuring adequate development of the military aspects of atomic energy.

The solution he proposed was the establishment of a military liaison committee, to be composed of representatives of the War and Navy departments. As this compromise proposal was originally drafted, however—and adopted by a ten-to-one vote of the committee, McMahon alone dissenting—it gave to the military liaison such broad powers that it was instantly denounced by the opponents of military control as even more objectionable than the May-Johnson bill. If there had previously been a storm blowing through the country over this issue, it now became a typhoon. Congressional and Presidential mail became a deluge, mass meetings assembled in indignant protest, solemn prayers were offered. After appraising this reaction briefly, the committee reconsidered.

The result was a compromise which substantially modified the strong bias of both the May-Johnson bill and of the first version of the Vandenberg amendment. The operations of the military liaison committee are confined to the area of "military applications." The commission has not only the responsibility of keeping the service departments informed of its activities, but has the right to be kept informed of the activities of the War and Navy departments in the field of atomic energy.

The effort to reduce military power over atomic energy is, of course, merely a part of the larger effort to reduce the military importance of atomic energy—a goal which can be achieved only by the creation of a stable world order. This provision of the act assures that the chances of reaching these objectives will not be prejudiced, as many feared they would have been under the May-Johnson bill. The ultimate effect of the compromise must wait upon the outcome of the larger issue.

III

A CLOSELY related problem is the control of information about atomic science. In the minds of the scientists who had worked on the Manhattan project, military control meant excessive concern with security, rigid compartmentalization, and a blight upon scientific

progress. Their concern was primarily with the effect of a military regime on the progress of science and the life of scientists, rather than with the broader political issue of the appropriate functions of the military in a democratic state. Perhaps the focal point of their resistance was the effect of the military concept of security upon the free exchange of scientific information.

The May-Johnson bill was not designed to quiet these fears. It proposed to give the commission power to issue "security regulations" specifying the information to be restricted and the persons to whom it might be communicated—a complete censorship. The administrator was empowered to order the discharge from any organization engaged in atomic energy work, whether public or private, of any person found guilty of violating a regulation. No judge or jury finding was necessary and no provision was made for review of the administrator's action. Scientists who had found it necessary to violate regulations of the Manhattan Engineer District in order to build the bomb had little faith in such regulations.

The final provisions relating to control of information in the Atomic Energy Act also were a result of compromise. The Senate committee listened with some concern to several eminent scientists who testified that the security policies imposed by the War Department materially hampered their work and slowed the development of the bomb. It then attempted to go as far toward meeting these objections as it felt the paramount requirements of security would permit. The provisions it framed, however, were made more stringent in the course of deliberations in the House. The result was a section which, although acknowledging the importance of free exchange of information, imposes severe and sweeping prohibitions on scientific intercourse.

This provision of the act reveals the atavistic depths which have been stirred by the release of atomic energy. The response to this greatest of all triumphs of scientific method has been in some respects closely akin to the practice of magic among primitive tribes. Having in their possession a fearful image of the god of war

which makes them stronger than all their enemies, the tribe is obsessed with fear that the image may be stolen or duplicated, and their exclusive claim to the deity's favor lost. So a temple is built, ringed about by walls, and guarded by untiring sentinels. Those whose function it is to attend the deity are carefully chosen and subjected to purification rites; they are forbidden ever to look upon the whole image or to speak of what they have seen. They are guarded with unceasing vigilance, and at the slightest sign of defection, condign punishment is visited upon them.

Section ten begins with a statement of policy, "to control the dissemination of restricted data in such a manner as to assure the common defense and security." "Restricted data," as the act defines them, include not only data about atomic weapons, but also data "relating to the production of fissionable material, or the use of fissionable material in the production of power." This covers a very large area of nuclear science and embraces much of importance to fundamental, as well as to applied, research. It does not matter whether these data are discovered or compiled in a government laboratory or in private research; the interdict covers them in either case. Aside from the recent Nazi-Fascist aberration, therefore, for the first time in centuries a state which shares in the tradition of western civilization is attempting to enforce prohibitions upon the communication and discussion of scientific discoveries relating to the laws of the universe.

This is not only revolutionary, but also—judged pragmatically—very dubious doctrine. The preponderant opinion of scientists who testified before the Senate committee was that these measures would be futile—since, in fact, we possess no "secret" which cannot be divined within a relatively brief period by the organized scientific intelligence of any technologically advanced nation. Moreover, they might be positively harmful, since restrictions on the free exchange of ideas will retard the rate of scientific development. As G. F. Kettering has said: "When you lock the laboratory door, you lock out more than you lock in."

Unless this system of rigid taboos is ad-

ministered with much intelligence and restraint, therefore, it is entirely possible that it may result in a heavy setback to the development of atomic energy in the United States. This is serious enough, considering what it may mean to our national security; but possibly even more serious is the constitutional issue which it raises.

This provision implies that, in a world ruled by fear of the atomic bomb, the state is justified in carrying over into times of nominal peace the restraints upon the freedom of the individual which it imposed in war. The Espionage Act, the only previous law which sought to control communication in the interests of national security, was confined to official secrets and its more stringent penalties (such as the death penalty) were limited to the actual duration of hostilities; but section ten of the Atomic Energy Act has no such limitations. If the climate of international relations improves and effective progress is made in the international control of atomic energy, this provision will become quickly outdated and signify little. If these developments do not occur, however, it would be unrealistic not to regard section ten as a danger to the principle of individual freedom, and a warning precursor of a host of restrictive enactments to come.

IV

THE act's research provisions, in contrast, are not in the least restrictive. They place the Atomic Energy Commission in the role of stimulator, promoter, and co-ordinator of scientific research in atomic energy and all its applications.

The Atomic Energy Act, in fact, embodies most of the basic principles which made the Kilgore bill for the establishment of a National Science Foundation the target for such heavy attack in the last session of Congress. But the Kilgore bill had in its favor only the fact that it was designed to promote the public welfare, and it proved vulnerable to covert attacks from industry and representatives of organized research; whereas the Atomic Energy Act involved the national security, and was therefore more difficult to combat.

Like the Kilgore bill, the research section of the act is based on the theory that

the self-regulating mechanism of the market place cannot always be depended upon to produce adequate results in scientific research; and that when private research fails, this failure must be made good on the initiative of the state.

This implies, of course, the existence of some over-all concept of what research should do, and thus is merely another way of saying there must be a plan. The act clearly intends that the commission should plan research so that the development of atomic energy may raise the standard of living and strengthen free competition in private enterprise.

To accomplish these purposes, the commission is not given an elaborate coercive mechanism such as it has for controlling information. It has precisely the same means which private industry has: staff and the power to spend money. But private industry is justified in spending money on research only when it offers reasonable prospect of profit; the commission has the infinitely broader mandate of supporting projects which will further scientific knowledge or contribute to the public welfare.

The framers of the act were so eager to do nothing which might hamper private research that they excepted research activities from almost all the restrictions of the act. Thus, research is exempted from the general prohibition on the private ownership of facilities for producing fissionable material and the use of fissionable material without a license.

In fulfilling its responsibilities under this section, the commission will have to survey its field, evaluate the work being done privately, fix its objectives in terms of a calendar of development, measure progress, and determine what further work must be undertaken. In order to meet these objectives, it can make grants, let contracts, and undertake work itself.

This will mean that the state will play an important role in scientific research, a field previously dominated by industry with some assistance from universities and research foundations. To the universities, this intervention should be an aid and a stimulus, making possible more work on those fundamental research programs which are not attractive to private funds

because they do not promise immediate profits. To the individual scientist, it will certainly mean no limitations on his freedom, but rather a broadening of the avenues of opportunity open to him. To industry, it may initially serve as unwelcome competition for the limited amount of skilled research talent available, but in the long run the commission's programs—if the past history of science can serve as a guide—should open up great opportunities for private enterprise which otherwise might never have been discovered.

The war demonstrated the miracles which science can perform when fully mobilized and directed to the production of weapons. Now, for the first time in our history, we are making an experiment to see what science can do when organized and geared to a constructive peacetime objective. In this great effort, the energy and the bulk of the initiative will have to come from private individuals and institutions. The state will assess, co-ordinate, and on occasion undertake to stimulate development in those areas where private efforts are inadequate. The future of this experiment will be significant for an area far wider than atomic energy.

V

BOTH the McMahon-Douglas act and the May-Johnson bill proposed to give the commission broad powers in controlling the use of atomic energy. Yet on this basic issue there was surprisingly little controversy. Few voices were raised to defend the traditional doctrine of private property and free enterprise.

It is clear that the act cuts more deeply into the area usually reserved for private business than any other passed in peacetime. It sets up in the midst of our privately controlled economy a socialist enclave, with undefined and possibly expanding frontiers. Into a system happily being reclaimed for free enterprise in the postwar period, it deposits a large, alien, and unassimilable lump. What the interaction between these opposing elements is likely to be Congress did not even discuss. It may well be that our existing economic order is no better able to contain atomic energy than is the present international

order; this new force may, indeed, produce changes in the internal arrangements of our society as momentous as those which will almost certainly occur in our external relations.

This problem was certainly not settled by the act. In fact, though there was an uneasy recognition of its existence, it was never thoroughly debated. One reason was the impact of this stupendous power on the public imagination, and the general acknowledgment that a force of such unprecedented nature required unprecedented measures to cope with it. Perhaps another was the inability of business interests to assess quickly the significance to them of the pending legislation and to mobilize rapidly behind a defensible position.

Consequently, only the patent provisions, which appeared to strike at one of the principal citadels of private enterprise, aroused any serious opposition. Since these provisions were, however, for the most part necessary corollaries of the general scheme of control, it was difficult to make a convincing case against them alone.

It is convenient to think of the control system of the act as represented by three concentric circles. The innermost circle, fairly definitely formed, is the area of government monopoly. The intermediate circle is the area of direct government control by means of licensing and the granting of fissionable materials—an area potentially very great, with elastic boundaries. The outermost circle covers a wide area of indirect controls. Let us look for a moment at these three areas.

(1) The inner area of monopoly includes all the facilities for producing fissionable material—a three-and-a-half-billion-dollar empire, which is certain to expand. It has properties in twenty states. Its operations employ thousands of people. Since the commission has exclusive ownership of all fissionable material, an entirely new legal substance is created, one which cannot be held in private ownership. This substance may in time become more important than coal and petroleum combined. Although the point is not certain, the area of monopoly may include all atomic power projects—potentially of a

vastness which will make TVA appear insignificant.

(2) Beyond the central area of monopoly extends the intermediate circle of control. Here the commission, by its licensing power, can regulate every single transaction involving source material, every industrial and commercial application of atomic energy.

(3) Beyond the area of atomic energy proper, its controls cut across a considerable segment of the total economy, for they cover anything likely to be affected by the operations of the commission in its monopoly activities or its control functions. It can at its discretion extend licensing control to any substance considered essential to the production of fissionable material. Moreover, it can abrogate patent rights, regardless of their apparent remoteness from the field, if they interfere with the use of fissionable material or atomic energy.

THE policies followed by the commission in exercising these powers will have a powerful impact on many important aspects of our national life. They will affect not only our military security but our foreign policy, the value of existing capital investments, the structure of industry, and the level of prices and employment—in the end, the structure of society itself.

These powers were conferred by Congress only with profound misgiving, and after prolonged heart-searching. The act was passed in the midst of an overpowering nostalgia to return to things as they were, before the rude innovations of the New Deal and the disturbances of war. In passing it, Congress implicitly recognized that under the disintegrating force of the atomic bomb, the ancient institutional forms—honored and familiar though they were—had become obsolescent.

For it is apparent that in the atomic age, in times of international unbalance, there is no limit to what the state will have to do in the name of security. Scientists disagree about the date when the world will be technologically prepared for a push-button war, which can destroy instantaneously dozens of cities and millions of people; but apparently their only ques-

tion is how long it will be before this scientific triumph becomes possible. The tacit recognition of this fact underlies the whole act, and was so generally understood that there was never even a discussion of the constitutional power under which this great program was to be carried forward. It was taken for granted that the Atomic Energy Act would be validated under the same complex of constitutional powers which had enabled the government to conduct the war—the power to raise and support an army and navy, to declare war, and to undertake such functions as are necessary to carry out these purposes.

With a few exceptions—such as the construction of the dams ultimately included in the TVA project—these powers in the past have been invoked only in actual time of war, or after the declaration of a national emergency. The Atomic Energy Act was passed, however, a few months after a great war had been won, and when there was no specific danger on the international horizon.

VI

THIS is ominous doctrine, although there can be little doubt of its acceptance by the courts. It means that in the new age just beginning, the war powers of the Constitution will be as illimitable in time of peace as they are in time of war. There is no escaping the logic of the conclusion that—given the terrible possibilities of total national destruction—no definable limits can be set to the war powers even in times of nominal peace; and the constitutional doctrine of limited government and specifically delegated powers must become outmoded.

We have not yet faced the fact that the choice before us is between a genuinely working international order and the total military state kept always in a condition of total preparedness. When Congress voted the Atomic Energy Act, in effect it announced the end of the institution of the sovereign national state based on capitalistic free enterprise.

If we are to keep a system of capitalistic free enterprise, we must have conditions of genuine peace and security which permit men to go about their business without

fear of instant death. And it is apparent that this can be achieved only if the state surrenders certain powers hitherto deemed indispensable to its sovereignty.

If, on the other hand, we are determined to keep the sovereign nation-state, we will have to surrender to it personal and economic freedoms we have traditionally enjoyed. We will have to renounce our largely uncontrolled and self-regulating economic system. We will have to gear the whole of our social institutions to national security, establishing the great bureaucracy and the bewildering complex of governmental controls necessary for this purpose.

There will have to be other laws to follow the Atomic Energy Act: an act establishing a great program of stand-by plants ready to convert instantaneously to war production; an act providing for a permanent military establishment, fully armed and continually alerted; and, as conditions deteriorate, an act dispersing our industrial plant and our huge urban centers. The demands of security will be implacable and illimitable.

The issue remains open, and at present the country wavers between the poles of international security and the military state. It probably will be several years before the outcome is determined.

In the meantime, the commission will feel the tug of these opposing tendencies. It will have to exercise its enormous complex of power in a situation confused and ill-defined. It will be administering an institution conceived on lines currently repugnant to a large part of the population.

And to guide it, it will have only the most general of policy statements: "It is hereby declared to be the policy of the people of the United States that, subject at all times to the paramount objective of assuring the common defense and security, the development and utilization of atomic energy shall, so far as practicable, be directed toward improving the public welfare, increasing the standard of living, strengthening free competition in private enterprise, and promoting world peace."

The practical application of these standards will be a test of wisdom and states-

manship such as no other administrative agency has ever had to meet. The field in which the commission operates will be well populated with sensitive and highly vocal private interests. There will be no steady magnetic pull, pointing policy unerringly to the lodestar of the national interest, and disturbances in the magnetic field caused by the filings of private interests will be acute and constant. Under these circumstances, the role of the commission will be no more firmly fixed than that of the Supreme Court when it began the task of interpreting the Constitution.

The framework for its operations is spacious and, to a considerable degree,

plastic. The objectives stated for its guidance are enough to justify almost any course the commission sees fit to steer. Whether the world will choose the incalculably difficult path to an effective international order, or sink despairingly into the slough of warlike preparations is, of course, an issue upon which the commission can have little direct effect. But it can steadfastly resist any drift toward despair, or any sudden wave of hysteria; it can demonstrate the benefits which can be made to flow from the far-sighted planning of a great national resource; and it can show that such planning need not be incompatible with individual liberties.

The Pleasure of a Good Grumble

THE dean was one of those old-world politicians—we meet them every day, and they are generally pleasant people—who enjoy the politics of the side to which they belong without any special belief in them. If pressed hard they will almost own that their so-called convictions are prejudices. But not for worlds would they be rid of them. When two or three of them meet together, they are as freemasons, who are bound by a pleasant bond which separates them from the rest of the world. They feel among themselves that everything that is being done is bad—even though that everything is done by their own party. It was bad to interfere with Charles, bad to endure Cromwell, bad to banish James, bad to put up with William. The House of Hanover was bad. All interference with prerogative has been bad. The Reform bill was very bad. . . . The overhauling of schools is most injurious to English education. Education bills and Irish land bills were all bad. Every step taken has been bad. And yet to them old England is of all countries in the world the best to live in, and is not at all the less comfortable because of the changes that have been made. These people are ready to grumble at every boon conferred on them, and yet to enjoy every boon. They know too their privileges, and, after a fashion, understand their position. It is picturesque, and it pleases them. To have been always in the right and yet always on the losing side; always being ruined, always under persecution from a wild spirit of republican-demagogism—and yet never to lose anything, not even position or public esteem, is pleasant enough. A huge, living, daily increasing grievance that does one no palpable harm, is the happiest possession that a man can have.

—From *The Eustace Diamonds*, by Anthony Trollope, 1873.

BEYOND THE GLASS MOUNTAIN

A Story

WALLACE STEGNER

SOMEONE had left a funny paper in the booth, and while he waited with his ear intent on the regular buzzing rings, Mark let his eye follow the pictured squares. I know somebody that likes your new hat, Emmy, Kayo's balloon said, and Emmy's pleased balloon said, Well, for thirty-nine fifty they ought to, who is he? and Kayo's balloon said It's Beefy McGuire, he'd like it for his birdsnest collection, and on the fourth ring the line clicked and Mel's inquiring voice said, "Hello?"

The voice was as familiar as yesterday, a voice whose wire-filtered flatness Mark had heard over telephones ten thousand times. The rising hairs prickled on the back of his neck; he felt as he might have felt if a door had opened and the face of someone long dead had looked casually out.

And he noted instantly, in refutation of his fears, that the voice was sober. He found himself leaning forward, grinning into the mouthpiece.

"Hello, you poop out," he said. "This is Canby."

The old password came naturally, as if he were back seventeen years. In their college crowd everybody had called everybody else Canby, for no reason except that someone, probably Mel, had begun it and everyone else had followed suit. There had been a real Canby, a sort of goof. Now he

was a CPA in Denver, and the usurpers of his name were scattered from coast to coast.

"Well, Canby!" the filtered voice said heartily. "How's the boy?"

There was a pause. Then Mel's voice, more distorted now, beginning to be his clowning voice, said suspiciously, "What was that name again?"

"Canby," Mark said. "Cornelius C. Canby." He raised his head, grinning and waiting for the real recognition.

"Cornelius C. Canby?" Mel's thickening, burbling voice said. "I didn't get the name."

"It's a hell of a note," Mark said. "Your old friend Canby was here, and you didn't even get the name."

Mel's voice was thick as glue now, like something mired down, except that on occasional syllables it fluttered upward like a mud-heavy bird. It was a maudlin, wandering, caressing voice, very convincing to strangers and drunks, and it always made any drunk his instant pal. "Canby?" it said. "D'you say Canby? Cornelius Canby? Well my God. Wonnersnever-cease. Canby, after all these years! Come on over here and shake my hand. Where are you? Hire a car. Wait a minute, I'll come and get you myself."

"Don't bother," Mark said. "I can walk over in five minutes." He grinned again

into the mouthpiece. "Are you at home or out at some bar?"

"Just down at the corner pub having little drink," Mel said. "But I'll be home in minute, home quick as you are. Not far away." There was another pause. "What was z'name?"

Mark was beginning to feel a shade uncomfortable. The clowning was routine, but there was a point where it should have stopped. It left things uncertain. "You stinker," he said, "this is Aker. Remember me?"

The drunken voice was an amazed buzz in the earpiece. Out of the buzz words formed. "You mean Belly Aker, the basketball player, erstwhile holder of the Big Ten scoring record?"

"The same."

"Not Mark Aker, the eminent penicillinologist?"

"It is he."

"Well my God," Mel said. "I remember you. Seen your name in the Alumni Magazine."

The words degenerated into a buzz, then became articulate again. "You old spore-picker. How's boy?" Then in a moment the earphone bellowed, "What the hell you standing around there for?"

"Hold it," Mark said. "I'm on my way."

HE HUNG up and stepped out of the booth self-consciously, looking around to see if anyone had been close enough to hear the nonsense he had been talking. As he walked through the drugstore and out into the street he found himself explaining as if to some critical stranger. Just to listen to Cottam, you'd think he was a maudlin sot, but that's just a manner he wears. He puts it on for the same reason some people put on dark glasses . . .

He found himself at the corner of College and Dubuque Streets in Iowa City, at a little past ten on a Sunday morning in May, and as he stopped on the corner to let a car pass, the utter and passionate familiarity of everything smote him like a wind. Mel's voice on the wire had prepared him for nostalgia. Now the past moved up on him in a wave; it was as if he had never left here, or had just awakened

from a long confused dream and found the solid and reassuring edge of reality again.

The brick street ran warm and empty down across the powerhouse bridge and up the other side, curving under big elms and hickories. On the crown of the hill across the river the Quadrangle's squat ivied towers barely topped the trees, and over on the other hill to the right the stone lace of the hospital tower rose above the massive rectangularity of the medical buildings. The lawns below Old Capitol were almost deserted, and the locusts were shrilling in the streetside trees.

Odd compulsions moved him. He found himself reciting the names of all the main university buildings. Crossing the river, he ran his hand along the cool cement rail as if establishing a contact, and halfway across he looked back to see how the union and the reserve library strung out along the riverbank, and the footbridge arched across to the experimental theater. The banks of the river had been landscaped since his time, but otherwise he saw no change. The highway traffic west poured across the Iowa Avenue bridge, and the law commons clung to the limestone bluffs. Mark looked curiously at the few students he met, wondering if they felt as he felt the charm and warmth that lay in the brick streets and the sleepy river and the sun-warmed brick and stone of the university. Probably no one appreciated things like that until they were gone and lost and irretrievable.

On his left as he stepped off the bridge he saw the little eating shack where he and Mel had had long johns and coffee practically every morning for four years. The mere look of its outside, patched with coke signs and Baby Ruth signs and Chesterfield signs, filled his nostrils with the peculiar and unique odors of the place: coffee and smoke and slightly rancid fat, oily-sweet doughnuts and baked paint and the reek of the bug-spray they used on the cockroaches, and under all the watery, tarry, wet-mud smells of the river.

The metal rasping of the seventeen-year-locusts rose loud as a crescendo in a symphonic poem as he climbed the hill, and it struck him as amusing that he too should return here at the end of exactly seventeen years. He couldn't quite imagine

where those years had gone; it did not seem that either he or the town had changed a particle. The tennis courts he passed reflected hundreds of remembered mornings like this, and in the field house beyond them were whole lifetimes of recollection.

He would have liked to go in under the big round roof just to soak himself in the sensations he remembered: smell of lockers opened on stale gymn clothes and stiff sweated socks; steam and thumping radiators and liquid soap smell; sweat and medicated foot baths and the chlorine smell and the jiggly reflecting chemical blue of the pool; splat of naked feet on concrete, pink of bare flesh, lean bellies and tiptoe bunching calves, the bulging triceps of the gymnastics team working out on the horses. Most of all, the barnlike cold of the basketball floor, and the tiny brittle feeling of coming out before a game to warm up in front of that crowd-faced emptiness, and the clubbing roar of crowd-sound as you drove in for a set-up. It was the same roar whether you made it or missed it.

All of it was still there—unimaginably varied smells and sounds and sights that together made up the way he had once lived, the thing he had once been, perhaps the thing he still was. He was in all of it, and Mel with him. It came to him like a pang that never since the days when he and Mel used to fool around after lunch in the Quad cafeteria, throwing rolled-up paper napkins at water tumblers, had he had a completely relaxed and comfortable ability to enjoy himself. They had made games out of everything; whole Sunday mornings they had spent throwing curves with pot covers in Mel's mother's kitchen. In those Damon-and-Pythias days there had been a sharp and tingling sense of identity and one intense and constant comradeship, and those were the best days of his life. Passing the field house he passed himself and Mel as they had used to be, and the feeling that he had not merely lived this but was somehow contained in it was as pervasive as the mild spring morning, as insistent as the skirring of the locusts. It was like sky-writing on the big warm sky.

The light over the whole hill was pure,

pale, of an exaggerated clarity, as if all the good days of his youth had been distilled down into this one day, and the whole coltish ascendant time when he was eighteen, nineteen, twenty, had been handed back to him briefly, intact and precious. That was the time when there had been more hours in the day, and every hour precious enough so that it could be fooled away. By the time a man got into the high thirties the hours became more frantic and less precious, more needed and more carefully hoarded and more fully used, but less loved and less enjoyed.

THEN he was pushing the doorbell button, bracing himself obscurely for something—for joy? for recognition? for a renewed flood of this potent and unexpected nostalgia?—and the door opened. Mel stood there in his shirt sleeves, a little mussed as usual, still deceptively round-armed and round-faced, with his beaked nose and his tender child's mouth.

He was either drunk or playing drunk. He smirked, and his eyes blinked in owlish amazement. "Let me shake your hand!" he said, and hauled Mark inside.

Tamsen got up off the couch where she had been sitting with a highball in her hand. As she came forward, smiling, transferring the glass to her left hand, Mark noted how she adjusted her face for greeting. She was probably prettier than she had ever been, her hair in a long bob with sun-bleached streaks in it, her face smoothly tanned, her eyes candid, her smile white and frank. Presumably the two of them had been drinking together, but where Mel was frowsy and blinking, with red-streaked eyeballs, she was smooth and sober and impeccable.

"Of all the unexpected people!" she said, and gave him a firm hand. She left him in no doubt who was in command in this familiar house, who had established dominance.

Mel's hand pulled him around. "Canby, you old snake in the grass, where you been? I've tried to call you up every night for ten years."

"You did," Mark said. "Twice. Once in New Haven and once in New York. Both times at two in the morning."

Tamsen laughed. "Old Melly," she

said, almost as if affectionately. "Every time he gets tight he wants to call somebody up. The further away they are, the more he wants to call."

Mel was standing spraddling, a little flickering smile on his mouth. One hand was on Mark's shoulder. With the other he captured Mark's right hand again and shook it slowly. His breath was heavy with whiskey, and Mark felt dismayed and half sick. He had been so sure at first that the thickening voice had been put on as part of the old clowning act. Now he was bothered precisely as he had been bothered by those telephone calls. Even while he laughed at the ponderous solemnity, the incoherent, bumbling, repetitive nonsense, the marvellously accurate imitation of a soggy drunk, Mark backed away, because he couldn't be quite sure that the act was conscious any more. The act had become the man, and he went around living and acting out a grotesque parody of himself; or if it hadn't become the man, then it had been put on defensively so much that communication was no longer possible. Nothing had come of those telephone calls except a mumble of doubletalk and affectionate profanity, and yet Mark felt that there had been in each instance a need, a loneliness, a reaching out. He felt that there was the same thing now, if Mel would let it show. The old comradeship was there; this drunken parody was embarrassment as much as anything, the defense of a thin-skinned organism.

"Been peeking down those microscopes," Mel said solemnly, pumping Mark's hand. "You biological old pot licker. D'you invent penicillin?"

"I'm a modest man," Mark said. "Two or three other people helped."

He got his hand free, and as his eyes crossed Mel's there was almost communication between them, a flash of perfectly sober understanding and warmth. Mel's delicate, bruised-looking lips pursed, but then the look slipped and was gone, and he was pawing for Mark's hand again, saying, "Canby, you old Rhodes Scholar, slip me the grip."

Tamsen was amused. "You should charge him. Remember when he paid a barfly a dollar an hour to shake his hand down at Frank's?"

"Kept me poor," Mel said, with a sweet imbecilic grin. "Lose all your friends, got to buy more." He smiled into Mark's face, hanging to hand and shoulder, and Mark looked deep behind that idiot alcoholic smile trying to compel expression of what he knew was there: the recognition and the pain. Mel beamed at him.

Tamsen too was staring, tipping her head sideways. "I can't get over how much you've changed," she said. "You used to be such a string bean."

"Cheer up," Mark said. "I'm still a string bean at heart."

"No fooling," Mel said. He plucked the cloth of Mark's sleeve, sniffed his fingers. "Where'd you get that jacket?"

"Montreal," Mark said, and immediately felt an obscure guilty shame, as if he had been betrayed into boasting, rubbing in the fact that he had gone up and out in the world and Mel had been marooned behind. "I was up there a couple weeks ago at a genetics conference," he said lamely, in extenuation.

For an instant he was furious at Mel, so furious he shook. In college it had been Mel who had everything—money enough, and clothes, and a car, and a home where starveling students could come like grateful sidling dogs off the street. And he had been brought up well, he had good parents, his home was full of music and books and a certain sense of social grace and personal responsibility. Mel had taught the whole unlicked lot of them something, how to win and how to lose, how to live with people and like them and forgive them. He had never owned a dime's worth of anything that he wasn't glad to share. Now the shoe was on the other foot. Now Mark had gone higher and farther than any of them had ever aimed, and it embarrassed and enraged him to know that he could give lessons to Mel. And it was unjust that having shared everything for four years in college, they couldn't share this trouble that Mel was in now.

TAMSEN's level blue eyes were inspecting him, and it struck him that here at least was something they had never shared. He had always known more about Tamsen than Mel had. When he stood up as Mel's best man he could have

told the bridegroom the names of four people who had slept with the bride. He wished now that he had; he had wished it a hundred times. And catching Tamsen's eyes, twinkling with a little spark of malice, he knew she understood precisely what he was thinking. She had always been shrewd, and she had been all her life one of the world's most accomplished and convincing liars. When she went after Mel she had fooled even the people who knew her best, made them believe she was infatuated. . . .

"I tell you for sure," she said, "if you'd been as good looking then as you are now I'd never have let old Melly take me in to church."

"Maybe there's still time," Mark said.

Mel's tugging hand hauled him around. "You've *changed*, you know that, you damn Yale professor?"

"So have you," Mark said, but his attempt to hold Mel's eye was unsuccessful, and he added, "I stay in nights, now. Once I got free of your influence I steadied right down."

"That's fact," Mel said. "Terrible influence. Half stiff ten thirty Sunday morning. Blame that boy of mine. Got his old man out playing baseball with a hangover before breakfast. You ever meet that boy?"

"Never did."

"Where is he, Tam?"

"He's around," Tamsen said. "How about me getting you two a drink?"

Mark let her go. It was a way of getting Mel alone. It seemed to him that some of the drunken pose fell away from Mel as soon as his wife left the room. He looked into the streaked eyes and shook his head and grinned. "How are things going, anyway?"

The eyes were round and innocent. "Things going wonderful. I run the business now, since my dad died. My dad was a good business man, you know that, Canby?"

"I know that," Mark said. "It wasn't business I was thinking about." With a quick estimate that he might have only two minutes more before Tamsen returned, he opened his mouth to say what he had come to say, and found that his tongue wouldn't go around it. In that instant it was clear that you did not come in

on an old friend and say, "I hear your wife's been playing around with a golf pro. I could have warned you about her that way. Probably I should have. But I hear you found out all right, and were all set to get a divorce. Bailey told me that much, a year ago. Then I heard that instead of getting a divorce you went down to St. Louis, you and Tamsen and the boy, and stayed six months, and came back home and no more said about any divorce. Get rid of her. She'll cheat on you all her life, and break you in the process. If she's pulled some lie out of the bag and convinced you that you were mistaken, don't believe it, she could lie her way out of hell. For the love of God, get that divorce, for the sake of the boy and for your own sake. She'll suck you dry like an old orange skin. You're already so far gone I could cry—soggy with alcohol and with that comedy-routine front on all the time. Come and stay with me, I'll line you up with Alcoholics Anonymous if you want. Give me a chance to pay some of what I owe you."

YOU simply did not say things like that. Even thinking about them made them sound self-righteous and prying. Instead, you looked uneasily at your oldest and closest friend, trying to surprise in his eyes the things you knew were there, pain and shame and bitterness and defeat. But there was too thick an insulating layer between. Seventeen years were too many. Mel was like the elk in Jim Bridger's Yellowstone story. He grazed on the other side of the glass mountain, clear and undistorted, looking only a hundred yards away. The hunter's gun went off, and the elk didn't even raise his head, didn't even hear the report. He just went on grazing, with blankness like a membrane over his eyeballs and an unpierceable transparent wall between him and the world.

Mel's lips twitched. He lurched forward, looking puzzled and solicitous. "Whazza name?" he said, besotted and polite, and turned his ear sideward like a deaf man.

Mark pushed him away angrily just as Tamsen came in with glasses. Mel took two and handed one to Mark with a crooked grin. "Here, rinse your mouth," he said.

Tamsen raised her glass. "Here's to the local boy who made good." They clicked glasses elaborately all around. Irritated, baffled, frustrated, gnawed by that odd obscure shame, Mark drank with them to himself.

I WAS thinking about you the other day," Tamsen was saying. "We were down watching the spring canoe race and two kids went over the falls by the power plant just the way you and Mel did once."

"I hope they didn't swallow as much water as I did," Mark said.

"Yeah, but this the other day was an accident," Mel said. "You, you pot-licker, you put us over there just to duck me."

"I was along," Mark said. "I went over too. Remember?"

Tamsen shook her head. "You were a pair," she said. "I guess I'd forgotten what a pair you were."

They sat nursing their drinks, the door open upon the street and the locust noise, and groped carefully backward for the things to remember and laugh about, gleaning the safe nostalgic past. But it was not the canoes over waterfalls, the times Jay Straup tried to climb Old Capitol steps in his old Model T, the picnics on Signal Hill when all the farmer kids used to creep up and spy on the college kids necking, that Mark wanted to remember. People who recalled such things and shook their heads over them bored him. He kept looking at Mel in search of that spark of understanding, and he kept wanting to say—

Remember the times we used to go out on dates and come in late in your old Ford, and stop down along one of the river joints for a pork tenderloin and a ginger beer, two or three o'clock in the morning, only a truck driver or two on the stools? How good sandwiches tasted at that hour, and how late the moon would be over the bluffs when we came out yawning and started up to your house? Remember the mornings we woke up in this house, this very house seventeen or eighteen or twenty years ago, and found the sun scrambled in the bedclothes, and had a shower and breakfast and went out onto the sidewalk, not for anything especially, but just to be outdoors, and walked under those trees

out there up to the corner and back again, loafing, alive to the fingertips, talking about anything, nothing, girls, games, profundities? Remember? It isn't what we did, but what we were, that I remember, and I know that what we were is still here, if we'd peel off the defenses and the gag-lines and the double-talk routines and the Montreal jackets.

The porch thudded with feet and a chubby boy of twelve came in with a bat in his hand. He stood forward gravely when Mel introduced him, shook hands with polite indifference, coasted into the kitchen and came back gnawing on a cookie.

"Canby, my friend," Mel said to him, "you'll be as fat as your old man."

The child was a curious blend of his parents, with Tamsen's deceptively clear eyes and Mel's twisting delicate mouth. He looked at his father over the cookie, grinning.

"Stay away from pappy," Tamsen said. "Pappy started out to cure a hangover and behold he's swizzled again."

A grunt that sounded almost like an angry outburst escaped Mel. He lunged for the boy. "Come here!" he said, as the boy eluded him. "Come here and I'll knock your two heads together."

Still grinning, the boy banged out onto the porch. "How about another drink for the two old grads?" Tamsen said.

"Why not?" Mel said, but Mark rose.

"I've got to catch a train at twelve thirty."

"You don't have to go," Mel said. "You just came, Canby."

Mark put out his hand to Tamsen. "Goodbye," he said. "If you ever come east don't forget me."

He was trying to decide whether the look in her clear eyes had been triumphant, or whether there had actually been any look at all, as he and Mel went out the sidewalk and down to the corner. They did not speak on the way down, but on the corner, under the warm shade, their voices almost lost in the incessant shrilling of the locusts, they snook hands again. Mark knew there was no use in trying to say any of what it had been in his mind to say. But even so he gripped Mel's hand and held his eyes.

"I wish you the best, you bum," he said, and his throat tightened up as it sometimes tightened at an emotional crisis in a play. "If you're not so stiff you can't listen straight, listen to this. I wish you the best, and if there's ever a time I can . . ."

He stopped. Mel was looking at him without any of the sodden fuzziness that had marked him for the past hour. His eyes were pained, intent, sad. On his delicate bruised lips there was a flicker of derision.

The Russians and Ourselves

I do not believe that we can understand the Russians: I believe that we can strive not to misunderstand them. I do not now believe (if I ever believed) that we can induce them to appreciate (still less to share) our liberal point of view: but I do believe that if we are clear, and firm, and consistent, and united, we can lead them to realize that there are certain rights and principles on which we shall make a stand. I do not believe that war is either inevitable or even probable: but I do believe that the liberal powers, while being fair and generous to Russia and her associates, must maintain united vigilance and strength. I certainly do not believe that any arguments can shake the rigid Russian faith in their own dogma: but I do believe that, if we are very wise, we can in practice show the world that the Marxist dialectic is not scientific, that capitalism can in fact avoid the dread cycle of boom and slump and war, and that the liberal world can offer a way of life which is infinitely more humane and agreeable, while no less certain, than the way of life which Communism preaches. And above all I believe (as I have always believed) in the impossibility of finding any single or sudden solution of the present uncertainty. There is no patent medicine, no special course of treatment, which can cure these ills; all we can hope to do is to render our own bodies sufficiently healthy to resist these maladies. No sane man would predict what will have happened to the world in ten years from now. Things may be better, and they may be worse. All we can do at present is to preserve our common principles, to follow the immediate course with vigilance and caution, to avoid the twin pitfalls of provocation and weakness, and to make quite certain that if disaster comes we shall not have to reproach ourselves, or each other, with lack of patience or intelligence. I believe that by so walking, we shall walk in safety. . . .

—Harold Nicolson, writing about the Paris Conference of 1946 in *Foreign Affairs*, January 1947

AUTOINTOXICATION

BERGEN EVANS

Pictorial Comment by Robert Osborn

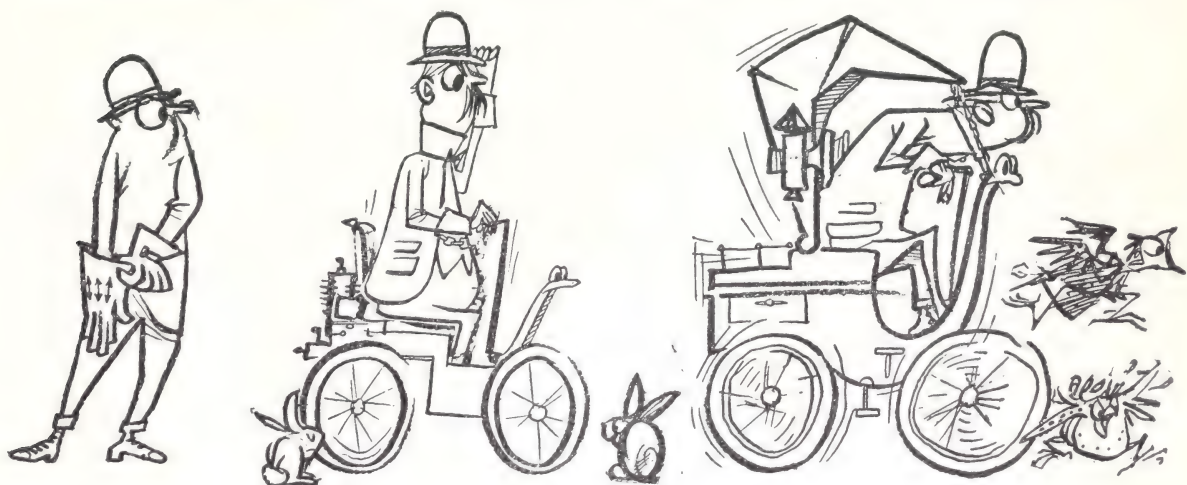
HAVE any people ever played such a trick on themselves as we have with the automobile? Within forty years this Djinn has become our master. Two generations ago it was a rich man's toy. It is now the poor man's necessity. It drains from us more than anything else we own, directly in cost and maintenance and indirectly in taxes.

Nothing in our history has received such an immense subsidy. A legislator may vote against housing, national security, or public health and hope to keep his job, but if he opposed any measure that favors automobiles he would be out. The American citizen will sleep in tenements, trailers, basements, or Quonset huts. He will eat adulterated food, wear shoddy clothes, and ache for lack of medical care—beefing, to be sure, but putting up with it. But if anything threatened the jigging ecstasy of joyriding he would rise in maniacal wrath.

Even where he derives no benefit, the citizen seems content if public funds are

only spent on the automobile. What is it to the people of Chicago, for example, that their garbage is uncollected and their teachers unpaid? Have they not the solace of contemplating the Outer Drive, that great sweeping boulevard with its mechanical partitions, its lanes within lanes, its arabesque underpasses, and its army of attendants? True it is used, congested as it is, by probably no more than twenty per cent of the population, while a mile to the west the remaining eighty per cent cling to the greasy straps of the antiquated, unsanitary, dilapidated, and dangerous Elevated as it screeches its tortuous way among decaying warehouses and hovels. But no one objects. The automobile is a god and nothing spent in its service is begrudged.

It is a jealous god, though, and demands heavy sacrifices. It begot the assembly line which begot the boom that begot the bust. It has surrounded our moribund cities with ever-widening, ever-dying circles of suburbs. It has littered the



country with billboards and ramshackle vegetable stands whose vegetables are usually the staler for having been hauled out from the city in the first place. It has girdled every town and village with neon-lit sties of dreary mirth. It has weakened the family as a social unit and reduced the age of innocence to something under ten.

There is not a major industry in the country—rubber, textiles, glass, iron and steel, and oil, with all their subsidiaries—that is not dependent upon it. The collapse of the automobile industry would reduce every one of us to beggary.

Not that there is much likelihood of beggary coming *that way*; we love our cars too passionately. The amount of riding we do almost has to be stated in googols. The Automobile Manufacturers' Association estimated that in the year 1940, the last "normal" year for which figures are available, the people of the United States traveled 498 *billion* passenger miles! How much of this was directly conducive to the riders' well-being is anybody's guess, but whoever puts it higher than ten per cent is confusing human beings with migratory geese.

IT is awe-inspiring to contemplate merely the time required in this extraordinary performance. Assuming that these miles were covered at an average speed of thirty miles an hour, that is that each one took two minutes of someone's time, it means that approximately two million years of human life were consumed in this rhapsody on rubber.

It will be claimed, of course, that it saved time, that the distances had to be

covered, and that going in the car was the most efficient means of covering them. But this claim is fallacious. Those who seek to defend the car would do better to stress its convenience and comfort. For convenient and comfortable it certainly is, particularly for trips, and we are much given to tripping. You can pile your stuff into it at a local address at one place and proceed directly to a local address in another place without having to lug or heave from one vehicle to another. Granted that there are no collisions with the law or other motorists, no flat tires, empty gas tanks, vapor-lock, or frozen radiators, you can arrive at the second address calm and unruffled, which is more than can be said for any other form of travel. Furthermore, the automobile is an excellent shopping bag. And it is the finest umbrella ever devised, a fact of great importance to men in a country where the umbrella is regarded as slightly effeminate.

But a time-saver it is not. For long distances, trains are quicker and cheaper. For middle distances—the usual run, say, from the suburbs to the shopping centers—proper public conveyances, which would exist and could function if it were not for the automobile, would be quicker. For anything under two miles, in any city of a hundred thousand population or over, a bicycle can beat a car right now. And for anything under a mile it's quicker to walk.

Most automobiles are used in cities and for city use they have about nullified themselves as time-savers. There are just too many for them to do anything but creep around each other. Fort Collins, Colorado,



whose expansion has probably been typical, had an average of five hundred vehicles a day on its main street when it paved that street thirty years ago. Today it has eight thousand five hundred. An advertisement of the Portland Cement Association which states these figures fails to state what the extra eight thousand cars are doing. But, of course, it doesn't need to. Any American knows what they're doing: they are cruising slowly around the block waiting for one of the original five hundred to vacate a parking space. And the advertisement which says proudly that the concrete after all these years is as even as ever is discreetly silent concerning the tempers of the inhabitants.

MORE than tempers are lost in traffic. The Boston Fire Department has found that its motorized equipment can't get to fires as fast as its horse-drawn equipment did fifty years ago. If you are injured in Chicago's Loop you could be taken to the nearest hospital in a wheelbarrow faster than in an ambulance. And city merchants are discovering to their dismay that the carriage trade is becoming more and more reluctant to come beyond the suburbs.

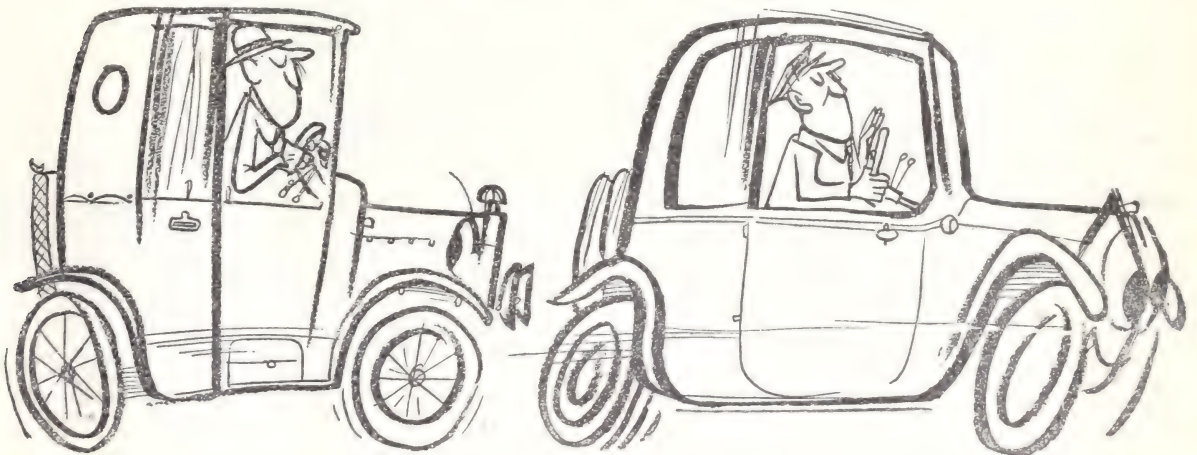
Parking is as much a part of operating an automobile as shifting gears. The time, money, and emotional energy expended in parking have to be deducted from the "economy" and "convenience" of using a car; and in the minds of some there isn't much economy or convenience left. Dr. Johnson never showed greater wisdom than when he cut short Boswell's excited description of a self-propelled vehicle that

he had seen by saying, "Sir, the man now has his choice; hereafter he may go alone or take his machine with him."

But even Johnson, brilliant as his prophetic vision was, could not have foreseen the full burden of taking the machine with you. You are lucky, in any American city, if you find a parking spot in less than ten minutes' cruising and luckier still if it happens to be within five minutes' walk of where you want to go. There usually are municipal parking lots but they are farther out. There are garages and parking lots right in the shopping centers but they are normally so congested that if you get in at all you are fortunate to have your car taken off your hands in five minutes and more fortunate if you have to wait only ten to get it back. However you arrange it, parking will take the best part of half an hour.

It will take money too. If you cruise until you find a spot at the curb, you can charge up a gallon of gas and pro-rate the occasional police ticket. If you use the municipal lots, there is a modest charge for parking and added bus or taxi fares. If you park right downtown, you pay plenty. And somewhere, if you are a strict accountant, you must figure in the value of your time and the cost of repairing the fenders, a cost which on the new cars, where each is half of one side, bids fair in aggregate to rival the national debt.

These hidden costs are exceedingly important in any examination of the Great American Delusion. For the catch in the car as a time-saver lies in the time it takes to earn the money it takes to save the time it saves.



YOU can go from Evanston to the Loop, for instance, in ten minutes less by car than by the Elevated and it is very easy to regard that as ten minutes saved. But the car requires more gasoline—about six or eight cents' worth—than could be bought with the El fare. Parking will more than consume the ten minutes saved. And earning the money to pay for the parking and the extra cost of the gas will take a man earning \$3,100 a year approximately twenty minutes. So that the time lost by using the car is twenty minutes.

That is reckoning, however, only the superficial costs of one journey. Actually it may require many times that amount of time, for an automobile is a far more expensive thing than the ordinary owner has any idea of. Depreciation is hard to compute, especially in the present market, but if we accept the OPA's figure of ten per cent every six months and choose \$1,200 as an initial valuation, we have \$20 a month right there. State and municipal taxes and insurance will add at least another \$5 and garage rent, whether paid directly or concealed in higher house rent or building costs, sticks on another \$10. That's \$35 a month without taking the car out of the garage.

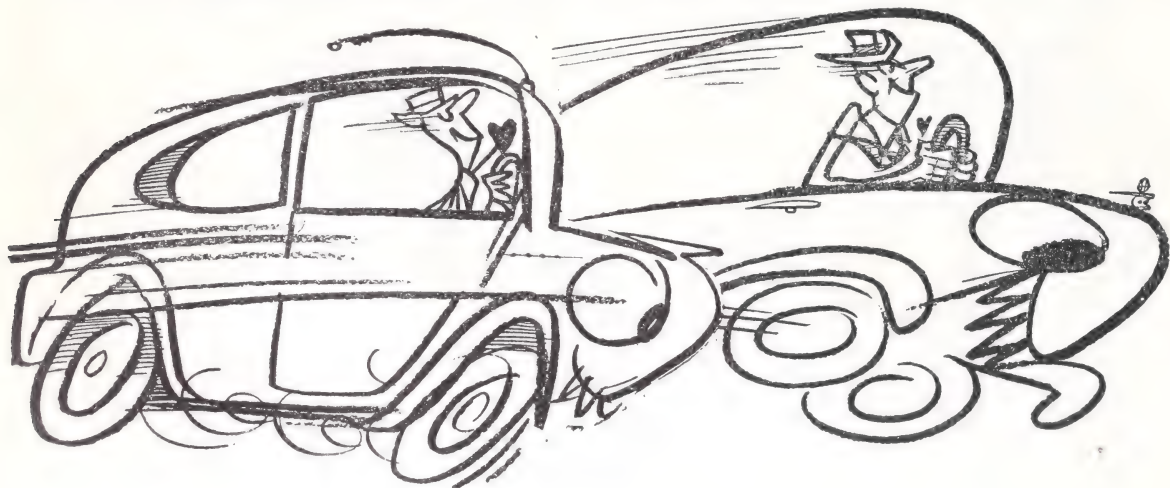
More and more people, of course, especially those who live in cities, are dispensing with garages altogether, letting their cars stand bumper to bumper in the streets day and night. But when one considers the deterioration of property values in such streets (not to mention the deterioration of the cars themselves), it hardly

constitutes a saving. Indeed most of those who live on such streets, creeping between bumpers and fenders in momentary expectation of being mashed, would gladly pay twice the rent of a garage to live elsewhere.

There are other costs. The building of roads has been mentioned. The expense of their maintenance, including traffic police, the marking and changing of lanes, the placing and upkeep of signs and lights, is immense. It is true that there would have to be some of this with any sort of traffic, but there can be little doubt that it is increased enormously by our twenty-seven million private automobiles.

And all of this has to be paid for and the individual citizen, whether he owns a car or not, has to work a certain amount of time to pay for it. The obvious expenses of a car make it the fourth item in the average family budget, just below rent, food, and clothing. The concealed expenses probably move it up to third place. Even among cultivated, well-to-do people the car takes more of the family income than all other pleasures—books, music, sport, the theater, and even the movies—lumped together.

Professor Oliver E. Baker of Maryland University has computed that it costs as much to maintain a car as to rear a child. He believes that there is a definite negative correlation between the two activities—"As the sales curve of automobiles goes up, the curve of births goes down"—and predicts a sharp decline in the birth rate as soon as the new cars can supply the younger married set with diversion. But



the professor's figures are at fault. It really costs twice as much to rear a child, for as soon as he is old enough he will demand a car of his own!

The loss of life and the suffering caused by automobile accidents involve values that eclipse any computation of time saved or lost. Yet there is a loss of time which must be added to the total reckoning. If the average age of the thirty-five thousand killed each year be fixed at thirty and the average life expectancy be fixed at sixty-three, and if each of the hundred thousand injured be assigned only a week's loss, we shall have to add over a million years of human life to the grand debit.

It's altogether quite a bill. Making the most favorable interpretations and deductions, it adds up to the fact that the American wage earner devotes one-tenth to one-fifth of his time to his car, to its purchase, maintenance, and use.

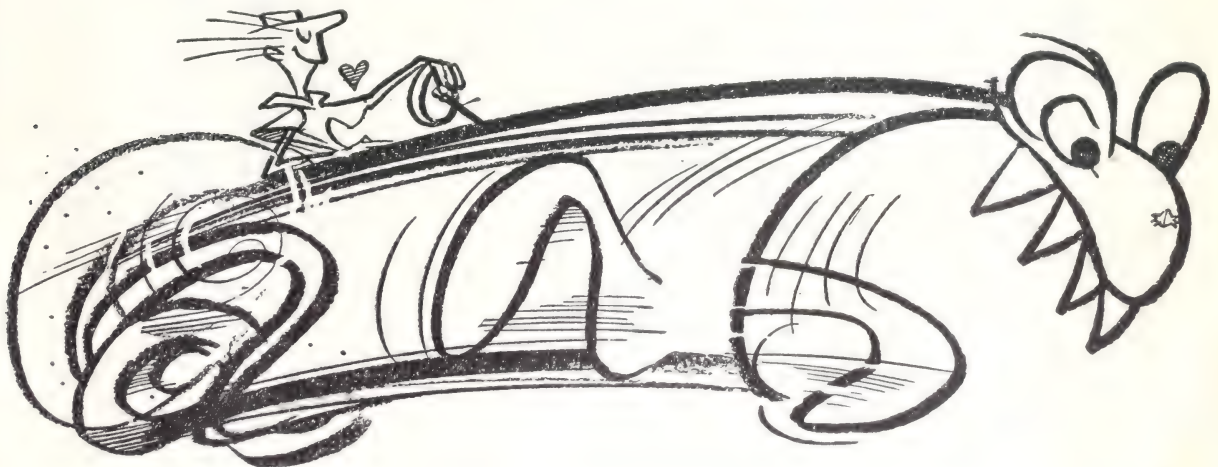
THAT it saves him an equivalent amount of time can hardly be maintained. He must therefore regard his car as a luxury or a burden or, perhaps, both. Not that his so regarding it will enable him to get rid of it if he can't afford it or doesn't want it. He has to have a car. Invention has been the mother of necessity.

But he has food for thought. If he chooses to regard it as a luxury he should, if he is wholly rational, weigh it against the other pleasures that an equal amount of the national wealth could purchase—better housing, better health, increased security, more books, games, music, or anything else he can think of. If he regards it

as a burden, he should pay some attention to the various means—better city planning, proper public transportation, control of the national resources, etc.—that have been proposed to relieve him of it.

He will, of course, do neither. For when it comes to his car he has no intention of being wholly or even partly rational. The cynic may grin at the official classification as "pleasure" vehicles of the twisted and splintered wrecks dripping blood and gasoline at major intersections or the constituents of those dreary corteges that creep in their own fumes on Sunday afternoons, but the fact remains that the automobile is fundamentally a pleasure vehicle. And the common man would no more submit his car to a mercenary accounting than he would enter his mother in a beauty contest. It is his romance, upholstered and on springs. It is his magic carpet, complete with radio and heater. It is his solace: he may be henpecked at home and browbeaten at work, but in the sweet intervals of coming and going he is a god at whose slightest bidding a hundred horses leap forward. He has achieved divinity with a down payment.

It is his caste mark. It is his entry in the social register, spread open for all to read. And it is his love song. F. Scott Fitzgerald said that the most passionate desire of his youth was to loll at the wheel of a Stutz Bearcat with a half-sneer on his face. Changing the model to suit the times, it is the yearning of all young men. There is no more irresistible mating call in the land than the imperious horn at the curb. Fogies and fossils, in whom the



hormones have ceased moaning, start up in wrath at its raucous summons. But rose-lipped maidens hear it and obey while less fortunate young men dedicate themselves anew to their dream of owning a jalopy.

Nor does the glory fade with the years. The American is in love with his car. It is his pride and delight. The man who

leaves his car in the street all night may be moved as much by pride as parsimony. He can get up in the night and look at it. He can polish it on Sunday. He is its slave but only as every lover is a slave. For at bottom this symbiosis of the American and his car, a social phenomenon to be ranked with the Tulip Mania or the Dancing Mania, is a love affair.



PLANNING TO VISIT FRANCE?

MARY BURNET

ARE YOU one of those millions of Americans whose postwar backlog of unsatisfied demands includes some weeks or months of accumulated vacation? Have you been promising yourself, for instance, that once your own reconversion problems were on the way to solution, you and your wife or your husband or your best friend or your Aunt Matilda would get a passport, pack a suitcase, and set out for one of those far-off places that have been barred to the casual traveler for nigh onto eight years?

If you have, then one of your first practical concerns must be to find out whether the country of your choice is willing and able to receive you, and how well. This is especially important if your goal lies anywhere in war-damaged Europe.

Be assured, to begin with, that most European governments between us and the Oder want you to come if you can. Most of them were left, to put it very mildly, none too well off by the war; they are in grave need of dollar exchange; and they are acutely aware that dollars spent inside their boundaries by American tourists—"invisible exports"—used to constitute a very large factor in their international trade balance. This is particularly true of France, whose economy was as thoroughly devastated by the war as that of any of our Allies, and which for years was the greatest single recipient of our tourist trade. The government of France

hopes, with all its official heart, that you will continue to be drawn irresistibly to Chartres cathedral and even to the Folies Bergère. It is making an intense effort to attract tourists—particularly American tourists—and to take the very best care of them that circumstances will permit.

Just what will circumstances permit? If you are considering the possibility of going to France this year, you may be wondering how much to believe of the most optimistic or the most pessimistic stories you hear about conditions there. If you have been especially impressed—as, to their credit, so many Americans have been impressed—by the pleas of relief agencies for help to France along with other war-ravaged areas, you may visualize the country as one of such privations and shortages that each extra mouth to feed still means simply an extra burden. If, on the other hand, you have come into contact with ex-GI's or officers who had an intimate knowledge of the French black market, or with American civilians whose recent errands in France have shown them only the most glittering side of the picture, you may think of the country as comparatively care-free, waiting only for you and your friends to come join in the fun. The truth lies nearer the first than the second of these two extremes. If you go to France this year, you will not eat food taken from some hungry child's mouth; but still less will you be just one among forty million

Mary Burnet, formerly an editor of Harper's, has been in France since June 1945 working for the Paris Herald. She is now back in the United States with her novelist husband for a brief visit.

gay revelers. You will get along. But now as always—though now even more than usual—the kind of time you will have depends upon yourself.

II

TO BE MORE explicit, the kind of time you will have depends on your bank account, your temperament, and your previous experience as a traveler. If the first is fat or the second adventurous or the third rich, then by all means go to France this year if you have a mind to and can find a way to get there. But if you have neither wealth, nor the determination and hardihood of your pioneer ancestors, nor a pretty intimate knowledge of the country (including, preferably, some acquaintance with its language), then stay in the Western Hemisphere this summer and leave your trip to France for later. A year or two from now it will probably run less risk of resulting in disillusionment either for yourself or for your hosts.

This year, at least, it will be true for tourists as for the French themselves that the prizes will go to the *débrouillards*—that is, to those who are provided with an extra share of ingenuity in either the highest or the lowest sense. Ingenuity in the lowest sense may consist in knowing how to manipulate money—or consumer goods—in such a way as to achieve one's ends by illegal means. It is not without risks. Its rewards, if it is practiced successfully, are material satisfactions, a tendency to gloating, and a degree of estrangement from the natives who sometimes feel that its devotees regard them simply as potential antagonists to be bested in a business deal. Ingenuity in a higher sense might be defined as the ability to choose, among a number of possible courses of action, the one that will afford the most satisfaction to the chooser. The more background he has of previous experience or native resourcefulness, the more this ability will be enhanced. To a great extent, money can be made to substitute for either kind of ingenuity, and a certain amount of it, to start with, is clearly essential for practicing the lower type.

This is not to imply that the wealthy tourist must enjoy his pleasures at the ex-

pense of decency or honesty. Though at this moment much of the wartime rationing system is still in force in France, and though rationing is supposed to have an equalizing effect, it is nevertheless true that under present conditions this effect—even if there were no black market—would be slight. The object of rationing as it is practiced in France now is to guarantee to each a minimum but not to hinder, in general, the free distribution of whatever luxuries and extras are available. It is more profitable to a depleted national treasury, for example, to tax fine wines heavily and allow them to be sold to the rich on a free market than to distribute them at controlled prices—and lower taxes—to rich and poor alike. Analogous situations exist in fields other than those of food and drink. So if you are among the financially fortunate, don't think you will have to break any rules in order to enjoy the extras to which, before the war, your means would have entitled you. Minor details aside, you can still live in fabulous luxury on the Riviera just as legally as you can live in fabulous luxury in Palm Beach. The difference is that the Riviera is no longer the bargain it used to be as compared with Palm Beach.

It is for those whose purses are less well lined that the problems of vacationing in France become more complicated. And it is hard to give them information in advance about the general conditions they will find because, from many points of view, the phrase "general conditions" has very little meaning as applied to the France of today. If returning travelers tell you apparently contradictory stories about what they found there, it is not necessarily because they have been looking at the same picture from different angles; it may be because, having visited different parts of the country, they have been looking at entirely different pictures.

The statement that France was disrupted by the war means, among other things, that its central organization in almost every field was blown to bits. Traditionally France has been a country of far more administrative centralization than our own and probably more economic centralization. When the Germans arrived in 1940 they set out either to break

up the nerve center controlling every phase of the country's activity or, if they thought such a course more profitable, to change it so as to make it a subsidiary of the Reich's own economic and administrative setup. On top of the disruptions caused by the Germans came the disruptions caused by the resistance forces working against the Germans, and on top of both these came the disruptions caused by Allied bombings and the battle for liberation. Among the most severely harmed branches of the nation's economy were its transport and communication systems.

A railroad map of France in June 1944 looks as if someone had haphazardly scattered a few toothpicks across an outline drawing of the country. As revised two years later the same map shows, almost complete, the familiar spidery network of main arteries converging on Paris and subsidiary lines connecting smaller centers. The change represents a tremendous achievement—a source of great pride both to the government and to the railway workers who performed it—and it means that train traffic is nearly back to the pre-war level. On the other hand, as a result of the war, greater demands are being made on the railroads than ever before; each local reconstruction job means just that much more freight to be hauled. So the effort must be concentrated as far as possible on essentials.

This is one of the chief reasons—there are others, perhaps less unavoidable, which are the subject of constant political bickering—why commodities that are overabundant in some parts of the country are scarce in others. We can all remember, during the winter of 1944–1945, reading stories of butter being burned to light houses in Normandy while in Paris it was selling on the black market at fantastic prices because so little of it could be transported to the city. It is safe to say that no such extreme regional differences in the state of supplies can be found in France today, but lesser ones are common. In naturally rich agricultural districts, for example, food is almost always plentiful and reasonably priced; in regions less favored by nature it is apt to be scarce and expensive. Transportation and storage limitations also make for big differences

according to the time of year; in Villon's "dead season, when the wolves feed on wind," the poorer Parisians are likely to feed on a diet containing an unexcitingly large proportion of noodles.

THIS does not mean that, wherever or whenever you travel in France this year, you will be reduced to eating noodles. You will always be certain of finding adequate fare at a price that will fit even a modest travel budget, though it will be more interesting at some times and places than at others. The war took an appallingly heavy toll of France's national resources, and the only way to replace what has been destroyed at home is to import from abroad. But imports must be paid for in gold or foreign currencies. Reserves of gold have already been seriously depleted, and the only way to keep up the supply of foreign currencies is to export. So, for a long time to come, the greatest possible proportion of the national buying power abroad will be concentrated on heavy goods necessary for reconstruction and on supplies necessary to help home industries get on their feet again—especially if the home industries are able to export a part of what they produce. Such a program will hold down imports of nonessential consumer goods to the minimum considered politically feasible. Of course, since these goods are profitable to handle in the black market, unplanned quantities of them do leak in; and special allotments of them are occasionally made to top-class establishments whose clients contribute heavily, in taxes, to the national treasury. But the stringent control of imports will explain why, in some places in France, you may sit down to an excellent dinner at a reasonable price but be unable to finish it off with real coffee; or why, if you try to insist on orange juice for breakfast, you may find yourself thwarted at practically every turn.

These, after all, are minor inconveniences. It is a rare orange juice fiend who cannot be bought off with an offer of fresh peaches or strawberries or even, in winter, of an apple; and if your happiness depends on being able to start your day with a cup of hot coffee you can carry into the country a small supply of the instant variety for

emergencies without raising objections from the customs officials. The same thing is true of what UNRRA early recognized as another of the three great morale-builders—soap, of which there is still a shortage in France.

In the case of the third—cigarettes—the situation is more complicated. At the beginning of 1947, tobacco was still rationed, and the duty on imported cigarettes (after the first carton of 200, which each traveler could bring in free) amounted to seventy-five cents per package. In the summer of 1946 a special tourist ration card had been issued which permitted men to buy twelve packs a month and women six (far more than the French themselves were allowed). There were persistent rumors that tobacco would go off the ration list early in 1947, and there were also rumors that, if it didn't, still more favorable measures would be taken to appease inveterate smokers among foreign tourists. If you smoke a great deal, the worst that can happen to you in France this year is to be obliged to import most of your cigarettes at considerable expense or to buy them on the black market at even more expense. In either case the tobacco habit will probably cost you more than it has ever cost you before, but unless you chain-smoke from morning to night it will not cost you enough to make a serious dent in your travel budget. And there is a strong chance that by the time this article appears your problem will have been solved for you by an easing of restrictions. To make sure what the latest regulations are, it would be wise to inquire, shortly before you sail, of the nearest French consulate or of the French National Tourist Office in New York or Chicago or San Francisco, whose principal reason for existence is to advise prospective travelers on this and graver questions.

III

IF I HAVE dwelt so long on problems concerning the inner man, that is because it is—or ought to be—a fact well known to the medical profession that the heart cannot expand as it should at the sight of a Gothic cathedral if the stomach is constricted by the pangs of hunger or the

nerves are on edge for want of a cigarette. And then, too, for countless generations travelers in France have been trained to expect a liberal mixture of gastronomic pleasures along with their aesthetic delights. Whereas the average tourist may be resigned to eating underdone potatoes beneath the spires of Oxford, he thinks of Mont-Saint-Michel and Mother Poulard's omelettes in the same breath and with comparable degrees of anticipation. I hasten to add that he can still enjoy both; the caprices of war have left the Mount intact and the chickens of this border land between Brittany and Normandy still lay enough eggs to satisfy local demands. But not all such happy combinations of food for the body and food for the spirit can be found in their prewar perfection; and if both kinds of nourishment are important to you, then you had better check up in advance on the state of the restaurants as well as the state of the architecture in any particular region of France you may plan to visit.

The same thing is true of hotels. As a result of bombings and wartime displacements, France is suffering from a housing shortage far more acute than our own, and many French people have been forced to live in hotels for lack of any other place to go. Therefore it is *not* safe to assume that, because the town you intend to visit has not itself suffered damage from the war, you will be able to find the kind of lodgings you want without arranging for them in advance. The town may be crammed full of residents who have had to move in from battered areas. If it is, you can still be pretty certain of finding a place to sleep, but it may not be the sort of place you would have selected if you had had a choice. That is, you can be pretty certain of finding shelter anywhere—except, occasionally, in the large cities, where it isn't possible to get from the policeman on the corner the name of some old lady who might be persuaded to let you have her spare room. The State Department requires that you show evidence of *some* hotel accommodations to get a passport to Europe, and even on side trips, don't let yourself be caught in any large city—especially Paris—without previous assurance of a place to lay your head.

Luckily, it is now a simple matter to get up-to-date and fairly detailed information about the hotels and restaurants, as well as the museums and monuments, of the places you are likely to want to visit. Just as soon after the liberation as they could, the guidebook compilers began collecting material for revised editions. By 1946 the *Club des sans-Club* was ready with its first postwar edition of *Les Auberges de France*, a handbook which began appearing annually at Easter over twenty years ago and which gives realistic indications of the quality and—as far as possible nowadays—of the price of the food and lodgings in the numerous city, town, and roadside hostelries inspected, within the year, by club members. Designed primarily for motorists, it can be used with profit by any traveler. The same thing is true of the Michelin guide to France, of which a new edition appeared in 1946 with similar information about food and shelter for the tourist, though it is more reticent about even probable prices. The Michelin guide also gives information about the extent of war damage to architectural monuments and other places of interest. If you are driving your own car, you should supplement it with the latest versions of the renowned Michelin road maps, which show damage to highways and bridges and the extent of repairs already made, and, when possible, give some indication of the date when improvements may be expected.

It would also be very useful, in planning a trip through any of the French provinces, to get hold of the proper folders from the series whose publication was started last year by the French National Tourist Office. These compact little leaflets seem to me to mark a distinct advance over the "Bask in Beautiful Brittany" type of thing we saw so often before the war. Illustrated chiefly by their eye-catching covers, they limit themselves—oh, joy!—to a brief general essay on the attractions of the province they describe, and devote the rest of their space to a clear four-color highway and railway map, a list of the principal points of interest with indications of war damages, and a series of four to six suggested itineraries for short or long trips through the region by automobile, by bus or train, or by a com-

bination of the latter two. Some of them are already published in English, and they should soon be available at tourist agencies here as well as in France.

As for guidebooks of a more general nature—guidebooks that try to instruct and entertain as well as to inform on practical questions—new editions have not yet begun to appear in quantity, though there may be a spate of them soon. (Clara Laughlin and Fred Murray, for instance, are reported to be preparing new books on France; and a new Michelin guide to Paris, already published in French, is expected to be ready in English shortly.)

Until the new travel books do appear, the prewar versions, supplemented for practical information by new handbooks and maps such as those described in the preceding paragraph, should be about as satisfactory as ever. (Prewar books on Paris, happily, don't need to be supplemented at all, except possibly by a map showing recent changes in street names—changes made mostly to honor Allied war heroes or resistance martyrs—for the city suffered little material damage during the war.)

IV

ONCE you are informed about conditions in the places you want to visit in France, your only remaining problem is how to get to them. This one, as you might guess from the rapid rehabilitation of the railroads and the reappearance of guidebooks designed to help motorists, is the easiest of all. Once you are inside the country, you can get from any part of it to any other part with almost the same degree of comfort and convenience as before the war. Yes, the trains do run on time. They are almost as frequent as they were in 1938, and already some of the crack express trains dear to mystery writers, like the Golden Arrow and the Orient Express, are back in service. Pullmans are available for overnight journeys. Main-line trains are still apt to be crowded, though, so if you want to make sure of having a seat you had better reserve it in advance. If you are in a hurry you can travel between most of the main cities (and between Paris and most other Euro-

pean capitals) by air, though at the end of 1946 plane reservations were harder to get than railroad reservations. But Air France was expecting to put more planes into service soon and thus to increase the number of scheduled flights.

Of course you can make the acquaintance of the French countryside better from the road than from a train or plane. If you want to take your own car, there is no reason why you shouldn't do it and be free to wander into whatever byways you like at whatever times you choose. The French government will allow you to bring the car into the country and keep it there for three months without payment of customs duties and with a minimum of formalities, which can be arranged (through the American Automobile Association or the American Automobile Touring Alliance) before you leave home.

The sale of gasoline is still controlled in France, but regulations are now so liberal that any tourist can, legally, get all he wants. With his special tourist ration card he can buy a certain amount at the basic "ration" price of 19 francs a liter. In March of this year the amount he was allowed to buy in Paris at this price was 50 liters—a little under 13 gallons—a week; but if he intended to take a long trip (to the Riviera, for instance) he could apply for an extra ration—at the reduced price—for that.

It is true that at current exchange rates the price even of "rationed" gasoline is considerably higher than in the United States, where the threat of 60-cent-a-gallon gas might easily close down the auto industry overnight. But gasoline has always been expensive in Europe. And in figuring out your budget, remember that, luckily for you, distances are shorter in France than they are in the United States and that on a motor trip there you are likely to spend less time driving, and more time sightseeing, than you would on a motor trip at home.

If you can't take your own car and still want to stick to the highway, then you can hire a car—always an expensive luxury—or, often, take a bus. Most interurban bus services in France, like all the railroads, are nationalized, and bus service in general is designed to supplement train service

rather than to compete with it, though there are routes that are served by both trains and busses. Busses replace trains to special advantage in regions—like parts of the Alps and of Brittany—whose most beautiful scenery is inaccessible by rail. They have been slower than trains in reappearing since the war, but they are now back in respectable numbers. Among other special bus tours that will be arranged this season are trips to the battlefields of World War II.

FINALLY, if your tastes run that way, you can ride a bicycle or just plain walk, taking trains and checking your bicycle (if any) to cover the longer stretches. Cycle and walking tours have always been more popular in Europe than in America—partly because of the shorter distances—and you will be able to get help in planning them, if you want it, from the same sort of camping clubs, youth hostel federations, and other sporting groups that offered their services before the war. Probably the best-known of these is the International Youth Hostel Federation, whose national branches in countries throughout the world have always welcomed each other's members, whether they came as independent travelers or on guided tours. Last year American Youth Hostels, Inc. (of Northfield, Massachusetts) sponsored trips to France for three groups of students who spent part of their time sightseeing and part of it helping with reconstruction jobs; this year it will sponsor more. Another similar project which one college girl of my acquaintance finds tempting is being organized, in co-operation with the French government, by a group called The Experiment in International Living, whose headquarters are at Putney, Vermont. The plan is to send a hundred or more qualified Americans to France to work as counselors in children's summer camps. As in the Youth Hostel reconstruction tours, there will be time for sightseeing as well as for work, and those who make the trip will be expected to pay their own expenses—estimated, in both cases, at somewhere around five hundred dollars.

Trips like these are perhaps the most demanding form of travel, but in many

ways the most rewarding. They used also to be among the least expensive, as the tourist who got around under his own muscle power was more likely than any other to wander off main-traveled roads into the byways where excellent food and comfortable though sometimes primitive lodgings could be had for a song. He can be less sure, nowadays, of the gastronomic bargains he used to find; peasants who have experienced several years of a sellers' market in food have learned its value to the city man. There are many shining exceptions to the rule, but usually, if he travels on a modest budget, the tourist will have to be philosophical enough to content himself, more often than not, with modest fare.

NO ONE can say exactly what terms like "modest prices" and "on the expensive side" are going to mean for American tourists in France in 1947. It is easy enough to translate current French prices into dollars at current exchange rates, but both prices and exchange rates, in the present state of the French economy, are subject to considerable alteration within a short space of time.

Among the many blessings which the German occupation brought to France was that of inflation. When the Allies entered Normandy, they thought it prudent to try to hold down the purchasing power of their own troops, and so the franc was arbitrarily set at an exchange rate which took this inflation only partially into account. At the end of 1945 the rate was drastically revised in a more realistic direction, the franc being set at 120 to the dollar instead of 50. This still left many prices in France high in American terms, and speculators' opinions of what the franc was really worth were reflected in black market exchange rates, which were often twice as favorable to the dollar as the official scale. Meanwhile prices have continued to rise in France and there have been periodic rumors that the franc would be pegged still lower in relation to the dollar and pound. So of the two factors—prices and exchange rates—which will influence the cost of a trip to France this year for the American tourist, only the first is liable to change to his

detriment; the second, if it changes at all, will change in his favor.

Of course the government will make every effort to keep prices down (last January, most prices were ordered reduced by five per cent, and another such cut was made in March), and the more it succeeds in holding them in line, the less likely it is to try to lower the par value of its currency. Fortunately for the tourist, a general price rise is a gradual thing, which can hardly take him unawares and force him to cut short his vacation after he has already started out. All in all, if he plans his trip with reasonable care (or lets some reputable travel agency do it for him), he runs little risk of unpleasant financial surprises on the way.

One further word of reassurance. If the general price index in France is high, it is partly because of what an American would consider the inordinate cost of clothing and many types of durable goods. Neither of these items has to be included in a tourist's budget; if he—or rather she—goes out to buy clothes in Paris it is with the full knowledge that she is giving herself an expensive treat; and it would be a rare traveler indeed who wanted to take home a meat grinder as a souvenir. Of the chief things the tourist does have to pay for—food, lodging, and transportation—only the first is likely ever to cost him a great deal more than it would in America, and at worst it will cost him more *sometimes*, not always or even often unless he deliberately holes up in a scarcity area and insists on eating as he would at home. This would be true even if, despite all efforts, prices should continue this year to rise as they have risen since the liberation.

V

TO GO from the general to the specific, here's the way our own vacation in France worked out last summer. We had a week free and decided we'd go to Alsace—not for any practical reason but just because I'd never been there and my husband thought I'd like the country as much as he did. The only plans we made consisted of buying a map of the region, deciding where we wanted to begin our tour, reserving seats on a train to the town

we had selected as a starting point, and packing a few clothes (and cigarettes!) in a knapsack that either of us—theoretically—could carry without undue strain. (I might as well confess at once that I never carried it.)

We traveled exactly as we pleased—on foot through some of the loveliest parts of the Vosges, by bus or little local train when our objective was less to enjoy the country as we went than to reach some particularly picturesque town or village. We never arranged for shelter ahead of time but were never without a clean and decent place to sleep, though our lodgings ranged from a mountain farmhouse to a comfortable hotel in Colmar with excellent service and—happy sign of returning normalcy—steaming hot water running from the faucets. We were never hungry either, though there were times when we couldn't get coffee for breakfast and there were villages where butter, milk, eggs, or sugar seemed completely lacking. On the other hand, the countryside, as opposed to these villages, had bountiful and delicious fare to offer within the limits of what could be raised locally, including quantities of the same dairy products that were sometimes unobtainable in a village ten miles away. In Strasbourg and Colmar, the famous Kammerzel and Kopfhuss restaurants provided dinners that certainly could not have been surpassed before the war, the latter in a Renaissance mansion that would have been well worth a visit just as a museum.

We made no attempt to keep a systematic expense account, but I did note some approximate figures for future reference. Our day at the farmhouse, for instance, cost us a shade over five dollars for two, including lodging, three meals with wine at one of them, and a copious lunch to take along when we set out down a mountain trail through the beautiful wooded slopes of the Vosges. At the other end of the financial scale, a day in Colmar stacked up something like this: two dollars and a half for a double room with hot and cold running water (and hot baths, though we didn't have our own bathroom), five dollars for lunch for two, and about ten for the memorable dinner already referred to. We left Paris with about a hundred

dollars between us (plus two one-way railroad tickets) and got back, via the Orient Express, with a comfortable amount of change in our pockets. We had not denied ourselves anything because of its cost, and we had made rather a point of trying out the local wines, which are notoriously excellent but not, nowadays, notoriously cheap. Even if the same trip should cost as much as fifty per cent more this year (and there is probably small chance that it would cost that much more), I don't think it could be considered expensive.

MONTHS later I read in a travel article a paragraph advising vacationers to stay away from Alsace for a while, as the dislocations caused by the war still made the tourist's lot there too uncomfortable. I myself had thought I was having a wonderful time; if I'd been made momentarily uncomfortable by being caught in a shower five miles from the nearest town, it hadn't occurred to me to blame the war. I concluded that the article had been written for people who travel in strictly orthodox fashion, weighted down with plenty of baggage (and possibly limited by their doctors to a special diet), and took it as one more reminder that the traveler's point of view counts just as much as the surroundings he is traveling in.

Of course the welcome he gets counts too. And it is not only officials behind desks in Paris who want to give him a warm one. There are plenty of others like M. Paillaret of Vienne, just below Lyon, whom we met when we spent a day in the town last September. Under the warm late-summer sun we explored the Roman amphitheater and some of the other Roman ruins, climbed to the hills overlooking the town and the swirling Rhone below, stopped for a contemplative cigarette in the jewel-like little cloister of St. André, and ended up in the hardware shop of M. Paillaret, to whom we had an introduction. Monsieur emerged from behind a wall of bottles and brushes, took off his spectacles, and lectured us for half an hour on the history of the town—which, as the old capital of Roman Gaul, has quite a history.

When we asked him how he thought

next year's crop of tourists would fare in Vienne, he told us about the efforts of the local Chamber of Commerce (of which he is a member) to make things comfortable and pleasant for them. "We know perfectly well that it's to our interest," he explained, with a mixture of local pride and concern for business that would have done honor to any Rotarian. Pointing to the fresh paint job on the big hotel at the end of the street, he cited it as an example

of the way hotel and restaurant proprietors were refurbishing. Very soon now, he added, the Chamber would have its free information and guide service started up again. "And if they ask for help when there's no one else available, I myself—or the president of the Chamber—will show them around the town. Don't worry; we'll take good care of them."

If you can meet M. Paillaret and his kind half way, they will.

Dirge

ALBERTA TURNER

FOUNDATIONS of my faith have not been rocked.
You had to die.
You jested at the lethal flash and mocked,
Nor questioned why;
No more must I.

Ten apples green and strong fall from the bough;
But three remain.
Ten living things are mangled by the plow
To save the grain.
And I am working still and sleeping now,
Though you are slain.

It is enough that good and evil seed
Must grow twin-born,
That one scythe cuts the wheat and jimson weed,
The rye and thorn.
It is enough that you were grain clean-sown,
Blade straight and high.
It is enough that one like you could grow,
Could live and die.

MY POLITICAL TENNIS ELBOW

LLEWELLYN WHITE

THE idea came to me while I was curing a tennis elbow by alternately ignoring and exercising it. As with this other thing that bothered me, I had tried everything else first and, failing, despaired of ever being well. Could it be that the specific for a political malaise of considerably longer standing was equally obvious and simple? I wondered.

I began by ignoring the tennis elbow altogether. I said to myself, "You're a healthy animal, not yet fifty; let nature take its course." I suppose the parallel would be my start as a political animal. Born a Democrat, weaned on a Jacksonian version that still functioned in Indiana at the turn of the century, fired by the dimly discerned image of Woodrow Wilson as I came to voting age, I assumed as I cast my first Presidential ballot for Mr. Cox of Ohio that I was set for life.

But pure escapism didn't help the tennis elbow, and it didn't sustain me through twelve years of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. I took the elbow to the family doctor and he put it in a mud pack and sling. That would have been the period when I tried William Allen White Progressivism. The mud pack and sling lasted overnight, but it took me six months to discover that Bill White was just working the other side of the street for my employer of the moment, the Hon. Arthur W. Capper.

Next I went to an osteopath (with the

elbow, that is). He put lamps on it. That would have been the phase in the mid-twenties when I flirted with what I shall call academic oligarchy, a soothing diathermy which must have had considerable vogue some time before, in New Haven, Connecticut; for Yale College had just turned loose among us those redoubtable Typhoid Marys of Mr. Jefferson's natural *aristoi*—the Messrs. Hutchins, Luce, Benton, and Bowles. In both cases I began after a bit to suspect that the doctor was having more fun than I was.

After that I was examined and X-rayed by a dentist pal of the osteopath's, who assured me that he could cure my elbow by yanking a few teeth. The patent sophistry of this diagnosis was supposed to be obscured by a layman's awe of professional jargon, as when my friends in Paris assured me that Planning (*à la Russe*) would remove the poison sacs at the roots of democracy.

Fed up with medical men after the dentist's try, I went away determined to live with pain—and promptly stumbled onto a cure. I had just acquired a piece of land in Franklin County, Maine, and in the first rush of enthusiasm felt compelled to clear a path to the lake and a small bathing beach on its shore. Four hundred acres gave my elbow room, and apparently that was all it needed. Apparently it was all my political mind needed, too, for when I sank back into the party of Bryan

Llewellyn White, newspaperman, has worked during the past few years for such varied employers as the OWI, Henry J. Kaiser, and the Commission for the Freedom of the Press

and Bilbo, Roosevelt and Raskob, Wallace and Whosis, I discovered that I had enough elbow room to be passionately for half of what F.D.R. stood for and just as passionately against the other half. I could be a registered Democrat and still be me. (I could just as easily be a registered Republican and still be me; I just happen to be a Democrat—although I do think our mercury rises more promptly to record a national fever than those other fellows'.)

I had made one other important discovery. That was that professional doctors are likely to be hipped on some one new drug, or fungus, or electronic contraption. My ailments—political as well as physical—are apt to be pretty simple. Often I am concerned about nothing more spectacular than how to get a better school building for the towns of Strong and New Vineyard, or how to persuade a few of my immediate neighbors that one congressional candidate in our district seems to be a happier combination of progressive look-see and conservative take-a-good-look than the other, or how to persuade fellow writers to help impress Congress with the inequity of an income tax law that allows for corporate lean-and-fat-year spread but not creative artists' lean-and-fat-year spread. I can't see what's to be gained by putting problems like that under an expensive ultraviolet-ray machine expressly designed to bake out fascism, communism, or racism. Or swallowing a bottle of Liberal Extract. My poor wife stopped to see Jo Davidson's hula dancers one night and bought a bottle of his stuff, and it hasn't done her a speck of good.

MIND YOU, just being a Democrat didn't do the trick, any more than the act of signing the deed to the four hundred acres did anything for my elbow. (Just *being* never does any good; the Hitler boys almost whipped us because we were *being* and they were *doing*.) I had to exercise the elbow (political, as well as physical). But I had to do it in my own way, according to my own lights, and in terms of my own modest talents. If I wouldn't join any other fellow's movement, I had to get going with a one-man movement. Not because I happened to be a citizen of the atomic world, but because

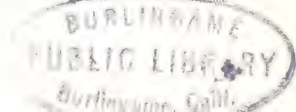
I also happened to be a specially pampered citizen of that world. A lot of people I'd never heard of had invested good money to equip me to do things some of them weren't equipped to do. They—chiefly the people who paid my father his preacher's wages, but actually a good many more, the whole society that put preachers in the middling brackets—had made possible a boyhood filled with opportunities. They had seen to it that I got a good free education. Their most expensive gift, reserved for the lucky few, was a college education. (I happened to attend a land-grant college where the tuition was \$50 a year, and that was waived because I was a veteran; but how much do you think Harvard and Stanford would cost preachers' kids if these institutions weren't tax-exempt at the cost of heavier state levies on other things?)

As an investment in citizenship—leadership, if you like—I just hadn't paid off. I had skipped too many dividends to the human race.

How could I pay in my own coin (since I rejected alike the currency of the Messiahs, medicine men, and party hacks)? The answer was all about me, for I was one of more than three thousand in the Office of War Information who were paying in time. But this is war emergency stuff, I said. What will you do when the war is over? Again, the answer came at me from all sides. For when the war was over, I went to work for the Commission on Freedom of the Press. And while for me it was a full-time job, for the Commissioners it was a part-time job—a dividend. I remember looking around the table at those fifteen distinguished Americans and marveling that they could find the time to do so much outside of the bread-and-butter job. I think it was Professor Schlesinger who said, "Oh, I just deduct so much time at the start of each year, as with Bee Ruml's pay-go tax scheme, and so I don't miss it."

Anyway, it was about then that I got this idea of a pay-go dividend plan for college graduates (it could apply to anyone; I'm not plumping for a sheepskin oligarchy, I just thought of starting with college graduates).

Let's say two per cent. That seems to be



about standard around the banks. It's certainly conservative.

Now there are about a million college graduates turned out every year. Suppose every one of them pledged himself to devote two per cent of his total time until he died to *active* citizenship. Say two-and-a-fraction per cent, so as to make it two hundred hours per person per year. Two hundred times a million—

Oh, I know. Three-fourths of them would take the pledge with their fingers crossed. And a good many of the sincere ones would have done it anyway. But there would be a new class beginning every year. Anyhow, it multiplies out to a great many million man-hours of pure increment.

Two per cent of their time doing what? Doing whatever they like, provided it seems calculated to make this planet a little more habitable. Doing it mostly at the community level. (Lord! There are millions worrying about the A-bomb and at

least hundreds of thousands worrying about Russia, and just two of us working on this new school for Strong and New Vineyard, Maine.) Doing it as Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, independents, single-taxers, or what-have-you. Doing it by writing about it, talking about it, serving on committees, giving money. Doing it at night or over weekends or on summer vacations or in the shower. Doing it alone or with others. But *doing*. (If this thing we call democracy ever fails, it will be because we have come to regard it as a spectators' sport.)

No party line, and no dues. Nobody to report to except your conscience. And no ten-dollar-a-plate dinners.

And now I'll have to leave the idea with you. I've spent four hours writing this, but I figure I'm about two thousand hours behind (I finished college in 1923). Besides, I've got to write that other fellow who wants a new school in Franklin County, Maine.

Jersey Marshes

SYLVIA STALLINGS

THIS is the wind's harvest, the storm's share:
Long fallow, but no fruit will ever sweeten there
The sea's acre, the ploughland of the air.

Here the great tides, like stubborn seasons, sway;
From what blue mountain drinks the thirsty bay
An upland farmer's orchard slope away?

Nothing halts here: the engines shriek
Endlessly after the far country that they seek
Northbound, southbound, week by empty week,

And the slow beauty of the grasses turns
From gray to green—the distant city burns
On the sky's margin; the starved spring returns

Even to the land that nothing loves; and where
Else should I find a fellowship to bear
This anguish spread upon the innocent air?

THREE WAYS FROM SUNDAY

PHILIP GARRIGAN

I. Due Process

IN THE morning in the fields near the old city stables the retired fire horses, turned out to grass, were drowsing in the June sunlight. The boy lay on his back, absorbed in the immemorial romantic occupation of cloud gazing. Overhead swam the particular type of cloud for that very custom—white against the sharpest blue, whipped like cream and full of towers and forests and rolling waves toppling and merging—borne slowly along by winds unfelt below.

He was a neat little boy, not given to sprawling. His knees were loosely drawn up, and his hands were cupped under his head. Blue as the sky, his eyes were blue and widely intent. To himself he was improvising words about the things he thought and felt.

As he watched he became half aware of another flight than that of the clouds, a smaller swifter arc near the ground. It was either a moth or a butterfly, he could not tell which. He turned very deliberately over on his stomach and watched its darting maneuvers among the timothy stalks.

Just then one of the ancient nags snorted loudly and suddenly, probably disgusted by the eternal monotony of life. Surprised into full attention, the boy got slowly to his feet with a new idea in mind. Not losing sight of the swerving speck of color, he mechanically ran his hands over his shirt and shorts to brush them off, and plucked a little blade of grass from one of his bare

knees. Then he went after the gaudy flier.

Neither of them was in a hurry. When the butterfly flew in a direct line, the boy hurried around to keep between him and the meadow boundary. When the wings seemed to flutter slowly, in little circular flights around the field flowers, he slipped to his knees and waited, or perhaps crawled noiselessly closer. Eventually he took out his handkerchief, clean and neatly folded like everything else about him, and spread it carefully full-size over one hand.

As it finally came about, the capture was easy. After a minute or two the unfortunate thing in the Joseph-coat settled in a sort of clearing, a spot where the horses had grazed close and left the shortest grass. The boy crept closer; the white cloud of his handkerchief dropped, was gathered together at the edges. That was the end of freedom.

When he was sure he had caught the butterfly, he got to his feet again, very carefully closing the handkerchief to make an escape-proof sack in which the captive would not be crushed. After a little while, walking slowly toward the street, he opened this up a little—just so the hole would not be too big.

"He looks very mad," the boy thought, peering at the agitated movements within, "and he doesn't look as pretty now as he did."

As he walked along, he stopped every few yards to look in at his prisoner. This

attracted a few other boys who wanted to know what he had in the handkerchief. To each he explained patiently, and opened the little aperture to show the butterfly.

"I think I'll sell him," he answered when they asked, and added vaguely, "Someone would want him on account of all the colors."

But when he showed the prize to Arthur Benjamin there was trouble. "I can't see him through that little hole," Arthur complained.

"I can't make it any bigger. He'd get away."

"No he won't. I'll show you."

"No!"

"Let me show you!"

"No!"

He was strong enough, though Arthur was bigger, to have done all right in a scuffle. But with both hands kept busy out of fear of losing the patiently-captured wonder, he was at a disadvantage. From behind, Arthur slowly pried at his wrists. Then, getting no satisfaction from that, he dealt a sudden jab in the ribs.

With an angry cry of pain, the boy let go the handkerchief and turned to face him. Too late he remembered—and turned in time to see his butterfly improve the shining hour by planing rapidly upward out of all reach.

"Aw," Arthur backed away half-placat-

ingly, "nobody'd of bought him anyhow, that thing."

The boy looked from the butterfly to Arthur who was sidling off. Even weighing the wasted time and care, he decided against assault. He turned away and went down the street.

"Guess I told *him*!" mumbled Arthur in relief.

At home the neat little boy gathered up some of his father's stationery, a pen and bottle of ink, and the dictionary. He went out and sat on the bulkhead in the backyard, safe from interruption. Once there, he adjusted the notepaper, laid it down on the wood, and went to work slowly.

Dear Mrs. Benjamin: he wrote, after the home address and the date were duly entered. *Your son Arthur just made me lose a butterfly I had a hard time catching. I could have sold that butterfly to someone, because some people use them in trays. They put them under the glass. I don't suppose Arthur knew this, but I wish you would tell him to be more careful in the future. If not he will find that people think he has no manners. I know his mother would be very sorry to have that happen.*

Slowly and carefully he subscribed himself *Very truly yours*, addressed the envelope, gathered up his writing materials and went to the back door.

"Mother," he called softly into the shady house, "have you a postage-stamp?"

II. Roderick Sweeney the Irish Swami

EVERYTHING in town is within a stone's throw of the mills, because the mills are everywhere. So Finnegan's Dublin Gardens is within a stone's throw too. The street in front of it slopes; and the Dublin Gardens is in the basement with the sidewalk slanting down from high on the left hand window. The customers take hold of a wooden rail and let themselves

down and in by way of three wooden stairs, which sometimes betray the earnest tippler of an evening's end so that he falls at an angle of forty-five degrees, with his head on the sidewalk and his feet still on the Gardens' sawdust floor.

Roderick Sweeney the Irish Swami spends a great deal of his time there. He was born in this neighborhood when the

Irish were beginning to push out the Yankees. And now when the Polish are crowding the Irish, he still lives around the corner. His bed has the imprint of his short, round form in it always. And over a gas stove he cooks the unappetizing meals that fill but do not satisfy him.

In the days of his youth, the days of his glory, he modestly reports himself as having traveled in twenty-seven countries. Actually he ran away with a small-time circus when he was twelve, and returned to his native city in his sixties with no more money than when he left.

During his circus days he understudied a magician; and now he claims to have been a great vaudeville success with his feats of prestidigitation. If so he must have been on a very high wheel certainly, for he never played at the *Voyons* within the memory of any local resident now alive.

He spends all his time nowadays sleeping the day through in the little back tenement to which he succeeded on the death of his poor old mother. And his evenings are devoted to the Dublin Gardens.

There he enters at about eight o'clock and buys one short beer. On very quiet nights this beer has been known to last till one o'clock closing. When things are livelier, more hopeful, it goes down faster. Between whiles as he drinks, Sweeney the Swami keeps his fingers supple. He manipulates his old pack of greasy cards, plucks articles out of thin air, persuades other items to vanish, and in so doing gradually draws to himself a little audience.

These, with elaborate abstraction, are motioned to be seated while he continues his occult ministrations. And nobody could very well sit at a show with a dry throat. Nor could anybody very well drink and the Swami go without. He disposes of all such offerings in a way to show that the hand is indeed quicker than the eye. So between one thing and another, old Roderick Sweeney gets up from the table usually just before one in the morning and takes his fuddled way home—first solemnly returning to the bartender his borrowings of string and bottlecaps, the instruments of the magical trade.

But this was one of those quiet nights of which we were speaking. The Swami arrived punctually early and took his

beer to a convenient booth. He shed his coat and vest, and carefully rolled up his sleeves to let it be known that there was nothing secreted in the cuffs. Then he took out his cards and began the evening ritual.

By ten o'clock he had long ago finished the beer, and had done some of his tricks as many as six times without appreciation. Not one of the regulars or even the frequent transients came in. The bartender sat at the bar on a high stool. From behind his bulwark of potato chips and pickled eggs and sausages, he mentally figured tonight's losses as he watched Sweeney. He even drew off another short beer on the house for the old Swami.

SHORTLY after ten, when the Polish women got out of the cotton-mill second shift, about a dozen of them came noisily into the part of the Gardens devoted to Ladies. It was payday, and they were allotting themselves their reward for the week's work. Sweeney continued his practice, and watched wonderingly as the bartender went in with a huge tray full of beer in glasses. There must have been about forty.

Finally he could endure his loneliness and thirst no longer. He picked up his stock in trade, put on his coat, and entered the other section, which usually he was not accustomed to frequent.

To his disappointment, most of the customers were gone. They were not the ones to linger over a few drinks. Just one was left, a late-comer who sat in her booth with four full glasses before her. The dislike of cold beer is a notable Slavic idiosyncrasy. Men and women alike, they all estimate at the beginning of the evening what their consumption will be—and order it all at once. In that way the temperature comes around to their way of thinking.

The Polish loomtender regarded Roderick Sweeney incuriously. She was hidden in an old tweed coat with a moth-eaten fur collar as she huddled on the leather cushions with her handbag beside her. And she kept on drinking.

She did not object when the Swami asked courteously if he might sit. With a covetous eye on the beer, he settled him-

self and began his cadging performance for her. The woman's dull eyes lighted momentarily at each demonstration. But she stolidly put away the beer, not cozened into any wild generosity by the marvelous things this man in the brown coat was doing.

Finally, seeing two glasses already emptied, Sweeney leaned over and made a gesture as the third was halfway to her mouth. An egg appeared in his hand! She put down the beer and looked at him in real surprise. He took another egg out of her ear, and she expressed her wonderment in Polish.

Now she began to watch him more keenly, as if to discover how this was being done. He extracted another egg from her half-opened mouth. She exploded into mingled Polish and English, asking how such things could be. And Roderick Sweeney replied, in English bearing the burden of the brogue, that it was the product of a lifetime of study under Yogi Rambat Thithibit Swug of Cawnpore.

But there was no meeting of minds.

She cogitated laboriously for a while. Then suddenly she snatched up her bag and hurried out. At the door she called back something which the Swami didn't catch. It would have done him no good anyhow, being in that outlandish tongue. He shrugged and settled himself happily to the two remaining beers.

He had just polished off the latter of these and was voluptuously licking the moustache of foam when the door opened. The Polish loomtender came in and headed straight for him. Instantly he diagnosed the gleam in her eye as personally unfavorable. The ill-gotten beer turned over in his stomach. He lurched to his feet, but had to sit down again.

She stopped before the table to recover her breath. Then with a triumphant gesture, she tossed her coat on the floor and stood there stark naked—without a stitch.

"Tamm you!" she cried. "*Now* find it eck!"

III. *Rx*

GOOD morning," said Mr. Cheeryble to the first customer, and raised his derby hat. Some little folded papers fell out of the hatband on the steps. He stooped to pick them up. "Few prescriptions," he apologized. "Really should've pasted them in the book last night."

He stuffed the papers into his hat again, put it on, and drew his key out of an inside pocket. Before he put the key in the lock, he buttoned his coat and straightened it at the front. Behind him on the steps the first customer waited. He didn't say a word, because he was used to Mr. Cheeryble.

"There," said Mr. Cheeryble finally. "Business as usual." He took the key out

of the lock, unbuttoned his coat and returned the key to the pocket, rebuttoned the coat—then opened the door. The spicy smell of the drugstore kept shut and warm overnight puffed out around them as they entered. The first customer went over and stood at the tobacco counter, while Mr. Cheeryble went unhurriedly around to wait on him.

"Ten cent cut of Marvel," said the first customer. Mr. Cheeryble slid back the glass door and reached into the stacked slabs of chewing tobacco. Taking out the Marvel with his right hand, with his left he poked a little gingerly at the live-looking sponge in its glass bowl.

The first customer was watching him curiously. "Hmmm!" Mr. Cheeryble

cleared his throat guiltily, "often wonder if the water gets into the tobacco—or tobacco gets into the water." His moist fingertip smelled of overripe Havana.

He swished it in the air, presumably to dry it. Then he put the Marvel under the cutter. Dexterously he twirled the wheel, and the blade came down and bit the slab into two unequal pieces. He reversed the wheel so the blade went up again, then handed the first customer his chewing tobacco and took the dime.

It would be bad to mix up the cash before he checked it; so he lifted up a bottle of Gloud's Hypophosphites in a pink wrapper and slid the coin under it. Then he went in back to change.

HE HAD a tall wooden locker in the prescription department. Here he took off his hat and coat, and reached in for his black duster-coat that came down almost to his knees. After he adjusted his light-lavender sleeve-garters, he put his arms deliberately into the sleeves, shook himself by the lapels and was ready for the day.

He looked at himself in the mirror as he went out into the store, and rubbed gently at the red ring the derby had left on his forehead. Then he put both hands to the sides of his head—the only places where any hair was left, all white—and smoothed the thin strands a few times.

Nobody came in while he balanced the cash. It tallied with the slip Doctor Brownell had left the night before: a dollar bill, a half-dollar, a quarter, a dime, a nickel and seven pennies. He put his neat initials E.G.C.—Eugene Gallatin Cheeryble—on the tally, and closed the drawer. The tinny bell rang, making him think of the ten cent piece under Gloud's Hypophosphites. He got that too, and put it in the drawer. This time the bell didn't remind him of anything.

Still nobody came in, so he went back to his locker and took last night's prescriptions out of his hatband. The prescription book, with a pointed bail beside it for papers, rested on one end on the workbench—with a broken clinical thermometer stuck in at the last page used. He turned the volume open to there and squinted at the prescriptions in his hand.

He would need his glasses; so he took out his glasses-case and got them, polished the lenses awhile, and perched them on his thinly red-veined nose.

First he laid out the little papers in the order in which they had been presented. Laboriously he numbered them one after another in ink, peering back each time at the last, to be sure nothing went down in the wrong. After that he looked for the glue-bottle. But the front door opened, so he bunched the prescriptions and stuck them on the bail before going out.

He came back, but hardly got them in hand again when another customer came in. Back on the bail went the papers while he waited on this one. Then he returned, picking up the glue-bottle on the way. Another customer entered, and the prescriptions went on the bail again. That customer left, and he returned to his work.

When he spread them out, each had three holes in it from being stuck on the bail. That was too bad, but it couldn't be helped. He turned them all over, to make sure none of the measures or ingredients was obliterated. They were all readable. He worked the brush loose in the glue-bottle, picked up the first numbered slip and moistened its back with glue. Then he pressed it down very carefully on the page of the book. The second. The third. The door opened and he had to leave. But he came back, and in four shifts pasted all the prescriptions on the wide folio pages.

He wondered what time it was. They had a clock over the patent medicines counter; but it recommended on its face a brand of herbal tea, endorsed (it said) by Fifty Million Everywhere. That was unethical—and anyhow it was an electric clock. He didn't like it. Back among the prescriptions was an old pendulum clock with a glass front and a view of the cataract of Niagara in gold. He kept that one running, and it never failed him. The electric one had stopped seven times since it was put in. Thunderstorms did it. By that clock it might be any old time at all; by Mr. Cherryble's it was going on ten. He worked around with a feather duster.

"It looks like a nice day," he said when Doctor Brownell came in at ten-forty.

"It does, Eugene," Doctor Brownell agreed. He called Mr. Cheeryble *Eugene*.

"The cash balanced," said Mr. Cherryble. The cash always balanced. In forty years it had always balanced.

"I'm going to my office, Eugene," said Doctor Brownell. "I'll be back by the time the boy comes." The boy was fifty, but still the boy. He ran errands and was known by an old parchment document framed on the wall as a Pharmacal Clerk's Apprentice. Doctor Brownell still called him the boy. He always said he was going to his office and would be back by the time the boy came. That was because it was Saturday, and Mr. Cheeryble was off from noon until next morning at eight.

"I'll keep the place open," said Mr. Cheeryble. That was his little joke. And Doctor Brownell went out to his thinning practice and his old-fashioned office.

When he returned the boy was just getting in and taking off his coat. Doctor Brownell said to Mr. Cheeryble, "Will you check the wines and syrups before you go, Eugene?"

MR. CHEERYBLE never checked the wines and syrups until Doctor Brownell suggested it. Now he nodded agreeably and took a pencil out of his pocket. In the prescription department he ran along the line of gallon jugs with their various labels, tapping each one lightly and listening for the sound.

The place did a nice business. It sold prescriptions, patent medicines, tobaccos and a few other items. And at the end of the week most of the staple jugs were empty or pretty close to it.

One at a time, he took the jugs down cellar, where the extracts and fluids of all kinds were racked in cobwebbed drums and hogsheads: Amer Picon, Cherry, Sarsaparilla, Sherry, et cetera, et cetera. Each separately, he put the jugs under an arm and went down to the proper drum. There were no spigots; so he uncoiled a length of tubing, put the jugs on the floor, and siphoned the liquids—starting them flowing with his own mouth, sucking them along until the siphon worked of itself. Then when the jugs were near full, he pinched off the tube, removed each to its place upstairs, and came down with the

next. This process went on through all the sweet flavors of syrup and the pungent tastes of wine and spirits.

As he worked, Mr. Cheeryble grew rather warm. Little drops popped out on his forehead, and now and then he had to stop to mop it off with his cambric handkerchief. After a while he took off the duster-coat and worked in his shirtsleeves. That was all right in back and down cellar.

Going along with one jug after another, he began to hum *Lady, List a Roundelay*, which had been a favorite in his youth with the Wisteria Glee Club. And as he stood before the jugs, waiting for them to fill, he tried a little polka step—nothing much: just a step out, a step back, heel and toe and a one-two-three.

Nobody addressed him as he bustled up and down. And when he finished he mopped his brow with the cambric handkerchief, and patted his lips to which seemed to cling a heavy sweet taste of—syrup. Then he put on his coat (sometimes this took time) and his derby hat.

"Take home the Boston *Post*, Eugene," said Doctor Brownell. He always said that.

"Thank you, Doctor," said Mr. Cherryble. "Good day."

The boy and the Doctor said good day together. Mr. Cheeryble took the *Post* and folded it to fit his pocket, slipped it in, and went out smiling gently to himself.

He walked home along Hurd Street to his boarding-house, humming *The Seaside Girls* and *Little Brown Jug* (how I love thee)—heel and toe and one-two-three. Around him the street and the houses slowly wavered and swam in uncertain currents of air; but he put one foot in front of the other and went along as surely as if he were drawn by a wire.

In his room lunch was laid out on the table in covered dishes, where he had set it in the morning before leaving. He took off his coat and hat and collar and tie, and sat down to eat and read the *Post*. But when he finished eating he felt a little tired; so he lay down on the couch and pulled an afghan over himself.

"I always feel like resting on Saturdays," murmured Mr. Cheeryble. And he always fell asleep.

After Hours

IT DOESN'T comfort me in the least to consider that, although this column must be written while the city streets are clogged with belated snow (tattle-tale gray) you will be reading it several weeks after the price of daffodils has dropped from \$2.50 a dozen to a fraction of that amount for an armful. Nor does it comfort me to know that by that time resorts like Palm Springs will be shutting down because the heat under the edge of the San Bernardino Mountains is too much for the non-natives, who will be taking their winter tans and sun-faded eyes away from the green, and pink, and yellow tiled sidewalks to resorts nearer the Pacific. Winter sports communities will be deep in mud, not snow, but the earth will begin to smell good again and the streams will be swollen. Golf courses will be soggy but full of promise. Tennis courts in most of the northern half of the country will be invitingly raked and rolled, but hardly dry enough to play on. It will still be much too cold to swim. It will be time for painting garden furniture, raking the damp leaves out of the hedge, and digging.

Full of such vernal thoughts as these I made my way to the National Sportsmen's Show at the Grand Central Palace through the worst snowstorm New York has had since 1941, and I can report that those industrious souls who spend their lives trying to part the sportsman and his dollars have not been idle. The gentlemen who put on the demonstrations of fly casting or casting a plug have lost none of their magical and insolent accuracy, and trained seals still play the same tunes on their rows of tin horns.

The postwar era has, however, pro-

duced a few rather remarkable objects—a fishing rod made of glass fiber and laminating resin (it's white, rustproof, has plenty of resilience, and its name is Shakespear), and one of beryllium copper (hard as steel, has plenty of whip, is beautiful to look at, won't rust, and is "fatigue resistant"). You can get a shotgun with a Nydar sight or an aluminum canoe that weighs only thirty-five pounds (made by Grumman Aircraft). Outboard motors, notably Evinrude, look even more like pressure-cookers than they used to—streamlined and sleek. The variety of small boats (several of which you can take apart and stow in canvas bags) is astonishing, and trailers come in all sizes and degrees of luxury, from the little pear-shaped jobs for informal roadside sleeping to giant six-wheelers—with built-in modern furniture, chintz lampshades, and a gadget for every whim.

There is a distinction between a sportsman and an athlete which I had forgotten (if indeed I'd ever thought of it). A sportsman doesn't necessarily have anything to do with sports as the word is now used—at least in this show. He is concerned with getting away from it all. His sports are non-competitive (except as he pits himself against a duck or a stream) and his pleasures come from feeling himself liberated and in communion with elemental forces, and from returning to his sheltered family bearing the trophies of his personal conquests. Anyway, that is the idealized version I got at the Sportsmen's Show where everything was designed to induce the male to desert his wife and children for the call of the woods, the open road, the clear mountain lake, and the cold nose of a dog.

There were women pictured in the advertising handouts (in fact, women with whom it might be nice to go camping were handing them out), but it was plain that this was a man's world. And as if to make it up to the little woman the sportsmen provided a fine exhibit just for the ladies on one of the upper floors—nice, shiny kitchen stoves and brand new electric washing machines.

Sam Spade and the Black Bird

IT IS no credit to the film version of *The Lady in the Lake* that it manages to make a Raymond Chandler story dull. It is the most recent and least exciting in a long line spectacularly begun by "The Maltese Falcon," which I flatly maintain is the best film ever made in this country: "I Wake Up Screaming," "This Gun for Hire," "The Glass Key," "Murder, My Sweet," "The Blue Dahlia," "The Big Sleep"—or you can make your own list. This kind of movie is a reliable product, and in formula it is more than that—an art form so indigenous and so distinct that we are constantly damned for it. We have even damned ourselves for it, as when the State Department and the Army jointly condemned Hollywood for sending into occupied countries improper films—"particularly those that play up violence." There is plenty of violence in "The Lady in the Lake," but violence often for its own sake alone, and in this respect the tradition is now dangerously in decline.

The movies that derive from "The Maltese Falcon" all have brutality in common, but it will be a mistake to assume that they have satisfied nothing but our blood lust. It was a *New Yorker* book critic, as I remember, who predicted before the war that we would lose our taste for this ersatz violence when we began to read about the real thing. From my own observations of the reading habits of soldiers—how about Dick Tracy?—I maintain that this conception has been entirely discredited, and I suspect that we go to these movies (and read detective stories) for a much different reason: to be presented with the satisfaction of seeing order gradually appear out of chaos.

Margery Allingham, who writes excellent detective stories, has suggested that in our disordered world death by violence is fascinating because it is one of the few indisputable facts. We know as we begin a murder story that somebody did it and in the end we will know who. The resolution can be pleasurably anticipated, and I suspect that most readers (as I do) care more about that feeling of resolution than about the complicated clues and time-schedules that sometimes lead up to it. This is an artificial formula, of course, and the future literary historian will wonder how we ever came to accept it as remotely credible.

He will probably bracket "The Maltese Falcon" as heroic drama, and I think we would do well to begin using the same classification. The thing you have to realize about Sam Spade is that he is a hero—one of our archetypes, if you like—and as such he is a strong and beneficent influence. Humphrey Bogart plays the part in "The Maltese Falcon," and whether you call him Sam Spade or Philip Marlowe (or whether the part is played by Dick Powell or Robert Montgomery or Alan Ladd) it is still the same character, and essentially it is still Bogart. He is the prototype and he plays it best—with a kind of hard inner consistency. He seems to realize that Sam Spade is a "moral" character, a man whose passionate pursuit of justice gives meaning to the rest of the story. Brutality is only his background. He may walk through mean streets, as Raymond Chandler has described him, but he is not himself mean. He is neither tarnished nor afraid. "He will take no man's money dishonestly and no man's insolence without a due and dispassionate revenge; he is a lonely man and his pride is that you will treat him as a proud man or be very sorry you ever saw him."

"The Maltese Falcon" is the finest example of this ideal, not only because it came first but also because it is still far and away the best of them all. I remember it as one of the first American movies in which a flesh-and-blood adult seemed seriously to be making a hard choice. It is full of wild and improbable romance, but as adventure it is acceptable and mature. Sam Spade is compelled by mount-

ing circumstance to resolve events in the light of his own code of honor, and the blazing scene in which he makes his decision is to my mind a moment of high tragedy. This peak is not reached by the other films, though they aim toward it just as Chandler (who wrote many of them as novels) aims at surpassing Dashiell Hammett (who wrote *The Maltese Falcon* as a novel). But the Falcon movie has the advantage—extraordinarily good acting throughout, intelligent and imaginative directing by John Houston, and the presence of the incomparable Sidney Greenstreet. It couldn't be better.

I suspect that the reason for the decline of the tradition is our own lack of appreciation of Sam Spade's honor. Existentialists use "American" as an admiring synonym for sterile viciousness; George Orwell (in *Dickens, Dali, & Others*) says we have turned the British penny-dreadful into an American twenty-five-cent-horror; and John Houseman (who directed "The Blue Dahlia" and should know better) accepts the same criteria, insisting that the whole series of movies mentioned above is "totally lacking in moral sense." Violence is our endearing quality, they tell us, so we promptly deplore it wherever we see it, corrupt our own adventure stories by emphasizing it, and cynically offer them "The Lady in the Lake"—with a personal brass-knuckled slug for every member of the audience. This is a perversion of the "moral sense" that is implicit in Sam Spade, and I like to think that if he is becoming one of our folk heroes there is still time to maintain his reputation. For twenty-five dollars a day plus expenses he might go out to Hollywood and clean it up.

Was That a Black-Throated Blue?

DURING the next few weekends, all over the northern part of the United States, little clusters of earnest citizens will be spending the early morning hours in peculiar places—in remote thickets, in soggy swamps, and along the edges of city dumps. They will be engaged in a little-chronicled sport that combines the gentle exercise of prolonged walking, the sharp pleasure of contact with the natural world

(except for those in the dumps), and the tingle of medal-play competition. They will, in short, be bird counting.

For to the ornithologist, whether professional or grossly amateur, the spring weekend which brings to his locality the greatest concentration of migratory and resident birds is more or less what Mardi Gras is to New Orleans, or what prom week is to the co-ed. (If he lives in the latitude of Washington or Chicago, this high point of the year will probably be the weekend of May 10-11; in New England, it is more likely to be May 17-18; in Missouri, it may be as early as May 3-4.) The ornithologist rises at dawn or earlier, puts on ancient and dew-proof clothes, swallows some coffee from a thermos-bottle, slings his field glass over his shoulder, puts in his pocket a notebook and pencil (and perhaps a "field guide" booklet), and alone or in the company of other addicts goes out to observe—and count—birds.

He may travel only on foot, or he may journey by car from swamp to thicket. He may end his chase at a normal breakfast time, or at noon, or not till night. He may concentrate in a limited area on the quest of a rumored Prothonotary Warbler, or range over twenty miles of country. But almost invariably he and his companions will be keeping their scores of species of birds seen or spotted by ear, and hoping to beat their last year's record. If on a casual country stroll you should come upon a couple of them huddled in the underbrush, do not suspect them of carnal assignation or lawless and sinister plotting: they will be trying to decide whether a very small trilling noise emanates from a Worm-eating Warbler or from a mere Chipping Sparrow.

The length of the list these inconspicuous sportsmen will pile up in a day will depend on their expertness. A novice will score less than 50 (which is about equivalent to a golfer's shooting over 100 for 18 holes); a moderate expert will run his total to 70 or 80; groups of genuine experts who are so situated that they can see water birds as well as land birds may score over 100. (I mentioned city dumps. Wonderful for certain kinds of water birds.) Some friends of mine, specialists

to a man, by starting before dawn hearing whippoorwills and ending exhausted after dark identifying a barn owl, have scored as high as 170. I think the record for a *single* observer is over 160: that's about like 18 holes in five strokes under par.

This bird counting may sound a little daft, but many thousands of substantial people do it. They include even bankers. Undoubtedly they include many *Harper* readers (maybe hundreds of them), and some will presently be reporting to me that on May 11, 1947, they scored 92, or, let us say, 91 plus a problematical Lincoln Sparrow. Do not sneer at them. There is no more socially defensible joy than that of following with a field glass the orange flittings of a Blackburnian in the treetops, though one's neck almost breaks from the perpendicularity of the line of entranced vision.

A Good Man with a Camera

WALKING into the spring show of Henri Cartier-Bresson's photographs at the Museum of Modern Art (in New York), I had the sudden impression that here is the man for whom the camera was invented. The critics refer to him as a documentary humanist, which puts him in the category with such documentarians as Walker Evans, chronicler of the rural (and recently, urban) underprivileged; and Weegee, who is known for his realistic pictures of New York wastrels, bums, and mission types. But Cartier-Bresson's pictures have an emotional intensity that I haven't seen in any other photographer's work.

Most photographers these days seem to be predominantly concerned with technique. Problems of lighting, texture, detail, and other technical matters appear to interest the camera people more than subject matter and composition. Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa is a facile technician whose moody lighting schemes and succinct detail have produced a series of portraits of famous figures that all look pretty much like masterpieces. In fact in almost any photographic exhibition today three-fourths of the pictures are marvels of technical skill—and very little else—and you are left with a vast admiration for the makers of the cameras but

somewhat less enthusiasm for the makers of the pictures. (They tell me that there is actually an "anti-technique" movement afoot among certain of the big name photographers, but in the main my contention still holds.)

Cartier-Bresson, on the other hand, is concerned with technique only in so far as it enables him to rise above it. He uses a powerful lens and the fastest film there is. He doesn't bother with artificial lighting, and he doesn't tinker with the composition of a picture after he's taken it. The camera is an extension of his own eye: he sees something, he snaps it, and there's the picture. His most remarkable gift is that in every instance he has caught a subject at just the precise moment and in just the precise pose that are the most characteristic and revealing. Two of his shots showing the interrogation of a stool-pigeon in a German displaced-persons camp make your spine creep, so violent is the hatred and bitterness on the faces of the onlookers. A picture of two gruff and crotchety old Frenchwomen craning their necks to see George VI when he visited Versailles in 1938 is absurd and touching and dignified all at the same time. The series of portraits of Matisse in his studio and Rouault at home, all unposed and informal, catch the personal qualities and temperaments of these artists to a degree that is uncanny.

Obviously, the camera's great asset is that it can capture a fleeting moment. In purely representational matters a photograph is valuable but it is not supreme: witness the fact that during the war it was generally considered by the picture magazines that the atmosphere of the battlefield could be better represented by painting than by photography. But a painter cannot so readily capture the impression of an instant. When a man of Cartier-Bresson's insight and interpretative ability—with the camera's rapidity to help him—gives us the very distillation of a person, a situation, a whole people, we should be very grateful. This particular show, by the way, will be one of the Museum's circulating exhibits, and I urge you to watch for it if it comes your way.

—Mr. Harper

Harper's

MAGAZINE

THE TASTE-MAKERS

RUSSELL LYNES

Pictorial Comment by Steinberg

RECENTLY I asked a Wall Street broker, who is an avid collector of modern paintings, why he thought art was having such a boom in America. "It's just a fad," he said. "It's like those miniature golf courses that were everywhere a few years ago. Art has caught on."

There is, it seems to me, some truth in his observation: a good deal of what passes for interest in art these days might well drop out of sight the way the little golf courses unaccountably did back in the early thirties. But it is also true that, in an era which our taste-makers—museum officials, art critics, dealers, teachers, and miscellaneous messiahs—continuously remind us is distinguished for its vulgarity and philistinism, there are a great many people clamoring for art. Dealers report a marked increase in the number of new collectors; museums are thumping the tub for more money to enlarge and modernize their plants to take care of the increased number of visitors; mass circula-

tion magazines are finding it profitable to spend large sums on reproducing works of art; even industry has discovered the propriety of acting the benevolent role of art patron.

Whether this wholesale concern with art is a fad or a renaissance, it is no accident. The boom is the result of a conscientious, expensive, and on the whole well-organized campaign against philistinism which started some time ago. And the banner is being carried by a well-trained (if not well-disciplined) band of zealots who have constituted themselves a sort of Salvation Army of our sensibilities.

The group which calls itself the Art World can compete as a pressure group with any other in financial resources and public relations techniques. Since none of us is likely to escape the taste-makers (even if we should want to, which most of us don't seem to), let us take a look at who they are and at the kind of honey they spread to catch us.

Russell Lynes of the editorial staff of Harper's has written previously on "Architects in Glass Houses" and on the new patronage of the fine arts by corporations.

II

THE Art World is loosely organized in a vast bureaucracy, hydra-headed, munificently financed, and rife with internal dissension. There is eager and spirited jockeying for position and power. There are open and often acrimonious splits on matters of artistic policy, but on one count there has long been unanimity: the public must be made art-conscious.

With this even the artist agrees, though in almost every respect he is the least important member of the art bureaucracy. The Art World could not, obviously, get along without him indefinitely, though allowing for commerce and the cultural lag, he is in some ways more useful dead than alive. But it is the entrepreneurs—the museum directors, the dealers, the critics, the experts, and the teachers—not the artists, who put art on the Pepsi-Cola calendars, in the post offices and store windows, and (if the reports are to be believed) into a steadily growing number of living rooms.

The top echelon of the Art World is far more likely to be found in marble palaces than in ivory towers. America's investment in museum marble, real estate, endowments and collections of art, history, and science is estimated, according to the director of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, to be between three and four billion dollars. This investment has been made almost entirely during the past seventy-five years, in which time more than two thousand museums of all sorts have sprung up to house not only our own historical and artistic hand-me-downs, but as many of those of Europe and Asia as we have been able to lay our hands on.

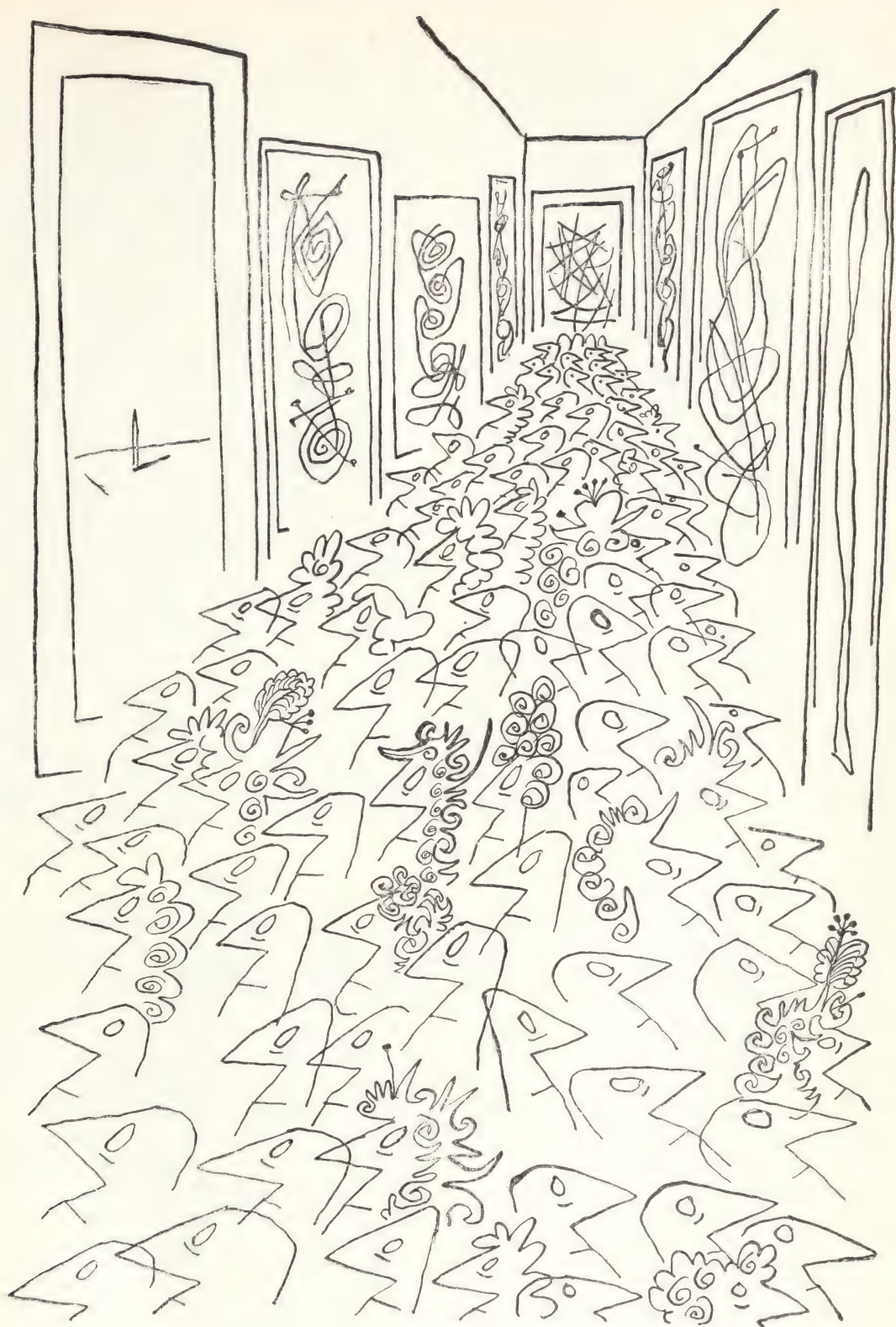
The custodians of this wealth, the museum directors, are potentially the most important taste-makers of all, and they are constantly revising their methods of attracting the public. Though the palaces they inhabit are for the most part awkward relics of another generation's concept of grandeur, ideas of the relation of museums to the public have changed and with them methods of display. The great hall of art is being scaled down to more intimate, low ceilinged, and artificially lighted galleries. Museum aloofness is giving way to

a spirit of public service, and the air of the sanctuary to that of the place of entertainment. The museums are courting "Mr. Citizen," who, according to the *Art News*, "has not yet grasped the fact that he has a say in regard to the riches which once belonged to princes."

But there is a difference of opinion about how best to court Mr. Citizen. Some say that he is more intrigued by the mysterious riches that belong to inaccessible princes than in art and that there is no reason to explain too much to him. Those who hold this view stick to the old *à la carte* method of display—a lot of expensive items with impressive names strung along in a row from which the museum-goer is expected to pick his own menu. But the prevailing tendency now is to use the *table d'hôte* method—pictures, sculpture, furniture, and *objets d'art* of a period are grouped together, their relationships explained by elaborate labels, to provide a balanced and supposedly digestible meal. This approach is under severe attack by those who consider the masterpiece more important than what it means to the uninitiated, and by those who like their aesthetic stimulants straight.

Whatever technique the museum director uses, the more people he can attract the merrier for him. Museum attendance took a sharp slump in the first year of our participation in the war, but since then it has been steadily climbing so that now the figure has reached about fifty-five million a year for all museums—about five million less than go to the movies each week.

Encouraged by this interest there is hardly a museum that doesn't nurture a plan for expansion or refurbishing. The Metropolitan in New York is having a drive for \$7,500,000 (which at last report was way below its quota); the Los Angeles County Museum, with an operating budget one-sixth as large as the Metropolitan's, is hoping to establish a series of five small museums scattered over the large area it serves. Even the Museum of Modern Art, which has been in its present building in New York less than ten years, has declared itself in quest of three million and a half to build a large extension because "frequently the crowds in the



building are so great that it is impossible to see the exhibition."

Patently, this is the dream of every museum director. But he is the victim of divided loyalties. Museums are staffed largely by scholars who are often more

concerned with classifying art than with how many people are exposed to it. And then there are the trustees who are likely to measure the success of a museum by the number of taxpayers who use it. The director stands in the middle,

By training he considers himself primarily a man of taste. He has been schooled in connoisseurship at the Fogg Museum at Harvard, or as a medievalist at Princeton, or in the *kunst historische* atmosphere of New York University's Institute of Fine Arts. He has written his thesis on Catalonian altar frontals, or on Byzantine ivories, or on the Master of the Female Half-length, so he is a scholar as well. He believes in the inherent good of masses of accumulated iconographical data, in the historical relevance of the second-rate work of a minor master, and in the miracle of the masterpiece. Instinctively he can feel his way around in allied terrain he knows nothing about; he is interested in music and believes that sister arts should stick together. He knows that his reputation among his colleagues depends on the quality of the exhibitions he stages and the collections he amasses, but that his reputation with his board of trustees is directly related to his ability to raise money and to the magic of the door count. He knows that no matter what his attitude toward contemporary painting is, three-quarters of the artists in his vicinity are going to consider him a mortal enemy and a stuffed shirt. He is torn, almost inevitably, between his functions as a man of taste and scholarship (who is a patron of the arts) and those of a barker for culture.

So at the same time he is likely to indulge in the intensely private pleasures of public collecting and to reach out in an effort to scoop in the public with a gesture of bringing the heathen into the warm fold of taste and culture. For this he uses all sorts of bait—cafeteria lunches, children's museums, movies, and tea in the sculpture court. He experiments, as the Metropolitan does, with television and the intriguing prospect of flashing masterpieces into millions of living rooms. If he is in a large metropolitan center, he sends portable exhibitions, easily installed, into the hinterland for show at the Thursday Morning Club or the high school auditorium. He sets up a "Clinic of Good Taste," as the Chicago Art Institute did a few years back, to which you can bring your underdeveloped sensitivities for massage and exercise. He gives you music on Monday and Wednesday afternoons, as

the Toledo Museum does, with lectures on appreciation of music so that you won't overdevelop some taste muscles while others atrophy. Supported by a small but steadfast and effective force of curators, assistants, librarians, docents, guards, and miscellaneous young women he wages constant battle against the indifference and philistinism of his community.

As a result the "philistines" come swarming into the museums. Francis Henry Taylor, the director of the Metropolitan, reports that attendance at his museum has more than doubled since 1939, and that on a single Sunday afternoon last winter twenty-eight thousand people wandered through its endless galleries. Mr. Taylor accounts for the crowds in this way: "A generation of philanthropy in the fine arts is beginning to pay off. A hell of a lot of money, you know, has been poured into institutions like this one, and we're beginning to collect the dividends. People are beginning to realize the social value of what they can get and carry away from a place like this. . . . We're growing up in this country, and the public is beginning to want to know something about the brave new world it's paying for."

III

BUT the museums (and the philanthropists who have founded and largely supported them) cannot take all the credit for the art boom. If art had been just a charity patient, it would be withering away by this time in peaceful seclusion. But art has paid its way; the dealers have been on hand to see that it did. It is a tribute to the hardihood of the muse, however, that she should have weathered, even thrived on, the confusion and connivance of the art business.

Art dealing is free enterprise in one of its most lively, dog-eat-dog manifestations. The only noticeable solidarity among dealers is geographical; more than ninety per cent of America's important art merchants cluster on or near 57th Street in New York. It is not a street notable for its *bonhomie*. Unlike other kinds of merchants, art dealers have no general association to look out for their interests, to adjudicate

their differences, and to keep a self-protecting eye on their practices. The delicacy of their relationships, the suspicion, rivalry, and secrecy among them are such that any sort of co-operative organization is unthinkable. Before the war common understandings, unwritten and unspoken, acted to protect the prices of some kinds of pictures, and dealers had some reticence about stealing one another's artists; and the artists, for their part, were likely to stick by dealers to whom they owed discovery. But strange things have happened to the art market recently.

Wealthy collectors in high income brackets are said to be financing dealers so that they can not only buy pictures cheaply but write off gallery losses on their income taxes. (In spite of the boom, it takes no special talent to operate at a loss.) Old masters are now bringing much higher prices in London and Paris than in New York; Europeans are accustomed to purchasing art as a reliable hedge against inflation. In the contemporary field, arrangements between dealers and artists which used to pass as friendships have dissolved under the pressures of the market. Specialists in the sale of old masters are venturing into uncertain territory by exhibiting little-

known modernists in hopes of building reputations for them. A group of ten dealers who sell pictures by contemporary Americans have got together to form a unique organization in order "to consolidate the gains made during the war when many institutions and even the European dealers here showed American art, but who—now that foreign markets are open again—are returning to their former business policies and to their original interests in the works of other countries."

Whatever the feuds and eccentricities of their dealing with one another and the conflicts of their tastes, the dealers present a reasonably unbroken façade of expensive dignity to the outsider. Most dealers in American art have maintained a rather open and relaxed attitude towards their customers, but in general snobbery, both intellectual and social, is basic to the techniques of art salesmanship.

A very small portion of those who go to private galleries to look at pictures have any intention of buying, and a still smaller portion ever get into the little back rooms with the heavy curtains where the serious work is done. There the prospective client sits in a deep armchair while the dealer



has his minion bring in pictures from the stockroom, one at a time, to be propped on a velvet covered easel. In this atmosphere of intimate luxury the seduction goes on, prices and attributions are discussed, artistic assignments are arranged.

The name of the painter is likely to be the first consideration of both the seller and the buyer. In the old-master market, attributions become all important (artists' signatures on old pictures are always open to suspicion) and documents of authentication and provenance take on considerable cash value. The words of the scholar or other "expert" can make a difference of thousands of dollars in the price of a picture or piece of sculpture. The same painting attributed to Stefan Lochner will bring about ten thousand dollars more than it will if "expertised" as by the Master of the Paradise Garden. A Rubens brings a great deal more than a Snyders, though in some cases it takes an expert in seventeenth century Flemish painting to decide which master painted a disputed picture. There is some basis for saying that there are dealers who will pay a consulting expert more if he attributes a picture to Rubens than if he says it is a Snyders, just as there are dealers who have badly damaged pictures, or merely fragmentary remains of pictures, almost completely repainted and sold as authentic works, though there may be just a whisper of truth in their claims to authenticity. The Metropolitan in New York has an impressive Raphael in excellent condition which is said to have been so badly cracked and peeling three hundred years ago that it was refused by Christina of Sweden, to whom it was offered for sale. Obviously age hasn't improved it. The process by which it miraculously recovered is the science known as "restoration," and a sharp distinction is properly made between restoration, no matter how extensive, and outright frauds or fakes. Reputable dealers do not intentionally deal in fakes (though an occasional one creeps in), and the best of them will tell the buyer what has been restored. It is a rare museum that hasn't a few fakes tucked away in the basement or a few extensively restored paintings hanging proudly on its walls.

CONSCIENCE draws a very fine line in the art business. There are many dealers who would never stoop to selling known fakes or to paying an expert for a favorable attribution, but who do not hesitate to accept the attribution which assures the best price. The conscientious buyer can assume, though, that most dealers will not buy unless they are sure of what they are getting, and therefore the client has reasonable security when he buys from a dealer of accepted reputation and long standing. This goes for experts too. The reputable ones are fiercely jealous of the integrity of their profession.

The dealer in modern pictures has to worry very little about attributions * but names are just as important to him and his clients as they are to those who traffic in old masters. Only big names bring big prices, and usually the building of a name is a slow process in which the critics and museum officials play an important part. Now and then a dealer turns author and writes a book in which his own stable of artists is given preferential treatment. Occasionally a dealer who is also a critic, as Ambrose Vollard was, will make a killing. Vollard bought up Cézanne when his paintings were worth nothing on the market; then he made Cézanne's reputation. (I do not mean to imply he could have done the same with a less talented painter.) The dealer Durand-Ruel is credited with popularizing the Impressionists, and for years that firm has sold nothing, or almost nothing, else. Some dealers such as M. Knoedler & Co., the oldest American art firm, have such forbidding façades and august reputations that artists to whom they give one-man shows are at least temporarily in the money.

Many smaller galleries cannot count on impressing their customers with luxury, and they appeal to a different sort of clientele. For social snobbery and the clannishness of wealth they substitute intellectual snobbery and the cliquishness of dilettantism. There is no surer measure

*But there are reported to be a good many fake Van Gogh and Utrillo paintings and Maillol drawings now in the market, and anyone collecting those artists will proceed cautiously if he is concerned with protecting his investment.



of a gallery's pretension than the catalogues it publishes for its exhibitions. The announcement of an exhibition which opened in January at a small 57th Street gallery is an example of the prose which a regular gallery-goer learns to take. This exhibition, a group show, was called "The Ideographic Picture":

The basis of an aesthetic act is the pure idea. But the pure idea is, of necessity, an aesthetic act. Here then is the epistemological paradox that is the artist's problem. Not space cutting nor space building, not construction nor fauvist destruction; not the pure line, straight and narrow, nor the tortured line, distorted and humiliating; not the accurate eye, all fingers, nor the wild eye of dream, winking; but the idea-complex that makes contact with mystery—of life, of men, of nature, of the hard, black chaos that is death, or the grayer, softer chaos that is tragedy. For it is only the pure idea that has any meaning: Everything else has everything else.

The opposite of this technique of making art difficult is the growing tendency, especially on the part of dealers in American art, to try to broaden the base of the art-buying public. The most prominent in this group (but not one of the new organization of ten dealers in American art which is mentioned above) is Associated American Artists, Inc., which now has

galleries in New York and Chicago. AAA, as it calls itself familiarly, has used merchandising technique and devices which have horrified a good many dealers, especially its direct competitors. AAA does a large mail-order business in signed etchings and lithographs, which it calls "originals." They cost five dollars apiece. AAA has been a leader in getting industry to use what it likes to call "fine artists" in advertising. In general its sales technique (and it works) is based on conveying the impression that the owner or user of an "original" work of "fine art" has a right to look down on his less cultured friends or competitors; and to prove that AAA is right this method sells over a million dollars' worth of "art" a year.

I am on the AAA's mailing list and receive frequent communications from them. One asking me to join a club is worth quoting in part:

I've long hoped for an opportunity to write you this kind of a letter; for it is pleasing indeed for me to be able to extend to you an invitation to become a charter member of a new exciting Art Club! Membership in this club will bring to you and to two hundred and forty-nine of your fellow members the most important prize winning original etching or lithograph of the year—AND AT NO COST WHATSOEVER!

It develops, to be sure, that membership in the Rembrandt club, for that is its name, plus a certificate "suitable for framing" with my name in it, plus the resulting pride of ownership and envy of my friends, costs fifty dollars, for which I would get a dozen other signed "originals" as well. The headline of an article about AAA in *Coronet* magazine sums it up: "For millions of art-hungry Americans, a unique institution is today delivering masterpieces C.O.D."

It used to be popular among dealers to look down on AAA as a sort of a department store of art. But now the department stores themselves deal in old masters. (It started at Gimbel Brothers with the disposal of the W. R. Hearst Collection.) The most revealing statement I have seen recently about the avidity with which art is evidently bought these days was in an R. H. Macy & Co. advertisement in the Sunday *New York Times*. It illustrated a number of pictures by latter day British Royal Academicians, and painters who had exhibited at the Royal Academy. The prices ran roughly from \$400 to \$1,500, and at the bottom of the ad appeared the telling words: SORRY, NO MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS.

IV

IT is a far cry from the extravagances of inflation in the art market to the steady, conscientious attempts to cultivate art at the grass roots. Potentially the most effective of all art missionaries are the teachers who are trying in their thousands of individual ways to make art useful, or meaningful, or just fun. They have plenty of backing from the higher echelons of the art bureaucracy, but their row is not an easy one—they are not only battling indifference and prejudice, but they are continually at war among themselves.

Art education in the schools started in the middle of the last century when a group of Massachusetts industrialists came to the conclusion that it would be useful to them in their plants if children were provided with skill in drawing and some familiarity with standard forms of ornament. It has grown and changed and

become a "subject" on its own. But the educators find it a hard subject to discipline. There is still—according to one art educator writing for his colleagues—"a confusion of philosophies, objectives, and procedures which weakens the points of agreement that could hold art education together. The lack of agreement prevents art educators from establishing a unifying force. . . ."

It is true, but not surprising, that art theoreticians seem unable to come to any agreement on how to teach art; they never have. "Art appreciation" and "freehand drawing," long taught in schools, are now unfashionable. History of art, however, is gaining a secure place in the college curriculum. In primary and secondary schools art teachers are bent on liberating little egos through the abandon of finger painting, sometimes confusing the functions of art with therapy. While the study of techniques becomes more closely tied in with art history in the colleges, art teachers in the schools are fostering "creative self-expression" and "the correlation of art with home economics."

Standing at the elbows of the teachers are several important philanthropical organizations supplying them with ideas, with materials for teaching, and with encouragement. The Carnegie Corporation has given a great deal of money to colleges and schools for art libraries, collections of lantern slides and color reproductions. The American Federation of Arts in Washington not only publishes the *Magazine of Art* but was a pioneer in sending exhibitions on tours throughout the country as part of its educational program. The American Association of University Women has an active and growing program of small exhibitions for small communities, and the Museum of Modern Art has an education department which could (if the trustees would give it more backing and cash) cut a wider swath than any other in influencing the teaching of art in the schools. As it is, the museum's traveling exhibitions are shown in schools all over the country. Locally, of course, museums and teachers work hand in hand.

The idea too frequently is to catch the future art lovers young, break down the prejudices they have got from their par-

ents, and give them a set of prejudices all their own, brand new and up to the minute. This kind of education is known as developing taste and is a sport that all of the Art World is engaged in to some extent.

V

IN SPITE of the impact of the museums, of the dealers, and of the teachers on the millions of people who come within their reach, the taste of most Americans continues to be conservative. There is little indication that thirty-five years of battering away at the public (the famous Armory Show took place in New York almost thirty-five years ago) have made much headway in getting acceptance for "Modern Art." In the twenties Calvin Coolidge turned down fifteen or sixteen paintings by Cézanne that were bequeathed to the White House by a collector named Charles Loeser. Just a few months ago Harry Truman apologized to circus folk for a picture of "a fat semi-nude circus girl" by Kuniyoshi that the State Department had acquired for a cultural exhibition it planned to send overseas. "The artist must have stood off from the canvas and thrown paint at it," the President telegraphed the girls at Ringling's. "If that is art, I'm a Hottentot." Still more recently Secretary of State Marshall has acceded to the pressures of scandalized congressmen and ordered "no more taxpayers' money for modern art."

On another occasion on which the conservatism of the public was demonstrated (the votes for the most popular pictures in a travelling exhibition of the Britannica Collection went strongly for a Frederick Waugh seascape) Howard Devree of the *New York Times* commented in his art column: "The esthetic conservatisms of 130,000,000 people are not changed overnight."

But it is this kind of conservatism that increases the ardor of Art World, as Mr. Devree himself demonstrates. He goes on to say:

Most of us in the New York Art World accept the modern movement as unquestioningly as we accept breakfast cereal. But can we afford to sit back in self-satisfaction, complacent in our metropolitan superiority of sophistication of outlook over the rest of the country?

His answer is a resounding "No!"

Artist, dealer, museum, and critic must all bear a share in the responsibility for the failure to interest the general public more widely in the modern movement.

And then he suggests a program:

Artist, museum, dealer, writer: we all have our work cut out for us in making the new vision available and significant to a constantly widening audience. We must all do some critical re-examination of where we stand in these postwar years.

This, it seems to me, sums up (perhaps in more hortatory terms than most would use) the general philosophy of the Art World. The heathen must be converted, if not to the new vision, at least to some kind of vision. It is this spirit of vigorous proselytizing that has carried art beyond the coteries of city art lovers and has put it on the Pepsi-Cola calendars, into the pages of *Life* and *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, on the walls of post offices, and into the collections of the new art patrons such as International Business Machine, American Export Lines, Upjohn Pharmaceuticals, and a host of others.



VI

THERE can be no question that the Art World has created an art boom. But whether all this beating the drum for art, and all the response which has resulted from the combined efforts of philanthropy, publicity, business acumen, and pedagogy have anything to do with creating a climate in which art grows (rather than just changes hands) is another question.

The dark view (and perhaps the only tenable one) is that art, as we have been accustomed to think of it—as easel painting, murals, and sculpture—quite simply is a vestigial remnant of a once important aspect of Western culture. It has been difficult for a long time to justify painting as an essential part of communication or even as a kind of revelation that means much to many people. Our buildings are no longer planned with mural decoration in mind as an integral part of their design. Almost no one has a formal garden into which to put sculpture and few people want it indoors. (What, for example, could you do with the large, handsome, Henry Moore wooden reclining figures, seven feet long? There is no place for them but museums.) Most people buy pictures to fill up the dull spaces in their dull houses. Is this the sort of demand that stirs the best talent? Is there any indication that the best talent for visual creation is making pictures and sculpture? Can we be sure that the best artists are not men and women, now anonymous, working in new and exciting media of vision—in the movies, perhaps, or in something still in the laboratory, a new dimension of visual experience as inconceivable to us as the movies were to our grandparents?

Arthur Pope, in a book which he wrote a number of years ago for the Carnegie Corporation, suggests that if Titian were alive today he might be a banker or an engineer, and not a painter. Painting, by this interpretation, is not sufficiently central to our lives to attract the ablest artists.

The fact is, we must admit, that, for all the activity and evident excitement the taste-makers have created in manipulating a boom in art, there is nothing to

indicate that we are producing any better art than before. There is little evidence that taste has improved, that there is a greater receptivity to new ideas, or (and this is the crux) that there is a sufficient body of informed art patronage that knows what it wants to provide a climate in which the artist is challenged to give his best.

From this point of view the art boom so far is a bust. It is a construction built on a firm foundation—the need of men to make things they think are beautiful—but the structure itself is flimsy. Too much emphasis is on the sophistication of taste, on the social and intellectual snobbery of being in the know, of being *au courant*, of being sure that, to put it baldly, there is a measurable difference between good taste and bad taste, and that good taste is something that you can put on like a John Fredericks hat and know that you are chic.

Until art is built again into the structure of the way we live, as a necessity which a great many people feel they can't do without, it is going to continue to be a peripheral activity for the elite. When it does enter into our daily lives, it will probably sneak up on us from some unexpected quarter as the automobile in a quite different way has sneaked up on us and taken over our civilization. We won't know the thing has happened until we find we can't escape it and don't want to.

Nevertheless the present art boom has a real potential importance. Not because of the livelihood it provides for a few more artists; for there is no moral obligation for us to support artists any more than there is for us to support the people who used to make the gingerbread on Victorian houses. The boom is important because of the residue it may leave after the fad has passed . . . a group of people who have become sufficiently interested in the pleasures of using their eyes to be quick to recognize the development of a new art. And when it comes it will be, in all probability, a useful art—just as sculpture and painting used to be useful arts—and the men who make it will again think of themselves not as outsiders bucking the current of indifference, but as in the main swim of what is going forward.

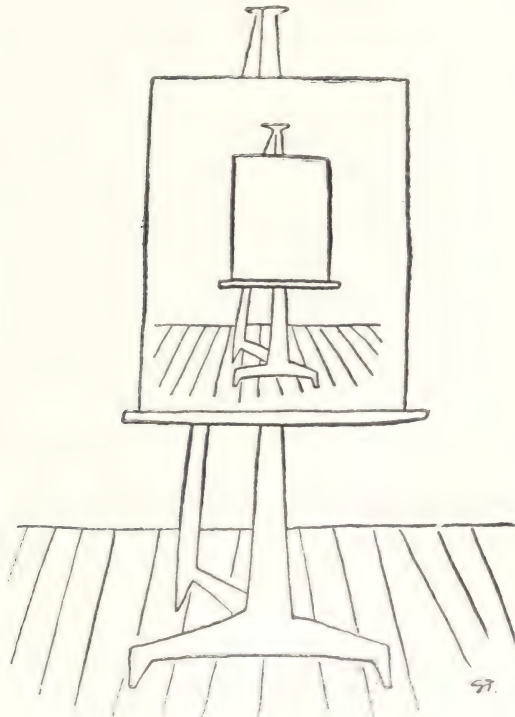
But this leads us into paths of speculation about what may happen to what we now consider the "fine arts" long after "Modern" has ceased to be a movement and the postwar antics of 57th Street have been forgotten. What the art boom may currently produce, at best, is a healthy revival of dilettantism, and that in itself is not only agreeable for those who join in, but valuable for those who are trying to produce art.

It has been a long time since anyone has had a good word to say for the dilettante, but he *can* be a constructive citizen. Not the kind of dilettante who haunts the galleries on Saturday afternoons for the sake of making love to art in public, but the kind who brings to art intelligent critical interest, an excitement for what is both serious and new, and respect for historical development without a frenzied belief in the sanctity of the past—or of the present, for that matter.

An example of the twentieth century dilettante *par excellence* is the baseball fan. If you compare his attitude toward his favorite pastime with that of a good art "lover," you find that they have a good deal in common. The fan (and the

dilettante) is a highly skilled observer with a remarkable sense of the past and present state of his favorite pastime. He understands the nuances of technique and can distinguish between first-rate and not quite first-rate performance with the connoisseurship that comes from long exercise of judgment and constant refinement of perception. He may or may not be a practitioner himself. His is a spectator's skill and appreciation. He is confident in the expression of his judgment, but he doesn't hesitate to change his mind if continued performance doesn't bear him out. It is respect for his opinion (and consequently his patronage) that keeps his favorite after-hours occupation at the level of excellence it has achieved. It also keeps out the phonies. He isn't interested in reputations for their own sake; he is interested in quality of performance.

Art could do with such dilettantes. And when there is a sufficient group of people more interested in art than in looking as though they were interested, then perhaps there will be a climate in which art will find itself the legitimate concern of a great mass of people who will accept it as a necessary part of the pleasure of living.



COAL WITHOUT STRIKES

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

DURING the war our coal industry performed like a robust giant. It turned out plenty of fuel for the greatest industrial effort ever attempted by any nation. Production, prices, and profits all went up. The old miners in the mountain towns hobbled and coughed out of retirement to take their sons' places in the pits. Company doctors stopped asking whether a miner's heart was good; they simply asked whether it would beat. Take-home pay increased impressively.

This gigantic job led many of us to forget that coal is really our old industrial woman with too many children. It suffered from too much production for a long time before the war. With a small recession and a drop in the abnormal foreign demand, the industry will again be packing the children off to bed without quite enough supper.

Overproduction of coal is a concept that Europe would not be able to understand at the moment, but American mines can turn out every year about one hundred million tons more coal than the country needs. That means one ton of unwanted coal standing ready to hunt a warm home for every five tons that are now finding it. This surplus capacity is sure to force prices down, and maybe wages. Usually coal wages don't get cut without some killings. The coming crisis, therefore, is likely to break both some corporations and some heads.

Up till now the industry has dosed its ailment with a series of shock treatments in the guise of strikes. Nearly every other year the miners leave the pits for a few weeks or months, until the stockpiles dwindle and production drops roughly into line with demand. The trouble with this remedy is that it's pretty painful for the rest of the nation—and it scares away customers. Two strikes in 1946 and the threat of a third this summer are driving thousands of big coal consumers to turn to other fuels. Moreover, for reasons we shall examine in a moment, they are never likely to come back. A continuation of the shock treatments, therefore, almost certainly will mean slow death.

Before the industry reluctantly starts to retrace its troubled past and a considerable segment of our economy begins to break up like rotten ice under our feet, I would like to make a thoughtfully brash assertion. There is no necessity either for a return to the old practice of periodic strikes or for another complete collapse of the industry. If the operators and miners are willing to consider a new approach to their mutual difficulties, a long peace for coal is possible. Price stability also is possible. After all, tougher problems than those presented by coal have been mastered by the human mind before this.

The proposal is simply that the industry stop living on shock treatments, admin-

Stephen Raushenbush has spent many years of his life in coal mining communities—as a miner, as a state labor official, and as an economist for the Department of the Interior.

istered on a year-to-year basis, and start to work out a long-term program for living together and liking it. The proposal outlines one way to avoid both bankruptcy for operators and wage losses for miners. It ties the problems of overcapacity, low prices, and wages together in one bundle, and suggests that an advance agreement can be made for handling all of them which will hold for ten or even twenty years.

This new kind of approach need not be limited to coal alone. All of our basic industries desperately need some alternative to the shock of frequent industrial warfare, with all its attendant hardship on innocent bystanders. One of the most resented penalties of modern life is that we have become more and more dependent upon fewer and smaller groups. Stoppages in a few key places—tugboats, trucking, rapid transit lines, or power houses—can endanger the health and jobs of all of us. A few weeks' continuation of the coal dispute last fall, when many companies were caught without stocks, would have thrown us out of work by the millions instead of by the thousands. It would have nicked the national income by billions instead of millions. Its shadow would have blackened our foreign policy all over Europe.

If the coal industry, with all this capacity for trouble, can find some more reasonable solution, we may hope that in time the other key parts of our economy will do the same. Each critical industry has its own special problems, which will have to be solved separately and on a voluntary basis. Most industries—including coal—are quite capable of tackling these problems themselves. If they fail to pitch into the job promptly, however, perhaps the President's new Council of Economic Advisers might do well to nudge them into action. In coal especially the crisis is so close at hand that some outside agency, which is willing to respect the difficulties facing all groups in the industry, might be justified in laying a few suggestions before them.

II

FOR there is some urgency about all this. Another coal strike in July would be the third in fifteen months. Many people will think it is going to go on

like that forever. The combined threat of repeated stoppages and price jumps may frighten the consumers of as much as fifty million tons to convert their furnaces to competitive fuels. That would mean a loss of almost \$100 million every year to the miners, plus the same loss for the coal dealers, \$10 million for the operators, and \$150 million for the railroads. That isn't petty cash to anybody.

Once this frightened tonnage is gone, not even a sharp fall in coal prices would be able to lure it back. When the annoyed customers have invested in equipment for burning oil, natural gas, or electricity, they can hardly afford to scrap this investment and return to coal. At some point it gets to be too late to lock the barn door.

The price drop is coming, even though it won't bring home the frightened tonnage. It is coming because of the one hundred million tons of unneeded capacity hanging over the market. That threatens a race into red ink, exactly as it did in the thirties. The worst of it is that the price drop won't even adjust the supply to the demand with any speed or finality.

One of the peculiarities of the coal industry is that many mine operators prefer to operate at a loss rather than to close down entirely. Some make a killing on the big domestic sizes, and then dump the by-product small steam sizes over the bargain counter. Others live for a while off their liberal depletion and depreciation allowances—live, in brief, by not paying taxes. Some small mines merely provide winter work for their farmer owners. A few big ones have their own sales organizations, and may earn enough in commissions along the waterfront to offset their losses in the mining towns up in the hills.

Nearly all mining companies have accumulated some fat during the war, so that they will be able to hang on for some time despite deficit operations. It may take the industry even longer than it did in the thirties to get rid of its unneeded capacity.

Once the competition gets going, it will be rough. The strip mines, which lift the coal out of open diggings with big steam shovels, probably average seventy cents

a ton less in production costs than the rest of the industry. The main reason for this saving is low overhead—which can be realized only by keeping up steady production, even when profits dwindle to the vanishing point. Many deep-mining firms are in much the same fix, because they have mechanized heavily and their costs go down the more their machines are used. (This mechanization, plus the return of the husky young men from the war, means high productivity. An American miner puts out six tons a day for every one or two tons produced by a British, French, or Belgian miner.)

Another thing which tends to push down prices is the habit of some operators, who have no sales organizations, of producing coal before they have a buyer for it. Often they get caught with loaded coal cars on the railway track, clogging traffic and piling up demurrage charges. Then they have to dump it on the market fast, at almost any price in order to cut their losses.

This "distress tonnage" is one of the curses of the industry. For example, the Green Star Mine, stuck with twenty unsold cars on the track, calls up fifty customers or wholesalers within four hundred miles by long distance telephone and offers all of them market-breaking prices. As a result, each of those fifty customers will be unwilling to pay a better price to any other mine next week. "Distress tonnage" is like a trainload of spoiling fruit coming into a produce market. A little of it goes a long way to break prices for everybody.

NATURALLY this process of price collapse does not leave the miners untouched. The minute prices soften, the pressure on labor costs hardens. This means pressure both on wages and on the number of jobs. More machines are brought in to push more men out of work. In 1936 there were 482,500 men available for work in coal mining; in 1945 there were only 363,000, although output was much larger. Even if productivity per man-hour increases only at the slow rate of the past ten years, 35,000 men will be forced out of the industry within a decade. In all likelihood, it will increase much faster.

Moreover, increased efficiency elsewhere is taking jobs away from the miners. Every time the electric utilities, for example, improve their efficiency in the burning of coal by one ounce a kilowatt hour, they cut off 2,500 miners. The unkindest cut of all comes from the railroads. Even coal-hauling roads like the Pennsylvania are replacing their coal-burning locomotives with diesels.

Consequently, life is going to change for the diggers. By spending thirty million man-days on strikes between 1936 and 1945, they pushed up their annual take-home pay to an all-time high. It now rivals or excels the real pay in many industries where labor costs are a much less important factor. These high wages, plus a high level of mechanization, have made our soft coal industry spectacularly different from mining in Western Europe, where the coal pits are a last resort for men hunting work—places where fathers do not want their sons to follow them. But from now on American miners can look for harder going. A chaotic price and production situation inevitably will bring with it lower annual earnings and heavy pressure on wage rates and working conditions.

The miners, therefore, are caught between two bad choices. Without strikes to protect their earnings and working conditions, they might be pushed back to the tragically miserable days of 1932. But one long dispute too many, and they might find themselves—along with the operators—following the anthracite industry downhill. The hard coal people of eastern Pennsylvania started down that road with the prolonged disputes of 1922 and 1925, which exasperated homeowners into a stampede to buy oil burners.

All this adds up to a pretty black prospect—but there are a few people in the industry who think it doesn't have to work out just that way. After a period of intensive research, they believe, new methods of using coal might bring back some really bright days for the whole industry.

Within ten years, for example, both gas and gasoline possibly can be produced from coal in competition with the expected prices in the East of natural gas and petroleum. Moreover, these hopeful prophets suggest that within five years the in-

dustry may begin to save on its freight bill by setting up gas turbines near the mining centers to turn coal into electrical energy, which can be shipped over wires instead of rails.

The latter idea is by no means new. It was the basis of the "giant power" plan of Gifford Pinchot and Morris Cooke in the twenties. It was blocked then by the lack of condensing water at many mines, by the heavy losses in electric transmission over long distances, and perhaps a little by the close working connection between some mining and railway interests. But the new gas turbine needs no condensing water, and long-distance energy transmission has become more efficient. So the idea may work at last.

These optimists add, hastily, that of course too much progress coming too fast can be too much of a good thing—especially in competitive resources. They expect atomic energy, therefore, to behave itself by starting in the fuel-poor West, and to come East very gradually indeed (if at all), over the combined and potent objections of the petroleum, gas, railroad, and coal industries.

There are other bright linings in the black sky. We are pushing our general income up to high levels, which means that more fuel will be needed than in pre-war decades. In spite of heavy losses to natural gas for a while, another ten years should show the natural gas industry that it can make more money by converting its resources into gasoline and chemicals than by selling gas for steam or space-heating. The oil industry is not greatly interested in producing fuel oil, except as a by-product, and its prices are expected to increase. Outside of the St. Lawrence, there are no more big hydro-electric projects that can cut into the large Eastern coal markets, and even that development would wipe out the market for only eight and a half million tons in both the United States and Canada. On top of this, the coal industry has been slowly raising a scattered crop of able younger men who can think in terms of national interest, and that is no small asset. In short, the long-term picture is far from gloomy, if the industry can hold together for the next ten years or so. If it does hold to-

gether, it may be able to meet the problem of atomic energy competition with some resiliency, and perhaps a little stored-up good will.

III

CERTAIN things can even be done about that excess capacity. People have had surpluses before, and while they never liked them, they have occasionally licked them. Farm surpluses have been handled by elaborate (and costly) schemes for crop curtailment, subsidies, stockpiles, dumpings, burnings, and burying. The coal industry has never tried those particular devices. It can't change its acreage from one crop to another. Moreover, stockpiling would cost a prohibitive forty cents a ton, because in order to save the burning power and to prevent fires, the stockpiled coal would have to be kept under water.

Nor has coal turned to the oil industry's remedy for its one-time plague of over-production and poverty prices. That consists of limitation, through state agencies, of the amount that can be produced from each pool and individual well, in the light of expected demand. Neither has there been any thought of adopting the pooling methods which the various nations of Western Europe are now using to enable the low-cost coal mines to carry the high-cost producers. The present problem of Europe is to get out all the coal possible. Our problem is the quite different one of getting out plenty, but not too much, under a freely competitive system.

Those are the mechanisms it has not tried. What it did try first was regional marketing agencies. These agencies sold coal for the individual companies, posted prices, and tried to keep them up. But they never included enough tonnage to be very successful for a long period, and the regions were always competitive with each other. Then, during the depression, the majority of the operators turned to nationwide minimum price legislation, with heavy penalties for every ton sold below floor prices set by a governmental agency.

This scheme finally began operating in 1940, and worked for a short period until the high war demand made it unnecessary. It was an elaborate bit of mechanism,

which took a long time to get started. Every mine in the country had a minimum price set for every size of coal it produced, and each size had a price for every city, town, or hamlet where it was sold. There were many difficulties and some unfairnesses in the prices set. I was in charge of enforcing the system for a while, and can testify that the job was certainly not automatic. Still, without that law many mines would have closed down and sold their equipment for junk. It put the coal industry back into shape to fight the war.

There are several reasons why the same mechanism would not be good enough now. The first is that it cannot create a situation which makes strikes unnecessary. It would also take too long to get going to be immediately useful. Finally—and I know that there is a dispute about this—it seems unlikely that the operators producing a majority of the tonnage would ask Congress for a repeat performance before the industry goes into a real collapse.

While marketing agencies and minimum price laws have been the only conscious efforts to remedy coal's chronic illness, another technique has been operating accidentally but effectively. It is the strike. It is an odd commentary upon the state of our industrial culture that the only time people do something which affects the combined problem of overproduction and low prices is when a wage dispute turns into a strike. Then production goes down and prices go up. That surely was an accidental discovery—but even the threat of a strike this spring kept thirty cents a ton on the prices of the coal cargoes that were contracted for in February and March to move by water from Ohio to the upper Great Lakes.

The public, which feels so strongly about Mr. John L. Lewis, is unaware that he is being called upon, by the nature of the case, to do far more than obtain good wages for his union members. He is also being forced repeatedly to redress the overcapacity-low-price unbalance of the industry. If coal were an agricultural surplus crop, we could see more clearly that his incidental role is that of a one-man substitute for wars, droughts, insect plagues,

acreage limitation laws, and billion dollar subsidies.

The strike, however, is a primitive and costly social method, for it not only accomplishes a temporary adjustment of supply to demand, but also loses permanently a certain amount of scared tonnage; and—what is worse—it gives a million and a half people in the mine towns the shock and awareness of continued insecurity.

IN THE course of glancing at the major problems of the industry, we have noticed the different jobs that have to be tackled. If strikes are to be avoided, the miners must find their pay keeping up with the cost of living. To make sure that the industry's gains in productivity are not made at their expense, they will need some advance agreement for sharing the increase in efficiency. (There have been periods when their wages lagged behind on both counts, although within recent years they have caught up, and are now well ahead.)

The first part of my proposal, therefore, is that *a long-term labor contract should be voluntarily negotiated, which definitely specifies that wages will follow some cost-of-living index up or down from some base year, perhaps 1945.* A half-year lag behind the index would be enough to prevent either inflationary or deflationary effects. That long-term contract should also spell out the percentage of the industry's increased efficiency which each group would get as its share over the whole period. A split of sixty per cent for the miners and forty per cent for the operators might exceed both their expectations. Under such a plan the miners would not only hold, but would gradually improve their earnings, and on top of that, they would get the lion's share of whatever money is saved by not scaring off any more timid tonnage. Every fifty million tons kept, we must remember, means about one hundred million dollars a year for the men in the pits.

But if real wages are to stay up, prices cannot be permitted to fall into the cellar. Consequently, the second part of the proposal is that *the operators should tie the rest of their stabilization problems into the long-term labor contract.*

IV

THIS they could do in several steps. First, as a part of the contract with the miners and with each other, they can set up a Marketing Stabilization Fund and a board to run it. Its working capital would be built up by contributions from each operator—at the rate of, say, five cents for every ton he produces—for a period of several years. After that it probably could pay its own way; it might even show a profit. Incidentally, the miners might well be invited to participate, contributing one cent to the fund for each ton they dig.

Representation on the fund's governing board would then be worked out in proportion to contributions. Ten members to represent the operators and two for the miners would give a board of manageable size. In addition, two or three government representatives can sit in, to keep an eye on the public interest. The present regional marketing agencies could serve as the board's branch offices.

The board's job would be to buy up and market in an orderly fashion both "distress coal" and that "bargain counter coal" which is sometimes dumped on the market as by-product when an operator makes a killing in more profitable sizes. The setup and operations would be dissimilar to those of the various agricultural stabilization funds that have already been tried in this country. All the money would be put up by the industry itself. The fund would not attempt to prop up prices by stockpiling, nor would it attempt to handle any coal which the producer himself can sell at a profit. Its first purpose would be to dispose of that relatively small tonnage which would otherwise be dumped below cost in a way which would demoralize the market.

It would work like this. The fund would be obligated to buy (up to the limit of its ability) all "distress tonnage" at the best bid price the operator had been able to get from any other purchaser. The management of the Green Star Mine, for example, could still phone around frantically to all his potential customers, but after he had finished his calls he would have to let the fund buy his cars of distress coal at

the best offer he had received. Since he would not get any more money out of the deal, he would not be encouraged to repeat the performance. The fund would then try to place the Green Star's coal at a price in line with production costs. As everybody in the industry knows, an agency which keeps tabs on the current size of every large customer's stockpile and his quality needs is likely to do a better job than the harassed manager of Green Star who is worrying about his demurrage charges.

Handling the "bargain counter" coal would not be quite so easy. Whenever the fund receives word that any such coal is going out, it would have the right to buy it up and resell at nearer the going price. We might think that the operator of the Purple Crescent mine, who has made his killing on domestic sizes and is now ready to undersell everybody else on by-product steam sizes, would not care who paid him; the fund's money would be as good as any customer's.

But in fact he may well care very much. By slipping a few thousand tons to a special customer at a special price, he may hope to get an inside track on that buyer's future business. Moreover, he may attempt to justify the deal by arguing that the sale is not below his *average* cost, and therefore is none of the fund's business. At this point the fund will have to know its facts and figures, and will have to watch its step. Its job is not to stop competition, but only to curb a few of its more violent excesses.

As a second step, the operators would have to agree, in advance, on a plan to deal with the more fundamental problem of overcapacity. Here they might take a page from the oil industry's book and set up some machinery for curbing production whenever prices drop so low that the whole industry is in danger of drowning in red ink.

Such a plan might call for restrictions on output, which would be applied only in time of crisis and then only with the approval of the operators producing at least three-quarters of the total tonnage. Each mine would then get a production quota for a period of not more than twelve months. A penalty would be levied on any

operator exceeding his allotted tonnage; these fines would be paid into the stabilization fund, to help build up its working capital.

In order to protect consumers and make sure that the scheme was not misused to raise prices unduly, the government would have to estimate the total demand for coal during the period of limited output. Production could never be adjusted below that figure.

The final part of my proposal is that *the industry should get advance approval from Congress for its entire labor and stabilization plan, and that in return it should give Congress certain guarantees to protect the public interest.* These guarantees would be written into law and into the long-term contract. They should provide that:

1. There will be no monopoly or discrimination.

2. Newcomers will be free to enter the industry, provided they accept the terms of the contract.

3. The industry will reduce prices whenever its average over-all profit reaches certain specified limits. These ceilings would, of course, have to be considered reasonable by Congress and also be acceptable to the industry. In order to encourage efficiency, they should be scaled upward as costs are brought down.

4. The moment any of the guarantees is broken, the whole contract will be automatically suspended; and it will stay suspended until it is re-authorized by Congress.

A precise formula for determining the point at which profits justify a price reduction can be worked out without too much trouble. In 1945—a prosperous year—profits averaged 14 cents a ton, or less than five per cent of the sales price at the mine. In the previous decade the industry had four years of losses, and reported profits of about five cents a ton for the whole period. Some small skepticism about these reported figures may be in order; but the important point is that profits are not a large part of the total cost of coal. If it were necessary to add a few extra cents to the profit ceiling in order to get the industry to live in peace, it might not be a bad bargain for the public. In any case, competition from

other fuels may be counted on to keep the average prices below the limit.

V

THESE are the bare bones of a plan which obviously would require much detailed refinement. Yet they are enough, I believe, to indicate some of its salient advantages.

It would remove the major causes of labor disputes; but it would preserve voluntary collective bargaining. It would provide an orderly means of handling those small but very disturbing amounts of price-breaking coal; yet it would not interfere with the ordinary marketing activities of individual companies. It would substitute a rational device for adjusting supply to demand, in place of the present meat-axe method of periodic strikes. It would protect the public both from paralyzing labor disputes and from the evils of monopoly—always a very real danger in any scheme for limiting production and supporting prices. No long delay would be involved in getting it started. And unlike adjustment programs in other fields—notably agriculture—it would not require a government subsidy.

In addition, there are basic advantages for all of us in preserving a key industry from collapse simply because its workers and production experts are too efficient for their own good. If it proves successful, such an effort to meet the needs of coal's labor and management might suggest constructive ideas to other critical industries, which need them almost as badly. A final argument on behalf of this proposal is that, for the moment at least, it seems to have no rivals in the field.

Some objections to the proposal might be raised by union officials, in spite of the fact that one of its basic objectives is to give the miners more annual take-home pay than they would be likely to get out of a series of strikes. The reason for such objections is simply that the plan does not fit into the traditional pattern of union behavior.

For we are not accustomed to the strikeless maturity which characterizes large parts of the British and Scandinavian labor organizations. We are used to recurrent

and dramatic efforts by union leaders on behalf of the men underground—usually culminating in a strike. Few union officers have survived for long without making those efforts. Consequently, they might be quite skeptical about the psychological effect on their membership of a long-term labor contract.

Nevertheless, the proposal would leave the union several important functions, which ought to be enough to hold the loyalty of its membership. They would include determining how the miners' share of each increase in productivity should be divided between higher wages and better working conditions; they would also include the management of a welfare fund, a share in the determination of the cost of living, and participation in running the stabilization fund. The union would not drop the function of collective bargaining, but in return for wages that followed the cost of living plus a regular share of the benefits of increased productivity, it would bargain and strike much less frequently than at present.

This may be more than the union can afford to give up—although it is a very strong organization. The question of collective bargaining is not at the bottom of the debate over labor relations in Congress. What gives rise to the "let's pass a law" reaction is the apparent inability of both parties to a labor dispute in critical industries to make that process work without a warfare that injures many bystanders.

The union leadership may not be alone in seeing difficulties in this proposal. A number of aggressive and expanding operators will shy at having their opportunity to put others out of business in a crisis taken away by a vote of three-quarters of their fellows. Others doubt that there is enough basic unity in the industry to enable it to think ahead and work out a sensible future on the basis of probabilities of gain rather than on knife-work. Yet, in spite of such objections, the basic arithmetic of the industry ought to

prevail. That arithmetic shows, first, that the probable dollar advantages of foregoing strikes for awhile are far greater for *both* miners and operators than the process of using strikes to control oversupply. It also shows that the miners usually get from strikes both the adjustment of wages to the cost of living proposed here and also a large share of benefits resulting from efficiency increases. It justifies the conclusion that the advantages of giving them both in advance (instead of after strikes, in installments) outweigh the probabilities of not having to give them at all.

IF THE loose aggregations of men, companies, and regions that make up our great resource industry ever move from the charged emotional atmosphere in which they have lived to a calm consideration of the resource's future as a whole, these probabilities (which are calculable) would govern their thinking. Certainly the skeleton proposal outlined here—these imperfect bones of contention—will be seen to hold more hope for both miners and management than many of the more drastic police regulations that are now being discussed. These include the abolition of industry-wide collective bargaining, compulsory arbitration, and the blocking of development of all other sources of energy—all negative measures.

The fact remains that it will be completely disastrous for the operators and miners to put their necks into the waiting wringer again—and the process would not help the country one bit. It would, therefore, seem about time for the disputing parties—and maybe the President's Council of Economic Advisers—to start casting up a long-term balance sheet for the coal industry. On one side of the ledger they can put the good points of this or any other constructive proposal, and on the other side the bad points, and then try to strike a balance. Whatever the outcome, it is likely to be something a good deal better than if they never tackle the job at all.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PULI

A Story

ROBERT MORSE

THE professor and his wife made their way across a field scattered with young cedars. At their feet opened the wide gorge of the Delaware River. Beyond the river all of Bucks County, like a huge map, tilted upward into the late spring haze.

Mrs. Wood stopped for a moment to look more thoroughly at the far farmlands, the glittering silos, the high, terraced bluffs of the river. "Oh darling, aren't you glad we came after all!"

"Always yield to an impulse," he said firmly.

She thought: "But *I* am the impulsive one. He means—doesn't he *always* mean—*choosing*? Choosing for eternity."

They surmounted a little rise and saw their hostess waiting for them to come up to her. Martha Dodge had been Paula Wood's classmate at Bryn Mawr. In spite of successful years as an executive in a New York firm she still wore a certain perennial Bryn Mawr "look." Paula was fond of her, and an invitation to visit her friend's new farm had pleased her very much, although she was surprised when her husband volunteered an acceptance. "Why not, my dear? A day in the country will do us no harm. . . ." This was his yielding to an impulse.

The three of them moved together toward a little clot of sheds and wire runways in the field beyond. Only Paula appeared to belong in this wide scene. It was not just that her golden, brown, and

freckled colorings matched the colors of her surroundings. She was herself a fieldling, while her husband, for all his tweeds, looked pasted on, like a montage scissored from some other picture.

As for Martha, she strode ahead of them, unmistakably a career woman, educated at Bryn Mawr, who had bought a new farm. Her executive energies had already transformed the property. Her freshly painted barns contained the best cows, the finest horses. She was proud of these and of her white turkeys and Muscovy ducks. But the dogs were the great rarity and the apple of her hazel eye.

They exploded now into the bland springtime. Aroused by the sound of human voices and maddened by the prospect of human society, they came bounding from the shelter of the kennels or sprang upward from sleep among the grass of the runways to race noisily back and forth along the wire barrier. They were all alike, huge shapeless bundles of black wool, so agitated in every part one might have supposed there were three dogs under each matted coat.

"Oh Martha!" Paula cried. "What *are* they? Where are their *faces*?"

"These are my *pulik*," Martha said proudly. "Hungarian sheep dogs, you know."

They did *not* know, but they were enchanted by the frantic creatures, each struggling to place himself more favorably than his fellows to receive the attention of

the visiting bipeds. As soon as one dog managed to stand on his hind legs and press belly and paws to the wire, the others would tumble him over, barking and snapping. At first the Woods were not sure whether the immense onrush was friendly or purely savage. But they soon made out it was all love, love, love, and they poked fearless fingers through to waiting tongues and ears.

PROFESSOR WOOD noticed one *puli* that remained quiet in all the flop and tumble. He was perhaps the largest of all, and yet he allowed the others to tread him down with their careless paws. No joy touched him. He did not even try to avoid the jostling.

"Martha, is that big fellow over there sick?" asked the professor.

Feeling their attention on him, the dog began to tremble. His silver-rimmed eye rolled mournfully to them, then hid itself in the shaggy hairs of his face.

"Poor old Bundash, poor old Bundash," said Martha in a harassed tone. "No, he's not sick, he's just like that. That's the way he is."

"There must be *something* wrong with him. He looks so unhappy," the professor said.

"I don't honestly know what's the matter with him. He had the same chance all the others had. But even as a puppy he acted just like that, scared and sort of neurotic—as if he'd had a nervous breakdown in the womb. He makes me uncomfortable. . . ."

"Uncomfortable," said the professor to himself. "Her efficiency must have met with one of its few failures. She only understands what 'works.' What does she know of the individual and his soul, the unlighted motives, the lethargies? Even a dog. . . ."

As if partly aware, as if partly in defense, Martha went on: "Everybody has always been specially good to him. I praise him and pet him but it doesn't seem to help. Sometimes I think if he could be separated from the others and live in the house—but I only get down a day or two a week, and the cook would have to take care of him." She lifted her shoulders sadly. "She hates dogs."

The professor's heart, a very tender heart, went out to the woolly heap of misery. As if telepathically aware, the dog lifted his head for the first time and looked at the professor with both eyes, like an old Florentine shade sitting up in his tomb of fire to look at Dante. For a moment the two were alone in the world together. Then the other *pulik* all came barking and jumping, and Bundash's head was forced down under their paws.

It was too much. "Paula . . ." began the professor.

"'Always obey an impulse' you know, dear," Paula said, herself not untouched. "But I don't think Flora would like it a bit." Flora was a slim but aging dachshund, the tyrannical queen of the Woods' New York apartment.

Martha, who understood many things quickly, said: "Oh if you would only take him. Being with you and the children would be the best thing in the world for him. I would *give* him to you. He's a really good dog, pure bred and all. . . . The truth is he makes me feel *guilty* somehow."

When the Woods started for home that afternoon Bundash lay inert and uncomplaining in the back seat of their car.

PROFESSOR WOOD steered them through the darkening New Jersey farmlands. He felt tender and aware in spirit, and a little tired, as if just returning from a minor but successful skirmish with the ever-present legions of Evil. There came to him images of a reconstructed, a saved Bundash. He saw him responding, gradually, to the happiness of home, the arms of the children about his neck, a dish of good food all his own, comfort, care, and above all an affectionate master to take him on long walks, to talk to him, to make much of him. He saw Bundash bounding and barking. Again and again he visualized a hairy black head laid on a certain tweed-covered knee. Surely love was the power, love was the key.

The fields were giving way to factories. Soon they must go through the Holland Tunnel. Suddenly Professor Wood thought of the Holland Tunnel with a new and rather frightening clarity. Years ago he had found his first passage through the tile-lined tube an intense experience.

How would Bundash, who had never left the cedared acres of his birth, feel about the Holland Tunnel? What would he feel about the city beyond?

They came to the long plunge under the river. Their ears and eyes were assailed, as for the first time, by gleamings, clicks, and roars, and strangeness. There seemed to be an unusual number of cars and trucks. Many of them backfired in the echoing confinement. There was a smell of gasoline and hot machinery. "Dogs have such marvelous noses," he thought. Aloud then: "Paula, see how he's taking it."

She stretched out her hand. "He's shaking a little, that's all." Paula was thinking apprehensively of Flora. Also there came to her an old vision of the Hudson rolling above them, the bottoms of ocean liners passing overhead. She was always prepared for a great rush of water, and only a second's time to say good-by to her husband. "Good-by. I love you," was the phrase she had rehearsed—and then the Hudson closing their mouths forever.

The tunnel remained, for this one more time, watertight—and they emerged in the paved spaces of lower Manhattan, so like a place where the dungeon of one tyranny has been cleared away to make room for the guillotine of its successor. But there were no mobs here, only thousands and thousands of metal vehicles streaming in curious patterns across the emptiness. These conflicting lines were not without their courtesies for their own metallic kind: one formation would halt to let another flow on, then would go ahead, then again stop. But there was no place in the pattern for flesh not cased in steel. Once Professor Wood had seen a pedestrian go under the wheels as if in a gesture of defiance. Tonight no one questioned the tide of machines finding their way home through the various openings in the buildings.

The Woods' Buick ('38) chose the raised uptown highway, and swept Bundash and the others past funneled ships on one hand ("Now I am above *them* . . ." thought Paula) and high, stepped towers on the other.

The three red-haired children were waiting for them in the comfortable, shabby apartment on 78th Street.

So was Flora.

The children were enraptured with their new playmate and wrapped arms of varying chubbiness about his patient neck. Flora, aghast, indignant for but a moment, sniffed Failure and leapt without a further glance to the comforts of the best sofa. There, after many imperial yawns, she affected to doze. But that was the end of Bundash for *her*. It was not the end of Bundash for the professor.

FOOD and water first. These were essential to the plan for the dog's reconstruction. He must be made to feel this was his home, and wasn't home to any dog the place where he was fed? But Bundash showed no wish to prolong his life. Again and again they coaxed his nose to a dish of meat, and he turned away as from some meaningless substance. Water he snuffled up in large quantities, but that was the extent of his co-operation in the plan.

However, the professor was encouraged to see that the dog stayed close to him, and he fancied that Bundash was grateful for the touch of his hand. The rest of the family made their overtures in vain. Their caresses seemed meaningless as the offerings of meat. Only the professor's voice reached him, but reached him slowly, as if the way to his far-off brain wound through muffling thickets of hair. He responded to commands only after painful minutes of immobility. And yet he responded. The long look man and dog had shared in the kennels *had* amounted to a sort of vow after all. But whatever bond Bundash might feel linking his fate to the professor's did not express itself in wags of the tail, friendly butts of the head, barks and prancing—only an oppressive propinquity. Of course it is too soon, the professor thought. Later we will see.

Presently Flora yapped a signal that it was time for her nightly visit to the curb. Confident and svelte, she jingled down the three flights of stairs. But tonight she had to wait a long time at the street door. Professor Wood did not find it easy to persuade Bundash to follow him to the sidewalk, and once there Bundash did not understand why—even with Flora's example. Or did he think the whole city was

one enormous house? After half an hour the professor conceded failure, and they climbed the stairs again.

Long after the other Woods had gone to bed the professor sat up with his un-sleeping protégé. He felt that his presence might be reassuring. Bundash, who showed a marked fear of open places, of the center with its dread limelight, had tried all corners, crawled behind all barriers, and settled at last in the knee-hole of the professor's desk. This was to be *his* place. This was the cave from which he sent out his dark emanations of agony.

The professor found himself painfully receptive at some animal level long unused. It was more than a sympathetic intuition. The agony was within his own skin. "How much of this am I getting from the dog, and how much is my own anxiety for a new responsibility—or just simply my own anxiety?" he asked himself. An experience of his youth returned to him: his first night at boarding school. The recollection pleased him. It seemed to him now that he had been just like Bundash, that what he had wanted then, more than anything, was a cave out of the light. But in two or three days he had made the proper adjustments, the first of the adjustments that led in a long line to the present day and to a reasonable invulnerability.

His brief boyish distress was a long time ago. Since then he had mastered all the major schools of thought. Aristotle, Kant, Bergson, Buddha, Marx, Pareto, Toynbee, Thomas Aquinas were familiar to him as his own pockets (which they had done so little to fill). There was scarcely an argument that he could not answer with the most effective response man's brain had been able to devise—as a trained wrestler knows the break for any hold. He gave courses in philosophy and ethics. His lectures in aesthetics had modified many of his students' lives because of the fervor of his belief in the seriousness of art and his rejection of niggling formulas. During the war he taught mathematics.

But he was not just a teacher. He had avoided and gone beyond the confinement of the academic world with its burning, spiteful rivalries and narrow scholarship. Completeness had been his deliberate goal, so that he had learned to play the

easier Bach Preludes, and had made himself an expert in the structure of labor unions, both foreign and domestic. He knew more about Russia and her policies than ninety-nine per cent of the Russians. He could distinguish the "periods" of Rubens, and was a deft hand with the income tax.

The professor brought the same ideal of completeness to personal relations, so that his friends were very various, ranging from an alcoholic medium, through bankers, golfers, society women, painters, to mechanics and a Greek bartender with a shoe fetish. These types he valued as nearly as possible in their own terms, and would have been acutely shamed if he had detected in himself any prejudice or want of fairness. When with his friends he drank rather a lot, but never got drunk—at least not in the way that forgets itself—merely sleepy.

In short he was a remarkable man, and reasonably invulnerable.

The rosary of his accomplishments slid dimly through the professor's mind, but brought no gratification. A swift thought darted out and away. Have I acquired all these things for my enrichment or for my defense? If defenses, which way are they faced—outward or inward? Have I been rolling stones against the mouth of a cave?

Bundash looked at him from his place under the desk. Nothing of the dog was visible but a single very clear, very round, beautiful eye shining out of a hairy darkness. Professor Wood made his weary way to bed, but he could not sleep. He could feel a steady pressure from the adjoining room. He knew there was no rest in the dark knee-hole.

THE eye was still there in the morning, a smoky jelly. Had it ever closed? Little Paula went on all fours to coax the dog to his food. "*Darling* Bundash, come out, come out!" she shrilled in tones that should have persuaded a Lazarus. Fat Jimson, the baby, exhorted: "Hawo bub bosh." But Bundash could not be moved. He needed a more difficult magic than the voices of children.

The professor marched in from his tumbled bed. Miss Feitelbaum, who secretly adored him from the third row of Ethics

404, would have been much dismayed by the ravages a sleepless night had worked in his orderly face. "Oh *Daddy*, how funny you look!" cried candid Miss Paula. Bundash indicated by the merest lifting of his bulk that he recognized authority. A word of command at last penetrated the woolly forests that lay between him and the world. He rose to his feet with painful halts, like the first clay of life separating itself from the earth. He consented to be led to the street, but again he had no understanding of what was expected of him. The gates of his body remained sealed.

Block after block the professor walked him, and brought him home again at last, baffled. "He undoubtedly needs the sight of trees and grass. I'll take him to the park after breakfast." Professor Wood sighed; he had planned to give his morning to a great pile of students' papers, neglected over the weekend. He thought about reflexes. If you had never known anything but the country—if you were conditioned to green. . . . He had never quite noticed how little vegetation there was in New York. The only green they had seen on their morning walk was a tuft of crab-grass that had sown itself in an iron urn, sole ornament of a paved courtyard.

Again Bundash would not touch his breakfast. Again he drank a quantity of water. "Surely with all that water in him . . ." thought the professor, and it was in a mood of new hope he started out for the park, the dog huddled at his heels. He had never been so aware of the traffic before—the roaring, the shriek of brakes, the sharp musketry of exhaust pipes, the hugeness of the busses, and their terrible whooshing sighs. By the time he had got them both safe across the perilous stream of Fifth Avenue the professor was in a sweat of empathy. It was at *him* the taxis had hooted, the trucks charged, the ten thousand strangers stared.

They were in the park at last. "Now!" said Professor Wood.

Perhaps Bundash was still numbed by the horrid novelties he had just come through, at any rate he responded to the lawns and bushes as he had to everything else—he trembled faintly and maintained the forlorn dignity of despair. Pigeons whirled and strutted about him. Children

raced and rolled. Bundash remained a black silence against the sunlight and green and motion—a silence without a face.

After some hours they started home, still unsuccessful. Between Madison and Park, Professor Wood, with his new animal awareness, sensed a change in the dog, a *willingness*. He was invaded at the same time by an unexpected knowledge, the knowledge of agoraphobia. They must find some protection against the exposed street. Instructed from within, he lifted the dog over a low privet hedge into a little stony enclosure. There was no doubt about Bundash's intention, but just at that moment an ambulance came howling from one direction, a fire engine bore down on them from another. Lesser fire cars with screams and clanging followed, like infernal chariots in attendance on the red terror of their Lord. The air was solid with sound. Windows jumped and chattered in their casements. The stones underfoot shuddered. And so did Bundash.

It was useless for the professor to command or coax, the *puli* refused to leave his frail shelter. After fifteen minutes his master was obliged to climb the hedge himself and lift the big, trembling dog in his arms. Some boys behind him laughed as he scrambled back to the street. No doubt he and his burden made a laughable picture, but he was too fiercely identified with Bundash's sensibilities to care.

Paula, when they got home, looked at her husband for a moment, then said: "Dearest, I think you had better take one of your luminals. You know Dr. Spencer said to take one whenever you got jumpy again."

THIS was only the first day. The second, following another sleepless night, was the same. Papers piled up on the desk. Bundash would not make water. Although he continued to drink greedily, he would not eat. He was taken for long walks, love was lavished on him where the subtlest insight failed, but he returned always to the kneehole in the desk.

"He just has no sense of joy at all," mourned the professor, swallowing another luminal with an early highball. "That's what is most terrible."

"Now, now, Duncan. Just give him

time," said Paula. Much of Paula's tranquillity came from her friendly confidence in Time. For this reason she rarely fretted about the children. When her husband read in their youthful backslidings a permanent corruption of character she was likely to say: "It's just a phase, dear." And she was of course right.

But utter joylessness *was* the most terrible aspect of the dog. It amounted to not caring, not wanting to be saved. People who went to psychoanalysts surely had some undefeated quality in them that wanted to be saved from sickness of soul. They could talk. The analysts could draw words out of them. But weren't there others, so without the capacity to love, so joyless, so uninterested, that nothing could reach them in their cold secrecy? For them, all approaches, all bribes and lures and threats were alike meaningless. "If only he could talk to me," thought the professor, scarcely aware of his absurdity. "But nothing can be done with him until he clears his body."

The Woods' friends had learned of their experiment, and with the soft-heartedness of New Yorkers, phoned frequently for the latest bulletin. The phone stood on the desk just above the dog's cave, and each thrill of the bell pierced the professor to the brain. He or Paula would snatch up the receiver to say, "No, not yet."

A number of these friends dropped in at intervals for a cocktail and a look at Bundash. Each secretly felt he had an infallible way with dogs, but Bundash responded no more than a lump. Rather than being cheered by his well-wishers he depressed *them*, as if a black drop of the midnight marsh within him had found its way into the cocktail shaker. They began to drink like people keeping off the cold, defiantly. Mary Maple, who for decades had considered all males her province without bothering to count their feet, returned again and again to the seduction of Bundash. After four martinis she was the rough and ready Pal, after six she had shifted to the mysterious, all-understanding woman. Two more cocktails saw her on her knees screaming murder and obscenity into the cave under the desk. Suddenly she was sobbing. "Not even a — dog.

Not even a black — — of a dog wants anything of me. What does any of *you* know?" They knew that her husband always seemed to find a job abroad.

Rosalie Reagen, who had progressed from unexamined Protestant, to Atheist, to Communist, to War Widow, to Catholic, had meanwhile struggled to draw attention from the dog to herself, launching a provocative word here, seizing an elbow there. Now, giving up, she said: "Really, Mary dear, so like the twenties." But Paula had already led Mary to a back bedroom with kindly murmurs.

The editor of the *Spartan Review* lifted the company to a purer air by drawing a comparison between Bundash and certain concepts and passages in Kafka. "Now if you take K's insoluble problem of incommensurables. . . ." he continued. The other visitors spoke less and less. They stared in awe at the shaggy reservoir of mounting urine.

ANOTHER DAY passed as before. The professor's mind was aching with his responsibility and failure. He introduced Bundash's case in his new lecture on Existentialism. It seemed a pertinent and illuminating example. But his strong instinct to externalize the trouble the *puli* had stirred up in him would have made the case seem pertinent to a discussion of any theme. Accordingly, after a long look at the rows of respectful faces turned to him, he began: "Since the direction of thought I wish to take up this morning does not permit, logically, any vantage-point outside of life for logical examination, I think we can best begin with a story from life itself: Once there was a dog. . . ."

Miss Feitelbaum's pencil slid over the page of her notebook. "Once there was a dog. . . ." she set down in her useful shorthand, then waited receptive and ecstatic for the next words. *This* was the stuff. Her pencil moved on, not missing a syllable.

The professor had reached his classroom by subway, so wrapped in familiar custom and last-minute ideas for his forthcoming lecture he had scarcely noticed how he traveled. But now, as he boarded the subway for his return trip, he found

himself trembling. Ears, eyes, nose, skin, suddenly blared his surroundings at him. Had he ever been in this place before? There had never been so many people, people so angry or so indifferent, people slyly touching or crushing brutally against him. There had never been this train with its awful racket, reduplicated by the underground vaults. It was as if the spirit of Bundash, the whole dog, had crept into his skin and dispossessed his old self. Why else did he tremble? Why else did he ask himself: Has it always been like this?

At the next express stop he made a bolt for the street level, determined to walk home. Here there was another unending crush of people, anonymous as insects. The busses whooshed. The traffic attacked him. Smells and sounds came to his senses without the human censorship of disinterest. He was a dog for keenness, but Duncan Wood interpreted the evidence. "What do any of *you* know," he said almost aloud to the strangers, echoing poor Mary Maple. "Do you know how you are suffering, each of you?"

It was the paving that offended him most. His feet could feel the grain and harshness of it, as if they had become shoeless paws. Was there really *earth* underneath the stone and the asphalt—or just more stone and a network of steam pipes and drains. All fertility seemed shut away under mineral slabs. Minerals rose around him to vast heights. Yet over and under these hard surfaces, he observed children playing hardily in the thick of the traffic, for want of a better place. He imagined that presently the nameless strangers would carry their young underground, clasping them in their forearms like ant eggs when the hill has been disturbed, to cells hollowed among the steam pipes.

He made his way up Lexington Avenue, buffeted by novel impressions. It was as if his senses were suspended just two feet above the sidewalk. He might have traveled on all fours, he was so aware of filth and gum trodden into the concrete, of wheels and hydrants, of human odors breathing over doorsteps.

He reached home at last, footsore, or padsore, his mind filled with dingy and ominous visions. The street sounds fol-

lowed him into his apartment. He closed the windows against them, but, scarcely dimmed, they found their way to his dog-tender ear drums. Even his own children rasped his nerves—and for the first time. There seemed to be so many of them crowded into the narrow rooms, as if there were not air enough to go around. He even questioned his love for them. What is love? Does one really love anyone? He tried to summon up the shape of his love for these housemates, to probe and test the quality of its connective tissues. Nothing came to him but outside sounds and smells. There was still the desk to cling to, with its clear rectangular lines, with its piles of lecture notes, and papers, and well-known books. He would force himself to correct an examination. He seated himself in the usual chair, put on his glasses, and began to read, but the words meant little to him in his fatigue. He drummed on the desktop, his nails tapping desperately among the signs and symbols of his life work, among the paper proofs of long, ordered, intellectual endeavor.

He was drumming on the roof of darkness. Under this wooden planking his legs extended down into the knee-hole, into Bundash's cave. There was no need for him to ask about Bundash's condition. He *was* Bundash.

In short the husk of custom had been stripped from him, and with it the tough tolerance required by city life. The little box of luminal was emptying rapidly.

SOME time before daybreak he said to himself in his bed: Why—what hell have I been living in without knowing it? The picture of an alternative life formed in his half-dreaming mind. He could still escape the trap. He saw himself leaving Paula and the children, his work, everything he had been accustomed to love, and taking to the wilderness with Bundash. He saw a hermit's cave—no, that was *too* silly—he saw a shack by a pond, a pond curiously like his first imagining of Walden. He must find rebirth in those waters, wash away the old, contrived, weary, death-appeasing self like an accumulation of stale sweat. The pool was around him, fresh and gray in the dawn. A black form dived in after him—yes,

Bundash was there all right. Presently that dripping head would be laid on his knee again, begging for a trout.

A thick, miserable coughing in the next room interrupted this revery. He and Paula stumbled through the door together. There stood poor Bundash vomiting into a viscous green and black puddle.

"No, no! It's too much. The dog is really sick," and they bundled their *puli* off to a veterinary as soon as his office was open. Martha Dodge had recommended him in case of trouble.

Later, Professor Wood called Martha. "I'm sorry, Martha. I'm afraid that dog is hopeless. We just can't keep him. Yes, I think he's really sick this time. I've left him at your vet's."

HE REPLACED the receiver with a sense of defeat and of relief as well. Paula's kind, charming eyes were on him. "You know, Paula, I'm not sure it was just because Bundash got sick. I *had* to get rid of him. I think he was beginning to mean something to me, something quite awful." For a moment the professor glimpsed Bundash as the enemy, persuading him ever nearer to the edge of danger, drawing him into his own deathlike world where all endeavor, all love, all planning for time to come, were reduced to futilities. Bundash was Death, he thought.

"But that is unfair," he thought. "How can a *dog* be blamed?" Meanwhile fat Jimson had pushed his untidy, resilient little person past the barrier of the professor's legs, and now regarded him from the

twilight of the kneehole with an upward glance of unmixed geniality. "If there was an enemy, he was in myself, and will always be there. I should bless Bundash for giving me this fresh glimpse of him. I have been given a chance to choose again, the only choice." He looked fondly on Paula, and leaned to prod his young son in the stomach till the toothless chuckles rewarded him.

"Let's just have a martini before lunch," said Paula.

"No, dear. My papers."

Some days later the professor received a note:

Dear Duncan,

I picked up the *puli* at the vet's today. I'm sorry you had a bad time. The vet says there is nothing in the world wrong with him. He did everything he was supposed to, and seems in quite good spirits, better at least than I have ever seen him. I don't know how you did it in such a short time, but Bundash is now perfectly trained for the city. He heels perfectly and seems to know all about traffic.

I have given him to Brenda Arden—the actress, you know—and she is utterly enchanted with him.

By the way, what on earth did you say to the vet? You made a great impression on him. He was quite worried about you. He says he never saw a more nervous man. Have you been working too hard? It isn't fair to Paula. Why don't you both come down this weekend? I have a new litter of puppies. Perhaps you'd like one.

As ever,

Martha

UNDER WHICH LYRE

A Reactionary Tract for the Times

W. H. AUDEN

We seldom reprint verse already published, but cheerfully make an exception for Mr. Auden's Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered last June at Harvard and printed originally in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin
—The Editors.

ARES at last has quit the field,
The bloodstains on the bushes yield
To seeping showers.
And in their convalescent state
The fractured towns associate
With summer flowers.

Encamped upon the college plain
Raw veterans already train
As freshman forces;
Instructors with sarcastic tongue
Shepherd the battle-weary young
Through basic courses.

Among bewildering appliances
For mastering the arts and sciences
They stroll or run,
And nerves that never flinched at slaughter
Are shot to pieces by the shorter
Poems of Donne.

Professors back from secret missions
Resume their proper eruditions,
Though some regret it;
They liked their dictaphones a lot,
They met some big wheels and do not
Let you forget it.

But Zeus' inscrutable decree
Permits the will to disagree
To be pandemic,
Ordains that vaudeville shall preach,
And every commencement speech
Be a polemic.

Let Ares doze, that other war
Is instantly declared once more
'Twixt those who follow
Precocious Hermes all the way
And those who without qualms obey
Pompous Apollo;

Brutal like all Olympic games,
Though fought with smiles and Christian
names
And less dramatic,
This dialectic strife between
The civil gods is just as mean,
And more fanatic.

What high immortals do in mirth
Is life and death on Middle Earth;
Their a-historic
Antipathy forever gripes
All ages and somatic types:
The sophomoric

Who face the future's darkest hints
With giggles or with prairie squints
As stout as Cortez,
And those who like myself turn pale
As we approach with ragged sail
The fattening forties.

The sons of Hermes love to play,
And only do their best when they
Are told they oughtn't;
Apollo's children never shrink
From boring jobs but have to think
Their work important.

Related by antithesis,
A compromise between them is
Impossible;
Respect perhaps, but friendship never:
Falstaff the fool confronts forever
The prig Prince Hal.

So, standing here, surrounded by
The eyes of Miltons and the high
Foreheads of Shaws.
A Hermes man, I call on you,
Phi-Beta-Kappa brethren, to
Defend his cause.

If he would leave the self alone,
 Apollo's welcome to the throne,
 Fasces and falcons;
 He loves to rule, has always done it:
 The earth would soon, did Hermes run it,
 Be like the Balkans.

But, jealous of our god of dreams,
 His common sense in secret schemes
 To rule the heart;
 Unable to invent the lyre,
 Creates with simulated fire
 Official art.

And when he occupies a college,
 Truth is replaced by Useful Knowledge;
 He pays particular
 Attention to Commercial Thought,
 Public Relations, Hygiene, Sport,
 In his curricula.

Athletic, extrovert and crude,
 For him, to work in solitude
 Is the offense,
 The goal a populous Nirvana:
 His shield bears this device: *Mens sana*
 Qui mal y pense.

Today his arms, we must confess,
 From Right to Left have met success,
 His banners wave
 From Yale to Princeton, and the news
 From Broadway to the Book Reviews
 Is very grave.

His radio Homers all day long
 In over-Whitmanated song
 That does not scan,
 With adjectives laid end to end,
 Extol the doughnut and commend
 The Common Man.

His too each homely lyric thing
 On sport or spousal love or spring
 Or dogs or dusters,
 Invented by some courthouse bard
 For recitation by the yard
 In filibusters.

To him ascend the prize orations
 And sets of fugal variations
 On some folk ballad,
 While dietitians sacrifice
 A glass of prune juice or a nice
 Marshmallow salad.

Charged with his compound of sensational
 Sex plus some undenominational
 Religious matter,
 Enormous novels by co-eds
 Rain down on our defenseless heads
 Till our teeth chatter.

In fake Hermetic uniforms
 Behind our battle-line, in swarms
 That keep alighting,
 His existentialists declare
 That they are in complete despair,
 Yet go on writing.

No matter. He shall be defied.
 We have the ladies on our side.
 What though his threat
 To organize us grow more critical?
 Zeus willing, we, the unpolitical
 Shall best him yet.

Lone scholars, sniping from the walls
 Of learned periodicals,
 Our facts defend,
 Our intellectual marines,
 Landing in Little Magazines,
 Capture a trend.

By night our student Underground
 At cocktail parties whisper round
 From ear to ear;
 Fat figures in the public eye
 Collapse next morning, ambushed by
 Some witty sneer.

In our morale must lie our strength:
 So, that we may behold at length
 Routed Apollo's
 Battalions melt away like fog,
 Keep well the Hermetic Decalogue,
 Which runs as follows:

Thou shalt not do as the dean pleases,
 Thou shalt not write thy doctor's thesis
 On education,
 Thou shalt not worship projects nor
 Shalt thou or thine bow down before
 Administration.

Thou shalt not answer questionnaires
 Or quizzes upon World Affairs,
 Nor with compliance
 Take any test. Thou shalt not sit
 With statisticians nor commit
 A social science.

Thou shalt not be on friendly terms
 With guys in advertising firms,
 Nor speak with such
 As read the Bible for its prose,
 Nor, above all, make love to those
 Who wash too much.

Thou shalt not live within thy means
 Nor on plain water and raw greens.
 If thou must choose
 Between the chances, choose the odd;
 Read the *New Yorker*; trust in God;
 And take short views.

LABOR RELATIONS ON A HARD-BOILED BASIS

CHARLES LUCKMAN

CAMPAIGNING for labor peace and national well-being may seem a great deal like making a soul-stirring plea for good digestion and pleasant weather; they seem so obviously desirable that you wonder people even bother to speak up for them. The fact remains, as even the most cursory glance at a daily paper will tell you, that despite an unconscionable amount of talk on the subject, we are at best making lamentably slow progress in the direction of industrial harmony—and a sound national economy.

In the hurly-burly of strife everyone seems to overlook the fact that scattered across America are industries which have been strike-free for decades, whose employees are deeply contented and highly productive, without feeling that they are the objects of condescending paternalism, and whose stockholders steadily receive a fair return for the use of their capital.

As long as experience shows that ordinary methods of dealing with labor strife get us nowhere, and since examples of successful labor relations are all about us, why doesn't it make sense to analyze the techniques which have proved successful, instead of relying solely on the hundreds of commissions and boards who poke dismally through the ashes of the failures? Countless valuable medical discoveries have been made by men whose keen eyes

saw that people living under certain conditions were free from specific diseases; equally valuable discoveries can be made in the field of industrial relations by studying employers whose methods of dealing with employees have kept them free from labor ailments.

I would not be so foolhardy as to say that these methods will infallibly bring industrial peace to every business, but I do feel that we certainly will never know until we try. When President Roosevelt asked the country to produce 50,000 planes a year the request seemed fantastic, yet when the terrible pressure of events made the country buckle down and *try* American industry turned out 300,000 planes in the space of a few years. Today the same pessimism which made that task appear so hopeless leads many industrial leaders to say, "Well, it might work in *your* plant, but it's absolutely out of the question for me," when proposals are made for the improvement of labor-management relations. The pressure of events could scarcely be called light today; surely America has little to lose by giving a fair trial to the programs that many industries have found successful.

The value of such a trial should be painfully obvious, not only for the prevention of strikes, but for the all-inclusive gain of increased productivity. The tragic

Recently we published three articles on labor relations by Peter F. Drucker, a student of the subject outside industry. Last month we published a union member's view. Now we introduce Charles Luckman, president of Lever Brothers Company, soap manufacturers.

example of postwar Europe, where every decrease in individual productivity has brought a direct and immediate drop in standards of living, shows how closely the welfare of a nation is tied to the producing power of its workers. Any program which increases productivity, either negatively through the prevention of strikes or positively through the stimulation of individual effort, is of inestimable importance to this country's welfare. The successful programs I have observed gain both the positive and negative ends simultaneously.

Stimulation of productivity is not brought about simply with rousing speeches, fat pay envelopes, or the installation of orchid-colored sanitary drinking fountains. It is brought about by making sure in every way that labor's contribution to production is an *ungrudging* one. It is not always easy to see the necessity for this; perhaps it can be made clearer if we look at the contribution of management and capital in the same light. The so-called "know-how" of management is just as vital to production as is the labor of the workers; if management gave of its "know-how" only grudgingly and unwillingly, production would suffer severely. Of equal importance are the tools provided by capital; if surly investors clung to their money when tools were needed, production would lose much of its impetus. How, then, can production be expected to flourish if the third and desperately important component, labor, gives half-heartedly of its strength?

Managerial productivity has long been stimulated through bonuses, and capital has nourished productivity because it receives a return on its investments. At the same time an enormous spate of lip service has been paid to the similar tactic of insuring the productivity of labor through incentives of good pay, security, and pleasant working conditions—but in many cases the spate has ended where it began, with words alone.

II

I HAVE been talking so far in terms of principles and generalities, but I do know by personal experience that certain specific programs will bring in-

dustrial harmony and spur production.

The methods and policies I have watched at work at Pepsodent and at Lever Brothers are by no means new or startling: they exist in other industries and some were developed long before I could even spell "management," much less be a part of it. Nor are they rigid and sacrosanct: they are all susceptible to further improvement. And I certainly am in no position to state flatly that these policies, applied indiscriminately in their present form, will work wonders overnight for every type of industry. They are, however, policies which many others besides myself have tried and found, sometimes to our surprise, to be invariably effective. They can at least suggest a trend which would lead to an easing of labor-management tensions and to a consequent gain in national productivity.

One of my earliest surprises was the discovery of the fact (emphasized by Peter F. Drucker in his recent articles in *Harper's*) that wages, while apparently at the heart of industrial warfare, are often only a surface excuse for striking; while less tangible factors like pride, community feeling, the need for social recognition, and above all the need for security, are at the real heart of the problem. It is dangerously easy to be glib about security, and point out, meaninglessly, that life-term convicts are the most secure people in the world. I am not talking about the forms of security—of which "featherbedding" is one of the best examples—which labor tries to create for itself; I mean the kind of security that eliminates the worker's craving for artificial and uneconomic safeguards. Whether we like it or not we are faced with the fact that a worker who feels insecure is only half a worker and contributes only grudgingly to our national productivity. For this reason above all others I believe that security should be a major part of the program.

I know, for example, that an employee who is worried about the inevitability of unpaid or underpaid retirement, and obsessed by the bogey of "Sorry, too old," is not going to do the best for himself, his company, or his community. For this reason I believe strongly in realistic pension plans, designed to put the worker's

mind at ease, and to enable him to regard the future without fear. From even the most completely selfish point of view, a sound pension plan makes a picture with a great deal of sense. Not only do the relatively small dribblets of money required to maintain such a plan swarm out immediately into the national economy through banks and insurance companies, but in addition customers whose buying strength would otherwise diminish sharply after retirement are provided with the means for keeping up their purchasing level. Any corporation which can earmark funds for the amortization and retirement of obsolete buildings and equipment, can surely provide for the equally inevitable retirement of its personnel.

It is just as important that industry supply its workers with good and adequate insurance against sickness and accident. Ill or injured employees should be able to rest easy in the knowledge that while they are home or hospitalized their pay will continue and that provision will be made for their medical expenses. Surely it is not difficult for industry to understand that a worker swamped with doctors' bills, without a pay envelope, is going to be in no position to buy the products which industry sells. Secure in the knowledge that he is strongly protected against the illnesses and accidents which at some time strike all men, the insured worker is bound to be a better producer, and when trouble comes he remains a good customer.

The average American worker is not only a laboring man but a family man as well; in other words, he is worried about more than just his own personal well-being. For this reason he feels a much greater sense of security when he knows that in the event of his death, company-paid life insurance will take adequate care of his dependents. Here once more the same benefits of greater productivity through security, and sustained purchasing power through insurance, accrue to industry. And none of these pension and insurance programs is at all expensive. The funds used to defray the cost help pay their own way by going out as insurance-company investments, and these investments aid the national economy by

creating employment—purchasing power—when they are poured into housing developments and hundreds of other important projects. Don't forget, too, that if an insurance program helps in the slightest to prevent one small strike, it has paid for itself many times over.

III

A FOURTH and highly important source of employee security, the much-discussed guaranteed annual wage, is not nearly so easy to install and apply as are pensions and insurance; but its values are equally obvious and its difficulties in no way insurmountable. Here in all fairness I must state that Lever Brothers has not now a guaranteed annual wage scheme, but our present collective bargaining contract has created a labor-management committee charged with the responsibility of working out a plan for its introduction into our business. We have not, however, stood by and waited for the plan to be presented. By carefully ironing out peaks and valleys in production we have created a smooth flow of work which equals the guaranteed annual wage in effect, if not in actual fact.

Hand in hand with this labor-management committee, we have also evolved a labor-production committee. This labor-production committee is provided for in our collective labor agreement, and stems from a recognition by the union "that the prosperity and welfare of the employees are closely related to and dependent on the continued stability and progress of the company."

This committee evolved during contract negotiations with the International Chemical Workers Union, AFL, during February of this year. It happened during a discussion of "job consolidation," that is, a merger of two jobs caused by new processes or new machinery. Joe Healey, a member of the union's negotiating committee from our Cambridge plant, said that some of the men had been "burned" in the past by job consolidations and that he felt both the company and the union ought to take a completely new approach to this problem. Said Healey (I quote from the transcript of our conference):

... Now we feel that there are three people interested in this: management, the workers, and the public—that is, the consumer. And if the management is going to get the one hundred per cent savings or nearly one hundred per cent savings on consolidation that is not fair.

It is our request that we pool a certain percentage of the savings, say fifty per cent of the savings, on individual ideas, technological improvements, and labor saving through eliminations and consolidations, and at the end of the year during local negotiations have that pool split up among the employees as a bonus, and in that way you will have union and management co-operation on anything of this sort rather than have fear in the hearts of the employees when their jobs are being discussed as far as being eliminated or consolidated.

In response to this statement by Healey, Austin Fisher, the company's negotiator, made this reply:

Sometimes you get pretty big oaks from little acorns and it seems to me that we have an opportunity here to explore something that might open up an entire new basis of a relationship between the union and the company, and I'd like to say that we are interested in exploring your ideas.

Now job consolidation is only one way in which a company becomes more efficient. There are plenty of ways which we know and which you know a company can go forward. There are new methods of manufacturing which are not always apparent to the management, but which are sometimes pretty apparent to the guy who works on the machine and on the job. There are all types of suggestions for greater efficiency, greater productivity, greater operating speed, and so forth. And I think that you are quite right when you say that it is not correct for a company to assume that it is entitled to one hundred per cent of every step forward. There are other parties involved, as Mr. Healey has pointed out, and I am beginning to think that it is about time that we started to explore some of those questions. . . .

I'd like to throw on the table an idea, which stems from Mr. Luckman primarily, that we consider the creation of a union committee on productivity and that the proposal in the first instance come from your union.

I would only impose these qualifications on that proposal. First of all, we want a proposal that will work. We don't want a proposal that will merely give us a series of fifteen or twenty conferences during the year. We want something to come out of it.

Secondly, we want the proposal to guarantee your whole-hearted effort to make Lever Brothers as productive as it can be made.

Third, we want your proposal to contain the elements of reward which you feel the union is entitled to, or the individual, as the case may be, for giving us this plus over and above a normal day's work.

In other words, our union recognizes that its members cannot progress toward stability in employment except as the company grows in efficiency and, therefore, in stability. I hasten to add that this conception, as the transcript of the negotiation shows, has grown out of the mutual give and take of collective bargaining.

The experience of many companies has convinced me that the guaranteed annual wage is not the shocking impossibility so many people have called it. I have a strong conviction that the people who say, "Oh, it's all very well for the soap business, but it wouldn't work for a minute in *my* plant," have not given it the kind of intelligent thought that American industrial leadership has given to the ingenious conversion of waste materials into useful by-products. The skill and imagination which gave us this leadership could as readily be turned to the utilization of wasted potential man-hours.

Once the guaranteed annual wage is attempted, employers will be quick to fill in their fluctuations in production, and to find new and valuable uses for the manpower at their disposal. I hate to risk the deadening effects of constant repetition by again pointing out that the enormous benefits of ungrudging productivity and steady purchasing power would be an inevitable result of a strong, stable annual wage program—but the cheerful ease with which so many otherwise shrewd people ignore these compelling facts makes me feel that it is dangerous to under-emphasize the truth merely because it seems obvious.

IV

THE question of actual wages does not, of course, lend itself to any hard-and-fast rules. Under today's shifting economic skies it must be a matter of bargaining and rebargaining, but I do believe that there are good and bad approaches to the wage problem. When an average group of executives sit down to consider a new operating budget, they usually say this of their advertising program: "How much money, in view of the company's needs and prospects, could we spend on advertising in 1947?" But when

that same group meet to consider the problem of wages, the attitude is something like this: "How little can we pay our employees and still avoid a strike?"

The last time I took part in negotiations with a union, I decided to use the same yardstick for determining wages as for deciding our advertising appropriation. The advertising budget was determined by the amount of money needed successfully to sell our soaps and dentifrices; the wage scales were based on a careful analysis of how much we could pay our employees as a means of trying to secure ungrudging participation in the partnership of productivity. Obviously, this amount had to be sufficient to satisfy our employees that as a management we are continuously willing to provide them with superior jobs in return for their superior performance and the superior products they give us. This necessitated, of course, a careful appraisal of the usual economic criteria involved in wage determinations, but with a strong emphasis on the trend of thinking I have already described. The resulting figures were used as a basis for negotiation, and an agreement was very quickly and amicably reached. I can't help feeling that the man who makes a product is just as important as the jingle that sells it, and it seems only fair that the problem of his remuneration be approached with this idea in mind.

In what I have written thus far I may have seemed cold-blooded in referring constantly to purchasing power, return on investments, productivity, and the like, without saying anything about welfare and benevolence. I hope I did. The whole question of production, security, purchasing power, and their components is one of mutual and national benefit, not of charity; and some drastic lessons have shown that labor resents being coddled as much as it does being exploited. It is a matter of mutual benefit because we have found out so many times how the vicious circle works in business: you can't produce unless you have customers, you can't have good customers without good wages and low prices, you can't have good wages and low prices without top-rate production.

Therefore when I talk of the "benefits"

of industrial peace and ungrudging productivity I mean the benefits to me, to labor, to my company, to my stockholders, to my customers, and to all our families—*i.e.*, to the entire nation. We know that a decline in general industrial production from any cause whatsoever brings a drastic and all but fatal slump in its wake. The answer is that the maintenance of productivity and purchasing power is of vital, and equal, interest to all three national partners: capital, labor, and management.

SURROUNDING these tangible factors of industrial strength and national welfare are sociological questions which are equally important, but not quite so easy to grasp and define. They include such elusive but necessary qualities as pride in work, *esprit de corps*, social recognition, sense of communal feeling, and the like; but whatever you call them, they stem or fail to stem from the men who manage industry. Intensive surveys of these factors are being made by sociological research organizations, and I could not begin to go into the problems here. One small example, however, may typify the question sufficiently to give a general idea of what they mean.

Let us say that a corporation has decided to erect a new factory. The first thing it will do, nine times out of ten, will be to find a location where—after questions of market and raw materials are taken into consideration—labor is cheap and taxes low or non-existent. Then high-priced architects, engineers, and builders will erect a beautiful, shining, and efficient plant, complete except for one thing—a guarantee of labor's willing participation in production.

For management sometimes forgets that labor may be cheap only because local living conditions are so bad that good workers will not live in the community. And it frequently fails to realize that low tax rates can often be achieved only at the expense of the local school system, street department, and health facilities. Thus, the workers in this new and efficient factory, even though financially secure, feel an undefined lack of communal security. Management has forgotten that its workers are at heart human beings who live with

other human beings, and can never give their best without feeling that their importance as human beings is respected.

ONE standard retort to this argument is that no matter what you give to labor it always wants more; that its demands are consistently unreasonable. Even overlooking the point that management has in the past often been partly responsible for this attitude by forcing labor to ask for far more than it hoped to get, there is still another way of looking at this retort. When I was a store-to-store soap salesman, my customers used to make fantastically unreasonable demands in the way of rebates, special privileges, premiums, discounts, and favors of every description. If I had turned red in the face, pounded the counter, and cursed out the customer with every bad name in my vocabulary, I wouldn't have sold very much soap; yet many business men react in exactly that fashion to the demands of labor, and then wonder why they aren't selling themselves to their employees. I learned that there was always something behind the unreasonable demands of my customers, something which we were eventually able to iron out. Management, if it keeps its temper, can learn to spot the basic dissatisfactions behind the unreasonable demands of labor, and eventually reach a working agreement over the true causes of unrest.

I do not at all mean, at the same time, that making unreasonable demands is any way for labor to sell itself to management. Labor is such a huge and essential part of the national pattern of productivity that it bears a large responsibility for the national welfare at all times. Like management, it does not invariably act as though it felt this responsibility sincerely. The statistics show that labor's own record in the handling of the 110,000 people who are employed by the unions themselves, is very far from shining—and the points I

have raised about the shortcomings of management apply to *union* management as well. But it still follows that there are better ways of dealing with unreasonable labor than by cursing it, just as there are better ways of selling soap than bawling out a grasping customer.

In the end we must accept one glaring truth: labor unions are here to stay and, whatever our private thoughts on the matter, we are going to have to get along with them if our nation is to prosper. We can fight them, and curse them, and legislate against them, and otherwise belabor the surface of the problem to our heart's content; but we know deep down that this superficial attitude is not going to accomplish any constructive results. For our own sake, for our children's sake, for the sake of the nation, and very likely for the sake of a goodly portion of the world, we are going to have to cut right down to the fears and prejudices and pride and ache for security that made people form unions in the first place.

I sincerely believe that much can be done to allay fears, remove insecurity, and stir latent pride by adapting to the varying needs of different industries those programs that have almost invariably proved successful in the creation of healthy industrial relations. They are not guaranteed to produce idyllic peace and superproduction at a moment's notice, but experience has shown that they reduce the tension at the extremes of the management-labor struggle to such an extent that the remaining gap can easily be bridged by amicable negotiations, and they provide a spur to productivity that we cannot afford to ignore. Not until this gap has been enduringly filled and production put at its peak can the partners in the American future look forward with any confidence to a life that is soundly productive, mutually secure, and rich in the satisfactions of good living and honest accomplishment.

THESE BRITISH MOVIES

CYRIL RAY

THERE is no doubt about the new excellence of British films: not only is it trumpeted weekly by surprised and delighted critics; it is reflected every evening in the box-office takes. It has even been endorsed by Mr. Sam Goldwyn, and it is now prompting economists and politicians to wonder whether Britain can't manage very nicely, thank you, with fewer American films—and save some of those millions of dollars that she borrows in Washington to spend in California. Whether, even, British films can't earn a dollar or two for themselves.

So far the delight of the critics, the boom at the box office, the apprehension in Hollywood, and the optimistic calculations at Britain's Board of Trade are all founded on a relatively few first-class films. But they are well-founded all the same, for those few have appeared with reasonable regularity since 1940. Almost every studio has made its share; and the producers and directors, still blushing brightly at the unwonted backslapping, show every sign of carrying on the good work.

British studios, Heaven knows, are still liable to produce films as bad as only Britain can make them—expensively empty costume-pieces like "The Magic Bow," dolled-up vulgarities like "The Wicked Lady," flat-footed farces like "While The Sun Shines" (by one of Britain's best directors, too). But these mishaps do not cancel out the new tradition in British

film-making which was born with the outbreak of war and which runs from "49th Parallel," "In Which We Serve," and "Target for Tonight," through "Brief Encounter" and "Henry V," to "Great Expectations" and "Odd Man Out."

I hesitate to cite the outbreak of war too definitely as the birth-date of the new tradition, because there were one or two forerunners: "Pygmalion," "French without Tears," and "The Stars Look Down" among them. But there had always been odd exceptions, even when the general level of British film production was at its lowest; and most critics agree not only that the war was the occasion for our renaissance but that it was the direct cause.

II

THREE beneficial influences on the British film can be traced directly to the war. The first was the material restriction—on everything. Studios and equipment were commandeered; expenditure came under government control; profits and salaries were taxed more heavily than ever; excess profits were swallowed up by the Treasury; actors, writers, and technicians of every kind were called up, and many who were not drafted put on uniforms of their own accord.

A handicap, no doubt, especially to those studios which had productions on the floor—but on balance, more of a

In April we printed Cyril Ray's "Planning to Visit England," in which he described the prospects for travelers in Britain. He is at present a free-lance journalist living in London.

blessing. As G. W. Stonier, one of London's most perceptive critics, has explained, "This, while restricting industry, immediately raised the standard of its products. Where there are difficulties to be got round, art will slip in. No film was ever spoilt through lack of cash or resources; on the contrary, excess of them ruins ninety-nine out of a hundred."

Circumstances, therefore, put an end to Britain's unsuccessful aping of Hollywood. The studios were faced with the problems that the French had been forced to solve and had gloried in solving. Their personnel was reduced by two-thirds; film stock was rationed, along with material for sets and costumes; 22 studios with 65 sound stages were reduced by requisition to 9 studios with 30 stages.

Production figures of feature films dropped from 116 in 1938 to 56 in 1940. But the films that got made were those sponsored—to the extent of being given special facilities—by a Ministry of Information in which the Film Division, at any rate, was unusually enlightened.

A SECOND change forced by the war affected the very nature of British films. Previously Britain's major contribution to the art of the cinema had been its documentary films. They had influenced such American products as the earlier "March of Time" releases, and Pare Lorentz's "Plow That Broke the Plains" and "The River," just as Hollywood's musicals had set a standard for every other studio in the world.

But if the documentary movement was the glory of the British cinema, the fact that it existed as a separate entity was the weakness of the British feature film. What gave the Hollywood gangster films and Westerns their raciness, realism, and gusto—what made them more easily acceptable to the audiences of provincial England, let alone of America, than the well-bred inanities from the London studios—was fundamentally their documentary background. This was what a ranch was like, a truck company's garages, a prison, a transcontinental bus. In the best American films documentary and fiction were united. In Britain the documentary movement was one thing, feature-film making some-

thing quite different; nor did directors and writers move from one world to another.

The war changed all that. The documentary directors, who had been making admirable films for the General Post Office and for business houses which wanted prestige advertising, found themselves—mostly in the Ministry of Information's Crown Film Unit—making documentaries about Britain at war. The Ministry persuaded the commercial cinemas to show them, and a vast number of British filmgoers who had never before seen a documentary found in "Squadron 992," "Men of the Lightship," and "Target for Tonight" a new kind of British film—with a sense of reality, a feeling for local background and local character, and a terse, taut beauty in its photography. They were soon to meet—the old feature-film studios that were solving new problems in a new spirit and the documentary directors who were finding new subjects and a wider audience.

Meanwhile there was a third impact of the war: its effect on the public itself. World War I, which began in Britain with flag-wagging and the stoning of foreigners' shops and ended with "Hang the Kaiser," was marked by record runs for jingo films like "An Englishman's Home" and for the shoddiest of stage musicals. In contrast, World War II found new audiences all over Britain for ballet and for a new golden age in Shakespearean acting, a new market for serious modern painting, an inescapable demand that the best performers should play the best music in the heart of London during the heaviest bombings. This isn't the place to ask why; it is enough to note that this newly aware, newly appreciative, newly critical public was a film-going public, too.

Because this public expressed its preferences quite clearly, there came about a belated marriage between the British feature film and the British documentary. The studios took over something of the realism and the approach of documentary when they weren't actually taking over documentary directors. It was a documentary director, Harry Watt, who made "Nine Men" and went on to make "The Overlanders": it was a fiction-film di-

rector, Anthony Asquith, who made "The Way to the Stars."

The new merging of fiction with documentary can be seen in its most recent forms in "Brief Encounter" and "Odd Man Out," each a film with a local habitation—a quality that the British film, compared with the American and the French, had lacked for so long.

MEANWHILE a new generation of film-makers had matured—producers, directors, script-writers, and, to a lesser extent, actors and actresses. Most of the directors we know best today are young men who were unknown or little-known before the war: Carol Reed, who made "Odd Man Out"; David Lean, who made "Great Expectations" and collaborated with Noel Coward on "Brief Encounter"; Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, who made "The Notorious Gentleman," "Hue and Cry," and "The Adventuress"; the Boulting brothers, who made "Desert Victory"; and Peter Ustinov, who made "School for Secrets." They inherited the integrity and sincerity that had come to the British cinema in the war years, and they retained, blessedly, their individualities. The work of each director is as clearly marked, as distinguishable from the others', as Preston Sturges' or Frank Capra's.

And this in spite of the new, monopolistic control of the British film industry. The commercial development of the British cinema during the period had brought about half Britain's studio space under the control of the J. Arthur Rank Organization, together with two of Britain's three major theater circuits. Arthur Rank has a firm grip on the distributing trade and controls 24,000 theater seats in London's West End (most of them in pre-first-run "shop-window" cinemas). In comparison, some 9,000 are under the control of the big American firms. There are virtually no independents, save for the specialized "little" theaters that show French and Russian films.

On paper such a monopoly is all wrong. Economically, politically, and socially it is disturbing. (There was a government inquiry and report, in 1944, on "Tendencies to Monopoly in the Cinematograph Film

Industry," which did nothing but worry the liberals.) Artistically, it ought to be disastrous; but so far it hasn't been.

Most of Britain's best producers, directors, and players work within the orbit of the Rank organization, which includes four main production groups. Yet each production unit retains its individuality. One group, for instance, is Independent Producers, which contains four production units: the Powell-Pressburger team, which made "Stairway to Heaven" and "Black Narcissus," the last film Deborah Kerr made before leaving for Hollywood; the Launder-Gilliat team, which makes light-hearted and (by British standards) fast-moving thrillers; the David Lean-Havelock Allen-Ronald Neame unit, which produced the Noel Coward films, "In Which We Serve," "This Happy Breed," "Blithe Spirit," and "Brief Encounter," before making "Great Expectations"; and Ian Dalrymple's unit, working now on G. B. Stern's "The Woman in the Hall." Two Cities, the company that produced "Odd Man Out," is as independent as the other groups, and Ealing Studios, where "Nicholas Nickleby" was made (by Cavalcanti, once a documentary producer), is more loosely associated with the Rank organization, which distributes its films. The Gainsborough Company is perhaps more firmly controlled. Its costume naughtinesses are certainly aimed more positively at the box office than the films from other groups.

David Lean has told me how truly independent are the groups that make up Independent Producers. In his unit, for instance—and the same goes for the other three—the producer, director, chief cameraman, and other leading members are not under long contract to the Rank organization; they get paid for each film they make, plus what Lean calls "a whacking percentage." They have an entirely free hand in choosing a story, scripting it, and casting it. Rank's instructions are simply, "Make the film as cheaply as you can, but don't sacrifice quality to cheapness." From the four groups in Independent Producers—making what Rank regards as experimental films—he doesn't ask for profits, only for his money back. It frequently happens that

big business men don't see the films they have backed until they attend the West End première.

I don't know whether Lean, on the strength of "Brief Encounter," has had Hollywood offers, but he says that he would be unwilling to leave England for the sunshine and the swimming pools simply because he would never get as much freedom elsewhere. In England, he says, the day of big business men's deciding on stories and on stars is over. Producers here don't as a rule have the power that they have in Hollywood (save possibly for Sydney Box, who makes the Gainsborough costume-pieces for Rank; Korda, now under way for M-G-M; and Ostrer.) Here it is more usual to have producer-director teams (such as Lean himself, directing for Noel Coward as producer), with the producer doing a more directorial job than his Hollywood counterpart.

Lean, an enthusiast for Rank ("He's simple, a tremendously hard worker, and absolutely honest—his word's good enough for me"), credits the artistic integrity of such films as "Brief Encounter" entirely to the free hand given to the producer-director team under this system of benevolent nonintervention. A business man with a finger in the "Brief Encounter" pie would never, for example, have permitted the charming Celia Johnson to wear the succession of "mousy" clothes—the adjective is her director's—that established character, class, and atmosphere so admirably and gave such an authoritative realism to the film. (Some film-goers got the impression that she'd worn the same clothes throughout the film.) Coward and Lean picked the story, picked Miss Johnson for the part, picked her clothes. "I'm no artist," Rank says; but he knows how to pick artists and when to leave them alone.

The emphasis in any consideration of the British film renaissance must be on directors. Niven Busch has exploded, in a recent issue of *Harper's*, "The Myth of the Movie Director." But true though his thesis may be of Hollywood, it would be false as applied to Britain. Here the freshness and the individuality of the new British films is a reflection of the fresh and

individual approach of their directors. Compared with the American studios the director has more power on the floor, the producers less. (Producers and directors who work together as a team often change places: Launder and Gilliat produce and direct in turns, as do the Boulting twins.) And the business man has less say still.

On the other hand, British studios are still far from strong in stars. They lack the Hollywood flair for making stars, and when they do manage to create one it is often only a preliminary to his or (more usually) her being made over again in California. Rex Harrison and Deborah Kerr are obvious examples.

There are still eighty American films for every twenty British shown on British screens, and far more of them are deliberately made as "star vehicles." Hollywood finds parts for stars; British studios find actors to fit parts. The British method makes, on the whole, for better films; the American builds bigger names.

A British actress who surmounts that handicap finds that the better she is, the more certain and the more attractive are the Hollywood offers. A star's salary here is in as high a bracket, relative to the earnings of other workers, as in the States. But in the States all the brackets are higher and taxation less. And there is, too, what David Lean refers to as "the call of the swimming pool"—there is not only more money in Hollywood, but also more of what money can buy. Plus, of course, the offer of a wider audience. No British player going into American films will lose a single British fan, for the films she makes will go to almost every cinema in Britain, and she stands to gain far more non-British admirers.

III

WEAKISH on players, British studios are weaker still (and less understandably) on writers. In the recent past writers have been persuaded to become producers as soon as they proved their grasp of the medium. Pressburger, Ustinov, Eric Ambler, Gilliat and Launder, Ian Dalrymple, and Noel Coward are all producers now. As a result original stories are being used less and less, and studios are relying heavily on adaptations of

novels—adaptations often made not by writers but by directors. David Lean and Ronald Neame made their own adaptation of "Great Expectations" and spent five months looking for an original screen story before deciding reluctantly to film "Oliver Twist" (again making their own adaptation). During the same five months another studio turned to the Dickens shelf and produced a not-too-satisfactory version of "Nicholas Nickleby." Laurence Olivier in "Henry V" is to be followed by Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet." "Odd Man Out" is from a novel; so is "Temptation Harbor." Novels by G. B. Stern and by Graham Greene are being filmed. The list is endless.

Ronald Neame says that the boring business of learning the film medium puts off writers who might make good if only they had more patience. Rank is trying to fill the gap by training young film writers under contract. That will take time. Meanwhile the shortage of stories means that successes tend to be copied slavishly, as happens for other reasons in Hollywood—a potential weakness that British studios were spared seven years ago, when they had no successes to copy.

ONE indirect reason for the shortage of experienced men willing to settle down to screen writing may be the fact that the British studios are all within a dozen miles of the center of London. A writer who has made his name in New York is unlikely to go 3,000 miles to Hollywood unless he is willing to give it a lengthy trial. But a Londoner who goes to a British studio keeps his London apartment and is only a taxi-ride away from his publisher's or his newspaper's office; old ties can easily pull him back.

The studios are all in London suburbs or in the dormitory outskirts. They are dull, factory-like plants, far smaller than their Hollywood counterparts. They are adequately, though far from lavishly, equipped. The technical equipment is as good as any, though there is hardly enough of it to go round. (There are only four Technicolor cameras in Britain.) There isn't the money or the material—or, rather, there hasn't been till recently—to go in for ornate sets. Location work is also

a problem to British film-makers. This is a crowded island: the *Henry V* unit had to deploy for the Battle of Agincourt on Irish soil. And the humid air, though it can give lovely lighting effects to England's patchwork countryside, gives it on too unpredictable few days in the year. The cost of outdoor work in Britain, therefore, comes disproportionately high.

Inevitably, some of the characteristics of the British movie industry derive from the nearness of its studios to the heart of the capital (and London is Britain's cultural and economic capital to a far greater extent than New York is America's). The business men behind the industry, for instance, rub shoulders every day with men in other walks of life—at clubs and restaurants and domestic get-togethers. They don't inhabit a cloud-cuckoo land of their own, as Hollywood magnates do, or run quite the same occupational risk of delusions of grandeur. The film company's offices, it is true, have taken over Wardour Street in Soho, the foreign corner of London's fashionable West End. They are no more lavish than the offices of other businesses—perhaps because stockbrokers or publishers or equipment salesmen, dropping in, would raise pained eyebrows. By English standards, no doubt, British film magnates are a bit larger than life, but a visiting Californian would probably consider them in keeping with London's conservative business traditions.

In the same way, directors lunch and dine in "Town," and their films seem all the better for this first-hand knowledge of gray skies, of the difficulties of getting taxis, and of how the other chap earns his living.

So far so good, this London influence on the London-made British movie. But there are handicaps. The great reservoir of acting talent for the studios is the West End stage; and it is easy for players, with big names and little, to shuttle between stage and screen. With the shortage of actors, producers make this shuttling easier still by engaging players on contracts which allow them to act part-time in both the theater and the studio. The actor overworks, and neither the film nor the play gets his best.

There is another and more far-reaching

effect of this influence of the West End stage. In England the drama is not a popular art form. It caters primarily to what used to be a leisured and is still an expensively-educated class—and its home is London. No play is a success, no player established, without a West End run. The persisting glory of the English stage is the drawing-room comedy; the young actor or actress—unless he is going to specialize in clowns and character parts—must have the manner and accent appropriate to drawing-rooms. Moreover, he usually comes from the drawing-room stratum of society.

Hence the Mayfair Mumble, or "Null Cahd" Hobble-Gobble, that Professor W. Cabell Greet has complained about. That is how it strikes an American, and that is also the way it strikes the provincial Englishman and the factory-worker. Accent in Britain is a matter of class. To Lancashire mill-hands and Somerset farm-laborers the accent of the young West End actor betrays not the Londoner—he might well come from Lancashire or from Somerset himself—but the expensive private school and one of the older universities. It betrays the "gentleman," in the semi-feudal sense. The word is used nowadays apologetically or as a joke, but the class-consciousness behind it is still real.

Now an Englishman knows that a man with those manners and that accent wouldn't be driving a truck. But the only personable young actors available as movie heroes have those manners and that accent. It is next to impossible, therefore, for British studios to make a movie with a truck-driver hero. ("They Drive by Night" and "Waterloo Road" are the rare rule-proving exceptions; John Mills and Robert Newton are among the very few youngish actors who can give a convincing performance as lads from the wrong side of the tracks.) It is as though Hollywood were full of Franchot Tones and had no Cagneys, Rafts, or Edward G. Robinsons.

The new spirit in the English studios—largely brought about (as we have seen) by a revolution in public taste, and by documentary directors and documentary techniques—demands a new realism. Many of the movie-makers, to their credit, are seeking to meet this demand,

but they are handicapped by the lack of any but one kind of player. British films, therefore, continue to concern themselves with the middle classes, as in "Brief Encounter," for instance, in which the one serious, but typically British, flaw is that the "lower orders"—the railway porter and the woman behind the bar—are played strictly for laughs. Or they must miscast leading players, even in so admirable a film as "Odd Man Out," in which Kathleen Ryan is too ladylike to be entirely plausible as the girl friend of a Belfast gunman.

This is where the American film still has an advantage, even on British screens. The average British working man has been seeing and hearing American talkies for twenty years. But he may well never have seen a West End play nor met a West End clubman; his only acquaintance with the accent of his own upper classes is on the rather impersonal English radio. Consequently, he found in the war that the manner, the accent, even the look of American enlisted men were more familiar to him than those of a Guards officer, whom he considered affected—and suspected of effeminacy.

So with movie actors, and so, therefore, with their stories. John Garfield with a gun is a more plausible figure to many British eyes than, say, the late Leslie Howard with his rolled umbrella, in spite of the gun's being so alien an implement, and the umbrella oh, so English.

IV

HERE, then, are some of the deficiencies of the British film industry: a shortage of writers and of original screen stories, and a shortage of stars who are box-office draws. That second lack can be made up for; we can—and do—export the few stars we do make and concentrate on sheer acting. But we are still short of actors who can get outside the West End idiom and look, sound, and behave as if they left school at fourteen.

There is a shortage, too, of great clowns. Charlie Chaplin, Bob Hope, and Stan Laurel were born in England, but they left no successors. The only really funny film produced in Britain in recent years

was "Blithe Spirit," a film in the drawing-room comedy tradition. There is no knock-about, no inspired fooling in the Marx Brothers vein; nor are British musicals anything but blurred carbon copies of Hollywood's dullest. Here there are no witty feet, it seems, like Astaire's. Optimists with their eyes on distant horizons talk of the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, point to the talented composers who work for the cinema—Benjamin Britten, William Walton, and Lord Berners, or on another level Noel Coward—and promise light operettas, something like René Clair's French gaieties of fifteen years or so ago. Me, I should have to see one first.

So Britain's young directors have displayed a wide variety of talents in a range of films which can hardly be described as narrow—it includes pictures as different as "Blithe Spirit" and "Henry V," as "Odd Man Out," "The Notorious Gentleman," and "Wicked Lady"—but which lies within very sharply defined limits. Within those limits, the strength of the British cinema lies in a new integrity; an adult approach to individual relationships, emotional and otherwise (it approaches the French cinema here); an interest, at least, in social relationships; and an ability, rare before the war, to project the British way of life and the British background, whether of mean streets or of countryside.

It lacks glitter and personalities and the Hollywood slickness, but artistically its future seems to offer rich possibilities. The renaissance in the cinema has coincided with a new liveliness in other arts. This is not, perhaps, a period of genius in English painting, English music, or English letters; but it is a period of vigorous "little" reviews and "little" theaters, of much busy-ness in studios and the shops that sell paintings, of vast and highly critical crowds at ballet performances and at concerts both of modern music and of Beethoven. Geographically it is easy for a painter, a writer, or composer to do some of his work for the films; they all live in London, and the studios are round the corner. Because of the new reputation of British films they are eager to do so, and their keenness keeps that same reputation high. Before the war there had been a snobbery of taste that prevented most of

the liveliest young artists in any medium from soiling their fingers. Now there is no knowing where they will take the film, and there are high hopes.

MEANWHILE, success itself is the danger. It means more money to spend than in those days of proud and enterprising poverty from which we date the renaissance. It can mean that lavishness will take the place of originality. It can mean that box-office winners will be copied—each copy a little smudgier than the last. (Isn't that one of our gibes at Hollywood?) And the more expensive movies may be made too deliberately with an eye to the American market. What the British cinema used to do so badly, and must never do again, was to turn out movies of Britain that were what the British financier thought the American movie-goer liked to think Britain and the British looked like.

For this reason, and others, the economic future is far from clear. Britain's screens can take six hundred feature films a year; but Britain's studios made only about sixty a year from 1940 to 1945, and about one hundred last year. In 1946 about 80 million dollars (out of a total British expenditure in the United States of nearly a billion) went to pay for American movies with which to fill the gap. This is more than two-and-a-half times Britain's yearly expenditure on American films before the war.

Under these circumstances, there are only two alternatives for a dollar-short country, already alarmed at the way its American loan is melting away. One would be to increase the output of British movies for home consumption and to cut down on imports. (The existing Quota Act, which saved the British film industry in 1927, expires next year and is due for revision. There is strong support, especially from the Association of Ciné-Technicians, the technicians' trade union, for an increase in the present twenty per cent of screen time which is reserved for British films.)

The other alternative is to make films that will earn dollars abroad—which means films that America will buy, because the margin for increased sales of

British movies is modest in the Dominions and negligible in Europe. This does not mean that the new quality of British production is not being noted abroad; but the Dominions are thinly populated, and in France the language barrier restricts British films to the tonier Paris theaters. (Though there is a move under way to make films bilingually in Paris studios.)

RANK's plan is to sell films to the United States, through his commercial treaties with Twentieth Century-Fox and Universal, strictly on merit. This obviously is a riskier business than the technicians' proposal that films should be made as cheaply as possible, production stepped up so that two hundred British films can be made in 1948, and the domestic quota upped from twenty per cent to thirty-three. (Nobody, it seems, will even consider a third way out: to cut down on American movies anyway, before British production speeds up. The British public is going without enough necessity-luxuries already; nobody dares interfere with its shilling's worth of glamor and escape.)

Rank's plan is the riskier because it entails more direct competition in the United States than a partially protected industry would meet at home—perhaps unfair competition in some cases. There are wild stories in Wardour Street already of the Hays Office's manufacturing horror at British décolletage and saucy lines, so as to hold up the showing of British films, and of other forms of sabotage which include mutilation and fabulous "advertising costs." Those for what they are worth; it is clearly enough appreciated here that on merit alone and on star value, in a fair fight with no favors, the British film in the United States has a tough job on its hands. And that in spite of the highly satisfactory profit now being rolled up in America by "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Henry V."

It is better, Rank's critics say, not to make movies as expensive as those two, and thus be obliged whatever the risk to crash the American market. "Caesar and Cleopatra" cost more than five million dollars to make and held down badly needed technicians and studio space for two years. A dozen good movies could have been made for the same money, half

a dozen in the same time. Made with sincerity and imagination they would stand the same chance of a showing abroad, having already made a profit at home. The expensive epics can't hope to earn a profit from the home market alone, because the best a film can gross in Britain is about a million dollars.

What is certain is that the new reputation of the British movie is based more securely on cheap films like "Brief Encounter" than on the costlier pieces. So too is the movie as a truly national art, which is a new status for it in Britain. Homemade movies of the same kind, rather than the "Caesars" and the "Henry V's," are responsible for last year's ten per cent drop in Hollywood's takes in Britain itself and in India, South Africa, and Australia.

That ten per cent drop represents earnings that went to the British film industry—and largely to Mr. Rank—instead of to Hollywood. It does not include the earnings of British movies at American box offices. As British production increases, that switch-over of profit might well double itself in the next two years, without Government interference.

It is a measure of Britain's postwar hard times that there should be such preoccupation with the cash value of a popular art form which has become at last a means of national expression. It would be more dignified simply to be grateful for a succession of movies worth seeing and for the prestige they achieve abroad, and to express surprise and genteel pleasure at the unexpected news that they also earn a dollar or two.

Things being as they are, though, there will continue to be plenty of argument about whether Mr. Rank is right to go bald-headed for the American market or whether we should go slow and make sure of nudging the extra ten per cents out of our own box offices. There is plenty of argument, too, about whether the new British film is entirely safe so long as its finances and its new individuality depend on the export policy of a monopolist. We are almost excessively grateful for "Brief Encounter," "Odd Man Out," and "Great Expectations." But we are promised, Heaven help us, a "Christopher Columbus" in Technicolor.

RECIPE FOR CATASTROPHE

MORDECAI EZEKIEL

WE DID it before, and we can do it again. The United States ended World War I the most powerful nation in the world. After a violent but brief postwar depression we went on to nearly a decade of New Era prosperity—the highest we or any nation had ever seen. But we ended that decade with an economic crash that also was the biggest and deepest on record; and we hadn't fully got over that crash ten years later, when World War II began.

Now we have come out of World War II with far greater agricultural and industrial power than when we went in. Reconversion has been more rapid than most forecasters anticipated. While Europe and Asia are still in the doldrums, our farms are producing one-third more than prewar and our factories nearly twice their prewar averages—despite a long series of disabling strikes. As labor settles down to peacetime work, as wage rates and prices get better adjusted, and as war-learned technologies are more fully employed, the American future looks bright for a sustained period of high prosperity, with average levels of living almost fantastically high by earlier standards.

Will this new boom end in a correspondingly great depression? Will postwar prosperity after World War II prove as ephemeral as after World War I? Will we wreck the new prosperity as effectively as we wrecked the old? These are the great

questions which shadow the economic future of every American.

Here are a few facts about the prosperity of the nineteen-twenties which we would do well to bear in mind now:

(1) *We made a great and continuing advance in national output and income after World War I, but we failed to increase the incomes of mass consumers in proportion to the rising output.* Net income of farmers fell from 8.5 per cent of the national income in 1920 to 6.2 per cent in 1929. Income of salaried and wage workers in private industries fell from 56.3 per cent to 54.3 per cent for the same years. Corporate profits meanwhile trended generally upward, rising from 5.6 per cent of national income in 1920 to 8.6 per cent by 1929. This stimulated excessive speculation in security markets but did not maintain mass buying power for the goods produced. Stated another way, corporations increased their net profits from 12.5 per cent of the wages and salaries they paid out in 1920 to 19.9 per cent in 1929.

(2) *Industrial concentration spread, control by big business and partial monopolies increased, and the effectiveness of price competition declined.* The proportion of business controlled by the 200 largest non-financial corporations (as measured by corporate income) rose from 33 per cent to 43 per cent from 1920 to 1929. Basing point systems to hold up prices were perfected for steel, cement, and other products. The

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decline of competition contributed to the disproportionate increase in corporate profits during the twenties. It also was partly responsible for the fact that when demand shrank after 1929 industry chose to take its punishment largely by reducing its output rather than by reducing its prices—thus shifting the major burden to discharged workers.

(3) *During the war and immediately after it there had been a swollen foreign demand for the output of our farms, but as soon as devastated Europe restored its production to normal the demand fell and prices fell with it.* Farm incomes stayed relatively low all through the twenties. We established the Federal Farm Board under Hoover to stabilize prices and improve farm income just before the hurricane broke in 1929, but it proved quite incapable of withstanding the storm.

(4) *For a time, mass consumers—workers and farmers—kept up purchases by borrowing ahead on future income.* Installment purchases and other consumer credit increased 4 billion dollars between 1920 and 1929. This helped keep demand going for the time, but became steadily more difficult to continue as more and more of future earnings were pledged in advance.

(5) *The profit-induced inflation in stock prices itself generated buying power.* People borrowed more and more on their stocks as security prices rose. The net increase in brokers' loans between 1920 and the peak in 1929 added 7 billions to the money released for expenditures during this period—again augmenting demand temporarily by a process that could not continue indefinitely.

(6) *Tax rates, increased during the war, were reduced afterwards.* This reduction, especially the reduction of income taxes, set still more money free to feed the inflation of securities.

(7) *Construction shot up, and then ebbed away.* Construction activity made peaks, first in dwelling construction (with a high in 1925), and then later in commercial and industrial construction. Housing activity rose from 1921 to 1925, just as it has risen on every previous upward swing of a cycle that has repeated itself every seventeen or eighteen years for about three-quarters of a century. House construction

continued to expand until the market was saturated, vacancies appeared, selling prices and rents declined, and house construction went into a tailspin. By 1928 the construction of new housing units was down to 80 per cent of the 1925 level. For a time this decline was largely offset by a continual expansion in industrial and public investment; but the process of building factories, office buildings, and hotels faster than new customers for the space or products were developing could not continue indefinitely. When office and hotel vacancies began to accumulate in 1928 and new construction contracts began to slacken in earnest, whole industries felt the pinch; and the shaky basis of the current prosperity began to become evident.

(8) *Exports from American farms and factories were encouraged, first by loans and gifts for relief and later by heavy foreign loans for reconstruction and development.* Many of the loans were at high interest rates with onerous schedules of repayments. But imports of foreign goods to repay these loans were discouraged, first by the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act of 1922 and next by the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act of 1930. These two tariffs raised average tariff rates to about double prewar rates, and so encouraged other countries to develop parallel barriers to foreign trade. The rising world trade barriers made it difficult for foreign trade to revive as the damage done by the war was repaired. When foreign countries ran into more and more trouble in servicing their loans from us, our interest in foreign lending died down; and by 1929 the sale of foreign securities in the United States had been sharply reduced.

(9) *During most of the period from 1921 to 1929, manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers added to their inventories.* The average increase in inventories was almost a billion dollars per year. In early 1929, inventories were being increased at an annual rate of two to three billions. A substantial part of the demand for goods thus came from business men rather than the ultimate consumers.

Our prosperity of the twenties thus depended on the continuation of a number of things that by their very nature were temporary and self-terminating. The hous-

ing boom played out; foreign investments dwindled and export markets declined; industrial building began to slacken off.

When these first signs of adversity began to cut sales and profits, all the rest of the unstable mechanism went into reverse; security prices fell; investors began to cut into their current income to protect their margins and pay down their loans. Sales slackened, and business men began to reduce inventories instead of increasing them. Wages fell and jobs became hard to find. Workers stopped obligating themselves for new installment purchases and concentrated on paying off outstanding ones. All three factors which previously had helped sustain demand—expanding credit on securities, consumer credit, and business inventories—began to absorb big chunks from current income payments instead. Between mid-1929 and 1934, about 15 billions of current income payments disappeared into paying off these past obligations, instead of going to pay for current production—and stock prices, commodity prices, and factory production all fell deep into the slough of despond.

II

WILL the same thing happen again this time? Will we mismanage our affairs in the late forties and fifties as we did before in the twenties? Or will past experience and wiser judgment get us through this period on a more even keel?

After a business boom has started to collapse, it is too late to prevent a crash. The catastrophe of 1929–32 had its roots in policies we adopted, actions we took, from 1920 on. If we wish our future economic house to endure, we must start now to make sure it is not built on shifting sand. In some respects, we are better prepared today to avert or withstand a new depression, as a result of the many changes in our institutions since 1929, both from the New Deal and the war.

From the New Deal we have left measures to improve the bargaining position of labor and to support the income of low-income groups—minimum wages, Social Security, the Wagner Act, and the great growth of labor unions. (Labor unions increased in World War I too, but they

were largely destroyed or decimated in the immediate postwar depression.) We have measures to guarantee the incomes of farmers, or support them in times of trouble—price supports, marketing quotas, the Soil Conservation laws, and the Ever-Normal-Granary. Tariff rates have been cut nearly one-third under 1930 levels by reciprocal trade agreements already in effect, and more cuts are in prospect as part of the International Trade Organization negotiations.

Monopolistic competition and administered prices, however, have been greatly strengthened by NRA experience, and the control of our economy by great corporations has been intensified by wartime developments. Offsetting this slightly is the expanded activity in anti-trust enforcement, as a heritage from Thurman Arnold and the Federal Trade Commission. Also, the Securities and Exchange Commission enforces more publicity on corporations and exchanges.

From the war period, we have inherited far higher levels of federal taxes, especially of income and profit taxes that fall more heavily on the well-to-do, and a mass of wartime savings (and federal debts) out of all proportion to any past experience. There are still enormous needs for food and materials for relief and reconstruction abroad, and for replacing war-accumulated shortages of durable goods here at home. There is a great shortage of housing, intensified by the better level demanded as a result of increased incomes. Some wartime controls are still in effect on installment purchases and on rents.

We have also the new Council of Economic Advisers and a reorganized Congress which can act powerfully on its recommendations—if it chooses. Finally, we have our membership in the UN and in several specialized UN organizations, all devoted to the philosophy of an expanding world economy, notably the International Bank and the Monetary Fund. These have together about 15 billion dollars of authorized capital for stabilizing international exchange and financing rehabilitation and development.

Despite some setbacks (more monopoly, more unbalanced housing, more danger of internal inflation), as a whole we seem to

be better geared up than in 1920 to shorten a depression if we get into one. But whether we do create another debacle depends on the policies we adopt from here on out.

On the basis of the experience after World War I, we can write out today an almost sure-fire prescription for another cycle of Boom and Bust about 1955. This Prescription for Catastrophe would include the following ingredients:

(1) Abolish rent controls and leave the building cycle free to soar and smash on a bigger scale than ever. Do nothing to plan housing for the masses of low and moderate income families, or to regularize private or public construction activities.

(2) Loan money freely to foreign countries at high rates—but repeal the Trade Agreement Act and pass new higher tariffs so they can never pay us back.

(3) Starve off anti-trust enforcement, give the big corporations whatever favors they ask, and encourage further participation of business in domestic and international cartels.

(4) Cut federal and state appropriations for economic services to farmers, business, and labor, so that private enterprise can again engage in inventory booms and other in-and-out activities untroubled by knowledge of what it is doing.

(5) Take off all restrictions on the use of credit for purchases of securities and consumer goods, so that these temporary and unstabilizing factors in the economy can regain their old vigor.

(6) Repeal the remaining farm legislation and other stabilizing institutions in agriculture, and leave farmers to the tender mercies of supply and demand, both in domestic and foreign trade.

(7) Reduce income taxes sharply, especially on upper-bracket incomes. Raise the revenues we need by sales taxes, tariffs, and other indirect taxes that cut the buying power of mass consumers.

(8) Repeal or emasculate the Wagner Labor Act and the Social Security Act, and abolish the Securities and Exchange Commission.

(9) Damn the UN with faint praise and half-hearted support, re-establish dollar diplomacy, and act solely on our own in foreign affairs.

This complex prescription is respectfully suggested to American citizens and statesmen. If faithfully followed, or even if followed in only major elements, it should enable us to make the next Great Depression one to end all depressions—or at all events one great enough to end private enterprise and private capitalism.

Lightning

MARY-SCOTT WILLOUR

I DREAD these sudden fits of sanity
That leave my world less blurred and beautiful,
Blinding waves of undiluted light
Washing across my cool unconsciousness.

The velvet breath of vagueness, the thick fur
Of dreams half-human, brush against my sense,
And I am lost to truth. A nordic moon
Of measured voltage bleaches all I say.

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I SOMETIMES wonder how the still small voice is getting along nowadays; probably as well as ever, I suppose, only I don't happen to move in circles where I hear much about it. When I ask young parents if children still have consciences, they assure me that they certainly do, but they don't call it that any more: it's better to develop a social conscience unconsciously so that the child doesn't get too worried about his own. This sounds all right, but I suspect it of being a hoax. The old-fashioned still small voice was social enough if anybody wanted to put it to work, and it seems to me that the modern social conscience usually turns out to be an alibi for not having any at all. Yet I may be wrong. Possibly it's merely a question of distribution; I can readily understand how, if you scatter what conscience you have all over the world, there's less to apply at any one point, notably in your own house and block. This must account for the local deficiency I have observed.

As I look back on my own childhood, we all packed around some pretty hefty consciences and mine went through three distinct stages. The first was very vague. I hazily remember how they tried to din something about conscience into me in Sunday school, but I wasn't dressed for it. I wore uncomfortable collars and tight Sunday clothes and, after they pulled the partition down from the ceiling to shut our cell off from the rest of the big Sunday school room, it was too stuffy to breathe. Conscience made no more impression on my evil soul than the story of the prodigal

son which, I confess with some misgiving, is as devoid of moral teaching to me today as it was when I squashed mud through my toes in the irrigation ditch that ran past our house in joyous relief from getting off my tight patent-leather, buttoned Sunday shoes.

Nor was my mother any more successful than the Sunday school teacher in making me aware of the glories of conscience. Her strategy was wrong because she invariably played on the assumption that I already had a conscience which I most certainly didn't have; and, to make things worse, this assumed conscience of mine was supposed to be of social character—which marked my mother as a pioneer in this intellectual field. Being admonished to feel sorry for all the poor little Chinese boys who didn't have toothbrushes or oatmeal evoked in my spirit only envy of their very fortunate way of life; and if I drove my older sisters to tears by some horrible act, such as nailing a love letter to a tree, any parental argument seeking to project my humanity into their sad situation only served to prove the more conclusively that I'd got the precise result I was working for. Why should I weep when I could exult over their caterwauling? But propaganda, by mere repetition, exerts some influence and this great abstraction, conscience, unknown to me, must have been silently encroaching on my very personal world of bicycles and shinny sticks.

In the next stage, unaware of these pressures that had been preparing me for it, I took over conscience hook, line, and

sinker as my own personal invention. I remember the exact situation when it came to me as the voices came to Joan of Arc. I was carrying a morning paper route on the old *Denver Republican* and always stopped around Ninth and Logan to meet the milkman and swap a paper for a pint of milk. Propped against my bicycle and gulping my milk before sunrise that April morning, I scanned the paper for the newest bad news in the most terrible catastrophe, in a public sense, I had ever felt any personal concern with—the sinking of the *Titanic*. If I had been remotely exposed to wars, earthquakes, or plagues, nothing in my life, up to this point, had affected me as did the *Titanic* now. Morning after morning I was carrying more than fifteen hundred sodden corpses around in my paper bags and, curiously, the whole thing focused on a name—J. Bruce Ismay. J. Bruce Ismay was under fire for allegedly making the ship go too fast, jeopardizing the lives of the passengers. The name stuck in my mind like a sinister snatch of verse. Whoever he was, I was against J. Bruce Ismay. I would never grow up to be like J. Bruce Ismay: the welfare of others must come first. My conscience had completed its second stage, a deep conviction, an inner philosophy, but not yet tested by action.

IT WASN'T long before the third stage, conscience-in-action, made a frontal assault on an imperfect world, and it got me into a most difficult situation. My brindle bull-terrier, Dobbin, came down with hydrophobia. Dobbin always accompanied me on my paper route and to realize that he must die, and that there was no hope, was more than I could stand. It was a clear case. We had just learned all about hydrophobia in school and, sure enough, Dobbin showed unmistakable symptoms—drowsiness, tendency to wander, and, when we came home from the paper route, some frothing of the mouth. I didn't tell anybody, but immediately isolated Dobbin in what we called "the long closet" for observation. I gave him very little food but plenty of water which, in his condition, he naturally shunned.

But one evening Dobbin slipped out

and trailed me down to Mr. Osborn's drug store on the corner across from Paul Whiteman's house. I bought some sticks of licorice root from Mr. Osborn and, when I looked around, I was astounded at what Dobbin was up to. On the floor was a bushel basket of hard candy and there was Dobbin gobbling, licking, slobbering to his delirious heart's content. The entire top layer of the red candy was shiny wet from his drooling. Mr. Osborn had not seen it, but the whole tragic import of the pestilent situation struck me like lightning. Anybody who touched that candy was doomed! I raced home, locked Dobbin up, and hurried back with a quarter, which was all I had, intent on buying up the entire top layer of the infected candy in order to destroy it.

Meanwhile, unfortunately, my good friend Mr. Osborn had gone downtown to play his flute, which he did once a week, with the Elks' orchestra and the relief man had come on—a strawberry blond sex exhibitionist, formerly a juggler on the Keith-Orpheum circuit. We boys feared him and were fascinated by him; he would wink and beckon and reveal the strange contents of secret drawers back of the prescription partition. Tonight I feared him more than ever, gave him my quarter and stammered out that I wanted five bags of candy from the very top of the basket, whereupon he handed me five bags already put up on the counter, stroked my wrist gently, and then, as if to reprimand me for implying that they kept the best candy on the top of the basket to fool customers, picked up the whole basket from the floor and with a juggler's skill tossed the candy high in the air again and again, all hopelessly mixed up in poisonous confusion.

And to top it off he let one piece hit the ceiling and caught it in his mouth. To save his life I screamed at him to wash his mouth out instantly with hydrogen-peroxide and blabbered out the whole story of the terrible basket, my doomed friends, the doomed neighborhood, the whole city. He squeaked with laughter and pushed me out the door. "Skiddoo!" he said. Hysterically I called up Mr. Osborn at the Elks' lodge and, while he wasn't too happy about being called

from his flute, he sized up the situation sympathetically and assured me that the candy would be quarantined as long as Dobbin was. Dobbin, miraculously, made one of the rarest recoveries known to science and my conscience, which was clearly now a social conscience, was speeded on its way to nobler deeds.

I'M NOT sure, however, that today it gets as much exercise as it should. Twice in the last year I have turned over boards that had nails sticking up in them, I've taken home a lost child I found in City Park, but I have not attended a single luncheon—and have been invited to all of them—conducted by the Social Science Foundation of the University of Denver—which would enable my conscience to do good work in China, Finland, Russia, and so many other places where my conscience is needed. It may be laziness on my part but that isn't the whole story. I have a squirrelish trait of saving up the return post-cards I don't mail in and, as I glanced through them a while back—spring cleaning in my desk—it occurred to me that I am woefully inept in gearing my social conscience to the news. My timing is off. I was for brave little Finland when I was supposed to be against her and I was against Chiang Kai-shek when I was supposed to be for him. And my values are as hard to synchronize with the news as my conscience. I'm still not entirely convinced that General Funston was the greatest man who ever lived or Mihailovich the worst.

Let me not imply, however, that my

conscience is vegetating. It is groping into its fourth stage and seeks to operate on what I might call my near-near-far ratio. If its operation is still somewhat less than perfect on this theory, I have no compunction about commending the general idea to others—two "nears" to one "far." Be sure that your conscience is doing as well as can be expected with two nearby problems in order to test its validity for tying into one remote one. Volunteer, say, to help one neighborhood stranger with his income tax and another to change a tire as a sort of shake-down voyage before you undertake to send your conscience on a passage to India to fix things up over there.

I know of a college professor and his wife who set out the other evening to burn up the college president in the name of academic freedom. They couldn't get a baby sitter and, weighing the problems of their toddlers against the broader crusade, decided that the children would have to learn to stay alone some day and might as well start now. Besides, the oldest one, about six, knew how to use the telephone. About midnight he frantically called the first number on the list—which happened to be that of the college president himself. The child was scared to death, all bogged down in bottles, yowls, and diapers. The president got out of bed, came over and took over until his prosecutor, the professor, got home to spell him off. Somehow this professor's conscience-in-action didn't quite satisfy my near-near-far ratio. His social conscience was pretty much, I think, a front for having none at all.

GRANDMA, GRANDPA, AND RIVERSIDE ROAD

A Story

VICTORIA LINCOLN

I DON'T think my parents ever became adjusted, I might even say resigned, to the summer place on Riverside Road. It was, they used to tell each other frequently, and a shade too firmly, a wonderful place for children, with its sheltered estuary for boating and swimming and the square dances at the clubhouse on Saturdays. Their native aptitude for the suburbs, however, was limited, and Riverside Road was Suburbia transplanted, a community of New Haven business men. It was imperative, if I were to run with the pack, that Mother and Father should not appear to breathe a larger or a wilder air. It was sometimes hard.

For one thing, Mother loves people, all kinds of people. All kinds, that is, with a freedom from pettiness and a certain joie de vivre. In town, in the wintertime, I never knew who'd be having tea with her when I came in. It might be an Episcopal bishop (there are some extremely pleasant bishops), or it might be an unthinkable panhandler; but always, it would turn out, it would be someone with a notion, an ideal, a quality, that had caught up her heart. She had a gift, I will

say. I don't think that she ever made a truly mistaken friendship. And it certainly gave color to our life.

I remember with particular pleasure old Mr. Ramsbottom, a mad Lancashire ancient who had been, in his day, a powerful agitator in the textile field. *Citizen*, we had to call him, like something out of *A Tale of Two Cities*, until he retired to the city home, when he insisted upon being addressed as Pauper Ramsbottom. Sometimes he was a little upset and went about with a red flag on a pole, shouting, "My son's blood, this color, was spilled in the cause of labor!" But for the most part, he was as pleasant a fireside guest as one could have wished.

He was not, however, a type to fit in on Riverside Road. Nor were many of the others. Mother and Father used to tremble when one of that remarkable entourage would seek them out in their summer haunts. I remember the hot day when Grandma Carpenter came to call.

Grandma Carpenter (like Citizen Ramsbottom, she insisted upon her title) was, in many ways, an unworthy old reprobate. She lived by buying pot-holders cheap and selling them dear,



pressing her sales with rich tales of ill-fortune and vows that, despite failing eyesight and trembling fingers, she had taken every stitch herself. She was also, and actually, eligible for the D.A.R., and she and mother had turned up in conversation two Colonial governors in common ancestry. I don't know exactly what drew mother to her in the first place, but I suspect it was the joy of the creative artist glowing behind her old eyes as she listened to her own dark unfolding tale of woe.

Anyway, we all became very fond of her. She had a sincere liking for children. And as that day was, indeed, perishing hot, I suggested to mother that I take Grandma's potholders and sell them along the street while she rested in the shade. And after a momentary hesitation, Mother agreed.

I was a child with some dramatic ability and, I am afraid, a certain gift for embellishment. The customary salestalk lost nothing in my hands.

"It's for Grandma," I explained up and down the line as I repeated her story with advantages.

"Is she living with you now?" Mrs. White inquired. And I replied, "Oh, no, she lives in a tenement. If she couldn't make her holders she doesn't know how she'd keep going."

My sales were phenomenal. Almost everyone bettered even the exorbitant price I asked, and I returned with empty satchel and full purse, radiant with pride.

The next day mother noticed many curious glances directed towards our house, and at last one neighbor, less delicate than the rest, inquired, "Was it your mother who was visiting you yesterday, or your husband's?"

It took a lot of undoing.

THE undoing was hard, too, for I was always a child more loved by her playmates than by their parents. I wasn't destructive, or particularly loud, but I was inventive. I could think of more good ways to break your neck than any child you ever knew. My best ideas centered around the railroad station. There are, of course, few satisfactions deeper than that to be had from making doll's scissors by crossing straight pins in the way of an

oncoming locomotive. It takes such exquisite timing. Too early, and the vibration shakes the pins out of place; too late and you perish. I am happy to report that none of us was ever too late, though it was regularly a near thing.

The semaphore, however, was my own private domain. I was a short-winded creature, a dud at softball or prisoners' base, and it was to that semaphore I owed my solid social position. Though I could not run, I could climb, and I had an uncanny sense of balance. The trick was to mount above the ladder, perch on the ledge where the signal arms rose and fell, free both legs and knit a round on a sock (I was the mainstay of the Red Cross through World War I) while the express roared through directly below.

My feet sweat now at the telling of it. I wonder that my mother didn't run mad. To be sure she said and did plenty, but what punishment could outweigh the exaltation of those moments, balanced against the harsh vibration of the iron pole, feet up, hands going knit two, purl two, as I looked down through steam and smoke upon my worshipping multitude? Sooner or later, sooner or later, the telephone would ring and the station master would say, "Look-a-here, I'm sorry to tell you, but your little girl is up the semaphore again."

And, of course, Lizzie egged me on. Lizzie Edwards and I were inseparable friends. We both had brown pigtailed and freckled noses and longed to be mistaken for twins. Who loved one must love both. Grandpa Howland loved us both, and we loved him. The parents of Riverside Road did not think highly of Grandpa Howland.

He was a native, an old Civil War veteran, who lived in a farmhouse down near the station. He was so deaf that you had to scream in his ear, which was fun, he loved children with all his soul, and his language was unthinkable. We would come running at the sight of him, to catch his hands and scream, "Hel-lo, Grandpa How-land!" in a voice to wake the dead; and he would beam all over his crumpled, leather face and say, "Well, Sissy, well, Lizzie, God damn it to hell, where ye been all day? Well, be damned if you ain't the blankin' blankest cute



little pair of so and so's I ever seen. Want to come and help me dig clams?"

He was really a dear old man. His profanity had been a guilty attraction at first, but we got so that we hardly noticed it. It was just his way. Every child in the place loved Grandpa Howland.

Every child, that is, except his grand-nephew who lived with him. Georgie kept right on being shocked.

GEORGIE was the only child of Stuffy and Mildred who owned the farmhouse. Stuffy worked in New Haven, going up and down on the commuters' train, and he and Mildred yearned to be treated like summer people, so I guess Grandpa Howland must have been a thorn in their flesh; but Lizzie and I were mercilessly agreed that there was no excuse for their not treating him nicer. Them and their airs!

Under the circumstances, the snobbery of the road, I mean, and the distaste of children for individualism, let alone eccentricity, it is hard to understand the hold that Georgie had on us. For this extraordinary child spent most of his time pretending that he was a duchess. And we not only tolerated him, we let him exert upon us some kind of mass hypnosis.

He was a handsome boy of twelve, small for his years, with graceful hands and a high, clear, nervous voice, a queer voice, unchildish, like the voice of a tense young woman. I can still recall it, and see his face, a delicate, sharp-cut face, so lacking in mobility that the wild gray eyes seemed to peek out from the black-fringed eye-holes of a mask.

With no further accessory than an old piece of blanketing which he wound about himself for a train, he would set his stage and hold us, a tough and literal little crew for the most part, through an entire morning as helpless as snake-enchanted birds.

"Lord Alvin, my handkerchief!"

And Alvin, a terrible little roughneck, would mutter, "Yes, my Grace."

"*Your* Grace." The correction given kindly, but with a silvery laugh and an amused shrug in the direction of the more knowing.

Sometimes we would grumble. "Aw, come on, this isn't any fun. Let's go swimming. Let's go down to the tracks."

But it never came to anything.

"Lady Victoria, my fan!"

"Yes, your Grace. Shall I fan your Grace?"

We didn't like him. We explained him

to strangers simply by saying that he was a sissy nut who liked to play he was a duchess. But in the power of his obsession, he was stronger than we. No one could set us free but Grandpa Howland.

He would appear in the midst of us, spitting tobacco and rubbing his mouth with his fist.

"Well, for Chri' sake," he would say, "if tain't Georgie wound up in that god-dam blanket again. Say, what the bloody hell you *doin'* in that thing, anyways? God damn my soul if I ever do get the right of it. You tell me, one of you other kids, what the hell is it? He can't ever speak up so nobody can hear him, nohow. They *all* go whisperin' round the house fit to give you the horrors."

"Oh, Uncle Jeffie," Georgie would cry. "Oh, Uncle Jeffie, *don't* swear so. What will people *think*?"

And he would yank off the blanket with hands that shook, whether from anger or the shock of waking, I don't know, and run home, leaving us free and our unregenerate selves once more.

Oh, yes, we all knew well enough how they felt, Georgie, and Stuffy, and Mildred, on that awful afternoon when Grandpa Howland fell down. Their eyes were downcast, their faces models of pious grief, but Lizzie and I understood them through and through, and even in our grief we were shaken with hatred.

We had been squatting beside Grandpa Howland on the wet flats, under the fierce August sun, and scrabbling out the clams as his hook broke the sand into mounds, when he straightened up abruptly, swayed, made a short, grunting noise and fell forward, his leathery old face yellow and still.

We saw them carry him up to the house, his arms and legs dangling.

"Go away," said Stuffy shrilly. "Go away, you horrid, morbid little things."

"Is he dead?" asked Alvin. He loved Grandpa Howland, but death is pretty exciting, too. Between fear and the awful hope his voice squeaked a little. "Is he dead, Stuf—Mr. Stone?"

"No. We've sent for the doctor. But it looks bad. Bad." He sighed. "Now, children, go away. Remember, he was . . . is . . . Mrs. Stone's uncle, and naturally she is very upset."

The others went, but Lizzie and I could not go. We crept behind an elderberry hedge where we could see the porch and sat huddled together, weeping quietly.

THEY had laid him on a rattan couch by the kitchen door, in the back verandah. We could see the toes of the old black boots, the blue of the old G.A.R. uniform. Lizzie's swollen, freckled face went over on her brown paws, and her shoulders twitched. There were two near him to mourn, at least.

From the kitchen door came the smell of Saturday night supper. Even in my grief I felt a pang of hunger.

Grandpa Howland felt it, too. He stirred, he sat up. He gave a deep shout.

"Hey!" said Grandpa Howland. "Why the hell don't nobody bring me some baked beans and brownbread!"

A faint, silvery squeak came from indoors.

"Why, *Uncle Jeffie*!" And then higher, shriller, quivering with suppressed anguish, "Mama! Papa! Uncle Jeffie's feeling better!"

Shouting, sobbing, hitting each other with our fists, Lizzie and I fell into each other's arms. Over all the bitterness, the diverse and intricate evil of the world, Lizzie Edwards, wherever she may be now, and I, she and I, have had one moment of pure victory.

GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU HERBERT READ

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

TO APPEAL to busy men and women to read a writer whom I shall be at pains to describe as difficult may appear a recklessly quixotic undertaking. This is a time when "easy to read" is the highest recommendation and when stuff fantastically easy to read in its original form is further simplified by digesters of enormous skill for the benefit of those who insist that what they read must be easier still. But if I am going to row against the current, it is not because I place an absurd valuation on mental sweat. I do not contend for one moment that what is hard to read is morally or otherwise superior. I am simply interested in calling attention to a writer who deals seriously with serious matters and who, while writing lucidly, cannot be read on the run. My writer is the English critic of art and life, Herbert Read.

Why should anybody read Read? Why, indeed, should anybody read? Without pausing to reflect on that, since it would undermine my professional confidence, I should like to see Herbert Read gain a large audience in the United States today because he offers, properly read, a powerful antidote to the excessive preoccupation with politics and economics by which we all—including this witness—are currently victimized. I am not hinting that either politics or economics is unimportant. I do

not intend to abandon dealing with them myself. A general abandonment of them would be folly of a low order. But I should like to rise in my place in the back row to assert that too steady a diet of them is disastrous to the personality. All ill-balanced mental diet undermines the psychological health. If we become monomaniacs about politics and economics, surely we will end up by producing a society in which life may be materially adequate, but which will nevertheless be so barren as to produce a malaise of spirit of a devastating kind.

Herbert Read may think this an odd line of reasoning by which to support a demand that his books be read. But the connection is direct and it is this: Read is preoccupied with the arts and the arts help complete life, even when circumstances forbid that they be life. They are therefore matters about which it is necessary sometimes to be reasonably serious. I am recommending Herbert Read to you because he is serious about the arts. I hasten to add that he is not portentously solemn. To be serious without being irritatingly solemn is more or less a lost art. Read has firm possession of it.

There is still good sense in the rhetorical question from the Bible, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, yet lose his own soul?" A man has in some

C. Hartley Grattan, contributing editor of Harper's, turns from international trade—his subject last April—to Herbert Read, thus reminding us that he is a critic as well as an economist.

degree lost his soul if books have become to him simply instruments for fending off boredom, and pictures have become objects for filling up blank spaces on walls. Life is enriched, it seems to me, if we can enter, through books and pictures, into the spirit of men who have tried to convey to us ranges of experience—intimations of truth, if you like—which otherwise we should never, of our own motion, achieve. If we are fully to grasp what this means, then we must seriously try to *understand* the arts, not merely patronize them in a dilettante fashion. We must be prepared to work a little harder at the job than is perhaps comfortable after hours. It is my suggestion that a session now and again with Herbert Read will at once make sense of this enterprise and contribute voluminously to the understanding I insist is worth seeking.

Herbert Read is still writing at the top of his bent, a hopeful sign, for he may yet find his audience here. He has been publishing books in a steady stream since 1915. Why he has not better survived the trans-Atlantic passage I cannot imagine. I think he is far more worthy of the closest and most comprehensive attention than many writers who have flourished exceedingly in America and also far more worthy than some who show every sign of flourishing here in the immediate future. I rate him well above Cyril Connolly and George Orwell, much as I enjoy the tang of these writers. They are *hors d'oeuvres*—the one a spicy, vaguely unpleasant morsel, the other more nourishing and far less reminiscent of the cocktail hour; but Herbert Read is a full, sumptuous meal. His influence on his countrymen is very great, and they hold him in the highest esteem. A whole book has been devoted to analyzing his work—a book only a little more solemn than the occasion warrants. I wish some American publisher would bring out a one-volume selection from Read's work, illustrating its variety, and preparing readers for a thorough exploration of what he has written.

Read's career illustrates in a peculiarly apt way our persistent interests since the first World War, but he has never obviously succumbed to the whims of fashion. He has not, that is, secured a transient

popularity at the expense of integrity. Yet he has followed his star over an intellectual topography that anybody at all aware of what has been going on during the past thirty years will recognize as familiar. It is unlikely that anyone would care to underwrite his opinions 100 per cent—certainly I cannot—but agreement with such a man is not the measure of his importance. Rather it resides in his unusual ability to convey the conviction that here is a man hard at work trying to arrive at sound conclusions about important matters.

Where he appears to me to go farthest astray is in believing that society should be reorganized on the basis of anarcho-syndicalism. He has perfectly good reasons for advocating so radical a change, to be sure, but reasons which illustrate the central flaw in his outlook: his rather strange belief that all mankind can constantly live at an elevation of mind and spirit rarely captured even by the most ardent of idealists. Read grossly flatters mankind. But he is always impressively earnest, he is never frivolous, and he is not often glib. However specialized his subjects may seem—his books include *Wordsworth*, *Art and Industry*, and *The Philosophy of Anarchism*—they are redeemed from the tiresome vices of overspecialization by his underlying conviction that “the only certain purpose of life is the process of living.”

II

As a literary critic, Read addresses himself to a public, “perhaps only numbering a few hundred in any country, for whom literature is not a question of direct absorption of a synthetic product, the work of art, but rather the analysis of it.” Read has nothing to say to those poor souls who want to know of something “good to read” over the weekend. He has nothing in common with the book reviewers who sort out, with greater or lesser skill and independence, the new books as they come out. Read likes literature and wants desperately to understand it; they frequently don't like it and can't understand it. To him literature is an art of fundamental importance to mankind, not a sweetmeat with which to fill an empty hour. Art is of the highest human

significance because it employs a mode of thinking which, in Read's view, affords us insights at once profound and true beyond those available to the discursive intelligence.

His position can be well illustrated by his book on Wordsworth. An Englishman who does not profess admiration for Wordsworth stands open to indictment for high treason. For all his fascinating deviations from the norm, Read is a good Englishman, a Yorkshireman. When therefore he writes a whole book about Wordsworth it is from the conviction that he is a great poet. But since he invariably writes with the most conscientious discrimination, Read hastens to point out that Wordsworth was great only for a decade in a long career and thereafter perversely, systematically, and thoroughly destroyed his powers by assuming a mask which sapped his inspiration. For Wordsworth the moralist—the poet who conquered his contemporaries—Read has no use; and equally he is highly critical of the Wordsworth Matthew Arnold created in reaction against the moralists, the “nature poet.” Read rejects the moralist because in that guise a potentially great poet tried to embody insights far below his highest understanding, in poetry which was but a simulacrum of the genuine article; and he rejects the “nature poet” because for different reasons it is also only a fraction of the real Wordsworth and perhaps not the most admirable fraction. What, then, was the essential Wordsworth?

“Poetry,” writes Read, “is dependent in the first place on a certain condition of sensibility in the poet. It is dependent in the second place on the freedom with which that sensibility is allowed to operate. In a subsidiary sense it is dependent on the track of that sensibility—the direction in which it operates. The first condition is innate, the second determined by the environment, the third acquired by the exercise of will.” In Wordsworth's case, argues Read, the circumstances of his life destroyed the freedom of his sensibility to operate—he put on a mask. Read insists that Wordsworth had the sensibility of a poet; for a decade in his life he allowed the sensibility free reign; and he also discovered the track on which his sen-

sibility could best operate. This was the period just after his return from France, when he experienced the hopeful emotional upsurge, expressed politically in republicanism, which accompanied the French Revolution, and when he also became the father of an illegitimate daughter. Recollecting these powerful emotions in tranquillity, expressing them in a skilful selection of the speech of common men, and giving them their peculiar substance through his objective view of nature, Wordsworth rose temporarily to very great heights.

BUT then supervened the long-drawn-out war between Britain and France. Wordsworth abandoned his republicanism and became a High Tory, execrated the French as a people, and buried under impervious layers of fatuous moral platitudes of dubious truth all memory of his single love affair. Read tellingly contrasts the deep feeling Wordsworth had for the mother of his French daughter Caroline and his feeling for the Englishwoman who became his wife. He quotes Wordsworth's lines on the latter:

Another maid there was, who also breath's
A gladness o'er that season, then to me
By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid undercountenance, first endear's

And he adds, “What kind of love is it, I would ask, that can be recollected in such terms? Can a lover really speak of ‘the placid undercountenance’ of his sweet-heart?”

This is a simplified version of Read's thesis, but even in this quick outline, it is surely clear that to him (a) sensibility is not only the basic source of art, but (b) in its creative aspect—the ability to objectify it in works of art—it is a rare and precious thing; and (c) anything that distorts or destroys sensibility is an enemy to be execrated. He writes all the more feelingly of Wordsworth because he is sure Wordsworth had the requisite sensibility to be a great artist and because, indeed, he clearly understood how basically important sensibility really is, as shown in the famous “Preface” to the *Lyrical Ballads*; yet he threw away both his equipment and his insight to become, as Read bluntly says, a prig.

This is a portentously serious verdict. But then Read is serious, consistently so, whether he is writing of Wordsworth with the full record before him, or of a living writer or painter whose life and work are still in process. That is one of his singular merits. Unserious, or a-serious, writers about the arts are a dime a dozen, and hardly worth it. A serious writer, who is neither dull nor pompous, as they commonly are, is a man to be treasured. Yet it must be admitted that it is hard to live constantly at Read's level, and it is a marked deficiency in his work that the reader is kept so constantly on a high elevation that he eventually longs for a chance to come down to lower levels in order to breathe freely. For his part, Read is an athlete of scholarship, constantly in training, able to keep up the pace not only on his self-chosen plateau, but also on some pretty high peaks.

READ'S contemporaneous quality is perhaps best illustrated by his preoccupation with psychology. E. M. Forster has referred in his Ker lecture to the "psychological movement" as one of the conspicuous developments in English writing since 1918 and the one about which he is perhaps the most enthusiastic. The reason why Read has participated so fully in this movement is not difficult to find. Although he insists that "Art is always socially relevant, or it is not art," he nevertheless also constantly insists that art is rooted in the psychology of the individual and is, at bottom, an assertion of individual values. It becomes integrated socially insofar as those values are acceptable to a minority or majority of the non-artist individuals of the society. I think Read's effort to plumb the psychology of the artist and of art—most fully exemplified in *Education through Art*—is the most rewarding I know, even though I shall in a moment express skepticism about his method. It really explains nevertheless why art is a persistent preoccupation of mankind, from the caveman to the most frenetic modern.

In his effort to find the answers in this highly complex field, Read has borrowed from practically all schools of psychology, but most heavily from the Freudians and

the Gestaltists. It seems to me that his hard work is considerably reduced in value because his method is fundamentally literary rather than scientific. Read is well read in psychology, but he is not a psychologist. And although he is a master of the apposite quotation one has the uneasy feeling that he has used the writings of the psychologists to prove points not necessarily established by the scientific method. The psychologists he quotes may have used the scientific method, but Read has not, and his quotations serve merely to invoke the authority of science without giving one the sense that he himself is really a qualified scientist.

In this he most beautifully illustrates the sort of impact which science in general, and the highly relevant science of psychology in particular, has had on literary and art criticism thus far. The critics have been impressed with science, have liked to use scientific language, but have not yet really assimilated what science has produced. But Read, as a distinguished partisan of the necessity of such an assimilation, has certainly made a tremendous contribution to what must be a lengthy enterprise, hardly likely to be complete in the immediate future. He takes all the honors of a forceful and intelligent pioneer.

The way in which he uses psychology is also the way in which he uses anthropology (especially in *Art and Society*), physics, philosophy, and, indeed, all of his far-ranging reading. He borrows widely, and fuses his borrowings together by the power of his private convictions. This is a good way to proceed, but it has its dangers. Read's very capacity to quote so appositely also leads him, quite without malice, to quote out of context—to cut off the roots of an attractive flower of expression, detaching it from the victim's general outlook. In this fashion, Read brings to the support of *his* thesis words which the author probably intended for quite a different ultimate purpose. And so the very range of his quotations induces in a reader at all acquainted with the writers quoted not conviction but mild skepticism.

This leads me to isolate a characteristic of literary thought of the present day which is at once curious and revelatory. For all that Read insists, beyond most

writers of his kind, on the primacy of art as a mode of thought and expression, even claiming that "art, widely conceived, should be the fundamental basis of education," he nevertheless quite obviously feels the compulsion to validate and lend authority to the insights of the artist by an appeal to science. Read's case wonderfully illustrates the prestige of the scientific method in the discovery of truth in the modern world. As I have pointed out, the attempt to assimilate science to literary and art criticism is incomplete and inconclusive and therefore a bit muddling. Yet the effort goes on and must in my opinion continue. Indeed I should go so far as to say that in that direction alone lies health. Therefore I regard a critic like Herbert Read, not only within his special fields but in general, as more to be applauded than one like T. S. Eliot, who lately, as E. M. Forster has remarked, has been offering "well-turned compliments to religion and divine grace."

It would be quite wrong to say these things and leave the matter without even an implied recognition of the fact that the scientific approach is now under attack. The forces of irrationalism are so active that there is public discussion of "the new failure of nerve." I am aware of this, but personally I see no reason for yielding either to fashion or to ill-founded criticism and abandoning an intelligent allegiance to the scientific method. I do not think Herbert Read would either.

NEVERTHELESS the way in which Read uses the findings of the scientists, while making clear his primary allegiance to quite another mode of thought, raises an issue that is implicit in all of his writings and in those of many other critics as well. It is the issue of the value they place upon the writings and paintings they discuss. Read appears to say that he intends to use all that science can discover about the psychological genesis of art, and about its historical roots as well, but he does not intend to confuse explanation with evaluation, or to dismiss the result altogether because the explanation has been given. He is definitely not of the type that thinks that because artists have complexes their art is thereby either

made valueless or somehow is legitimately a subject for sniggering. He would not say that art is independent of its genesis—the opposite and equally fatuous extreme—but he would say that the determination of the relative worth of poems and pictures still remains the critic's most important task, no matter how much he comes to know about the genesis of art, or its history. In his book on Wordsworth he remarks that "the highest quality of poetry escapes analysis." It is the highest qualities in poems and pictures that make all the difference. The determination of relative qualities is still the critic's hardest task and the one in which he has thus far obtained the least assistance from other disciplines.

It is a characteristic of Read that while his principles of explanation vary from time to time, his judgments of authors and artists seem to remain fairly constant. One is not conscious, as one reads his successive books, that he is writing authors and painters up and down as he learns more and more about the personal and social genesis of art. He is a "good critic" in all his books. This supports the view that while the more one knows about art, the more ample one's discussion of particular examples may be, nevertheless judgment of quality, or value, is still arrived at by common sense, intuition, insight, comparative knowledge of work of similar intent, sensitivity, and all the other factors which go to make up a complex mind. That is why men immensely learned about literature and art are nevertheless often very bad judges of them, and especially of new productions. If this discrepancy did not exist, professors would automatically also be distinguished critics. We know to our sorrow that they are not.

It has been said that the quality of a writer derives from the quality (complexity and subtlety) of his mind. I think this is equally true of the critic. Certainly it is true of Herbert Read. But that his worth as a critic should finally rest on this foundation is but another and perhaps the most devastating proof that the scientific method supports criticism only up to the point where aesthetic judgment really operates. Whether this will always be the case we cannot today know, but we do

know quite certainly that while scientific knowledge can be fruitfully combined with aesthetic judgment, science without judgment is apt to be arid, while judgment entirely without science can only result in a more or less valuable and entertaining impressionism. It is logical that a man like Read speaks with scorn of the impressionistic critics. They are the antithesis of what he stands for and tries to do. He does not supinely adventure his soul amongst masterpieces. He tries to understand them.

III

SINCE Read believes so firmly in the superiority of art as a mode of thought, it would be easy for him to fall into the error of rejecting the machine. An aesthetician's attitude toward the machine is, in an important sense, a measure of his understanding of contemporary civilization. Read accepts the machine. But he rejects the political and social forms within which it is today contained. Yet since he is a thoroughgoing libertarian democrat, this leads him to anarchism, not—as one might hastily expect—either to Soviet communism or British socialism. His attitude toward the machine is quite fully developed in his admirable book, *Art and Industry*.

"The real problem," he remarks, "is not to adapt machine production to the aesthetic standards of handicraft, but to think out new aesthetic standards for new methods of production." He would base the new aesthetic standards on form, whereas the usual approach is to emphasize ornament. Ornament should not be something stuck on, as it usually is; such ornament as is used on machine products "should emphasize form." Thus he does not dismiss ornament; he regards it in fact as a psychological necessity; but he emphasizes what everybody with half an eye knows: that manufacturers all too often try to meet aesthetic objections to their products by using ornament to make the product look like something it isn't.

There are two possible types of decent ornament, structural and applied. The former is largely fortuitous, appearing "when some natural property of the material [like the grain in wood, or the texture

of woven fabrics] has in itself an ornamental effect." The latter should arise "out of the actual process of working the material." Neither, however, should be based upon an appeal to the past; both should follow naturally from the physical nature of the material and the working of the machine turning out the product. Under current conditions, ornament is almost inevitably abstract in character. Yet as Read insists, the best ornament from time immemorial has tended toward abstraction, so there is no break with tradition here. The disruption of tradition really took place when manufacturers took to "sticking on" irrelevant ornament. Machine art is best when it gets farthest away from this bad practice, as in bridges, automobiles, and airplanes.

Read thinks, in this connection, that the popularity of the word "streamlined" is "evidence of a new aesthetic sensibility" which is perhaps as widespread as the use of the word. What is needed therefore is to realize this and see here a key to the aesthetic potentialities of machine production. On this basis the artist in industry—the designer—should not be considered an intruder, importing into factory production considerations irrelevant to the job. Rather he should be regarded as the man who, beyond all others, has studied the capacity of the machine to produce forms which are both mechanically and aesthetically sound.

READ'S anxiety to establish the relevance of art in life and its importance in any complete civilization has led him to emphasize both its historical background and its experimental foreground and to study innumerable bypath developments. In *Art and Society* he writes with vigor and unflagging intelligence about the cave paintings of the Old Stone Age, Negro art, religious art, secular Western art from its beginnings to the present day, the art of the Papuans and the Australian aborigines, and the arts of India, China, and Japan. In *Art Now* he is particularly concerned with the contemporary experimentalists, Matisse, Picasso, Munch, the abstractionists, and Klee's "art of free fancy." This is an exceptional range, but everywhere Read turns he has

something really helpful to say. Two qualities of his mind stand him in good stead: his eclecticism and his libertarianism. If it is art, Read is prepared to do the hard work necessary to understand it. His prodigious capacity to explain is brought into play for the benefit of the not-so-innocent bystander. Those who don't know much about art but know what they like will be overwhelmed by his essays and reduced to spluttering dismay that they have so long known so little about so much. Read knows what he likes (and doesn't like) and has an unrivaled capacity for explicating his preferences and perceptions.

Somewhere he remarks that art criticism is an exacting occupation. His practice exemplifies his grim observation. Even more than literary criticism, art criticism is made slightly ridiculous by the dilettante, the dogmatist, and the poseur. Read stands completely apart from these. Painters usually dislike art critics even more heartily than creative writers dislike literary critics. I do not happen to know what they think of Herbert Read, but I should imagine that the weight of his learning, leavened by the range of his perceptions and the lucidity of his thinking, would win tolerance from the most hardened critic-hater for any vagaries of which he may be guilty. Certainly he appears to the interested outsider to make more sense than those art critics who stutter "good" and "bad" with a tedious lack of literary or any other grace.

And if Read can amplify your tolerance for the *outré* (as in *Art Now*) so also can he tell you plainly what he doesn't like, and either wobble your prior prejudices or confirm them from future disturbance. More importantly, he can discriminate the good from the bad in an artist most skilfully. He has an essay on William Hogarth which is both constructive and destructive and which, once read, will make it impossible for you to take quite the same view of Hogarth again. For the English, Hogarth in painting plays much the same role as Wordsworth in poetry, but that simply challenges Read to do his damndest. Nor is he thrown off his stride by big winds out of Moscow. Long before it was fashionable to disparage Soviet art, Read was express-

ing a hostile opinion of "Socialist realism," declaring:

Insofar as the doctrine of "socialist realism" is a coherent theory, it seems to affirm the general principles of naturalism in art in the form practiced by the bourgeois poets, novelists, and painters of the second half of the nineteenth century, with the addition of a purposive or dogmatic aim. . . . In effect, then, socialist realism is but one more attempt to impose an intellectual or dogmatic purpose on art. It may be that the actual circumstances of the moment—the revolutionary urgencies to which most intellectuals and artists subscribe—demand a temporary supersession of the primary conditions of great art: that art, like much else, must be sacrificed to the common good. If this be so, let it be clearly recognized, and do not let us deceive ourselves into imagining that a great art can be created under conditions which both the history of art and the psychology of the artist prove to be impossible.

IV

HERBERT READ's anarchism is all-of-a-piece with his general outlook, but reading his exposition of it leaves me with the impression that it is not so much a true doctrine with him as a beguiling myth. Like so many members of the intelligentsia he is unable to support orthodoxy in any of its contemporary forms: capitalism, communism, or socialism. He regards them all as basically authoritarian. As a libertarian he cannot abide them. He fears the state just as much as did Herbert Spencer. To him, the socialist state is but little, if at all, to be preferred to the capitalist state. He therefore regards the kind of socialism now in the making in Britain as merely an "exchange of [undesirable] political institutions." He wants to get rid of them altogether. In anarchism he sees a way out of the nihilism to which otherwise he would almost certainly be tempted.

For, as a man with a very considerable will to believe, the pleasures of nihilism do not appeal to him at all. He wants to be saved. "Faith in the fundamental goodness of man; humility in the presence of natural law; reason and mutual aid—these are the qualities that can save us," he declares in *The Philosophy of Anarchism*. "But they must be unified and vitalized by an insurrectionary passion, a flame in which all virtues are tempered and clarified, and brought to their most effective

strength." And the agency for accomplishing that stupendous task is anarchism!

It rather embarrasses me to touch on this phase of Read's thought, but not to deal with it would be like describing a man's face and avoiding mention of an essential feature because it happened not to please me. In Read's case his anarchism obviously proceeds from the assumptions about human nature that underlie all his work. Since I have implied skepticism of them, it may seem odd that I find high merit in his criticism of art and literature. But there is nothing odd about it. To throw out Read's criticism because I cannot accept his assumptions on this point would be equivalent to rejecting Emerson because he made rather similar assumptions about human nature and also believed in the Oversoul. Every man, as Emerson himself remarked, finds some bait that traps his intellect—and Read is no exception.

Moreover, Read's anarchism is intimately related to his profound libertarianism; and in the world of this moment, libertarians are to be warmly cherished. Read knows that his politics are quite unpolitical, but he defines such politics in most attractive terms: "The politics of the unpolitical—these are the politics of those who desire to be pure in heart; the politics of men without personal ambition; of those who have not desired wealth or an unequal share of worldly possessions; of those who have always striven, whatever their race or condition, for human values and not for national or sectional interests." Well, a few more such, with or without anarchism, would be a tonic for the corrupt and overly political world we now inhabit, where fewer and fewer men honestly disclose the values by which they live, if indeed they have any worth disclosing.

Gentlemen, I give you Herbert Read.

As Big Almost as My Face

The following exposition of the technique of blowing bubble-gum was written by an expert aged eight at the request of her aunt, who sent it along to us.—The Editors.

I CAN blow bubbles as big almost as my face. The best kind of bubble gum is the kind with the funny-paper around it. If you blow a bubble too big and it sticks on you, take the big piece of gum and rub it on your face and it will take the stuck gum off. I blow bubbles so big that they stick all over my nose and chin. Sometimes I can't get it off so good. My father chewed some of the bubble gum and he said it was so hard it almost pulled his teeth out, but I don't think it did. You have to chew new gum until the sweet is out before it will blow bubbles. It is pink until you get it dirty. It will blow bubbles for a long time unless you throw it away or get some more. It costs a penny a piece or a nickel for a whole package. I like bubble gum because I like to see how big I can blow bubbles and pop them all over my face. All children like bubble gum. Our teacher won't let us chew it in school. The way to blow bubbles is to hold the gum in your mouth with your front teeth then stick your tongue in the middle—then take your tongue out and just keep blowing till you get a big bubble.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

THE January issue of *Harper's*, which contained my article about the assault on the public lands in the West, reached the stands on the closing day of the annual meeting of the American Livestock Association. The caballeros were grieved to find someone attributing to them any but the most patriotic motives in their effort to destroy the national resources but, being men of action and not (as they put it) "intelligentsia," they needed more time than was left to find words that would express the full measure of their sorrow. About all they could do was to load their six-inch guns with the epithet "New Deal" and fan them at *Harper's*. Then they remembered the Alamo and the *Maine*, declared themselves the last thin line defending the private enterprise that made America great against the communism of government interference, and adjourned. Not, however, till they had called on the government to go on interfering with the importation of Argentine beef, lest free enterprise and unfettered competition perish.

The National Wool Growers Association met immediately afterward. Maybe sheepmen are more articulate than cattlemen, maybe California produces better oratory than Texas, or maybe the explanation is merely that there had been time to compose set speeches. At any rate, *Harper's* and I got a thorough working-over and American initiative died at our hands so loudly that all San Francisco shuddered. Communistic New Dealers had slain it by upholding the government regulations that were preventing sheepmen from appropriating huge areas of the public lands. Once that was made clear,

the woolgrowers got down to business. There were proposals in Congress to do away with the government regulations that have artificially supported the price of wool and those proposals had to be stopped cold. They have been.

Meanwhile the Joint Committee on Public Lands of the two associations had been at work, and the first steps in the program which I described in the January *Harper's* have now been made public. Changes in tactics and long-term strategy have been made. The joint committee is concentrating on the first steps and holding the rest of the program in abeyance.

As this is written the McCarran grazing bill, the Barrett bill, and the Robertson bill, all described in my January article and defeated in the last Congress, have not been reintroduced in this session. They probably will not be and so some egregious frauds will not come up this year. Thus we are not currently threatened with state commissions whose duty would be to inquire into all federal reservations of Western land and, if their fitness for grazing could be established, to turn, say, the Custer battlefield park and the national cemetery on the Little Big Horn over to the states for sale to stockgrowers. (The U. S. Chamber of Commerce, however, has not modified its original referendum. The language has the usual looseness of embattled business men denouncing government interference but if I read it correctly Jamestown, the Wilderness, and the Salem Custom House would eventually have to pass into private hands if free enterprise could establish an economic use for them.)

The joint committee has decided that

the shotgun charge of the Robertson bill will not do just now: it alarms people and it tries to do too much, thus taking steam out of the drive to get the public grazing lands into private hands. The committee believes that the best tactics are to go after the grazing lands in a different way, by amending the Taylor Act. That was the act which brought practically all the unappropriated grazing lands in the West under regulation by the Grazing Service. For years both the cattle and the sheep interests have been trying to gut the Taylor Act and get rid of the Grazing Service. They have about succeeded with the latter: their representatives in Congress have understaffed and underappropriated it into practical paralysis. Now the idea is to amend the Taylor Act out of existence.

The committee, as I pointed out in January, is an instrument forged by the two associations to get all the usable public range into private ownership—into the ownership of the present holders of grazing permits. It wants to turn the privilege of leasing grazing land, a privilege now subject to both regulation and revocation, into fee simple, thus making a privileged class of the present lessees and shutting everyone else out. The committee's proposals call for the land to be classified for sale at preposterously low prices, ranging from nine cents to \$2.80 an acre—classifying to be done by the Bureau of Land Management, to which the remnants of the Grazing Service have been attached and which the committee believes will see the light. Purchasers are to pay ten per cent down. They are to have thirty years to pay off the rest of the purchase price, with interest at one and a half per cent. The federal government is to get ten per cent of the money raised by sales; the rest, in a bid for local support, is to go to the states.

But there is a lot of good grazing land in the national forests which, since it does not come under the Taylor Act, cannot be grabbed in this way. So, already glancing toward the Robertson bill, the committee demands that the forests be surveyed and "that all lands determined to be not of timber value be removed from the national forests and be turned over to

the Division of Range Management for their management until final disposal" by private sale.

THERE you have it, simple, clear, and stinking. Many epithets have been fired at me for calling this an attempt at a land grab, but it makes any earlier land grab in our history (the Oregon timber frauds, for instance) seem picayune. Cattlemen and sheepmen are trying to get exclusive possession of the public resources in Western grazing land. The interests that are running interference for them are trying to get exclusive possession of all other public resources in the West. What is a land grab?

I am happy to report that currently it is not succeeding. Congress is not co-operating—and some of the most vigorous non-co-operators are certain Western representatives who have unexpectedly got religion. Publication of the joint committee's proposals revealed to a lot of small stockowners that they were being taken for a ride, that they had been supporting a movement which was dangerous in general and highly dangerous to them. They began saying so to their congressmen. Resolutions denouncing the proposals have come in from local cattle and sheep associations and from other groups all over the West—especially Colorado, Utah, and Idaho. They shoot from the hip. "The endorsement of this proposal by the American National Livestock Association," a typical one says, "was done *without the knowledge or consent of the membership at large* and our [local] association, as a member organization, repudiates that endorsement."

Worse still, some highly important bodies have joined the opposition. In January the Governor of Idaho was calling me a liar for what I had said in *Harper's*. But in March the legislature of his state adopted a memorial to Congress denouncing the whole program of the joint committee and demanding "that the public lands remain in their present ownership status." The legislature said that the rights of sportsmen and vacationers would be obliterated over an enormous area if the proposals were adopted. It said that private ownership

could not protect the natural resources from fire, depletion, or mismanagement. It pointed out what the stock business itself has got to realize if it is to survive: that private ownership of the range lands now publicly-owned and regulated would cut the throat of the stock business in a short time, since production would decline because soil and forage would decline. It went on to express what the whole West has got to realize if it is to remain a healthy society: that the interests of the Western economy as a whole cannot be sacrificed for the temporary profit of a single part of that economy, and that success in the land grab would mean the destruction of the watersheds by which alone the West survives. Finally, said the Idaho legislature, which is certainly no corrupt instrument of the New Deal, "private ownership of the remaining public lands would result in a feudal ownership and restriction of human liberties similar to those that now exist in European countries."

In short, influential portions of the West are opposing the assaults on the Western economy and a lot of small stockgrowers have realized that they have been stooging for the bigshots to their own loss. The national associations have got a harder fight on their hands than they expected last summer. They intend to make it, regardless. They have a war chest that will pay for a lot of pressure and propaganda. Some of that propaganda will be directed at you.

I CAN touch on only a single specimen of it this month. The United States Chamber of Commerce is supporting the joint committee's program and in fact wants all the publicly-owned lands in the United States whatsoever that are capable of being worked profitably turned over to private ownership. At the San Francisco meeting of the Wool Growers Association, the chairman of the chamber's subcommittee on public land policy, Mr. Frederick P. Champ, made a speech which, to judge by the number of copies sent me by stockmen, expresses the party line. Because Mr. Champ's speech is a good deal longer than an Easy Chair I can touch on only a couple of parts of it, but they are

the stuff that you, Congress, and the West are going to be fed.

Mr. Champ gives his remarks a historical background which any historian would repudiate—which, apart from references to the heroic spirit of American enterprise, consists of appalling misreadings or misrepresentations. It is untrue and perverted, and his historical logic is just as bad: for instance, "the public lands belong to the people and should be transferred to private ownership as soon as possible." But even in his own terms his conclusions are applicable to the early nineteenth century only, without relevance to the facts of life in the West today. In reaching one of them he calls to his support a Senator Benton speaking in 1799. If he means Thomas Hart Benton, he has him speaking at the age of seventeen, twenty-one years before he was a Senator, but 1799 is not a bad date for Mr. Champ's ideas, so let it go. Old Bullion is dragged into the discussion in order to introduce the word "tenantry" and in order to record his belief that we should "pass the public lands cheaply and easily into the hands of the people."

All the public lands it was possible to talk about before 1890 long ago passed easily and cheaply into the hands of the people. They do not figure in the present problem at all. We are talking about the reserved grazing and timber lands and the fundamental watersheds of the West, whose preservation as public lands under our historic conservation policy is indispensable not only to the West and the United States as societies but to the heroic individualists for whom Mr. Champ is speaking. But "tenantry"—there you have a useful word. Americans never will be tenants, and a vision of the hopeless misery of Southern sharecroppers is supposed to rise before our eyes. (Not, of course, the West's tenant farmers, displaced by huge corporate holdings and called communists by the Chamber of Commerce because they don't like their own status.) But the miserables whom Mr. Champ has in mind are the biggest owners of cattle and sheep in the West, as the current opposition of small owners testifies. They are tenants only as they lease from you and me the right to graze

on our lands for part of the year herds and flocks too big to be grazed for a full year on their home ranches. They are trying, for sweet justice's sake, to convert their leases into fee simple ownership at a fraction of their worth, to the exclusion of all other owners of sheep and cattle, to the extinction of the public interest, to the irreparable damage of the Western economy. They are not tenants to Mr. Champ the banker when he finances their business, but maybe they will be tenants in our eyes if he can throw enough loose topsoil from the dustbowl in them.

MR. CHAMP turns from the Americans' unwillingness to be slaves to geology and produces the hoariest of all anti-conservation arguments: that erosion is a natural process and that overgrazing (which, besides, no stockman could be guilty of because in other parts of Mr. Champ's speech stockmen are the best conservationists) can have no effect on it. At a distance no one can tell whether this is naïveté, ignorance, or dishonesty but it is certainly nonsense. The mountains have indeed been running into the sea ever since they became mountains—but at a rate no mortal can perceive. We are talking not about geological processes but about the kind of man-accelerated erosion Mr. Champ has seen innumerable times in the Cache Valley where he lives. The erosion which occurs because overgrazing has so reduced the plant cover that the land cannot hold the runoff, which frequently telescopes five thousand years of natural erosion into five minutes of flash flood and a geological epoch of it into a few years of topographical degradation, which has brought a terrifyingly large part of the West to the edge of ruin and pushed some of it over the edge forever. Which has so depleted the ranges in Mr. Champ's own state that whereas in 1900 they supported 3,800,000 sheep, by 1940 2,300,000 sheep were overtaxing them. That is a thirty-nine per cent reduction in forty years—and it is also an inadequate measure, for the process of depletion is pyramiding.

It was January 28 when Mr. Champ told the woolgrowers that the canyons of the Southwest were eroded before there were any cattle in the West. Three weeks later at the University of Utah, a hundred miles from Mr. Champ's bank, Dr. Walter P. Cottam, a professor of botany who has not been communing with New Dealers, delivered the eleventh annual Reynolds lecture. The university has printed his test under the title "Is Utah Sahara Bound?" Dr. Cottam says, yes, Utah is certain to return to the desert unless the overgrazing of its ranges can be stopped and those ranges can be restored to health—two *if's*, not one. The history of overgrazing in Utah, he says, "suggests ultimate defeat for man unless more brains . . . are used in the battle" with the forces of nature. He says that the joint committee indicated in June that the issue of overgrazing lies "solely between the western stockgrowers and Washington" but that actually it lies between the livestock interests and the public. He characterizes the ranges before the Taylor Act brought them under regulation as "at the mercy of unrestricted grazing use," a return to which is the joint committee's end in view. He votes against the unfettered freedom of stockgrowers to destroy the West and he speaks of "the social wickedness of passing on to an unborn generation a land impaired by selfish exploitation." That is what we are talking about, Mr. Champ.

The ultimate objectives of the biggest land grab in our history are to extinguish the public interest in all lands now held by the government that can be used by cattle, sheep, mining, lumber, or power companies. The immediate objectives of the joint committee are to get the publicly-held grazing lands into private ownership and to add to that monopoly all portions of the national forests that can be grazed. A good many Westerners have begun to protest to their congressmen. Wherever you live, your interests and those of your grandchildren are endangered. You, too, have representatives in Congress and a stamp.

WHERE TO FIND BURIED TREASURE

C. LESTER WALKER

ALMOST certainly some day this week when the Treasury Department in Washington opens its morning mail it will receive a letter like this one:

CONFIDENTIAL. Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C. Sir: Would the government be interested in recovering 8 chests of gold, valued at \$72,000,000, buried in certain waters in the State of Florida at 8 to 12 feet depth? My associate has the maps and knows the location; however, at this time I cannot go into further detail, as our very lives would be in jeopardy should the information become public.

The mail clerks of the department will route this letter to a division with the unromantic name of *Bookkeeping & Warrants*. Here, answer being made, it will be put into a large collection of documents known unofficially as the "treasure trove file."

This file exists (and has existed for decades) because all Americans are apparently incorrigible treasure hunters at heart, and because, whether you knew it or not, treasure hunting is actually a flourishing American industry. Some weeks ago I paid a visit to these files, spending I am reluctant to admit how many days among them. And now what I know! I think I could set myself up as a treasure trove counselor.

I know where there is a wagon load of gold in a swamp in Wisconsin. It was concealed from an Indian attack and sank

in the quicksands. I can tell you where \$350,000 in octagonal fifty-dollar gold pieces lies buried in a few feet of sand and water. I can even advise you where to find within eight miles of Times Square, New York, \$4,000,000 in gold coins (in kegs) and in pounds sterling. I should say that I know where in the United States just about *all* the big hoards lie.

But perhaps better still, I can tell you what the problems and worries of treasure seekers are. I would almost maintain that from these files I now know them all.

Dear Mr. Secretary: [from Arizona] If a man was to dig up 10 or 20 thousand dollars in gold pieces and bar silver, how much would he have to give to the United States Treasury? I am close on to a good pot, so let me hear from you soon.

There's worry number one. The treasure trove file is bursting with letters containing that inquiry. The basic law behind this worry runs back to medieval times, when the sovereign claimed half of all treasure trove. There is a widespread belief that our government, following this feudal precedent, must have fifty per cent of all treasure found. However, the treasure hunter can get a better deal today. The Secretary of the Treasury may make whatever division he wishes; the law says that he may make whatever agreement he deems "just and reasonable." It has on

C. Lester Walker, a frequent contributor to Harper's, last appeared in October 1946 with "Secrets by the Thousands," which also described some sources of valuable information.

occasion been seventy-five per cent—for the finder. It has been even ninety.

Two other ever-nagging treasure hunter problems, I found, are expressed in this rather quaint inquiry from a Californian:

To Hon. Henry Morgenthau: I know there is a law for hoarding (*sic*) Gold, but if a fellow comes into contact with Old Gold Coins, this law would not apply to him, would it? I have heard of Bankers that told men if they found money in Gold Coins that they could not get it changed by the Government. What should I do with any Gold of this hidden treasure kind? And second, if I want to dig up an old ship with silver bars laid on the vault floor and ostralan Gold Coins packed in 4 pound packages and wropped in mail sacks, can I get a contract with the Govment to protect my rights? Please answer soon, for I want to be gone as soon as I hear from you.—

William "Bonanza" Sikes,
prospector and salvager.

What Mr. Sikes gets in answer, I have to report, is something like this:

Sir: Reference is made to Executive Orders of April 5 and August 28, 1933; Order of Secretary of the Treasury, December 28, 1933; and the Gold Reserve Act of 1933; copies of which will be forwarded for your perusal. Any gold found in this country should be reported promptly to the Treasury Department and the circumstances fully stated in order that specific instructions relative thereto may be given.

As to your query regarding a contract with the government, you are respectfully informed that under Sect. 3755 of Rev. Stat. of 1878, U.S.C., Title 40, Section 310, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to make such contracts and provisions as he may deem for the interest of the government, for the preservation, sale, or collection of any property, or the proceeds thereof, which may have been wrecked, abandoned, or become derelict, being within the jurisdiction of the United States, and which ought to come to the United States; and on this matter you may care to examine the following cases and opinions of the Attorney General:

Russell v. Forty Bales Cotton, (D.C. Fla. 1872) 21 Fed. Case No. 12154; *U. S. v. Tyndale* (Mass. 1902) 116 Fed. 828, 54 C.C.A. 324; (1870) 13 Op. Atty. Gen. 569; (1900) 23 Op. Atty. Gen. 76.

Respectfully,

Administrative Assistant to the Secretary.

There is nothing in the treasure trove files which reveals Mr. Sikes' remarks on receipt of this communication.

MR. SIKES' difficulties notwithstanding, it is not impossible for the treasure hunter to get a contract with the Treasury Department, giving him exclusive rights to search for certain

lost treasure. It is true that the treasure trove files show the government writing thus on occasion: "The Treasury Department issues no permits to search for hidden treasure, has no information in regard to such matters, and can only suggest that queries be addressed to some local attorney." Yet the Department *has* made contracts with treasure seekers from time to time. A rather recent example was an agreement with Simon Lake giving him exclusive right to seek gold on an old British treasure frigate. But, as policy, the department is cool toward such contracts. Once or twice it has been duped by scalawags. To contract seekers, I can give this valuable tip: no stock or bond issues to finance your project, please.

"Would the government help me finance this search?" is another idea constantly in every treasure hunter's mind. The answer is No. However, some of the propositioning is pretty artful and tempting. Like the North Carolinian who wonders "if it would be necessary for me to supply the vessel and gear"—when he shows department officials where the gold Treasury of the Confederacy lies buried. He says he knows where it is to within a foot, in Virginia.

But commonest of all, the treasure trove file shows, is the treasure-hunting American who cannot sleep at night because he knows positively the approximate location of hidden loot but cannot pinpoint it because he hasn't "a machine." "I want a magnetic instrument," declares a north Georgia man, "for detecting underground treasures such as those hoarded away and the parties dead and out of reach." And a citrus farmer in Texas, has just located a ship on Padre Island—Spanish—sixteenth century—eight tons of fifty-pound gold bars—uncovered by a recent storm—identification positive. But sanded over by another storm. "A radio machine, the best the government can recommend," he says, "is what I need just awfully now."

The treasure hunters believe in these machines, too. They say that there is one in process of development by Westinghouse which will give the searcher the measurements of whatever keg, cask, or old sea chest the treasure is buried

in. But such machines are often at the mercy of "conditions" which keep them from locating the hidden hoard. If other metal is lying around, off they go on the wrong scent. Or there is "too much ore in the ground," or there is trouble from "the salt deposit in the sand strata above the gold," or this type of machine just simply doesn't register "in depth."

Well, why wouldn't a "machine" have a tough job? A million dollars in gold fills only a small steamer trunk.

II

I HAVE already said that treasure hunting is a considerable American industry. I should like to elaborate a little on that statement now. The treasure trove file is overflowing with inquiries about "lost" mines. Lost in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, mainly. Americans yearly, by the hundreds, invest their time and money to look for them. A sample—a favorite—is the Lost Dutchman in Arizona. This mine was first "found" by a treasure hunter named Jacob Walz, nicknamed Old Snowbeard the Dutchman. Long before him, according to church records in Mexico, this mine had yielded millions of pesos in gold. Then it was "lost" in the Apache uprising. Old Snowbeard died without leaving any clue as to its location. But there is a suspicion: the Superstition Mountains, not far from Phoenix. Well, would you believe it—every year over 7,000 Americans conduct searches just for that one mine?

Or consider the business of the professional salvage companies. Their letters pepper the treasure trove files from way back and show very frequently today. What success? Well, Merritt-Chapman & Scott Company not long ago sucked up from the Panama Mail ship *Columbia*, foundered in 1931 off Lower California, a cool \$190,000 in gold bullion.

As treasures go, that is small change. These files tell of a Spanish galleon, the *Santa Rosa*, which sailed from Mexico in 1520 in June—loaded with Aztec gold, the ransom Montezuma paid Cortez. She lies off Key West, crusted over with coral now, but definitely identified; and the treasure she carried has been estimated at

\$30,000,000. If the estimates are correct, and if the treasure could be recovered, that would be nice business for somebody.

You wonder if treasure hunting is a *paying* industry? Some records from Florida might show you something. There over a stretch of years two and a quarter million dollars was spent in treasure searches, and over three and a half million was recovered. The figures include only investments and returns which were published—in historical records or the press. So both are probably low. Further, a common estimate is that in Florida off-shore waters and on-shore sands, in a certain 35 sunken wrecks and buried caches, over \$170,000,000 in potential dividends lies waiting for the finders.

Truly the treasure trove files reveal Florida as the dream of all treasure seekers. Pulse rising, I have read on a scrap of ancient stationery that at Apalachicola under the lagoon bar is a Gulf pirate ship filled with loot and gold ore. Near Cross City lie buried eight barrels of money hidden by two Bahamian traders just before Andrew Jackson hanged them for inciting the Seminoles. De Soto, did you know, recorded burying treasure at Silver Springs? Old British coins keep popping up among the sand and Spanish bayonet near the Suwanee on Bumblebee Island, because British payship officers hid away a chest there from an enemy privateer. And under Steinhatchee River's mouth is a Civil War blockade runner's \$500,000 in bar silver. About \$90,000 to raise it, the salvage companies say. If you happen to have \$90,000. . . .

Some treasure hunters have had that, and more. The Treasury files indicate there have been some pretty impressive investors. Take, for a sample, the effort to raise a ship named the *Merida*. A Ward Liner sunk by a United Fruit boat in 1911 off Cape Charles, Virginia, she had come from Vera Cruz, where revolution-fleeing agents of Porfirio Díaz had brought aboard her \$5,000,000 in bar gold and silver and the rubies of the state jewel collection from the crown of Maximilian, the former Emperor. Her first salvagers, in 1916, were Percy Rockefeller, Charles Sabin, Albert H. Wiggin, and Company,

who employed twelve divers, but unsuccessfully. In 1924 Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., Roswell C. Tripp, Worthington Davis, and associated treasure hunters took another crack at her, with two trawlers and the famous Danish diver Fred Nielsen, who found and positively identified her. That night a storm shifted the ocean floor over her. In 1936 the treasure was sought again—financed by the New York Salvage Company. In '38-'39 the diver ship *Falco* raked the deep for her in a \$100,000 try—paid for by some Italian financiers.

The wreck and the treasure are surely still down there. The Italian ship fished up one of her silver ingots (value: \$7.20!). As a treasure trove counselor, I would say she is still a good Grade B prospect.

III

FROM those government files I know of some better ones, though. For instance, as a blue chip project, I might recommend a certain lost mine in Texas, in San Saba County. It has several names: Lost Bowie Mine, Lost Almagres, but most often—the San Saba.

That treasure case begins with a Spanish mission on the San Saba River, northwest of San Antonio, in the 1750's, and a Spanish garrison a few miles away; the latter, it is known, was there to protect a silver-mining operation which both legend and record indicated to be of fabulous production. The Indians drove the Spaniards out of the region, the accounts have it, and they had to leave much of the mined and molded silver behind.

James Bowie, of Alamo fame, was one who thoroughly believed in the existence of this mine. Written record shows that he set out to find it on November 2, 1831, got into an Indian fight, and returned to San Antonio. He set out for the mine again, but never found it, interrupted by Texas' war for independence and his death at the Alamo.

Belief in the lost San Saba's existence persists in a thousand stories. There was the settler's son whom the Comanches captured and took to where they molded bullets from silver pebbles in a cave. When they got drunk, he escaped, but in

that trackless region could never find the cave again. The Comanches, he believed, had earthed it over before being driven out of the region for good by the White Man. But any day some treasure hunter might stumble on the place again.

And find the San Saba silver still there?

Well, among San Saba references in the treasure trove files is this: "Mexico City records showed that \$33,000,000 in silver bullion was still in the mine."

Two other Big Board numbers any treasure trove counselor would recommend would be the ships *De Braak* and *Brother Jonathan*. One was a British warship cap-sized off Lewes, Delaware; the other an old American sidewheeler now on the bottom off California.

From the *De Braak's* treasure trove file you can learn everything that has ever been done to raise the treasure aboard her and just what the treasure was. She tipped over in a May squall in 1798, because she carried 70 tons of badly stowed copper, with £80,000 sterling and \$10,000,000 of loot from five prize Spanish galleons. A British frigate later slipped chains under her, believing she could haul her up on the rising tide. Too heavy, the *De Braak* snapped all the chains. In 1880 the Americans (International Submarine Company, of New Haven) grappled and suctioned for her. Teak came up. The *De Braak's* wood, all right—but no gold. In 1935 C. N. Colstad & Company, Massachusetts engineers, advised the Treasury Department they would do the job by utilizing "old records and charts, sweeping gear, power hoists and jetting pumps"; it would cost only \$20,000. This plan came to naught, too. But within twelve months a storm flung up old Spanish coins on the proximate Delaware beaches. From the *De Braak*? The natives around thought so. They believe the ship and her treasure are somewhere near the Cape Henlopen shore now.

PROBABLY the treasure trove case record of the *Brother Jonathan* is the only one that ever began in an annual report of a government department. The Treasury's report for 1865 describes how the ship left San Francisco July 28, struck a rock, and sank off Crescent City. Major

E. W. Eddy, Additional Paymaster, U. S. Army, in charge of \$200,000 in government funds, was drowned.

Sixty-one years later, in 1926, in the Department files, the treasure seekers are hot on the trail of that \$200,000.

"We believe we can locate and recover the money," one clamors; "please advise how much of it was in gold and silver coin."

Wheels within wheels. *Bookkeeping & Warrants* writes *General Accounting* for the answer. Back come photostats. A clerk, pay department, U. S. Army, testifies that he assisted Major E. W. Eddy in counting and sealing, in an iron box, the \$200,000, "which were in *U. S. Treasury notes*." The Assistant Secretary (Ogden Mills) then advises to that effect, adding gratuitously that the notes must have been destroyed by the sea water long ere now.

That would end the matter, you might think. But you don't know treasure hunters. This one writes back: not all the money aboard could have been affected by sea water. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing and the Bureau of Standards are called in to buttress the Treasury's opinion. All agree: disintegration. So the Treasury Department "rests."

BUT treasure hunters never rest. And the records show them pounding away month after month on that big question: What *kind* of money was on the *Jonathan*? The answers are more or less habit now: "Notes . . . disintegrated." But one day in 1931 comes something from a Secret Service agent which stirs up all the doubts again.

This man has just been advised by a San Pedro salvage company official that the *Brother Jonathan* carried \$800,000 *in gold*; that \$365,000 of this was government funds en route to Oregon; that instruments indicate the existence in the wreck, today, of a large sum of gold.

"There is no record that the government money was gold," the Department writes the salvage company. The treasure searchers rebut: "Understand Indian Agent William Logan aboard with gold specie to pay to Oregon Indians for treaties recently signed."

Indians belong to the Department of

the Interior. The question is referred there; and Interior is back in about two weeks with this discouraging answer: "The Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Oregon reported in 1865 that Agent Logan had with him \$10,000 *in notes*, from the Assistant Treasurer in San Francisco."

So the *Brother Jonathan's* golden ghost is laid. You think so? Look at this, then:

Secretary of the Treasury. Sir: A marine diver friend of mine has definitely located the *Brother Jonathan*. The Federal Reserve Bank here in San Francisco says that the old Sub-Treasury records have been removed to Washington. I would like full information on the specie aboard the *Brother Jonathan*, and whether transmitted through a bank or express company.

The Treasury answers: "No. No record of any gold." But this treasure hunter is a man of mettle and comes back punching.

Sirs: Unofficially the following are reported to have been taken from the Sub-Treasury to said vessel:

\$350,000—in \$50 gold slugs (octagonal) to General William Logan, Indian Agent for the N/W tribes.

\$200,000—legal tender to Major E. W. Eddy.

\$500,000—in U. S. gold coin to Mr. Lord, Express Agent, Wells Fargo & Co., for a British Syndicate.

All book and paper records of the U. S. Treasury and the express company were destroyed in the fire and quake of 1906.

It is imperative that I receive confirmation of the foregoing amounts or authentic statement of record figures. May I ask that you get action in this matter?

Impatient (and what treasure hunter isn't?), three days later this Californian is needling the Department again.

Sirs: For years there has persisted in official circles the story of *two or three funds* in gold coin on the *Brother Jonathan*. *These may not have been funds of the U. S. Government*. Without doubt they were withdrawn from the Sub-Treasury by banks such as Wells Fargo & Co., or Bank of California, or Bank of British Columbia.

And so the gentleman would like "the custodians of the records to pick up items of withdrawals from the San Francisco Sub-Treasury on or before July 28, 1865, for shipment to Oregon."

To solve the mystery! But a few days later the Treasury has regrets: that it is unable to state whether or not gold was withdrawn from the Sub-Treasury for

shipment to Oregon the year the *Brother Jonathan* went down. The reason: the old records of the Sub-Treasury are not available—"presumably having been disposed of under an act of Congress authorizing the disposition of useless papers."

And probably they were, probably they were. But the list of papers submitted (in 1929) for authority for destruction, the treasure trove file will show you, went back only to 1880. There is no evidence, except by inference, that the 1865 records had been destroyed previously. There is no government record which says definitely that the 1865 papers *were* destroyed and how and when and where.

So the mystery (was there gold, wasn't there?) is to treasure hunters still unsolved. The wreck is still there, her contents unretrieved. And now a Treasury Department letter, saying the government will take no salvage action, adds the clause: "unless hereafter it should be ascertained that it [the *Jonathan*] contained gold belonging to the government"!

If the gold *was* on board, it is today anyone's to try and find.

IV

FINALLY we come to the classic of the treasure trove files—the case of the *Hussar*. This treasure hunt had everything: fabulous treasure, great scientist, Buck Rogers search equipment, and the most bizarre of locations—off the Bronx shore at 135th Street, New York City!

The *Hussar* was a 28-gun, 114-foot British man-of-war. She had arrived, one November day in 1780, with funds for British troops fighting in the American Revolution, to find that New York was being evacuated; so she was ordered, shortly, to proceed to Newport. She got only to Pot Rock, a ledge then in the East River off Ward Island. The current from Hell Gate (known then as Hurl Gate, incidentally) is swift here and loosened the *Hussar* from the rock, but leaking badly. Her captain then ran her straight for a small river which emptied out just below what is now 135th Street, unaware of a reef which could not be crossed at ebb tide. The *Hussar* split her hull wide open and sank like a plummet.

What funds were aboard—small or great? And where was it? The treasure trove file is a comprehensive grab bag of all the guesses, estimates, and alleged evidence from that day to this. The money, some reports say, was stored in kegs in the lower hold under chalk ballast which had been put on at Dover in England. And did she take on additional money here? Well, the treasure trove files reveal that one Samuel Becker of 81 Water Street, published a certificate in 1819 that the ship *Hussar* "did, from the British Pay Office on Cherry Street, take away 14 cartloads, of iron chests of silver coins, and small kegs containing gold coin emptied into 4 chests, and carted to Beekman's Wharf and put on board, and sailed immediately." But how much? Well, the most persistent, thorough, and scientific of all the *Hussar's* treasure hunters estimated the sum at close to \$4,800,000.

Whatever the amount, it must have been big, for the British would be the ones to know, and they were the first to try to salvage it. There were four tries before 1840. One of them fished up a Wedgwood pitcher from the ship's tableware, a seal used for burning initials on slaves, and a pewter plate marked *Hussar*. None brought up gold.

None of the early treasure seekers, it seems, could get down to the after part of the ship. They pulled off the cabin and upper works and got a few guineas and relics from her gun deck, but never got to her hold, never anywhere near her lowest hold, where lay—everybody supposed—the keged gold under her ballast.

The wreck and treasure were still there by the time of our own Civil War, and treasure seekers still pecking away at her. With two sets of them the Treasury entered into contracts (the first which granted that only a small percentage of the treasure need come to the sovereign) but got not a thing. As late as 1900 came again proof of location: salvagers of a yacht brought up a big anchor marked H.M.S. *Hussar*. But no treasure. And in the ensuing years all tries continued to fail.

Then a new type of treasure hunter appeared on the scene: a man who owned the specifications of 7,000 treasure ships

all over the world, a famed inventor, a genuine scientist. This was Simon Lake, the inventor who played a major part in the development of the submarine. Lake asked for and got from the Treasury Department an exclusive contract to retrieve the treasure aboard the *Hussar*. It provided that only ten per cent and any old guns found would go to the Department. The contract began to operate in March 1933, at a time when Lake was nearly seventy. However, he had the temperament of a natural-born treasure hunter: eternal optimism, the patience of Job, and the persistence of the worker ant—as subsequent events were to reveal.

Further, Lake had a new and remarkable device for underwater treasure hunting which no other seeker had ever used. This was his Submarine Salvager. It enabled a treasure hunter, normally dressed, to walk down a slanting tube which was pivotally attached to a surface ship, reach the Submarine Salvager compartment, slide back a trap door in the floor (behind which air pressure kept the water out), step through, and walk along the East River in his rubber boots—while the Submarine Salvager, with underwater light filtering in through its portholes, cruised along just a few inches above the bottom. If he ran into any treasure he ought to know it, since down there in the Salvager he could see well enough to read.

Always methodical, Lake took until September 1936 to determine from all the evidence where the *Hussar* must lie. A memo in the files declares: "Lake now states he has definitely charted the area where the *Hussar* must be." A few days later he was triumphantly writing, "I believe I have located the *Hussar*—in silt off 135th Street. The hulk I have found lies in 72 feet of water at the stern, which is the depth in the old records." Previously he had discovered that the 1778 soundings for the main bed of the river and today's were the same. He had found also that the ship was coated with a layer of tar, residue of a gas-making plant which had once stood near by, that the hull was intact below the gun deck, and that the silt over her was 12 feet deep. He noted about this time, too, that his contract with the Treasury Department ran

out this very month, asked for extension, and received it for a year. Then he set to work to pump off the silt.

In February we find him writing the Department of progress and difficulties. The ferries and the scows unloading scrap for Japan forced him to move constantly, to give them way. The lower silt was hard. He was having to break it with a hydraulic jet. "But I am firmly convinced," he says, "that the hulk is the *Hussar*. I am now preparing a core drill. If we bring up chalk we will be pretty sure we have got the ship." On the prospects, the Treasury Department promptly extended his contract again, for a year.

BUT in June, the treasure trove files show, the Coast Guard head in the New York area, Rear Admiral R. R. Waesche, reported that Lake's salvage efforts had been discontinued. The Treasury wrote the submarine inventor, asking, in essence, "What about it?" and warning that any further contract extension would depend on "your showing substantial progress toward success."

Lake replied that he had completed a hundred drillings and found, alas, only silt—from the 134th Street Ferry Slip to within fifty feet of the 136th Street Pier. "I am satisfied," he said, "that the *Hussar* is not there." But, he added, because of scrap barges he had been unable to search near the pier. There he had sounded 72 feet of water, the right depth, and it was possible that the *Hussar* lay in that space. He had now narrowed down the possible search area to the size of a square 170 feet on a side. He would like to search there when the dock was free.

He was allowed to bide his time. But meanwhile financial difficulties raised their ugly head. Lake had been putting all he had into the search (in the immemorial way of treasure hunters) and now had sunk several hundred thousand dollars. Therefore, when his contract with the Treasury was extended yet again, in September 1937, he found himself without funds for renewal of the contract bond. There were some dark days while his attorneys pleaded with the government to permit him to file only when actual

work was renewed, which would be soon. The Treasury both believed in and liked him (that is evident in the record) and said, finally, OK.

Within a month Lake was writing in about a new lead to the *Hussar's* location. It had come—as so often in treasure hunting—in a rather bizarre way. An old Bronx resident named Henry Ploger had come to him and claimed that as a boy he had been taken out to fish on the *Hussar* (then partly above water) by his grandfather, and that he could put Lake to within a hundred feet of her—for \$1,000,000! Lake investigated Ploger and found he belonged to a family which had once owned much land near 134th Street. But \$1,000,000 was \$1,000,000. “I can put you on the spot—find it the first day,” Ploger wrote again, and kept coming around and talking to the Salvager's crew. Finally he offered to tell the *Hussar's* location for five per cent of the treasure found. Lake had a contract drawn; Ploger signed, and led him out to a spot a little east of 149th Street, where the Submarine Salvager's probe and rock drill brought up wood on the very first sounding. But then no more.

Meanwhile, the files show, the indefatigable Lake was carrying on constant historical investigation of the *Hussar* while pushing the actual search work. He looked into the career of Captain Charles Pratt of Worcester, who had worked on the hulk before 1850, and reported, “I learn he began to buy property in 1851 and became a wealthy man.” So was it possible that *he* might have taken some of the treasure from the *Hussar*? But the daughter of Pratt's partner assured Lake that Captain Pratt had never found the treasure. “I would like,” Lake goes on, “to retain the right of searching further.”

Soon after, he announced good fortune. He had now received from the British Admiralty Office a copy of the *Hussar* builder's plans. From these he was convinced that much of the treasure ship was still intact, even though former searchers (in 1872) may have tried to blast her. He had now found a way to do his work so that it wouldn't interfere with surface craft, and had developed an inspection caisson which did away with the need for

pumping off the silt. The contract should be extended (it was) for another year.

One year later—August 1939—Lake had probed 1,800 feet of the Bronx shore front 50 feet off the 136th Street dock down to hard rock thousands of times. He had pumped up rivet heads, grate bars, boiler fittings, crockery, stick pins, silver coins post-1900. He was now convinced that the *Hussar* lay further off shore and had an agent checking this in old records in England. He was positive that her position had been shifted by a salvage attempt of 1818 which had lifted her stern with chains from which she slid off and over the shore ledge on to the bottom of the East River's main stream. “I have found a lot of wreckage there,” he advised, “and there I can work without traffic trouble.” Based on his “present belief that it is there the treasure lies,” he asked for yet one more extension of his contract.

This time Washington was reluctant. The Treasury now doubted his ability to find the wreck, wrote that it might be a “hopeless undertaking.” But the little man with the shock of snow white hair and the fiery gleam of all treasure trove seekers forever in his eyes argued that he had “improved the Submarine Salvager, so it can make a quick survey of the wreckage last found.” But the Department was firm. “We will give consideration to making a new contract next spring or summer provided you are ready to resume and complete operations at that time.”

The operations were not renewed because, of course, the war came.

THEN among the *Simon Lake-Hussar* papers you will come upon this: a news clipping, russet with age, and in the minuscule type of the *Washington Post* of 1905, in which a reader begs to cite from the *Boston Evening Gazette* of 1823 a copy of a letter from Sir Charles Pole, the commander of the *Hussar*. Writing on January 24, 1812, Sir Charles declares:

It was the *Hussar* which struck on Pot Rock when I commanded her in 1780. I am not aware that there was any treasure on board her or anything but stores belonging to her as a 28-gun

ship . . . This may perhaps serve to prevent disappointment for future seekers of treasure trove.

So Simon Lake and all those other seekers after the *Hussar* gold were chasing something that never existed after all? It was a ghost treasure? Can this be *possible*?

But wait. Prowl on a little further in the files. Dated thirty-eight days after the Treasury Department closed the book on treasure hunter Lake there is this, from a man in Michigan:

Over a three year period I have been directing a confidential move here [Detroit] which we hope will result in the salvage operation of the *Hussar*. Through the courtesy of His Majesty George VI, the Secretary and Lords Commissioners of the British Admiralty have been kind enough to furnish me blueprints of the ship, the court-martial record, Admiral Arbuthnot's report of the loss to the Commissioners, a copy of the *Hussar's* complement of 200 men, and Treasury information that the sum of £137,622, 15 s. 8 d. was aboard when she left Dover with instructions to pick up £10,000 at Plymouth on her way to North America.

On November 23 Admiral Arbuthnot ordered her to proceed to Newport . . . to British troops . . . to be paid from £580,000 which is

supposed to have been taken from the British ship *Mercury*.

The information herein related is conveyed confidentially in order that you will understand that I am familiar with the situation. I will be happy to learn if the salvage contract [Lake's] is in good standing and if it will be renewed again if necessary.

Seven hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds aboard her, silver and gold! Well, maybe there was!

If not, why ever more *Hussar* items in the files? Why, especially, ones like this: a letter—"There is a movement to interest some local people in the salvage of the *Hussar*. Is the Lake contract ended yet?" And a public notice—"The Bronx will offer 20 per cent to the finders, 80 per cent to go to the needy poor." Both from James J. Lyons, Borough President of the Bronx, no less!

Treasure seekers up and down the land, if *you* want the treasure in the old *Hussar*—if there was one—go get it soon. For, the record shows that others like you, periodically, are battering away at the Treasury Department for a try.

Postwar Reflections

THINKING men, in the present state of world-imperfection, are not all going to agree on any matter of policy, domestic or foreign. The only safe, as well as the only decent, thing to do is to let them have it out, when, how, and where they will, as long as they keep themselves rigidly from acts that all sensible people agree are criminal. . . . Nowadays, every fanatic considers himself in duty bound to carry his ideas into the realm of politics. The spirit of coercion is strong among us; and we are developing the principles, if not the manners, of the Inquisition. . . . Such stifling of opinion, whether in the interest of actual safety or of mere social pleasantness, is a deadly thing for any people.

—Katharine Fullerton Gerould
in *Harper's*, January 1923.

THE MISFORTUNES OF THE FLAPJACKS

A Story

ISAAC ROSENFELD

I WAS the trainer with the Flapjacks in the One Eye League until my own arm went dead and I couldn't massage arms, shoulders, backs, and legs any more. I'm still with the Flapjacks and they still call me Doc, though I'm absolutely no use to them. I spend my time on the bench catching a little sun; every now and then I help the park attendants fix the bases and the foul lines, clear up the infield after batting practice, or pick up papers in the outfield before and after games. Otherwise I can't feel I'm being useful. The boys come to me with broken fingers, concussions, spike wounds, rheumatism, sprains; all I do is apply some iodine and a bandage and tell them to go to a doctor on club expense. This works out well enough when we're at home. The local veterinary likes the team—or else he likes to get away from horseflesh for a change—and he patches us up free of charge. But when we're on the road, we're just out of luck. There is no money, no one has been paid for the longest time. The club owners dropped us in the middle of the season. They put us up for sale, but no one came around to buy so we're on our own. It's a good thing the owners paid in advance a whole season's fare on the railroad and rent at the hotels, or we'd have been stuck.

You won't find another team in the whole country that's had our kind of

tough breaks. Ticky Wamburger, our manager, is a madman, really out of his mind—this is not just an expression. Three of our starting pitchers have sore arms and the fourth has an ear infection, on account of which he can't keep his balance on the mound, falls down every second pitch and gets confused, often throwing his best stuff to first or third instead of the plate. Our best hitter, Eglantine, has gone hitless now for two and a half months and his average is down to .071. We've run out of bats—we left a whole stock of them in Pokegan on our last trip and have been dickering with the Pokegan Eagles to get them back, but no dice. Now there are only five bats left, and all of them are chipped and rough and out of shape and developing cracks.

What else? Spud Pickerel, our shortstop, caught the flu and for awhile we tried to play without a shortstop, with only eight men in the game, because none of the boys could be talked into playing short, they were afraid of the errors they'd make; but that was impossible, even for us, as the opposing teams kept poking the ball through short and piling up runs and there was no putting them out; one game had to be called on account of darkness before the third inning was over. I'm ashamed of the scores—in one four-game series the Hornets got a total of 117 runs against us, and our worst licking was at the hands of the Green Lake Trappers, a second di-

vision team, who crossed the plate 38 times in a single game. We put in our mascot at short, a fourteen-year-old boy, and that made a big difference right away as the runs against us dropped to around 25. But then the mascot got hit by a pitched ball and was too scared to play, so Pickerel went back into the game before he had recovered, and now he has a bad cough which breaks out every time he stoops for a ball, and that takes care of him. We are the laughing stock of the League.

OUR manager has always been a queer bird, so it took us a while to discover that he'd really gone crazy. The kind of talks he'd give us in the dugout before games always had us in stitches. He'd say, "Men, I want you to grackle on the splakker by the top. Cut it on the slant, is that clear?" Double talk. Which did us more good than any plain talk would have done, because with a team as bad off as the Flapjacks, what's the use? But then he began to talk plain to us, and that had us worried. He'd keep us for hours when we should have been out at batting practice, and talk on and on, and it seemed to make sense, but in a queer sort of way it really didn't.

He got himself a little blackboard and some chalk and began to draw diagrams, and he'd say, "Now look here. They've got runners on first and third and nobody out with the score tied. A run can score on a fly, on an infield out, on most anything, and if we try to cut the run off at the plate, unless they've got the hit and run on, the man on third will stay put and that'll load the bases. Best thing in this case is a strike-out. I want you all to play for a strike-out. You, Turkey, play close to third, Pickerel play back, Sammy move over closer to second, and Chuck, never mind first base, get in there close to the box and cover the pitcher. Clyde can watch the outfield from behind the plate and move 'em around. Remember, I want the center fielder in close, and the other boys to hug the foul lines, and everybody to concentrate, look hard at the back of the pitcher's head." Or else he'd begin to work on the problem of how to make a double play with nobody on base. We

realized he was crazy, and we felt sorry for him and a little guilty because we thought the tough luck had gone to his head.

As things got worse and we kept dropping games, Ticky seemed to improve. He cut his talks short and there seemed to be less nonsense in them. He went about encouraging us, patting the men on the shoulder and putting in a kind word for everybody. "Nice going," said Ticky, all the while that the going was worse and worse. Well, there's nothing particularly crazy about that—it's the only way for a manager to act when the situation's hopeless, so we thought Ticky was on the mend and we felt much better about him. We'd been afraid that the word would get out that he'd gone off the beam, and then we really would have caught it from the fans, so we breathed much easier now. But then he began to do queer things again. He'd hold his breath, and he got so that he could hold it almost all the while that we were at bat—which I must say was never too long, as we didn't get any hits. He started to knock wood and to carry a rabbit's foot in his hip pocket; he had a horseshoe nailed over each man's locker and he fined some of the boys for whistling before games. (It was impossible to collect fines with no money in the club, so no one beefed.) He got more and more superstitious and jumpy and nervous, and all the time he kept encouraging us, praising us and whacking our shoulders, jumping about and hollering, with his eyes shining and his smile full of pride.

It turned out that he thought we were on a winning streak. We read about it in the paper when we got back from a road trip. Ticky had given an interview to our town newspaper in which he claimed we'd set a record for consecutive games won—"and the end not yet in sight!" he was quoted as saying. The paper treated it as a big joke and was glad to see that they could still get some fun out of us, for they'd given us up and just about stopped covering our games. That stirred up the home town a bit and people came round to see us play for a week or so, we had some money again and the boys got some of the back pay that was coming to them. But all the time, of course, we kept dropping

games. The truth was we had set a record for consecutive games lost, with the end not yet in sight—and there was Wamburger hopping about the field with his face red from holding his breath, and everybody laughing at him. It was a great joke while it lasted, but everybody got tired of it, and then no one came to see us play any more. When folks wanted to see a game, they'd drive over to Pokegan, or they'd watch the kids in the sandlot, who I can tell you were a damn sight better than us. The paper ran a big ad on the front page saying they were open to bids from contractors to build a new cellar low enough to hold the 'Jacks. That finished us. The season was nearly over anyway, so the boys began to drop off the team and go home, and we were left with no more than a dozen players to finish the remaining games.

I CAN'T understand what got into Ticky. I don't see how anyone could really lose his mind from managing a bunch of stumblebums, unless he was going to lose it anyway. Get sore, yes, get mean and nasty, yes, and yes, go round with a sneer and an evil look and get into fights, or even say the hell with it and quit. But to go crazy just on account of us, that doesn't seem right. We're not worth it. There wasn't a dry eye when Ticky, in the charge of a doctor, left us, saying he was going off to get tickets printed for the series. The boys were all broken up, and the next two games they put on a show, winning them both, the first game for Ticky and the second for me, who had taken his place as acting manager. They really went out there and played ball, and bad as they were, they made it hum; the pitchers threw their hearts out, the infield was tight as a drum, the outfield made some spectacular catches that would have fallen for triples in the good old days, and everybody got a hit—except Eglantine, our slugger. But they couldn't keep it up, and I was glad in a way, because I couldn't stand to have them playing their heads off for Ticky and me; for Ticky because it was too sad, and for me, because I didn't rate it. I'm no manager. Maybe I do know a few things about the game, I've been around long enough, God knows, but

when it came to managing the Flapjacks, I just didn't have it in me, and I told them to go out there and play and do what they thought best, from now on they were on their own.

Well, there are only two and a half weeks left to the season, and as soon as we get back from this trip we'll have ten days at home, and then it's quits. What's going to happen to us, I don't know. I doubt if there's much baseball left in any of us. Most of the boys will go back home, on the farm, in town. Maybe some of them will open filling stations. We won't be seeing each other. I hate to think of what will happen to the ones who still want to play. They'll hang around the clubs, the training camps, and the playing fields in the hope that someone will pick them up, but no one will. Maybe two or three will get on some team and go barnstorming through the South in winter, but when the season starts again, unless they've really burned up the bases and played heart-break ball while everyone else was taking it easy, they'll be cut off and become baseball bums—a special kind of bum who hangs around the parks trying to cadge a ticket or sneak in, and so much the worse for him if someone who knows the game cold recognizes him and says, "Say, you're so-and-so, you played left field on the Flapjacks," and buys him a ticket and a drink after the game out of pity. The Flapjacks are through. Mittsville, where they make pancake flour, has been trying to buy its way into the One Eye League for years, and now, with us out of the way, they'll get up a team for sure, and call it the Mittsville Millers and take our place, you watch and see, and soon no one will even remember the 'Jacks, unless the fans make up a baseball joke and everytime there's an error that could have been an easy out, they'll yell "Flapjacks!" Even so, no one will remember us.

THE other night when we were staying at the Double Elk Hotel in Salt Creek where we had just dropped four games to the Salt Creek Ranchers, the manager of the hotel came up to me, and I thought we were going to have some trouble with the bill, but it turned out that the Flapjack owners, before they

threw us away, had paid up too far in advance, going into the next season, and now, as everybody knew that there wasn't going to be a next season for us, the hotel owed us money. Did we want a check for the difference? The hotel manager was very proud of his honesty and he made his offer loud enough for all the boys who were sitting in the lobby to hear him. Did we want a check, or maybe we would like a party that the hotel would throw us for the difference, in recognition of our long services to baseball, and the good sports and clean players we had all been. (All the same, I think they were offering to split the difference with us, for the check was only for about \$250, and it seems to me that if the owners had paid up far in advance there ought to have been more money.)

Two hundred and fifty dollars, split twelve ways, wouldn't have made much difference to the boys, only about twenty bucks apiece, but twenty bucks' worth of party, that was something else. We rushed into the banquet room, which was small and not much of a banquet room, except for a high ceiling and red velvet curtains. The hotel unloaded a lot of old beer on us that was beginning to turn stale, some raw liquor, and sandwiches that must have been left over from somebody's wedding. They didn't bother with tablecloths or napkins, so the hotel saved on linen, too. We tried to get drunk, but it was no go. Some of the boys tried to get hold of girls from the town, and they turned up with five sad looking creatures, three old waitresses, a girl from the hat factory, and one from the laundry. We had only a radio to dance to, and no one wanted to dance with the girls, we did it so as not to hurt their feelings. But what really spoiled the party was when the Ranchers somehow got wind of what was up and they all crashed, including their manager, Eddie Forbes.

They came trooping in all at once, a cocky second-place team, all young and tanned and in top condition, looking like athletes even in their town clothes. They brought their girls with them, the prettiest in the town, and the girls laughed at us and said, "Some party, some team." The Ranchers crowded us out at the table and

on the dance floor, and pretty soon we were forced into a corner while they were whooping it up and having a hell of a time and bragging how they'd just whipped us four straight without once dropping a game to us all season, and how they had a winning streak on, nine games long, and they would whip the rest of the League and beat the Badgers out of first place. That started a fight and the table was overturned, the beer and liquor were spilled, the sandwiches got thrown around, the velvet curtains were torn, the place was a shambles in no time, two of our players got injuries that would lay them up for several days and not one of theirs got so much as a bad scratch, except that one of their girls got a bloody nose. We took the milk train out of town at two in the morning and the hotel manager and the sheriff were down at the station to see that we all got on, and the sheriff was swearing he'd run us in if we ever showed up in town again.

Wouldn't you know it? We were in such a hurry to get out of there that we didn't think where we were going and we wound up at dawn in Carrington, forty miles out of the way. I tried to get the railroad to take us back, but they wouldn't do it for nothing, as we had just made an unscheduled trip. I argued and pleaded in the office while the boys sat beaten in the waiting room, but it was nothing doing. We didn't have enough money for fare, and the railroad wouldn't advance us anything, or trust us, and they didn't care where our schedule called for us to be that day. "That's your hard luck, Doc. I can't go and ship you free, or I'll be sticking my own neck out," said the station master, and I suppose he was right. We wandered about town with our suitcases and our bats, not knowing where to go or what would happen to us. The truth was we were hungry, but we didn't even have enough money for a decent breakfast for the team.

WE WERE all set to stand on the road and try to get a lift out of town, when I got the idea that maybe we could start up an exhibition game. There was no baseball team in Carrington, but the high school had a

team, and as it was late in the season, maybe school had started and we could play the high school team. I went over to the school and talked to the coach. I didn't tell him everything, just that we were in town for the day and would like to put on a show for the kids, if we could find some team to play with. He said sure, the kids would love it, only we must remember they weren't in our class and it wouldn't be much of a game. I said we'd be willing to take our chances on that and maybe we'd spot them a few runs. No, said the coach, the kids wouldn't like that. A straight game or nothing. That's all right with us, I told him, we're straight players, and anyway we're just doing it for the love of the game and because we think it is a good idea to go out to the small towns every now and then and bring some real baseball to the young boys and girls of the nation. Only we'd like to get enough out of it to cover our fare. The coach said there'd be a scandal if they charged admission on the school grounds, he'd been warned about it, but he didn't think any one would object if we passed the hat, it was all right with him. I could see that he was real eager to play us, and even felt honored in a way. Carrington is far enough east to take an interest in the major leagues, so maybe he had no idea what was doing with the One Eye teams.

I sent a wire to Flood River Valley where we were supposed to play that day, saying that we were delayed and would arrive in time to play a double-header on the next day. Then I told the boys what the arrangement was, and asked them to take it easy and not to show off and let the kids get some runs.

We hadn't had much to eat that day, so we were pretty hungry and weak when we took to the field in the afternoon. Soon we were fighting for our lives. We made two runs in the first, but the kids got onto us and got over being nervous, and in the third inning they scored eight runs and we had our work cut out to catch up with them. We tied the score by the eighth inning, but the kids got a run across in the ninth and beat us, 9 to 8. It was one of the closest games we had played all year, and I think we would have beaten them if we hadn't been so hungry. A good thing we

passed the hat before the game started, while the fans still had some respect for us.

WELL, only another two and a half weeks. It hardly pays to last it out, we might as well concede the remaining games. It's curtains. But it's hard to get used to the fact that we're through. We're still wearing our uniforms, with the red circle on the chest and the red caps and stockings, and they still look good on us even though they're torn and dirty and our other uniforms got lost in the laundry. We still look like ball players, even the men who are close to forty and gray and have pot bellies. It's hard to imagine that we'll take off our suits and never put them on again. That's the baseball habit for you. Even some of our younger players, when they want to smoke during a game, sneak cigarettes to one another so I shouldn't see, although they know I don't give a damn, and they can smoke and drink and shoot craps in the dugout for all I care.

I still have the baseball habit myself, and as I watch the game from the dugout, every now and then I have a hunch of some kind—Sam Perkins to pinch hit for Smith, move MacDonald out to center and let Forest play first, put in the left-hander, take out Coogan because they're pitching a southpaw, call a squeeze play, a steal, a bunt. I never play these hunches, but I can't help having them, and as I sit on the bench or walk out to the bull pen, or even when I'm asleep at night in the hotel room, I go on getting hunches and ideas, I keep making plans, I still wish I could do something for the boys, help them out in some way.

Right now it's Eglantine's turn to bat. He walks up to the plate swinging all five of our bats, and selects one, a black, chubby stick. I should have benched him long ago, he got only nineteen hits all season and his average is down to nothing. The loud-speaker ought to be saying, ATTENTION PLEASE: FOR THE FLAPJACKS, COOPER BATTING FOR EGLANTINE. But he steps into the box, draws back his shoulders and sticks out his left leg as he used to do in the old days when he was knocking down the fence. He wags his bat, a slow, menacing motion, his elbows are cocked, his teeth

are clenched in the tobacco plug, he is stocky and muscular, a powerful man. The pitcher grins and floats the first one over, just hands it to him right across the middle, and Eglantine twists all the way around on a murderous swing, but a mile wide, he can't connect any more. The park yells: "Swi-i-i-ing batter!" The next one is right in the same place with nothing on it, you can count the stitches on the ball, and Eglantine knocks the air out of the park as he misses it and goes down twisting like

a recoiling spring. Our best hitter, who once led the League at .389—he stands there, working his jaws and wagging the bat, waiting to strike out, and I can feel all the power in his shoulders and fore-arms and wrists, his muscles straining to connect. I see his eyes squint as the ball sails towards him, and there is that last, pinched strain of energy in his face as he begins his wild swing—and I think, God damn it, all that power and that glory gone to waste.

Gold and Silver Morning

SYLVIA STALLINGS

MY NEIGHBOR in Virginia has a roan stallion
And a house set among apple trees;
His front door is a frame for half the county
And a river hurrying down to the hungry seas.

Wheat and barley clash together like swords
As he rides past, and his cattle come to drink
At noon under the shadow of locust thickets;
At dusk when the first white star begins to wink.

They can hear him shouting over in Carolina
On a clear day, when the hot teams strain
Up toward the barn with a hundred bales of hay
And jingle back to the bottom-grounds again.

I am tired of men with handkerchiefs and ties
And neat white faces above folded hands;
I would rather a man who curses with Irish rage
The river rising above his meadow-lands.

Although his roof leaks and his fences reel,
There's all blue day before him when he wakes,
And passion enough to hammer a new world
Until life runs out or the heart breaks.

REPORT ON THE EUROPEANS

EDITH AND SIDNEY SULKIN

EUROPE during the past two years was first of all a welter of bleak images: frayed cuffs and weary queues in England, bread that crumbled like sawdust in Finland, two French poets eating themselves sick in Stockholm, anti-Hungarian placards in Bratislava, white dust over the Warsaw Ghetto. As we traveled from country to country, however,—returning to some many times—certain images sorted themselves out. Impressions were repeated and became patterns. After a while it was possible to make generalizations about the thinking and behavior of Europeans.

Nearly everywhere we went, for example, we saw people picking things up. They stooped over railroad tracks or pecked at the ruins of buildings like birds. They hunted wood and coal, bits of string and cloth, nails, wire, cigarettes, old newspapers. A man was lucky if he could bring home a doorknob or a few screws to replace the ones that had worn away under the attrition of war. Gentlemen of dignity walked along city streets keeping a sharp eye to the gutter for cigarette butts that others might have missed. In Germany, where men, women, and children seldom stirred outdoors without the eternal rucksack to carry the results of their scavenging, there was a standing joke: "How's your job these days?" "Job? Don't be silly. I have no time for a job. I have a family to support."

People picked things up and fitted them tiredly into a makeshift reconstruction. Some talked about clearing away the rubble and building anew. Plans for a model Rotterdam that would outshine the old city had been drawn up; city planners had paper dreams about Warsaw. They declared, "We don't want the *status quo ante*, physically or otherwise. We want things to be different." Nevertheless, people went on patching up windows, hanging doors on half-shattered houses, or digging out shops and homes in the bases of ruins. In Warsaw, people bustled among rows of stores that had been punched into the jagged, headless façades of destroyed buildings. On streets where nothing but heaps of ruins met the eye, men clutching briefcases suddenly turned off into gaping holes in the rubble and disappeared, presumably into offices buried somewhere under the debris.

People picked up scraps of ideas that were lying around, too, and fitted them with weird incoherence into their makeshift world. Where one might have expected to find them banding together against common troubles, they were fencing themselves off against each other instead. Nationalism was more bitter than ever before. In the midst of universal labor shortages, minority groups were finding themselves unwelcome in many places. The few Jews who had escaped the gas chambers were coming home to cold re-

Mr. and Mrs. Sulkin recently returned from Europe, where he had spent most of the past two years, and she, most of the past year, under auspices detailed in Personal and Otherwise.

ceptions. Catholics and Protestants were eyeing each other with distrust. Eighteen months after the end of the war it looked indeed as if many Europeans, for want of anything better, were still scavenging among ideas that the Nazis and those who had helped them into power had strewn about.

This might have been all that one could say about the people in Europe—that they had fallen into dismal patterns of thought and behavior—if it were not for another important fact. These tendencies were not as strong in some places as they were in others. Given the chance, given direction and some hope, people appeared to be willing to abandon the makeshift for a more positive reconstruction, instead of simply groveling deeper in the ruins. Thus one could look at the patterns of popular thought and read them like a thermometer showing the state of the government's health. Some governments were as sick as their people. They clung desperately to old ideas; they feared to make a decisive move in any direction except back toward the *status quo ante*. They pasted up their old economies, plugged in the gaps here and there, and hoped with fingers doubtfully crossed that the patchwork would hold for a while. And they were separated from their people by lack of mutual trust. Healthy governments, on the other hand, weaned the people away from the makeshift. They offered them new directions toward a more permanent security. They showed a readiness to assume the responsibilities of dynamic leadership. They replaced popular lethargy with enthusiasm for new ideas. But they did not let the new ideas get beyond the comprehension of the people.

II

ONE of the best examples of what a healthy government could do with a people who might otherwise have sunk into the usual patterns of postwar disillusionment was Norway. In several trips there since the end of the war, we were able to watch deep changes in the people. Toward the end of 1945, physical conditions and the popular state of mind were no better than anywhere else in

Western Europe. The odor of fish—practically the only food available—hung in the air almost as thickly as the fog over Oslo. Few buildings had been bombed, but many a door hung awry for want of a hinge and many a roof had begun to leak for want of repair materials. The first peacetime Christmas was as empty as the five that had gone before. Stores were barren and no more than a single colorless Christmas tree stood on the main street of Oslo to hail the season. People trudged through the slush daily on shopping tours that netted them a few carved wooden figures and perhaps a book or two. They tried not to complain. "It was even worse under the Germans," they said. But faces were drawn and tired. Young people who had come back from exile in England or from prison camps were restless. One month when the country was desperately in need of manpower, the government suddenly discovered that hundreds of its youth had joined so-called "Australia Clubs," through which they hoped to skip the country to a place where they could have more elbow room.

Over the succeeding months, physical conditions improved little. A year after the end of the war, Oslo hotels were still covering beds with paper sheets; shops were still empty. In the second peacetime winter, coal and food were scarce; butter, meat, milk, and fresh vegetables were rarities. Women were still remaking bedspreads into dresses and the only way a man could get a new suit was to wangle himself a trip to Stockholm. Yet one could see marked changes in the people: they were looking better, faces were brighter. The "Australia Clubs" had faded away and the youth were deciding to stay on for a while. People didn't mind putting up with scarcities because there were new plans in the wind.

Under the direction of a dynamic but level-headed government, Norwegians had decided to see what they could do about making some changes in the country to render the future a little more secure. They had decided that it was about time they harnessed the vast water power running loose in countless streams and waterfalls among the mountains up north. New dams and power stations here would free the

country from its prewar dependence on imported coal. And with cheap hydro-electric power as a basis they would be able to erect new steel and aluminum plants in the area. Before the war, five per cent of the world's aluminum output had come from Norway, all of it controlled by ALCOA, the great American-Canadian combine. A new, cheaply-run plant, the Norwegians hoped, would compete successfully with the foreign interests and increase production sixty per cent at the same time.

To man the new plants, the government had another suggestion which dovetailed neatly. The fishing industry, centered on the northern coast close to the best water power area, had long needed a drastic overhauling. Overcrowding and obsolete methods in the trade had brought the fishermen down to the lowest standard of living in Norway. For years they had resisted modernization, with its trawlers and other labor-saving devices, on the argument that it threw men out of work. The government hoped to persuade them to accept new methods now that there would be new industries in their own backyard to absorb workers.

"It's a program of 'economic rationalization,'" a member of the government explained. "We were always too dependent on foreign economies and export markets. We sent our fish and raw materials abroad and still do. But Norway was badly hit by the depression in the early thirties. We want to be more careful now. We'll develop home consumption for our steel and aluminum and try to raise the standard of living. This won't make us self-sufficient and we don't intend it to; but it'll make us less vulnerable to outside depressions. Then we'll look for new trade possibilities. Today many small countries are racing to build up their exports helter-skelter without thinking about future markets. We want to be more far-sighted. We'll try to build trade in Eastern and Southeastern Europe as well as elsewhere. Then if there's a depression in the West we'll have something of a cushion."

Most Norwegians were glad to go along with this program of "economic rationalization." It was a plan, they felt, which took into account both their immediate needs and their future security. And it did

not try to push them too far too fast. "After all that's happened in the past fifteen years, it's obvious that some changes are in the cards," a young newspaper reporter said, summarizing popular opinion. "Better to plan these changes and have them under control than let them burst on you when it's too late to guide them. Besides, we have men in the government who spent many months in Grini concentration camp. They know what this country had to go through. They respect the people and the people respect them."

IT WAS easy to see, in conversations with government officials in Norway, that this respect was indeed mutual. The Labor party—which led the government coalition with a small but clear majority in the Storting—understood clearly that in a period of reconstruction it was more important, and easier, to win the full-hearted support of the people for change than to impose such change arbitrarily on them. It had announced that its policy was not to press for large-scale socialization before 1949. It solicited the cooperation of other parties, the Liberals and Conservatives on the one hand and the Communists on the other, to make the economic program as representative as possible and, of course, to get these other parties to assume some of the responsibilities as well.

"We want to capitalize on the national unity that emerged from the war," the general secretary of the Labor party explained. "We have here a good, democratic, sensible people who want leadership but not imposition. They know that the ultimate aim of our party is some form of socialization. They're willing to go along with us but they want us to move slowly and prove our points in action. We're trying to do that. We know that this is essentially a period of reconstruction and no time to plunge into socialization just for its own sake. If we can carry out the present plans and operate the new government-controlled industries more efficiently than private industry, we'll be in an excellent position to put a broader program of socialization before the country in the 1949 elections."

Unlike Americans, the people of Norway were not frightened by the thought of government planning and participation in industry. They had long had nationalization of public utilities and railways and had found the experiment successful. Nor were they frightened by the specter of Communism. True, the Communists had gained eleven seats in the Storting; but most Norwegians looked upon them as they did upon any other minority party and were willing to let them have their say.

"If we were ever going to have Communism here, or even a heavy vote for the party," said the editor of an independent newspaper in Oslo, "we would have had it at the end of the war. Don't forget that the Russians entered Norway in the north and helped to liberate the country. They behaved correctly while they were here and won the friendship of many Norwegians. As a matter of fact, people liked them much better than they did the Poles who were brought in by the Germans. The only trouble the Russians caused was when they cut down telephone poles up north and burned them because they were cold. Otherwise they were fine. As for our native Communists, they won prestige during the war by being active in the underground. Add to all this the fact that when the war ended many people here were restless and confused. They didn't know what the future would bring. They might have voted Communist then. But they didn't except to a small extent. Today, it's too late. They have no reason to look that way. The major parties are trying to fulfill the general demand for progress and change without going to radical extremes. That's what the people want."

III

UNFORTUNATELY, Norway's sane approach to the problem of postwar reconstruction seemed to be the exception rather than the rule in western Europe. The illness of discontent and indirection, largely cured in Norway, was all too manifest in countries like France, Holland, and even rich and unscarred Denmark. The first and most striking

symptom of this malaise as one traveled into these countries was, of course, the black market. It had been practically nonexistent in Norway, where a better meal could be obtained in any worker's home than in most restaurants. In contrast, the black-market mentality was so common in other countries that it was sometimes difficult to find a single person who bothered to avoid it. Most people, lost as they were in cynicism and rank distrust of government, refused to recognize either the illegality or dishonesty of dealing in the black market. On the contrary, the patchwork morality of the day condoned it as a convenient part of the makeshift world in which these people were content to live.

The black market was a legacy left by the war, like a ruin, and because nothing had come to take its place people made themselves as comfortable in it as they could, just as they did in the ruins. In Paris, a business man who sold fur coats to the *haute monde* at a million francs or more a coat invited us to dinner at his run-down but comfortable apartment. After the most sumptuous meal we had had in Europe, he leaned back in his chair and remarked, "People make more fuss than is really necessary. It's not too difficult to get along these days if you're wise." His table fairly groaned with black-market food and his car which waited downstairs to take us back to our hotel, while not a new one, nevertheless was in good condition and had all the gasoline it needed. "We'll come out of it," he went on. "We got along before the war and we will again, if the political parties would just stop fussing and let us go our own way." In our hotel that evening the chambermaid came in to ask whether we could spare any of our bread ration coupons for her; apparently they were worth several francs apiece on the black market.

No doubt the most unexpected victim of this cynicism was Denmark. At first glance this tiny country—physically unhurt by the war and producer of the most sought-after items in Europe, Danish butter and eggs—looked hale and hearty. Restaurants were well stocked with food; pockets were stuffed with money that had accumulated during the war. American

soldiers, up from Germany on furlough, crowded the nightclubs and squandered countless dollars in silver and trinket shops for souvenirs. Yet even here it was easy to see that the traditional placidity and good humor of the people had become frayed at the edges like an old coat.

WORKERS and business men alike stirred in uneasy fear of a hazy future. Last May a general strike in Copenhagen crippled most of the city's transport for many days. All through the autumn and winter one could hear rumblings of new strikes and farmers' protests. Business associations printed long statements in the newspapers complaining bitterly about the government's failure to chart a clear economic course and follow it. The president of the Danish Agricultural Council declared that the Danish farmer was in the odd position of producing foodstuffs which nearly the whole world wanted with hardly any returns for his efforts and "with prospects of still worse conditions to come." Fear, a sterile imagination, and the vague hope that things would work themselves out for the best if only controls were discarded had guided the government's actions. The results of this loose policy had been almost disastrous.

"It's easy to trace the mistakes," a Copenhagen business man said. "First the Social Democrats lost a few seats in the election. They were still the biggest single party but they refused to take any responsibility in the government. So the minority Farmers' party took over. They decided to try to win the support of business by initiating a period of *laissez faire*. They threw off import-export controls and the heyday began. We had not imported anything for several years. People had plenty of money. So we began sending our valuable dairy products to England—and what did we get back? Well, about forty tons of roller skates. . . ." He pointed to a newspaper cartoon showing members of the government roller-skating to a cabinet meeting. "We got canaries from Africa, shaving brushes at ten dollars apiece, almonds—more almonds in one month than this country had imported in five prewar years!"

Like many another Dane with whom we spoke, this business man fixed much of the blame for his country's plight on the strange relations between Denmark and England. "England owed us a large debt at the end of the war. Today we owe her money and the debt is increasing. One reason is that although England wanted our dairy products badly, she fixed the prices low. We accepted her figures when we signed our trade agreement with her and so now she's getting about eighty-five per cent of our agricultural products at ridiculously low prices—and to try to satisfy the farmer here at home the Danish government is giving him a subsidy to make up the difference between what the English are willing to pay and what the farmer thinks he should get! In contrast, the prices on the items that England has been sending us are not fixed and are rising. Any business man knows that you can't do business with one customer without falling under his control. We should look elsewhere for markets and at least put ourselves in a bargaining position. The trouble, though, is that the government can't seem to think of doing anything but what we did before the war."

Government officials in Copenhagen, confronted with this argument, disagreed. "We've been offered good prices in gold in the East," one official admitted. "But how permanent are those Eastern markets? Besides, we're tied to Britain by more than economics. Remember that it was England who liberated us last time." Whatever the government's uneasiness about the Eastern countries, what most Danes feared was not foreign intervention so much as utter failure at home to make any progress toward economic security. Danes, who had long prided themselves on their honesty and level-headedness, were indulging freely in black-market exchange, glad to obtain Swedish crowns at whatever cost in Danish crowns so that they could cross the Kattegat to Malmö for an afternoon's buying spree in Swedish stores. As for the political situation at home, it was clear that the Communists would pick up many a follower simply by default of the anti-Communist forces to demonstrate either their willingness to accept responsibility or, if they

did accept it, their inability to gauge the desire of the people for bold leadership in new directions. The wonder was that not more people were voting for the far left.

IV

IT WAS obvious by now, as we traveled in Europe, that wherever the patterns of hopelessness and indirection were discernible the causes were discernible too. Sometimes they were in the government itself, as in Denmark, or in the virtual lack of government, as in France. Sometimes the immediate causes of this hopelessness were deeper and more circumstantial and the government was only an accessory.

This was true of Holland, where the paradoxes of peace seemed to have come to roost. In Holland, perhaps more clearly than anywhere else on the continent, it was demonstrated that hard work and good intentions were not nearly enough for recovery. The Dutch, who should have known it long ago, were learning the hard way that no number of fingers in the dike would help if the dike itself was old and crumbling.

Back in the early days of liberation, Hollanders had welcomed the Allied armies with a wild but hopeful hysteria. Just a few months earlier they had suffered through the notorious "hunger winter." Outside The Hague, at the summer resort of Scheveningen, we looked at acres of ravaged ground where Netherlands had uprooted every tree of a once beautiful park to burn the wood and roots for fuel. Nearly every bridge, railroad line, and highway in the country had been bombed; thousands of square miles of fertile, food-producing land had been inundated by the retreating Germans. Clearly the task ahead was a superhuman one.

The Dutch took a few weeks off in the warm sun of that liberation May to enjoy the simple fact of freedom and to contemplate the job. Then they buckled down to work. Here, in contrast to Norway, one could see quick, almost miraculous, physical reconstruction. Driving up from Arnhem toward the provinces of Friesland and Groningen in the north during the first summer when there was still little

coal or oil to drive the canal boats, we watched men trudging along the dikes with long ropes bound across their chests pulling potato-laden barges. Bicycle tires were virtually nonexistent but Hollanders pedaled miles on the rims alone to get to work. Bridges went up. Road blocks disappeared. Locomotives which had lain smashed across the tracks were cleared away and the rails repaired. The next spring the countryside around Amsterdam blazed with tulips. It looked as if Holland, damaged more seriously than her neighbor countries, was making a faster comeback than any of them.

Nevertheless, in these months of feverish reconstruction, the spirit of the people faded. While there was a job to be done with the hands, while they could keep their eyes to the soil that needed tilling, they were content. But if they lifted their heads for a moment and asked the question, "What next?" the result was only confusion and despair. Clearly, they were caught on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, in the Far East they could see their rich empire crumbling away and going with it a great part of their national wealth. On the other hand, right at their border lay a broken, nonproducing, non-purchasing Germany, unable to resume the thriving business of the good old pre-war days. It was apparent that unless Holland chose some clear and new direction soon, unless she could decide what next, no amount of sweat and labor would help.

Most Hollanders, watching the interminable bickering that went on in the Far East over the liquidation of the empire, had come to know some of the harsh economic facts involved. Before the war, fifteen per cent of the Dutch national income had come directly from the East Indies; another thirty per cent had depended in one way or another upon continued Dutch ownership of those colonies. More than three hundred thousand Dutch workers—roughly one-third of all non-agricultural labor in the country—had been drawing their wages from ship industries, machinery factories, and export firms directly or indirectly dependent on investments in the Far East. In Amsterdam (a city which had grown to its

present size almost entirely as a result of Far East trade), Dutch business men sat in the dignified old houses that line the canals around the city and wondered how soon dividends would cease on the more than one and a half billion dollars that they had invested in Indonesian plantations, mines, and railroads. Back in the years between 1921 and 1929, some had earned profits as high as 250 per cent on their investments; now they were wondering how soon American capital would be invited into Indonesia to take their place. In the meantime, there was little East Indian trade and consequently few dollars with which to buy the raw materials necessary to Dutch industries at home.

The other horn of the dilemma was Germany. Eighteen months ago, hatred of the Germans was deep and looked as if it would be long-lasting. Even Prince Bernhardt, himself a German, felt called upon to declare, "Watch out for the 'moppe' (equivalent of the French *boche*)—because once a German, always a German!" Almost any Netherlands farmer in those days claimed that he could take an Allied officer to the border and point out the chickens and cows that the enemy had stolen from him. Today the Hollander is not so sure about his anti-German feelings.

And there are other considerations which confuse him. The farmer wants to know what he can do about his surplus vegetables and potatoes. Nothing, he is told, unless his old customer Germany is put back on her feet. The electrical worker wants to know what assurances he can have of continued employment. None, he is told, unless German factories are rebuilt to send him tools and equipment. The dock worker asks about his future security. It looks grim, he hears, unless Germany can begin using Rotterdam as heavily as she did before the war.

"Holland cannot survive," industrialists argue and the government agrees, "without a Germany that is economically rebuilt." There are some hard facts to support this thesis. Holland was always more closely tied to Germany than to any other nation. Germany was one of her biggest customers; and, conversely, Holland bought more goods in Germany than

anywhere else. About one half of all Dutch industrial equipment came from Germany; today, Dutch chemical and electrical engineering trades are running at fifty per cent of capacity for lack of spare parts from Germany. Besides, the port of Rotterdam and Holland's Rhine fleet both depended on Germany for most of their prewar business. And there is, of course, one other important fact which no doubt influences the industrialists when they stump for a rebuilt Germany: since 1933, when Hitler came to power, Dutch industrialists had invested about six hundred million dollars in Nazi Germany.

TO ESCAPE the dilemma, the Dutch government made two moves. In a desperate attempt to keep the East Indies within its orbit, it proposed a commonwealth plan—but even this action appeared to come too late. And to get back Germany's trade, it offered to send Dutch experts across the border and to grant credits to German firms so that they could re-establish themselves more quickly. Few people in the government, however, were enthusiastic about either course of action. It was too easy to see that, far from escaping the dilemma, what the government was proposing to do was merely to patch up and sharpen its horns.

"What else can we do?" an official in The Hague asked apologetically. "We're defeated by circumstances." This sense of failure had communicated itself to the Dutch people, with the result that here, as in so many other countries, the patterns of hopelessness were strong. Old Calvinist-Catholic cleavages, long ago healed, were evident once again. Communists, who had seemed to have little chance in Holland, gained ground in the mine and dock areas and in Amsterdam where they won a third of the votes in the last election. Traditional Dutch honesty crumbled and the black market flourished. In Rotterdam, Utrecht, and Amsterdam, night-clubs prospered on the cynicism of the youth.

A young man who had recently returned after ten years in the Far East put into words for us what must have been the current attitude of many another youth in Holland, for that matter in Western

Europe. "I came home to where my roots were," he said. "But there are no roots here. People are adrift. No one seems to know where he's going or where he wants to go. It's just a case of the first strong wind that comes along."

V

Two countries which we visited in Eastern Europe afforded as striking a contrast between the healthy and the sick as any we had so far encountered in the West. Czechoslovakia and Poland, lying as they did side by side, presented a sharp example of the difference between a country in which the people and the government shared a common aim and one in which all they shared was a mutual distrust.

In Czechoslovakia, even more clearly than in Norway, we found what looked like a classic harmony between the urge of the people to push along new paths toward long-range security and the ability and willingness of the government to guide the way. Poland, on the other hand, had the same faults as the countries in the West—except that they were reversed. Where the governments of Holland and Denmark had lost the confidence of their people by failing them both in responsibility and direction, the Polish government had exaggerated those qualities until they became more vice than virtue.

When we arrived in Warsaw, the mud and destruction of the city seemed to suit the mood of the people exactly. All day on the streets one heard a flow of bitter curses from the mouths of women, children, and old men as they haggled over some black-market item amidst the grotesque ruins. Droszka drivers beat the bony, emaciated horses which were their only source of income with a continuous, unquenchable anger. "This place," remarked an American correspondent, "is one big cauldron of hatred. Everyone hates the government, the government hates the people, and the people hate everyone." The dichotomy between government and people was as clear as that which separated the old women who dragged loads of rubble along the streets from the able-bodied teen-agers who

stood guard at public buildings and banks fingering the triggers of tommy guns—or as obvious as the new class distinction which divided the government officials who patronized the expensive and well-stocked Europejski Restaurant from the crippled children outside who hobbled on crutches and begged cigarettes.

"You must remember," said a government employee, "that the Poles are a sick people. They were semi-Fascist before the war. They lived under a feudal land system and under the control of great industrialists, many of them foreign. The standard of living was low but all their leaders could do about it in those days was to stir up anti-Semitic and anti-Russian demonstrations. We're trying to change all that. We're nationalizing most industries and redistributing the land more fairly. The people need these changes if they are to live. They're sick and they need an operation. The trouble is that they don't understand. Well, you know that in some cases when the patient is unwilling you just have to hit him over the head to get him onto the operating table for his own good."

Another Pole, a young progressive-minded lawyer who had always been anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi, took a different view of the problem. "Yes, the Poles may be sick," he said. "But perhaps one reason is that they have always been subjected to one extreme or another. They've never been shown the middle way or the left of middle way. How can the government expect to work with the people if it will not take into consideration their basic characteristics and try to accommodate itself to them? The government has some good plans. But they are very new, too new in some cases. The people have to be nursed toward acceptance. And where they won't accept, the plans have to be modified to meet them part of the way. We have great potentialities here: three major ports on the Baltic, iron, coal, great farming land, important textile factories. If the government can get the people on its side—or if it can get on their side—there's a lot of work to be done. But political strife is the main concern of the day. The government is stubborn and wants things all its way or not at all; the

people are just as stubborn and won't yield completely. The result is that we go on living in ruins just waiting for the tension to resolve itself."

VI

TO LEARN the lesson of direction, Poland would have had to look no farther than across her own southern border to Czechoslovakia. For here, as in Poland, a revolution was in progress; but it was a bloodless revolution of consent. And, no doubt, it is the most exciting experiment in "new directions" taking place anywhere in Europe.

Last spring, during her first postwar elections, Czechoslovakia fairly bubbled with good humor, lively political discussion, and exuberant cultural events. The citizens of Prague, though still lacking their famous prewar ham and beer and tasty rolls, milled about the streets in the sunshine in a gay and carefree mood. Though they had not suffered the appalling destruction of Poland, they had suffered a longer enemy occupation than any other country in Europe—stretching from the days of Munich to one day after the rest of the continent celebrated VE Day. But ahead of them they had a plan which had already been thrashed out and agreed upon by all four major national parties, from the Catholics on the right to the Communists on the left.

For, with a wisdom rare among the countries of Europe, the Czechs had met in the town of Kosice in Slovakia while the war was still on to agree upon a coalition plan for the postwar days. It was a far-reaching program of nationalization that emerged from that meeting and it went into effect as soon as the fighting ceased. Most people in the country heartily backed this program, and the only differences among the parties, whether they were Marxist or non-Marxist, were in terms of degree and speed. The May elections therefore were carried out more in the spirit of a free holiday than in the spirit of burning political enmity. Whichever party came to the fore, the coalition would continue and the plan would go into effect. When it turned out that the Communists obtained a greater

number of votes than any other single party, few non-Communist Czechs were deeply worried. The Communists, true, had wanted to go faster and farther than the other parties; but they were committed to the agreement reached at Kosice like the others, and people believed that they would fulfill their commitments.

When we returned to Czechoslovakia this last winter the gay abandon of May had been converted to hard work. With spring and the summer over, the Czechs had accomplished most of their "bloodless revolution"—had painlessly nationalized about seventy per cent of their industries and were all ready to embark on an ambitious Two Year Plan which, they hoped, would place them firmly on the road to full postwar recovery. Everyone we spoke to, from the policeman in Prague to the workers at the Skoda plant in Pilsen or the machine girls at the Bata factory in Zlin, expressed a determination to "work, work, and work," as great placards on the walls of buildings requested. Members of the Catholic right, the middle-way Czech Socialist party, and the left Social Democrats, as well as the Communists, were giving the Two Year Plan—which was co-operatively agreed upon just as nationalization had been—their fullest support.

"We've learned here that Catholics and Communists can work together fairly easily," stated a Catholic party member, "just so long as both keep the interests of the country in mind." "It has not been demonstrated that the only road to Socialism is the Soviet way," said a prominent Communist, paraphrasing the Communist Prime Minister, Gottwald. "We think of it here as Czechoslovakization."

Few Czechs were frightened by the thought of this kind of socialization. Few feared political persecution or restriction of civil rights. "I voted Communist in the May election," said a worker at Pilsen. "But what's to stop me from criticizing the government? All the parties are responsible for it. If I don't like the Communists I'll vote against them next time as I would against any party."

The Czechs freely admitted that they had made some mistakes. "You can't hope to roll through these radical changes

without a hitch," one man explained. "There have been several cases of political interference in nationalization. Some appointments to national town committees, for example, were bad. And some men who were given charge of nationalized factories were good politicians but very bad business men. But the important thing to note is that whenever any party uncovers such a case it's made an issue and the committee or the man is removed. In fact, in more than one instance whole committees were dismissed and one entire committee was even thrown into jail for swindling. The managers of nationalized industries are generally men who have worked in the industry for years and know it thoroughly. They're on a competitive basis and most of them are hard workers."

We had been able to substantiate this to some extent by visiting the Bata Shoe factories at Zlin. Here we interviewed one of the national managers late in the evening at his office. He had been a department manager at Bata for several years and gave the impression of knowing its operations as well as any one man could. This late evening at the office was no exception for him; generally, we learned, he put in about twelve to sixteen hours daily at his work.

Unlike the Dutch, the Czechs had recognized the impracticality of attempting to restore their prewar trade relations with Germany. "We're looking for new markets now," an economist member of the Social Democrats explained. "We're building our heavy industries and are hoping to supply markets in Eastern and Southeastern Europe. This doesn't mean that we won't continue to buy and sell in the West. We're more closely tied to Switzerland than we are to the Soviet Union by imports and exports, and we don't intend to change that. But before the war we relied too heavily on Germany. We don't understand how Europeans can shout for the rebuilding of Germany when they know that she paved the way for her conquests by her trade agreements with her neighbors. We don't say that Germany should be left in chaos. But we certainly don't want to return to the same old trade relations with her."

There was one other aspect of the

Czech program which seemed to assure it of success. By looking at the Soviet Union they had learned that too rapid socialization, especially when it reduced the current standard of living of the people for the sake of future gains, was not satisfactory.

Consequently they planned their program so that no more than fifteen per cent of the national income could go to capital investments. This put them left of Britain—where the investment percentage was about seven per cent—but far right of Russia—where the investments have run to about forty per cent. Thus, by this winter, the Czechs were able to begin supplying shoes for everyone in the country. Farmers were already growing enough to supply the country's basic food needs. Shops were beginning to stock consumer goods in greater and greater amounts. The worker, in general, began to feel that he was getting immediate returns together with a decent communal investment in what looked like long-term security.

VII

IN THIS survey of some of the European countries we have confined ourselves to their internal problems. But obviously no country in Europe is immune to foreign influence. Obviously no country can deal with its problems as if they were in a test tube isolated from the international scene. Particularly are they not immune to the two great nations, the United States and the Soviet Union, or to the different philosophies championed by them. Yet, as we traveled in Europe, it was clear that neither philosophy had so far fallen on fertile ground.

Europeans, for the most part, had rejected Soviet Communism. There was no better proof of this than the fact that during the most chaotic times of this generation, in no country which we visited had the Communist party been able to win a clear majority. In most countries it had simply gained a few seats in the government; that was all. Where the Communists had gained heavily, as in Czechoslovakia, they had done so, not because of their affinity to the Soviet Union, but because they had been able to convince

people that they were a national party ready to accommodate themselves to the national character.

By the same token, people in most countries had rejected—or were becoming more and more dissatisfied with—the kind of *laissez faire* capitalism which they generally took to be American in ideology. Where their governments were simply looking backward to prewar economic philosophies, they were unhappy and were beginning to hope that new ideas would come from outside if they could not originate at home.

WHAT Europeans seemed to want most of all was some kind of practical mean. Not a tightrope path between the two extremes, but a progressive—usually left of center—direction which would make use of the best characteristics of both ideologies and yet outdo them in liberalism.

President Beneš of Czechoslovakia tried to explain it in October 1945. "There is no doubt that under the influence of war all Europe is politically and economically changing . . ." he declared. "There simply is, on the continent of Europe, a transition to a system in which the socialist elements will have considerable weight or

even preponderance. This can be seen also in Czechoslovakia. Perhaps in our case there is a difference because we are one of those states which are mature enough and whose citizens are sufficiently enlightened so that they do not need to be forced into any socialistic measures by strikes, revolts, and conflicts, or even by civil war, but who try to avoid all this by a wise and progressive policy, socially progressive but democratically honest, open, clear. . . . We have had the courage to start this progressive socialist policy and we are fully aware of this responsibility. The French rightly say, '*Gouverner c'est prévoir*' (to govern is to foresee), and that is what we are doing."

Most Europeans, looking in this general direction, hope that the great and influential powers will understand and encourage, rather than misunderstand and oppose. Most, we found, look hopefully to the United States. Where they lack direction at home, they hope we can help them find it. Where they feel they have it at home, they hope we will support them. So far they appear to be disappointed. Americans would do well to study seriously the questions: What kind of people do the Europeans think we are? And what responsibilities have we for their future?

The Good Old Days; or, Go Along with You

Mr. North worked his way through college writing poetry for *Harper's* and the *Nation*. . . .

—Joseph Joel Keith, in his column, "Pacific Coast Writers," in *The World in Books*.

After Hours

THERE was a time when, with a discarded cardboard ice-cream container, some thin wire, and a few tubes (at \$6.25 per—but they were the only important expense), it was possible for someone with practically no knowledge of electricity to make himself a radio set that worked just about as well as any on the market. But a friend of mine has a new radio-phonograph that is a product of a different age. It doesn't look like a radio of course: it looks like a mahogany chest of drawers, probably filled with corset-covers, pomanders, and envelope chemises. He couldn't even install the aerial; an expert had to install it for him, and it took half a day. It seems you really have to have *two* aerials with one of these new radios: one of the regular old house-to-tree kind, to pick up the familiar signals from Charlie McCarthy, the Philharmonic, and Elmer Davis; and another, which looks like a cross between a towel-dryer and the radar apparatus on the U.S.S. *Missouri*, which straddles the ridge-pole to intercept the newfangled FM (frequency modulation) stations.

FM, as you have surely heard, is the new static-free, high-fidelity method of broadcasting that is going to revolutionize radio. It will make it possible for you to listen to Drew Pearson even during a thunderstorm when the lightning is leaping at you right out of the base-plugs, and you'll hear every overtone on Fritz Kreisler's or Jack Benny's fiddle. It's the coming thing, and the Radio Manufacturers Association has issued a survey indicating that approximately 2,600,000 FM receivers will be produced during 1947. There are other estimates varying between 1,800,000 and 2,100,000; but President

Cosgrove of the RMA says that he expects two million people to buy FM sets during the year, and that's a round enough figure for our purposes. Some of you may be among that two million, and you deserve to know what you're in for.

Right off at the start, then, let me tell you that this is the golden age of FM. If you're ever going to get any pleasure out of it, this is the time; because right now you can listen to programs of recorded—and occasionally live—music for as much as a half hour at a time without once hearing a commercial, and often without even an announcer's voice. So far, at least, the FM audience is so small that very few advertisers bother to sponsor FM programs or even to spot homilies about belching and heartburn. The stations have to broadcast anyway, sponsors or no, if they want to hang onto their licenses. Which they do, for the simple reason that, as Mr. Cosgrove says, the FM audience is due to increase and will some day be big enough so they can cut down on the Bach and Boogie and plug in some of those remunerative rhapsodies to hair tonic. But even if all two million of you rush out and buy sets at once, the audience will equal only about fifteen per cent of the herd who listen to the old-fashioned AM, or standard, broadcasts. So there's still time—if you hurry.

Of course this no-announcement business has its drawbacks, too. You hear a lot of good records which you'd like to know the names of, but nobody tells you. There's just a moment's silence and another record. But you at least are spared those hearty affirmations about soap flakes, used cars, and tobacco—those repeated phrases which always begin on a rising inflection

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with a prolonged and grinning *yes* ("Yes, Duz does everything," "Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco," and the rest).

Charles R. Denny, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, has predicted that there will be 700 FM stations on the air by the end of the year, but as yet FM isn't even on the air all day. As I write this, New York City has only one FM station which calls itself full-time, and that one operates only from 7:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. Most stations don't start broadcasting till along about two or three in the afternoon, and many of them Star-Spangled-Banner off at nine o'clock. What's more, the high-fidelity aspects of the new type of broadcasting aren't yet anything to get very excited about. To be sure, live music and music recorded on special high-fidelity transcriptions come through an FM receiver with remarkable brilliance—but very few programs employ either. Most of the time you are listening to regular recordings, which come over exactly as they do from a standard (AM) radio station or from your own phonograph. You don't hear any more because there isn't anything more for your high-fidelity receiver to pick up. Everybody says there will be more live broadcasts as time goes on, and there probably will be. But of course there will be more announcements, too. *Yes*, there'll be more announcements, too.

Well, that's about all, except for a few minor details. When you buy one of those two million sets, remember that FM has to be tuned in absolutely accurately or it sounds like a Mixmaster grinding up seashells. There is usually one of those little green light gadgets that tells you when you're exactly on the beam, but my friend's set seemed to have a slight tendency to stray off the beam whenever he stepped out of the room and left it on its own. And the first few days you use it, you'll jump every time you tune a station out; just as you turn the tuning knob the machine will sound as if somebody inside the loudspeaker had angrily ripped a big sheet of paper off a huge pad. Nothing's wrong; that's just the way FM is. And finally, be prepared to have to learn all over again what the human voice sounds like. You've become so used to the muffled

version of it which comes through a standard broadcast receiver that you've forgotten what a sibilant letter *s* can be. In a way, I'm almost looking forward to some of those high-fidelity "yesses."

Convertible Bandwagon

ON MY way home I occasionally walk past the Chrysler showroom in which six or eight gleaming cars display themselves like mannequins on a large, slowly-moving turntable. I always stop to look, and the other evening while I was speculating on the perversity that makes people buy convertibles designed to look like station wagons, I noticed a sign in the display room that said: "To the exhibition of paintings." That did it: I went in to have a look.

The Chrysler Corporation, it seems, commissioned sixteen artists with battle-front experience or "who had lived with the war in an interpretive sense" (whatever that means) to run up canvases depicting scenes from their actual or vicarious experience. I suppose that the Chrysler Corporation knew what it was doing when it commissioned these paintings. It was jumping on a bandwagon, for one thing, since being an art patron these days is becoming as essential to the dignity of big business as striped trousers are to an undertaker.

The exhibitions of war painting which have been so numerous in the last four years have taken their interest principally from the fact that they were the spontaneous expression of artists who were recording the intensity of war while the show was still going on. *Life's* artist-correspondents (which *Life* took over from the Corps of Engineers after a congressman had made a little political capital by slashing their appropriation out of the budget) got everywhere, and their reporting frequently made that of the cameramen seem pale and unrealistic. The artists who were hired by a drug company to paint the activities of the Medical Corps made up by the intensity of their subject matter what they may have lacked in artistry. But those pictures were made while the pressure was still on.

The Chrysler show is different. The

"Significant War Scenes," as the show is called, were commissioned after the war was over, for the purpose (according to the show's catalogue) "of capturing for the future the outstanding episodes of the war while they were still vivid in the minds of those who had seen and participated in them." What they captured were not "outstanding episodes" at all; they were, in most cases, personal incidents blown up from small sketches, to make large canvases that were meant to be big enough to look significant. The spontaneity and the intensity of the sketches were gone, and in their place was a lot of quite labored, quite academic illustration.

It is probably too late to be spontaneous, and at the same time too soon for the artists of this war to get away and take a look—just as it is too soon for the fiction writers. The war to most artists is still anecdotal. The intensity of the individual experience is beginning to fade, the perspective has not yet deepened, and significant observation has not emerged from the mass of details. The pictures in the Chrysler exhibition were (except in detail) almost indistinguishable from the paintings shown after the last war, and in ten years they will seem just as moribund. There was one exception, it seemed to me, and it happily proves my point. That was George Grosz's painting "The Jugger-naut." He was one of the painters for whom Chrysler evidently had to use the phrase "lived with the war in an interpretive sense." He was in the last war, not this one, and what he painted was not from a sketch made on the spot but from his reflections over a period of years on the sordid meanness of war. There is waste and nastiness expressed in every stroke of his brush. There is no sentimentality and no compromise.

The chances are that you will have an opportunity to see this exhibition. It will be traveling around from museum to museum for a year, and in spite of my earlier remarks it is worth going to see. There is a lot of expert if uninspired painting in it, and there is some excellent illustration. But don't expect to see any important pictures—with the possible exception of the George Grosz.

On my way out I stopped and had another look at the convertible; and I couldn't help thinking that if Chrysler wants to be a patron of the arts industrial design comes closest to home. Sixteen artists might go to work on that convertible. If they can't come up with a better design, then why not let them paint landscapes on those neatly-framed wooden panels?

Anonymous Egg

A FRIEND of mine in Hollywood, who believes that if I am going to talk occasionally about the movies I should understand what goes on out there, has sent me a telegram he received in March. It is of more than movie interest:

THE POULTRY AND EGG INDUSTRY OF THE NATION AND UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURES REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF YOUR PRESENCE AT THE "EGG AND I LUNCHEON" THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 12:00 NOON AT THE FARMER'S MARKET, 3RD AND FAIRFAX, TO WITNESS THE FINALS AND HELP AN EMINENT LIST OF JUDGES IN THE DETERMINATION OF "MISS SLICK CHICK OF 1947." R.S.V.P. PACIFIC STATES BUTTER, EGG, CHEESE, AND POULTRY ASSN. VANDIKE 0059 (NOSIG)

Miss Slick Chick—in case you missed the newsreels—turned out to be a pullet, not a starlet.

Some Furniture to Live With

IF THAT radio that looks like a Hepplewhite bureau is as little your dish as it is mine, you'll be glad to know that there is now on the market a radio cabinet that actually looks like a radio cabinet. It is part of a collection of new furniture designed by George Nelson—co-author of *Tomorrow's House* and formerly editor of the *Architectural Forum*. Mr. Nelson's furniture has been exhibited in Chicago and New York, and if the manufacturer (the Herman Miller Furniture Company) can get caught up on orders already placed you may someday see some of it in the stores.

When I got a chance to go see the New York exhibition, my first reaction was to

get out all my most vicious prejudices. There is only one way to look at furniture, it seems to me, and that is with the darkest skepticism. If you are going to buy it you will be accepting into your home either a constant (though passive) pleasure or a continual aggravation for some time to come. It should be neither an intrusion on your way of life nor a demand on your friends' attention. It belongs in the background, amiable but unobtrusive; and I had to admit that the Nelson exhibition stayed in that focus. There was no doubt that the object was first of all to show off the furniture, but it was so agreeably arranged that you felt invited to sit down anywhere and consider Mr. Nelson's idea of a pleasant life. Many of the spectators seemed to feel as I did that we were practically in somebody's house.

Mr. Nelson is a modernist who refuses to throw out traditional design (if it is sound) or embrace wild experiments (unless they are potentially productive). As modern design goes, he varies between the traditional and a sort of thoughtful flamboyance of his own. His pieces don't take themselves too seriously as exponents of a brave new movement, and he uses a steel tube as though it were meant to hold up a chair, not merely to show how advanced he is. The best examples seem to be uncomplicated without being severe or obvious about it; and though some of them are perhaps overdesigned, these excesses are nearly always the result of too many good ideas. The desk, for example, has a look of elaborate convenience, even though the drawers slide in and out with craftsmanlike ease.

The dining-room tables have the only sensible device for a centerpiece that I can remember seeing: a sort of rectangular, copper-lined well, into which you can put anything—a heap of fruit, a rock garden, flowers, or goldfish, if you like. The same device is used on some of the coffee tables, all of which are both ingeniously adaptable and sturdy enough so that if you put your feet on them they won't wince. My only real objection was to the complicated and alarming dressing tables, but I have withdrawn it on information

that women *like* to examine themselves in that baleful, fluorescent glare.

There are seventy-odd pieces in the exhibition, and there are some that might have been designed by almost any good contemporary designer. Mr. Nelson has some attractive trade-marks—small neat silver handles on his cabinet doors, for instance, or a sort of running bench with a slatted top that holds up any variation of cabinets and bookcases—but the best of his work is in the tradition. He is not as original a designer as Charles Eames, for example—or Aalto, or Breuer—but he manages to be just as “modern” and perhaps a little more satisfying. His designs are simple and unornamented, and they depend on that very simplicity and on the quality of their surfaces. In this, so far as I am concerned, he has it all over the others.

Mr. Nelson uses wood. “I’m still looking” he says, “for all those new materials that were going to look better each year you used them”—but so far nobody has discovered anything (except wood) that improves with age. And he uses wood as though it were a pleasure to work with it—not as though after careful glueing, heating, laminating, and pressing you could finally manage to make it look like plastic. The colors of his wood—especially silver walnut—are delightful and they look particularly livable in contrast to the vicious birch offered everywhere today. In the face of this collection I am forced to give up my chief prejudice against a lot of modern furniture—that it is designed to be replaced, like an automobile. The furniture in this collection looks as though it meant to go on being livable for many years to come.

From the outside, Mr. Nelson's radio-phonograph is bare of either ornament or gadgets. He had to open it up to put on a record and show some of us where the dials were, and doing so he made a remark that sums up the virtues of his unpretentious approach to furniture: “You know, it's wonderful. You just leave everything off and they say it's sensational.”

—Mr. Harper

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